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VOLUME XXII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1888.

" PISO'S CURE FOR" N Dest Cough Syrup. Tastes good, Use CONSUMPTION believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. Dowkill, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

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cine is Piso's Cure For CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c. PISO'S CURE FOR N

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strength and wholesomenes. A marvet of purity, strength and wholesomenes. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cass. Royal Baxing Powder Co., 195 Wall St., New York.

SICK

stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and hose who once try them will find these little pills valuable in an income will find ACHE

as the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great beast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Cartan's Liven 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 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail

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nounced me in consumption. I deter-mined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

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SELTZER Sick-Headache

SALESMEN WANTED

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HINIA FARMS FOR SALE.

"You see just how we'rs fixed?" said Descon Obed Carey to Mrs. Elam Skinner. "Folks come a dreadful ways to look at them hills," said the deacon, irreverently; and, arter all, they ain't no great shakes. Give me a good medder lot, or a field where the yaller pumpkins is a shinin' out among the shocken corn! That's my notion of beauty! Guess it would be a pretty long while afore anybody raises a crop o' ryo out o' the Adirondacks." And, after all, there was an inkling ommon sense in the deacon's view

Mrs. Elam Skinner lived in a brown farm house upon whose shingled roof the gold and searlet maple-leaves rained down in rustling drifts at every sough of the melan-choly wind. There were not two such maple-trees along the whole shores of Cham-plain as those Mrs. Skinner's grandfather hal planted in the Revolutionary days, when he never knew, coming home at night with his ax over his shoulder, whether he should not find his home a heap of smoldershould not that his name a neap of smoother-ing cinders, with the erv of the savage red-skin where his babies cooing voices had sounded at the morning-tide! He was in his grave, dust and ashes long ago, but the maples renewed their youth with every

Mrs. Skinner herself, a wiry compact little woman, in a green gingham dress and wink-ing spectacles, sat darning stockings by the blaze; for she was a thrifty dame, and while she begrudged the wasted moments of swilight, she had no idea of lighting a candle until it was fairly and squarely

Ohed Cary occupied the cushioned rocker oppsite, tall and brown and loose-jointed, with here and there a silver thread in his dark hair, and hands where the veins stood out like cords. A hard-working man, and a man who accepted his inheritance of toil with a sort of grim satisfaction, he would have afforded no inappropriate type of the New England farmer of the past generation, as he sat there, erect and thin and uncom-

er sunny brown bair. Buth was small and dimpled, and exquisitely fresh, like the rosy peach which hangs on the south wall after the first fresh, and she had violet-gray eyes, darkenine into blue around the alle of the irises, and dewy, scarlet lips, and a slender three of the control of t throat, circled with a string of red wood-berries; and, as she worked, there was an unconscious grace in her motions that made you like to look at her.

Carer should be took away." Mrs. Skinner."

"And it's a remarkable orderin, of Providence that I should have six boys and you "Yes," said Mrs. Skinner, breaking off a the ain't good for much."

etter view at the little figure bending over the pan of apples.
"She's good to look pretty anyhow," he said, with a cumbrous attempt at a joke.
"Humphi" said Mrs. Skinner, whose respect for the merely ornamental was ex-"I s pose Sarah and Sophrony's comin' home on Thanksgivin'?" hazarded Mr. Ca-

Mrs. Skinner nodded briefly. said the descou, somewhat embarassed. spare one.

since Hepsibah Duckett stole the spoons and went to Canady; and I get my foot down not to have no more hired he.p. and it was sort o' toriorn last Thanksgivin' Day, and the boys, way, ther missed the turkey, and so I kind o' thought if Miss Ruth wouldn't object to come over and ginerally hey an

there sin't no lack o' things to do with. What d'ye say, Miss Ruth?" uth hung her head, and blushed like the pink-checked apple she had just taken

hospitably.
"I guess I'd better be goin'," decided Mr. Carey. "There ain't no tellin what michief the boys may be gettin' into afore I get back. Boys will be boys, and they need a dretful sight o' watchin'. There sin't notice the state of the tends is, Mrs. Skinner."

And the descon went out with a gronn. "The deacon don't seem to realize that his boys is men growed," said Mrs. Skinner, as she rose to light a candle. "Ain't you anost through with them apples. Ruth?"

And Deason Obed, plothing homeward through the deepening dusk, with the dead leaves rustling under his feet, and the raw air biting like the stings of a million infinitesimal guats, thought of Ruth Skinner's resecued face, and wondered how it would 7.4

8 4 mem to have her at the Carey farmhouse for a perpetual blossoming of brightness! Descon Carey, "and there sin't no law account a man's marryin' again, as ever I was a good idea, that o' mine, borrowin' her tree by the well overy time I looked at her cheeks. Besides, she is a savin' creeter, I know, for I watched her parin' them ap-

last March."
And the descon chuckled as these thrifty meditations passed through his brain. It was Thanksgiving morning, chill and raw, with the summits of the Adicondacks vailed in slowly-drifting snowdakes, and take Champlain shining up with steely plimmer where the bend of the valley re-

thoughts and appendages.

Little Ruth Skinner stood at the kitchen-table, a white aproa tied over the brown salice dress which had awakened Descou Carev's admiration, and the sleeves rolled up above her round, white arms, stirring some fragrant compound of space and raisins and or mye peel, while five of the six "Carey boys" stood around surveying her, as five tall bern-door fowls might stare at

a tiny gorden pheasant, or s penbright ban-"Boys, boys" eroaked the deacon, em-

blue suit with brass buttons, and a pair of shirt-collars that held his chin up at an an-

"I wish you wouldn't call me sir," said the deacon, with what would have been a tender glance if the shirt-collars would have

"Oh, I can't, sir-Mr. Carey, I mean. The turkey must be looked after, and it won't do to risk burning the pies." "Well, boys," said the deacon, "come "Can't I stay and help Ruth?" questioned Lewis, a young giant of nineteen.

go to church, every skin on ye, or my name ain't Obed Carey. No son o' mine stays home from church on such a day as this. Where's Joe?" "He was out a-fodderin' the erecters,"

"Where's my woolen comforter?" next demanded the deacon. "Hosea, go back in the big corner cuplourd for't." Hoses left off tormenting the cat to obey, but he presently lifted up his voice aloud:

"Well, if I ever!" cried the deacon. "Which o' you young mischiefs has got the There was a shout of unanimous denial.

stray muffler, twisted it round his parch Joseph Carey, a tall, handsome young fel low of three or four and twenty, burst out, like a magnified "Jack-in-the-box." "Joe!" cried Ruth, turning eried Ruth, turning scarlet

"Don't? You mean do," said Joe, uneremoniously taking futh round the waist and lifting her fairly off her feet. "Why." thought I should have stifled among the old hats and boots."
"Rut, Joe, it's so wrong?"

the old kitchen at home with you. vigorously at the saucepan he took from "Isn't that right?"

"Yes," said Ruth, dubiously; "but you musta't spatter so."
"Come, Ruth, you promised to give me an answer today." Miss Skinner shook out the folds of a enowy mass of table drapery, and eyed it thoughtfully.

cloths. Is it to be Yes or No. Ruth?" "()h, Joe, we are both so young." "I suppose these napkins are the right "Do you suppose I stood a mortal hour in that cupboard, with my nose upagainst the

nepkins with you? I will be answered!" Well-but-what shall I say?" "I should say 'Yes,' if I were in your "But Joe..."

or my stepmother?"

"As if you hadn't suspected it all along, you little, demure kitten! Come, don' keep me in suspense!" He put both his hands, with a sort of imperative tenderness, on her two wrists, looking with his full, brilliant hazel eyes into her shrinking, rose red, smiling face.
"Let me go, Joe, quick! The turkey is
scorching—I smell it!"

"Not one step," was the firm reply.
"But it is burning!" cried Ruth, pitcously. "Oh, Joe, please."
"Not until you have decided my destiny.

"Yes, then, you provoking fellow!" pession which Mr. Joe stooped to posses

"It's burned! I know it would be!" she "Not a hit of it," said Joe, critically survering the royal bird over her shoulder, "It's just beautifully browned."

"No thanks to you!" said Ruth, petulantly shrugging her shoulders as she reclosed the oven, after basting and turning its con tents in a most scientific manner. "Now, help me set out the table, for I'm getting dreadfully behindhand; and what will your father say when he comes home from church and finds dinner not ready " "It shall be ready?" said Joe, solemnly

"That was a proper good sarmon," said Deacon Ohed Carey, pulling down the brim of his fur cap to protect the extreme tip of his nose from the driving snow. "Bors, walk along straight, and don't be lottering behind like a lot o' Sandwich Island heatheus. Yes, an edifrin' discourse -apples a gold in pictures of silver. I do wish Buth had a-heerd it."

"I hope the turkey'll be ready when we get home," said Hosea, smacking his lips.
"You needn't be afeard, Hose," answered the sire, complacently. "Ruth Skinner un derstands her business as well as the next one. She is a stierin', smart gal as ever I see, and economical too! The Thanksziving dinner was ready-a

with them, and a plentiful powdering of snow on their broad shoulders. The turkey himself, brown, glistening and mictions. Lay in the centre of the board, with wing eromatic studing, while ranged round him, quivered pink and amber jellies, and crimsent up an odorous appeal to the senses. good cook, my dear. I wish we could keep you here al'ays!"

Euth colored, and looked at Joe.

Joe set the chairs round the table with very nunccessary emphasis.

When, toward twilight, Ruth put on her scarlet shawl and hood, protesting that "she must go home," the deacon rose up to "Sit down, Joe," he said, waving his hand

authoritatively. "Take your seat again, Jared. You're nothin' but boys. I'm the proper one to see Miss Skinner safe hum!" "I-I would rather go alone, sir!" falter-But the deacon tucked her arm protectingly beneath the alseve of his shaggy, but ternut-colored greatcoat, and they set feorh

together. "Ruth, my dear," said the deacen, break-ing a silence that was beginning to be em-burrassing, after they had walked a little way beneath the creaking boughs of the snow-fringed hemlocks. "Sir," fluttered, Ruth, softly.

'It seemed very pleasant to have you to our house to-day, among them rough cubs "Joe isn't a rough cub, please sir," said Ruth, plucking up a mementary spirit, and feeling herself color like pink cream-candy, "Wall," said the deacon, somewhat sur-prised at this unexpected partisanship, "I dunno but Joe's the best of the lot; but

that's neither here nor there. I was going to ask you how you would like to stay there for good and all?" "I don't understand you, sir!" said Ruth, stopping short in the midst of the snow and

"To come there and live-to be my wife -Mrs. Carey the second!" exclaimed the deason, beginning to feel unconfortably warm about the regions of the nose and cheek-bones. "Don't you understand now, "Oh, sir!" uttered Ruth, withdrawing her arm, and trembling all over, "I can-

"Oh, yes, you can," said the deacon, benignly, "I know you're young and inex-perienced, bat I'm willin' to overlook all that, and _____" "But, sir," interrupted Ruth, searcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, "I-I've promised to marry Joe!"

And breaking away from her escort, Ruth

ran away, through the blinding snow and sleet, toward the far-off rod light of the Skinner farmhouse. Deacon Obed Carey walked silently back, chewing the end of his own meditations and from that moment to this he has never once alluded to his matrimonial aspirations and their untimely blight. But the next Thanksgiving Day he ate his turkey at the hospitable board of son and daughter-in-law, with a little cherry-checked grandchild

tied in a high-chair close to his elbow.

THE SANITARY MARRIAGE.

Rules by Which Scientific Men Would Govern Our Young People. The day when true sanitary marriage will become the rule is a long way off. The need must be made more plainly evi-

In this country we are developing, from the amalgamation of many strains, a race wholly new to the world Our immigrants, as they intermarry with those who have preceded them, produce descendants of a quicker and more aggressive mental type than their own, and it is poted by Darwin that the bodies and limbs of these descendants are very noticeably longer than those of their ancestors.

During our civil war the uniforms manufactured to fit the average Amercan soldier-including those of foreign descent, though born here-were found, as a rule, to be much too long for foreigners just arrived. When we shall have learned, and learned to apply, the laws of proper selec-

tion in marriage, our race ought to be second to none in health and physical development, and that means also intellectual advancement. A wide step towards the needed reform has been taken by us as a poople, for far more than ever before are we interested in physical culture, upon which health so clearly depends. There is a promise that it will yet have the high place in the cur-

riculum of education that it deserves. Our schools now, on account of the absence of a proper system of physical culture, are constantly sending out into the world young men and women who, by reason of their infirmities, never ought to

And again, our ill-ventilated counting rooms and factories are generating an army, the offspring of which must present every phase of bodily imperfection. The remedy for this is physical culture, and the sooner it is recognized by all, and particularly by our educators, the better. Social reformers and philant' ropists have here a wide field for cultivation. Let them impress upon our growing youth the importance of healthy bodies, harmoniously developed by proper exercise. Young women, perhaps even more than

young men, need encouragement to strive to secure bodily perfection by proper exercise. They must realize that mere beauty of face, while it attract and possibly excites the admiration of some, does not alone constitute true beauty, which can only be founded on perfect health. Another thing which young ladies must remember:

No matter how richly nature has en-

dowed them with outward charms they

can retain them only as long as they enjoy good health. They may also be assured that beauty founded on perfect health continues even to old age. No one desires to see Spartanism revived in these times, but we may learn valuable lessons from it. The Spartans worshipped the beautiful and useful, and they took means to secure them. Bodily perfection was attained by enforced, well-

appointed exercise. There were but few sickly men and women among them. None sickly were allowed to marry, and all in health were compelled to do so; if they refused they were punished. Bachelors after a certain age were shut out of the society of women, and once a year were shamed in public. Neither boys nor

girls were allowed to marry before maturity was reached. This Spartan system of marriage, purely for the welfare of the state, continued for 500 years, and during that time there were produced a succession of the strongest and bravest men and the most healthy and beautiful women that the world has ever known.

There is a remarkable and self-imposed family law which popularly prevails, we are told, throughout Brazil in relation to matrimony. It is recognized among all the higher classes. The man who is about to marry is required to furnish a certificate from one

or more physicians that he is free from

a disease of a certain character, and that

he is free also from all signs of any of the diseases which are liable to be trausmitted to the offspring. Not only that, but the physicians consulted must testify that as far as they can learn there exists no reason to believe that the union will be other than in accord with the laws of sanitation.

To Keep off Intruders. A gentleman in this city had a member of his family pervous and siek, and to save intrusion from the neighbors put up

a sign on his front door: "There's sickness in this house!" A German on the opposite side of the street had his wife die, and taking the one from his neighbor opposite-posted on his front door: "There's deadness in here!"-Oswego

Times. -

LOVE IN LODGINGS.

ton's I had no idea that she owned so precious a thing as a daughter. Not that it would have made any difference if I had known it. I had become adifferent to women; they interested me only as a trivial in study. I neither sought nor avoided them; those whom my mental microscope, not caring much for what it revealed.

Mme, Hampton herself had never left her room; she was doubtless dving, but she had been so long about it, and made so little circumstance about it, that no one gave it a thought, it would seem. She saw her lodgers, and arranged terms, and sent in the bills; and yet the house and all its appointments seemed to share the order of the planetary system.

view of the facts. "My daughter," said madame presently. "Estelle, this is Mr. Van Huysam; you have heard me speak of him." Estelle turned a beautiful, haughty face in my direction, bowed slightly, smiled

about her which was simply delicious in

"Indeed, I might say I have heard you speak of no one else." Plainly the old lady had been singing my praises, and the young one did not fancy the

minor voice, capable of all melody of terse expression, nor how I got mysel out of the room. A man who has received not know its import. We met often after this, always by accident, it would seem, on the staircase, in

the hall, and finally one night I made so cordial.

I must confess that before I reached this point I had been obliged to wrestle with myself to overcome a prejudice. A Van Huysam in love with his landlady's

would they regard it? . some rumor that the coffers of the family had suffered during their sojourn abroad,

and that I had lost sight of them through their own negligence. -But a landlady's daughter! The ide: would wither all my acquaintances. Howbut at one's relations. When I sunned myself in Estelle's presence I cared no more for the world's opinion, or for that of any Van Huysam but myself, than for the inhabitants of Flatland; but once away from that subtle magnetism, then

my poles changed. I saw a thousand reasons for giving her up-if one can be said to give up what one does not possess. Such a thing as a Van Huysam marrying out of his sphere never had been known in the family annals. But how did Dknow that Estelle would marry me? To be sure, if I had been quite certain of that perhaps I should to take or leave.

poem together, a card was brought in. does not appreciate our author," the apologized to me, "and I am not selfsacrifleing enough to accept him in exchange for Brawning."

It occurred to me at that time that there were other young men belonging to aristocratic families who had no fear of a mesaldance with the landlady's daughter,

who chaperoned only the very elect, so to spenk. One evening the conversation drifted into the subject of marriage. Mr. Ches-

ter and some others were present and led the theme "I would marry the woman I loved," said Mr. Chester, "if she were a beggar, and my father disinherited me on the

dot, but has she blue blood." 'An ancestral tree, in short, with more roots than branches," spoke a third, "As for myself, I confess I should prefer my wife to belong to the impecunious old families rather than to the noveau riche Poor Bishop, how his world came down upon him when he fell in love with a shopgirl, with neither blood nor bullion, his mother, especially! But Bisherstood to his guns; it must have taken a lot of pluck to weather all he did from friend "You call that pluck?" said Chester.

such an easy thing for Bishop to fail in love that he might have pleased his mother and given up the girl."

Advertising Hates. The large and reliable circulation or the Cam-

nnia Farmman commends it to the favorable con sideration of advertisers, whose tavors will bein serted at the following low rates: 1 inch, 3 times f months. 6 months 1 year..... 5 months... * 1 year Business items, first insertion 10c, per line; each subsequent insertion 5c, per line. Administrator's and Executor's Nr. 1903..... 250 Anditor's Notices.....

Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call often tion to any matter of limited or individual interest must be pain for as advertisements. Jon Printing of all kinds heatly and expedi ously executed at lowest prices. Bon't you large

NUMBER 41.

DUMPY. >

Who was Dumpy? Ah, that was just the question that everybody asked at Grandpa Cushing's last summer. Little Bess was three years old, and she had come to farm when the line robin began to sing on the common, and she was going to stay until the last app was safely stowed away in grandpa's cel-

It was rather lonesome for the little girl since there were no children very near, and Grandpa Cushing was always so very busy, and grandma was lame and had to stay in the house almost all the

Aunt Del loved Bessie dearly, and shewould have liked nothing better than to play with her or tell her stories all the ive-long day; but Aunt Del was a

s hool teacher. Bess thought at first it would be great inn to go to school, but alter she bad tried it once she change I have mind for she had to sit very still, and the scholars all stared at her so har I that the would rather stay at home with granium a cometimes grandpa took her to ride

was not a very frisky horse. But this is not telling you about Dumpy. She was Bessie's playmate all that long summer, and the strangest part of it all was, that for a long time nobody else saw Dumpy, and you shall hear low

down into the orchard to find Bess, Grandpa had put a swing under the low apple trees an t Bess was then trying to get away. When ahe saw Aunt Dol coming, she let kittle go and ran to meet her. "Isa't my little girl lonesome?" said auntie. "No: Auntie Del," answered Bess,

the kittie, so she said. "What did you and Dumpy do?" "Oh, we swinged, and I swinged highwent into dinner.

"Tan't Dumpy go too?"
"Who is Dumpy?" said grandpa, telle, who may dispute it. They will contend that I am-what you may call a "Why, Dumpy, why - I plays wiv 'crank.' But I had a method in my mad-"What does the child mean?" sail Augt Del. "Theard her talking about "Thank you. I leave the bulk of my

Dampy is here.

but Bess. They swung together in the orchard, and when she sat in her little rocker on the porch with grandma, she would say, just as grandma often said to h r. -"Dumpy, 'on must not rock so fast, hand. We were both drinking the waters

> Grandma would look in vain for Dumpy, and Bess could not be bired to tell who she was, for she did not s - in to know much about it except that it was Immov. One hot day in July the clouds began to gather in the sky, and the sun a orderly shining, and pretty a on granting beard

her little girl coming up from the swing.

"Dampy's gone, wept Bess, "Oh, dran-

CEVINE.

floor waiting for her peppermint, Pretty soon a little curly head was sleeve! I am now about to retire from pushed in at the parlor door, and Bessie business: the doctor has advised me to "I'se found my Dumpy, dran-ma, she's make my will. You will find Estelle in Grandena told the minister, and I suppose he must have told somebody else, for people began to stop as they passed the bouse if Bess should be swinging on

> And Bess would smile and say,—
> "he's pitty well to day," or, with a shake of her carly head, "Dumpy's pitty naughty. Grandpa used to hear her talking by the hour to Dumpy, and neither chick

cried all the forenoon because Dumpy would'nt go out of doors.

be good matured. In the room was a little low mirror bafore grandpa used to sit to shave; and when grandma came to dress Bessie sho found ner standing on the floor before "Dumpy, has 'ou been a naughty diel

After Dinner Grandma Cushing rooked

her to sleep and laid her on her bed

oping that when she awoke she would

the reflection in the glass! Oh, how grandma laughed! and when Auut Del came home she laughed too; and said,-"I wo der we never noticed that Dumpy always did just what Bessie was After they knew so much of the

If it were possible to rise above the atmosphera which surrounds the earth, we shoul | see nothing but an intense and shapely defined ball of fire, while everything else would be wrapped in total darkness. There could be no difference of light without an atmosphere or some similar medium for it to act apon; but if the air around us extented to a height of 600 miles, the rays of the sun come not penetrate it, and we should be left in darkness. At the depth of 700 feet in the ocean the light ceases altogether, onesalf of the light being absorbed in pasing through seven feet of the pure-

count of the nude art. -Lady visitor, in penitentiary: What would become of you, poor man, if you should die in this wicke t place? Hagdened long termer: The warden 'nd slop me tobacco un' sell me to the Coctors. mun. - Burdele.

Algernon loves me. Mannen: Ona't be too sure of it, dear. Wint makes you mak so? I have noticed that I dely has keeps his eyes constantly fi ed on the mosto, "God Bless our Hume."





CURE

HEAD

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Medicine for Throat and Lung Diffi-

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by

have no hesitation in recommending this Cough Medicine to every one afflicted."-Robert Horton, Foreman Headlight, Morrillton, Ark. "I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pro-

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me."

able in cases of Whooping Cough." -Ann Lovejoy, 1257 Washington street,

CURE FOR For Nick Stomach,
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Rochester, N. Y. YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER

RUTH'S THANKSGIVING.

And while her olders talked, Ruth Skinner sat close against the chimney-jamb, a tin-pan full of apples in her lap, paring dili-gently away, with the firelight glinting on

"Yes," said Mrs. Elam Skinner, answering the deacon's remark; "I see. It was a drendful unfortunate dispensation that Mrs. Your years ago this very month," said deacon, meditatively; "four-years-A household of boys is a tryin' thing, 1 should think it must be," said the wi-

needleful of gray yarn; "but my gals has all done well. Malindy, she's married, and lives in Burlington, and Sophrony is teachin' school 'cross the lake, and Sarah's at the sctories 'n Lowell, and Alethea's lived to onize Hall's these two years, and Kate's ing well at the millinery business, and Buth, she kind o' makes herself generally useful to hum. Buth ain't like the others; The deacon hisched his chair, with a sting noise, across the hearth, to get a

"Wall, that's sort o' providential too," "ilein' you've got so many sals, mebbe you'd "Spare one?" "We bain't no women folks to our house

eye to things, it would be a sight o' accom-"I'm willin', if Both is," said Mrs. Skin-"He've got as fine a furkey as ever equawked," went on the deacon, "and Jared fetched in a pumpkin off the side-hill bigger'n a half-barrel, and I bought a peck o' cranberries from Huldy Simons, so

"I-I have no objection, if mother thinks "Proper!" echoed Mrs. Skinner. "Why on nirth shouldn't it be propor? Of course it's proper!" "Wall," said the deacon, rising to his Isn'ty tulbest of height, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, Mess Ruth, and to Don't be in a hurry," said Mrs. Skinner,

"I ain't so very old, arter all," thought heered on. But she's young and skeery, and I must drive kind o' slow at first. It for Thanksgivin'. Ruth, Ruth, it's the pret-tiest gal! I couldn't think o' nothin' but the little strawberry apples on the guarty ples, and she never wasted a grain, and she's worn that brown caliker ever since

venled its far-away surface. But the Carey homestead was all alive it's warrath and cheerfulness and red firelight. It was a huge, old-fashioued house, with great, smoke-browned rafters crossing and recrossing overhead, and carious wood ce wainscotings half-way up the walls, and old little three-cornered cuphards built, as if by malice pretense, in the most incon-venient places, and fireplaces that gave you the idea of the rooms being only after-

erging from his room, in the glories of a

gla of forty-five degrees, "ye haven't no more manners than a pack of gypsies! Miss Ruth, don't mind' 'em." "Oh, I don't, I assure you, efr," said Ruth, laughing, "Lewis, please give me the iron spoon from the sail by the dro-

Ruth arched her pretty eyebrous. "What shall I call you?" "Call me Obed," was trembling on the deneon's lips, when he caught the ien eyes of his sens fixed wonderingly on him, and the words never found utterance. The descon looked into the oven instead, and coughed sonorously. "You won't go to church, Ruth?"

"No, you can't," said the deacon, brusquely. "Pretty way o' spendin' the Governor's Pro-lamation Thanksgivin', to be home round under Miss Ruth's feet. You'll

sullenly answered John, the second son.
"Joseph! Joe!" bawled the deacon, but there was no answer. "I guess he's gone to church," observed Jared, who was giving his cowhide boots a last tender application of candle-end in "He needu't ha' been in such a hurry," wly commented the deacon; "but e al'ays had a way of his own of doing

"Poor's locked, father."
"No, 'tsia't locked nuther," sharply repect the "eupburd" for himself, neverthe-

The deacon looked round with lowering "If that 'ere key's lost ___ Ain's them And, postponing the judicial investigation until the religious services of the day should be over, the deacon caught up a ment-like throat, and sped upon his way, with the five sons following in long array. And Ruth Skinner was left alone, only for a moment, though. There was an minous grating as of the wards of a rusty lock in the corner cupboard-door, and a smothered laugh, and the next instant Mr.

"It would have been a deal wronger, little Miss Merality, to sit pretending to listen to Elder Longsentence when my heart was in are here, Ruth, I m not going to stand this any longer. Give me the big iron spoon."

Joe tied a towel deftly round his slim, well-molded waist, and commenced stirring

'Is this the best table-cloth?" "Yes-no-I haven't an idea. Hang the table-cloth! I'm not talking about table-

"Look here, Rath," and Joe overturned the saucepan in his enthusiasm. "Here's where it is. Would you rather be my wife,

And Ruth, highly resenting the kiss of .5 ___ himself of, ran to the oven.

"I tell you, Ruth, you don't know half the resources of my character as yet!"

ulinary triumph -as the church-goers came or bringing a whist of keen northern air meekly folded and breast distended with son cranberry tarts blushed through their lattice-work of puff-paste, while mince-pies and pump'tin, custard and suct publings, "Ruth," said the deacon, mildly, as he looked at the turkey, and the chicken-pie beyond it, "you're a good cook-a very

When I hired lodgings at Mme. Hamp-

fate threw into my way I placed under My indifference, however, did not arise from any lost illusions. I had never been in love, and it never occurred to me that the thing was possible. I had been on friendly terms with blonde and brunette,

with the prude and coquette, the clever and the designing; but I had forgotten their existence half an hour later. ---

The motive power was madame's daughter. I involuntarily pictured her, since we always picture those who appeal individually to us in any way, as a coarse featured woman, with "silver threads among the gold," a face more or less wrinkled, a sharp voice, big, rough hands, and a genins for snubbing the servants and haggling with butcher and baker.

On entering the madame's room one day in order to settle my account, according to the custom of the house, I beheld a slender being before the open fire, with one tiny hand on the mantel. A lavender gown turned the knot of yellow hair at the back of her head, from which some curls escaped, into pure gold. There was an air of luxury and leisure

vaguely.

I do not know what chord thrilled in a fatal bullet in the breast does not recognize the sensation, for the reason that he has never experienced it before; he does

bold as to knock at the door of her music room. She welcomed me with her haughty cordiality, if haught ness can bet There were three or four young men already in possession, but she placed her seat near my own, and while she anon threw out javelins of wit for the general benefit, I received the lion's share of attention. This was flattering to myamour propre. But still, whenever I repeated my call. I had to wrestle with a handful of younger men for the supremacy. -

daughter was an anomaly.
What would my family and friends say to such an affair? - With what eyes What would Miss Donglass think, for whom I had been destined, but who had been a hobbledehoy girl of thirteen when I had last seen her? Of course she would care nothing for me; it would be a wound to her vanity at the most; I had never intended to marry her; I had never con sented, in fact; that bony, shy school girl, with the big eyes and lank figure. had never appealed to me: I had never been able to forgive her for stammering and blushing. Besides, there had been

ever, love not only laughs at locksmiths.

have kesita od and proceeded further. The far-off, unattainable and dim is dear to the soul of man-at least till it is his One day, when we were reading a new "Tell Mr. Chester that I am engaged and cannot see him to-night," I overheard her say to the servant. "Mr. Chester

although to be sure they might be simply amusing themselves, as gilded youth are Estelle would never go out with me; she had no chareron, she said. I wondered what my sister-in-law would an swer should I write her to chaperon my landlady's daughter to Lohengrin, she

"Beggary signifies nothing," returned another. "One would not ask has she a

"And what do you think, Mr. Van Huy-

"I e ll it obstinney in his case. It was

sam?" asked Estelle. "I? I think Bishop was a fool; that is -I mean-there may be exceptional shopgirls who have all the refinement and cultivation, all the traditions of good breed-

ing in the world; but Bishop's choice was not one of these. She was simply beautiful, and he was a fool to allow himself, at his age, to be boodwinked, so to speak, by mere flesh and blood." "I quite agree with you," she said. I could have bitten my tongue out when I called Bishop a fool-in fact, the whole conversation had seemed malapropos to me, and I went away with a sense of defeat. But how could I tell her that al-

though I might draw the line at the shop

girl, marrying a landlady's daughter was

quite another affair? Every day, to be sure, I made up my mind that I would seek Estelle no more; that the difficulties in the case were too great to be surmounted; but every day, all the same, found me beside her, without self-denial enough to resign the infinite charm of her presence, and yet too weak of will to accept all the conseopences of such an alliance. You will say that if I could thus judge

and weigh circumstances I was not in love. I am certain that in time I should have overcome all obstacles, that the nobility within me would have got the better of any meaner qualities, but every man's nature or temperament is in a manner his own fate. Had I not been quite certain at this time that I pleased Estelle, in spite of her gentle hauteur, perhaps I should have been able to overcome my social scruples sooner. A few weeks later I was called away on business, and it was a mouth or more before I found it convenient to return. Dur-

ing that time I had written to Estelle

more than once, without, however, re-

ceiving any reply. Yet I was sure that

she was mine, that I had only to speak;

and I meant to speak at last-to speak so cloquently that she would not remember the silence had been long. -I went first to pay my respects to Mme. Hampton. "I have been making my will," she said, after a little. -- 7 "Your will, madame?" "Yes. I have other heirs besides Es-

ness. I beg you to be my executor."

"I am at your service, madame."

property to Estelle." -----"The bulk!" I repeated, "You have found your business remunerative!" She chuckled audibly. "I have found it entertaining, enlightening," she answered. "It has paid me? Yes, I have discovered who are my friends. I must tell you that Estelle is not my daughter.' "Not your daughter?" -"Are you disappointed? When her father died abroad, insolvent, I was at

at some German spa. Long ago I had

been going to marry Mr. Douglass, her

"Yes, Does the name offend you? When

he died I promised to take Estelle if I

father

"Mr. Donolassi"

the masle room."

treet when

your heart."

if I could."

Chester.

might give her my name and money, There was literally nothing left from the estute for her to live upon." "However, when I returned from Europe I returned a pauper, so to speak. Do you follow me? I allowed myself : little mascourade; I deceived even E-telle, but I have never deprived her of a luxury eyen the lace on her handkerchief is real. "She often marvels that the business is so good. I have held the purse, and she has been glad to work with me. But my friends were too indignant at my misfortunes to lend me aid. What imainess had to lose the mency which they might have inherited? And adopt a daughter? "They wanted me to place Estelle in a shop-Estelle! . How I laughed in my

knocking, according to my habit. Estelle sat with her mandolin on her lap, but every chord had been snapped in the last stormy touch. "You have returned," she said, smiling as a ghost may smile. .. "Yes. I have come to tell you-what. you already know-I love you. If telle, I have loved you since I first met you; yes, and before. I loved you before I knew that you existed. It must be so, because have never loved till now. You do not

"No, I do not doubt it; I know that you

love me. Mr. Van Huysam; and I know

that your love must be great, since it has

overdome every conventional scruple in

"My darling Estelle, I was sure you

loved me; it is that which has given me contage. I would have taken her in my arms and kissed that perfect check where the rose was just beginning to blossom, but she "You knew that I loved you," she repeated. "Mr. Van Huysain, I don't mind confessing that there was indeed a time when I loved you better than life. At least, I believe so. At that moment I thought you loved me."

"I did, I do love you, Estelle," I pro-

"Yes. Then I would have loved you

forever. Then I could have died, for you,

lived for you. One day I awoke. I saw

that you could not love me or nothing on

earth could keep you silent. You did not

see how I suffered. Then my heart broke, Do you know what it is to have a broken beart? It is to have lost the power to love any one again. I have read somewhere that a man never loves the same woman "But you-I love you. Listen, Estelle, time will-" But she smiled sadly. "I thank you: I forgive you," she said. "I would love you

And then the servant announced Mr.

A PERFECT HOME.

Good Words from a Pen Laid Down. The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living for father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with the children

were the most beautiful I have ever see

every inmate of the house involuntarily

looked into her face for the keynote of

the day, and it always rang clear, From the rose bud or clover leaf, which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife and home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving beart and evquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and enlargements of wide culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever

seen,-Helen Hunt.

with him, and if he was not in a hurry he would let her drive old Dobbin, who

they found out who she was. Auntie came home one noon and went

er than Dumpy," said Bess, as they The next time grandpa went to ride and Bess was put into the carriage, she called out. -

Of course Aunt Dal thought she meant

Dumpy the other day, and I thought she "she's Topsy," answered Bess, indig nantly. But grandpa couldn't stop so off they went, and Dumpy was locgetten by all

'ou'll fall down 'ee steps and bwake 'eu

ma, I tan't find my Dumpy!"
Grandma was very sorry far ber, but how could she help to find her "I'm only unless she knew who her Dampy She went into the bedroom to get her a peppermint, and spied through the window the minister coming up to the front door, so she hurried on her he t cap and went into the purlor to see him, and left lies standing in the moldle of the

I entered the music room without the gote, and ask her,-

> per child, dog nor cat would be in sight. After she found out that Dumpy was in the bedroom she used to play in there rainy days, and then she began to tell what Dumpy had on, a blue sash, or a white dr. ss, or a dirty apron; always just what Bess herself wore. One day she had been ill-natured all day. She was cross to Aunt Del when she dressed her in the morning and she

gran pas glass, and this was what the ton? in I 'ou dran'ma put 'ou to bed and she scowled and shook her fil gir at

little shadow on the grass. Earth and Atmosphere.

mystery they soon guesse I why Dumpy

would never go out of doors unless the sun sho e, for Bess never talked to

bumpy unless she could see her own fat

water. ----Boston is raising a new din on ac-

Young Lady: I am convinced dust