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CANDEE

## EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1888.

NUMBER 46.

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CELESTE'S BETROTHAL. BY CLYDE BAYMOND."

A light headache had driven Celeste Madison from the bright, gay, over-heated rooms, where a "hop" was making the r idnight hours merry, and in her white, soundless gauze draperies, she looked like some fair spirit, "litting silently through the winding paths of the shadowy grounds.

Not an unhappy spirit, though, for there were few, if any, lovely women in the brilliant ballroom she had left who could surpass her either in beauty or wealth. And she was the betrothed bride of the handsomest man presentthe man she loved so she was not unhappy : not antil a sudden curve in her path brought her within sound of two familiar voices. "One would think that a fellow lucky

enough to expture an herress—and a handsome on at that—wouldn't have much cause for looking glum. Yet, here you've been as gloomy as an owi all evening, and that explains it, eh? Pretty, dark-eyed, little Orra Colburn is going away."
Miss Madison knew the voice-it was

that of Jack Godfrey, a luckless "in eligible" of society, and a confidential friend of her lover's-and halting where she was at those last words, she waited, with her hand involuntarily pressed against her heart for the answer. "Don t laugh, Jack, for Heaven's sake!"

her lover's voice replied impatiently. "Money can't buy happiness, and I feel like a viilain when I look at Orra's sweet, sad face and think of the life of drudgery she is going to—the lonely, tollsome like of a governess. For my miserable sake too, i know, though she says her reason or going is because size is unwilling to be dependent upon her relatives, kind as they are. But she never talked in that way, Jack, before my engagement. Poor little Orra! And a heavy sigh followed the tender-

Then if the parting is going to make you both so unhappy, why don't you break off with the heir ss and marry her? Confound me if I wouldn't, much as I'd like to wed a snug little fortune myself. Tisn't likely Miss Madison would care to marry a man who doesn't love her, and she has plenty of suitors who would console her for your loss. ust dying to win her, and he has twice her wealth. Nothing mercenary about

his wooing. "I havn't the moral courage, Jack," said Ben Vernon, desperately. anyhow, if I were free I couldn't afford to marry little orra. So things must take its course, let the end be what it may. Remember, this is between ourselves, old fellow." he added suddenly, in a warning tone. "In justice to Cefeste, I would not have the world suspect the real truth; even Orra does not hall guess

And with these words ringing in her ars, Celeste Madison turned and flitted she had beard enough, and two minut a later she reentered the brilliant ballroom with, not only an aching head, but

At the door Colonel Milford met her, and the next moment she was glidi g lown the long, respiendent room in his arms, one of the fairest an a gayest of the She glanced covertly at Orra Colburn as they passed each other in the dance, and noted, for the first time, the re-

pressed sorrow in the pute, ben tiul olive face, and in the hall drooping, passionate, dark eyes. In the light of what she had just heard, Coleste understood that look but too well. "the sutters, but no matter," she breathed to herself, her blue eyes glitter-

ing, her d inty reserved lips compressed, as she whirled lightly by. "the does not know how he loves her-so he saysand if she did, she should not have him. No, no; I would not give him up to

It was not new to Celeste Madisonthe suspicion that she was being woold and won for her fortune, more than anything else, by handsome Ben Vernou, but so well he had played the part of a lover that it had been nothing more than

suspicion until to night. And she knew that she herself was not b'ameless. She had tallen in love with his handsome person and his pleasing ways, and, turning from the attentions of many far more eligible sentors, she had lured him on by every art and has-

cination at her command. When she had seen him lingering at the side of pretty Orra Colburn, and noticed his evident admiration for the lovely brunette face, with its sweet, red lips and thrilling, passionate, dark eyes, Celeste had drawn him away by some subtle wile of her own, until at last he stoo t before the world her acknowledged

But she had never dared to question too closely the reality of the love which had brought him to her feet. It was enough that she had won him, that no one could dispute her ownership. Now that the half-dreaded, bitter truth was forced upon her, she did not mean

to let it change her life. Pride and conscience too, perhaps, would have bidden her to give up at once all claim upon a man who did not love her, and who, she well knew, did love another. But her selfish heart said no. So only the steely a sh in her blue eyes, and the deep, burning flush on her fair checks told how her pride was wounded. But nothing either in her words or manner gave a sign that any shadow had fallen upon her happiness. But Vernon was the last one to suspect it as he stood in the room a little later and watered his fair flamer-the charming heiress whom half the men there encled thin for having won-dancing and irting with all her usual graceful gay-

ety, her face as bright and smiling as a ette mer moor. "Milford adores her, and how well they look together," he thought, without a particle of a lover's jealousy in his breast. They are both rich, too. As Jack said, if they were to marry- What if I should confess the truth, and ask her to release me?" he whispered to himself, an eager light springing to his handsome blue eyes as his thoughts took a sudden ", ut no, contoun ! it! I can't do turn. that, I really believe Celeste loves me, and, besides, Orra and I are both too poor to think of such a thing. Heigho!" with a long drawn discon why can't hate distribute her favors a httle more evenly, I'd like to know? And he crossed the room to the spot where Orra Colburn had just sunk into a seat, with the languad, easy grace that

was half her charm; and soon afterward. to the dreamy strains of one of the sweetest, saddest creations that was ever playe , they had their last, farewell waltz Coleste looke lan with watchful, smiling ey s, and said nothing. She caught the sound of Ben's low, ten ler tones once or twice as they swept past each

other, but what they were saying to her riv d she never knew, and never sought to know. lint it was an intense relief to her when the next day, she waved a smiling 200 thye to beautiful Orra Colburn, and knew that the danger she had dreaded

was out of the way, and Verson was unchanging in his outward devotion, Miss Madison was not quite happy in her triumph.

The saw the shadow of discontent many a time on her lover's handsome face, and knew the cause too well. I'ut she only sbut her pretty, smiling lips with stern resolution. "I will never say the word that will set him free," she said, determinedly. "I love him, and I will marry him, in spite

of what I know. In time he will forget her. But one day he came to her with a face so sad, perplexed, and troubled, that it startle | her.

"What is it Ben?" she exclaimed, in-

voluntarily, rising to greet him. "I have just heard so nething that troubles me very much, Celeste," he be-gan, unsteadily. "You remember Orra Colburn? She left here a few weeks ago left the ease and gayety and pleasure that she might still have enjoyed, and went away to earn her own living as a governess. Celeste, I have just seen her cousin, who tells me that Orra is very ill. I—I—" His face was pale, his lips trembled,

and, for an instant, he could not command his voice sufficiently to speak. Then, in a stammering, concused way, he told her the whole truth, not dreaming that she knew it already, and, at the end, with steadier voice and eager, earnest eyes, full of courage now:
"I have told you all, Celeste," he said
quietly. "I love her, and, though I

never spoke of it to her, I believe her love was just as tru y mine. I believe it is that grief which has made her ill. And now, knowing it all, are you willing to release me from my promise She had stood listening silently throughout, her cheeks white as snow, her blue eyes scintillating, her heart throbbing

"lou love her so well that you are willing to disgrace me, and to resign my fortune—and it is well worth winning, remember that-all for her sake- for the sake of this girl who has to earn her daily bread?" she asked him slowly, and her voice was full of such a pain that it filled his heart with pity and remorse. "Not willing to disgrace you, Celeste-never that," he answered earnestly. "Let the world think you threw me over.

Say whatever you wish. But as for your money, yes, I would resign that, and a thousand times as much, for Orra's sake." He stood waiting for her answer, but it was many minutes before it came. She had turned away her face, and he could not see the struggle on those beau-tiful features between the pride, and ove, and butter, passionate resentment

that tore her heart to pieces. "Een Vernon," she spoke at last, turning slowly toward him, "by right of your promise, your many professions of love, and the public acknowledg and of both, on are mine, and I have the right to old you strictly to your vows. I meant to do so. I knew long ago that your love was a doubtful possession, yet 1 had no hought of giving you up to any ot er.

hand against her heart. "I cannot tell you whether it is pride or weather my love is so great that care for your happiness above my own," she went on, her voice growing soit and sweet; "int'-tremplously-'you are free-free to wed my rival, and -with a pitiful smile-'let the world say what it

Her voice faltered and she pressed her

one could not utter prayers for his happiness, but she gave him her hand for an instant ere she turned away. He raised it gently to his lips. "God bless you," he whispered, as he let it go.

A month later society was startled by the marriage of Celesta Madison to Colonel Harry Milford. And when, soon afterward, Ben Vernon ed beautiful, Jack-eyed Orra to the altar. it was found that some mysterious friend

had settled a handsome marriage portion upon the happy bride. "For the sake of true love, whi h you both price more than all, and which I have learned to know, unexpectedly, in my most happy marriage," said the brief note accompanying the gift. It was signed "The Donor"-no other worl or name-but the handwriting was that of the fair and doubly wealthy

## FOR THE DAUGHTER'S SAKE.

bride, Mrs. Harry Millord.

noulded figure.

"You own that you love me, and yet you say you can never be my wife. Tell me what you mean, Ida?" The speaker was Robert Waldron, a ine looking youth of twenty; the person ie a lifessed a girl of seventeen. She was a fragile fairy-like young creature, with starry brown eyes, chestnut-colored hair, and a slender yet well-

On the white sand of one of the faraway Navigator Islands in the Pacific Ocean, near a group of tall cocoanut trees, stood the twain, holding each other's hands, while the light of the rising moon lay like a broad silvery pathway athwart the wilderness of waters.
Waldron was a passenger, with his father, a coard the American ship Tempest, bound to the Sandwi h Islands. A month previously the vessel had been so badly damaged in a storm that

the captain was obliged to anchor off the Navigator Islands for repairs. Robert, wandering about one of the isl s, came upon a small frame house in a clearing in the thicket. As I e had lost his way, he knocked at the door, A melancho y-looking elderly man answer d the summons, gave him the information he required, and invited

There Pobert first saw Ida Gray, the old man's daughter. It is needless to add that he came n any times after that. Ida's dwelling-place for six years, and that her mother had died before she

came to it. What her parent's motive was in seeking this lonely abiling-place, far away in the l'acific i cean, she could never guess. Once she had questioned him, but it had seemed to trouble him so much that she resolved not to do so again. "Tell me what you mean, Ida?" Robert repeated, as her eyes filled with

tears.

"Because I can never desert papa," she sobbed. "You need not desert him." cried Robert. "He can go with us." he will not leave the island." "Then I will stay here," said the young man. "I will build a house here, and we will settle on the island! I could be con-

tented anywhere with you."
Ida brightened up at this. "Go and talk with papa about it," she sa d. Robert kissed her, and then went to her tather. The latter, who had shown singular emotion on seeing the youth, seemed still more agitated when Robert asked him

for his daughter. "No!" he cried almost harshly. "You, of all others, can never have my child—at least not while I live. It may be selfish in me, but—but I could not bear it-you of all others. If I were dead you might take her and welcome. nobert joined Ida and told her the re-Weeks passed, and though her rival | sult of his application to her father.

Ida saw her parent not long after.
"Do you love that man?" he asked. children, and says: "Yes, papa!" she sobbed. "And you really want him?" "He wants me!" was the womanly re-

ply.
"He may have you," Mr. Gray said in a hollow voice. "Good papa! Kind papa!"
And she threw herself on his breast.

When she was gone to bed, and was asleep, he stole out of the house. Swift was the current among the rocks off a certain part of the island. Mr. Gray knew that he who plunged deep in that place might never come up again. The under-current would probably carry the diver into some subterranean water-cavern, whence he could never ex-

tricate himself.

"Ah," he muttered, "better death to me at once than life-long misery to my child. He can never have her while I live. I could not bear to look upon his face, as I would often be obliged to do if he were her husband; for they would visit me, even though I never visited

Long he gazed at the swift water. "Be it so," he said at last in a solemn

There was a splash as he plunged into the fatal current. At the same moment a strong young voice was heard. Robert Waldron, who had been as yet unable to tear himself away from the vicinity of the dwelling of his beloved. had seen Mr. Gray go out upon the point, near which he was seated in the shadow of a rock. Now, as he made the plunge, the youth,

who had been a few yards off, dived after Ere Mr. Gray had gone deep enough

to be drawn into an under water cavern, Waldron clutched him, and strove to re-gain the surface with his burden. They rose together, and as they were carried further from land Mr. Gray endeavored to release himself from Robert's The struggle was of short duration, for

it is hard for one man to hold to, and keep up in the water, another who is determined to drown himself. Mr. Gray had forced himself from the grasp of Waldron, when the latter saw the unmistakable fin of a shark cutting the moon-lighted water- as it approached "A shark! Here it comes." cried the youth, as he again clutched Mr. Gray. Ay, and there are more. I will not eave you here. If you will not swim ith me to that rock ahead of us, here I will remain, and we will both perish."

"No, no! You must not die!" cried Mr. Gray. "It would kill my child. will go to the rock with you." Thither they swam, reaching the rock in time to escape the sharks. "Why did you save me?" cried the old captain bitterly. "Had I died, you would have been able to have my daughter. I told you you could make her your wife when I was dead."

"And for that reason do you suppose would stand by and see you perish, and not do my best to save you?" cried "There have been such cases," said the captain gloomily.
"Ay, answered Robert, "My own father once was left to perish that way.

"Your father?" cried Mr. Gray, starting. Yes. Years ago he was a scalaring man-first officer aboard the Sunlight, a merchant vessel. The captain and he oth loved one of the passengers, a young lady who was going to the Indies with her mother. During a gale one night my father fell overboard. He clutched a rope, and the captain, by merely stre-ching forth his hand, might have saved him. But he only stood and looked at him, until a sea washed my father from

"1 our father! Was he your father?" cried Mr. Gray wildly. "And your name Waldron? I knew he was a widower, and had a little son, but his name was

Robert drew back in surprise. A new light seemed to break upon his "I am he who stool by and saw Livin ston go down," continued Gray. "Yes, I am that wretch; and your re-

semblance to that drowned man has often startled and pained me. That was why would not have you wed my daughter while I lived, as I would have then been doomed to see your face at times-your ace so like that of the man I allowed to p rish, simply because I was jealous of him, and fancied that Adele, the fair p seng r we loved, favored him. But what means it? As I repeat, his name was livingston. He must, then, have sailed under a different name from his

OWIL. "No." said Robert. "His full name was Henry Livingston Waldron. It pleased him for a long time to drop the Waldron' and go by his second name. "Well, then," continued Mr. Grav, you behold be ore you the wretch who allowed your father to perish. Atterwar is I learned from the young lady pas enger w om I married that she had

never fancied your father-had preferred "That terrible neglect of mine to help your imperilled parent has haunted me ever since and made me miserable. After my wife's death I shunned society, and came to this lonely island, a broken hearted man. Often do I seem to see

the face of my lost shipmate in my creams, and \_\_\_\_\_" "Be happy again, sir," interrupted Bobert. "He still lives." "Lives!" almost screamed the old captain. "Prove that, and I will bless

you for ever!"
"I should have done so before now had I dreamed that you were the Captain eray of whom my father spoke when he told me his story. But I did not even know you had been a sailor. On the contrary, as you have a military look, I supposed you had been an army cap-

As the two were now in sight of the anchored vessel, Robert hailed it, and a Loat was sent to them. They were taken aboard, where Captain Grey was soon grasping one hand of his former shipmale.

"Can you forgiv - ne?" said Gray. "creely." I swered Mr. Waldron.
"We were L. n very jealous of each
other, and I can guess how you felt, although I would not have served you so. I had a tough time of it. fighting the seas in the dark, as the ship left me, but fortunately I was finally carried to a rock in the sea, off the Ascension Islands. The natives at length saw me, took me ashore, and treated me well until I was picked up by a home-bound vessel. "A few years later I married and went to Florida to take possession of an estate there left me. Finally I resolved to take a trip with my son to the andwich

Islands, and was on my way there, when the captain was obliged to come here for "Thank God that you were saved! Although you forgive me, I can never forgive myself." Three months later Ida and Robert were married at the Sandwich Islands, waither they had all cone.

Ida was over oyed that the cloud which had so long shadowed her father's spirit was at last lifted. But often even now, while sitting at his daughter's happy hearthstone, does the old captain marvel how be could ever getting the injured plate adjusted so have refused to help his shipmate on picely that the accident never indicated that dark stormy night; and thus think- anything wrong in the vocal exercises.

ng, he sometimes turns to Ida's little "Be careful-very careful to control every evil impulse you may feel, and crush it as you would the head of a

JUDY'S PUPPY.

For What He Was Saved.

"Carl, what is the matter with Judy? She's been whining and begging us to go to the shore for the last half hour." said Marion Chase to her brother, who was stretched full-length on the floor, read-

Carl looked up, listened a moment to the big dog's pleading, then closed his book and said with an evident enort to give up his own pleasure to gratity his dumb friend:

"Poor old girl, she's in some trouble, that's plain! Come, Marion, put on your hat and we'll humor her.' Marion, who never refused a walk on the sands, no matter in fair or stormy weather, was soon equipped, and the children followed their do, who tried to hasten their steps, running far ahead and

then coming back.
"What a high tide! Haven't seen the like in ten years! as old Sim would say," Said Carl "Hurry, Marion, Judy has got her nose

in those rocks-there's some animal sue wants to get at in there! Whatever it is it it be drowned unless it can swim, and any way unless it can squeeze out.' Bounding over the rocks and sand, Carl reached the crevice first, and with a short exciamation pulled out a little puppy. His sister was by his side, and

with short, happy barks let them talk as they pleased.
"so that is where she hid her little Foor old Jude! she thought father would take this one as he took two of em. And you see, Marion, she couldn't get the little thing out-it got wedged in and this high tide frightened her-she knew her bany would be drowned."

The children and dog stood on the rocks, the poor mother nursing and foudling her little one, the boy and giri watching her contentment with great pleasure, for Judy had been their constant playmate and companion ever since Marion s second year.

"Wouldn't it have been just dreadful if she had lost her little doggie." said Marion. "I do believe she would have stayed by it till she herself was drowned. You see the tide was never so high - O, Carl, Carl, we are lost !" It seemed true at first, for, while the

children and dog had lingered on the rocks, the treacherous waves had crept round them till water surrounded their on every side, and the heavy such threatened to roll even over their feet. Carl started up and seizing his sister's han I, said, "Not a moment, Marion, you

nust not mind the surf-even if it knocks you down-it is our only chance. Judy will save you at any rate, and I can swim. "But Judy has her puppy," said Marion, with white tips, for she was always a coward in the surf. Carl seiz d the puppy, and Judy, seeming to under

stand, kept near Marion. After all, there was not so much danger, tough marion fell twice and was dragged back by a rece ling wave. In afteen minutes the children stoo!, panting and wet, but safe and beyon i

any possible tile. "Carl, what did you think of as we ran " aske i Marion, in an awed voic .. Oh, or you and the puppy and-well, I did think how mother'd feel;" this last was added in a snameraced way. "I could only say over and over, 'When thou passest through the billows I will be with thee.' I know He was, Carl." Carl looke i at the pile lips of his only sister, an a with a heart full of reas grad tude that she was spared, said quetry, Yes, I know He was-always know that

when she's near," he added in his hears, for Carl thought this one sister almost an angel, and never teased and builled her as some boys do their sisters. "O little puppy, I wonder what your life has been saled for ?" said Marion, taking the little dog for a moment, but

quickly putting it down for she felt faint and weas. Ten years went by. Marion, a woman of twenty-two, seemed older than Carl, a young man of twenty-four, for she had been married for two years, and, as sae wrote to her brother, "was bringing him the dearest little nephew-just another

Carl. She had lived in India with her husband, but was to spend a lew years in her old Scottish seast te home, and now the vessel in which she was to come was

hourly especied.

How Carl watched the winds and tides! A storm came up, and the simp must be on the coast! The young man and his father were on the rocks before dawn, and in the daraness they heard the guns of a ship in distr ss. They knew that in all probability it was the Albalross, and their darling with the intle one they had never seen, was to drown perhaps, almost in their signt. Suddenly a sheet of flame lit up the sky. The ship was on tire, and men and

women could be seen turowing themselves into the sea. Boats are laun hed, and Carl started the first one. It was a great risk, but no one cared for danger; all knew "Miss Marion" was in the ship.

Nearer and nearer came the boat; now sunk in the trough of the sea, they could see nothing, and again high ou some wave they saw, still far ahead, men, women and children struggling in the angry waters: Each time some had dis-appeared. O God, would they save her? Suddenly a small, black object is seen coming to vard the boat. It is a dog, and some one is swimming by his side, while there is something on his back. "Marion! it is she! Here, Hero!

here, old f-llow !" But Judy's puppy had seen the boat far off and was by their side before they needed to call. The baby half-drowned. but saved, was drawn into the boat, and Marion, who had yielded to her father's wishes years before and learned to combat waves and surf, was soon in her

brother's arms. "It was Hero who saved us. How little we children knew what we were doing ten years ago!" said Merion faintly, but with a happy quiver in her voice as she saw her ba y reviving. "And this time I thought who was with you, darling," whisp red Carl, "and knew that, even though you drowne i He would keep you safe. Ah, daring, it was you roused me up to succor July when I was a boy. You deserve that her puppy should save your little

A Good Shot With His Teeth.

A gentleman well known in musical circles, and whose vocal talent gives him prestige, in walking on "the dollar side" of a busy street, happened to sneeze violently, and in doing so he sneezed out his set of false teeth, which flew some six feet and strack a gaslight post, thereby sustaining a fracture to the plate.

As his vocal services were engaged in a well known church choir for the next morning, and it was now about 8 o'clock P. M., the victim was horrified, but hastening to a deutist's, he succeeded in A TRUE SHARK STORY.

It may not be generally understood that in that playful marine acroust, the porpoise, the shark possesses an implacle en my that will permat no intrusion on its fishing grounds. The writer first learned this fact from two old and exp menced fishermen when out on a ushing excursion one lovely August day, of awan Beach, New Jersey. It came in the course of a story,

which is here given as it was told in the The fishermen were serious and quiet men, watching and reasy; and I no seed that they not only used no promane expressions themselves, out appeared to be an oyed and distressed at the occasional exp ctives that escaped me under the ex-sp-rating excitement of loosing a fine fish from the hook after han ing it to the survice. So ewhat surprised at de-

midst o a school of sharks two miles long

si es, from six feet long to twelve or

boat, and dashed it one third full of

water with their tails. We had to bail

one with his but, an I the other with the

bait pail. Every moment some big fel-

low would put his nose almost on our

gunwale, while his yellow tiger eyes

ared feromously at our pale faces. Una

shark dashed at the boat and swized one

of the side planks, and almost shock us

out of our seats. Fortunately his teem

broke of, and away he went with a

into pieces and devoured. Then the

ow, and were writting out to sea. Final-

us.' We knelt down, and I prayed not

selp, confus d our sins, and promised

hardly finished before we saw a great shoot of parpoises. They have a them-

s ives out of water, hopping twenty feet

at a bound. Soon we were in the midst

out these perposes were to quick for

them. They lot and toro the sparks

fear ally. cometimes three perpoises would have bold of one shark. Then

they jumped out of the water and fell

heavily on hese tig rs of the ocean.

The right continued for miles, and we

were say d. We rowed salely to shore.

up swearing, arinking and all vices. We

have respect for porpoises, and believe if

they were not so plentiful, the New Jer-

sey shore would swarm with sharks, and

then good-by to fishing and bathing."-

STOVES THAT CAN WALK.

This Deats the Average Pastern there

Yarn all Hollow.

The mystery which surrounds the strange

moveme is of the two s over once | by Mr

Jo n Jo es, a farmer living about eight miles from lialtimore, an secount of which

appeared in the "American," recenly re-mains unsettled.

which is an ord atry cook store it retarting the kitchen, and the other a common word?

stove such as is seen in nearly every house-hold in the country, began to becave in a

strange manner-sliding about the room or

turning over on the floor, seem nely without any human or natural assistance. Fire

flew all over the room, a though the stoves were shut up tight, and no piece open

where are or anything could possibly escape. The are destroyed carpets, bed covering,

and set the clothes of the inmates of the

At last, although considerably annoyed by

these strange occur.caces, they attributed

the cause to the wood they were burning,

and changed it frequently; but, as t e stoves

they were as a loss what to no, and so

bors, w o could neither stop the movements

Recently the stove in the string room turned over three times on the noor, and

was left lying in that position, and in a lew

minutes righted itself and said clear scross the floor. There were five hundred people

within it teen seet of it, but, a range to say,

not one of them saw it move, as they were in

Hearing a tramendous noise they turned

and saw the stove in that position. Lecents

ly Mr. c. k. Coulbourne, propactor of the electric light plant; M. C. O. M. ivin, ed. ter

of the "he o d and Gazette" and the "Amer-

ican" corre po dent took an e ectric test

battery to accover if there exists any elec-tric disturbances or ground correct, and

found the there was nothing what ver un-

natural or re arkab e in this particular.

The out andy and the little gard were in the

house with us and we applied our battery

to them to s and if they were charged in any unmatured degree with the electric current, but bound that they were not. Al-

though we made an early start to observe

the first greenings of the weind and uncauny

scores of others in advance of us and suit coming from every direction.

inspected by over one thous ad p raons

of about at year of a cana is the own ref

one or the and t farms in this section and is in every may a thoroughly re and man.

about to years, who is also his a use weren er.

and a strice i d girl 8 years of a.e. He

has restued at his present home for the last callit years, and has used one of the stoves

which is at present creating such an zeite-

ment, for several years, and has n ver snown

anyta ag or the kind to occur before. The

Misplaced Confidence

If ever there was a victim of misplaced

confidence in this self-seeking world it is

the man who imagines that he is making

awake while he is taking a little nap in

Take a Paper.

If you want to be well-informed, take a

paper. Even a paper of plus will give you

some good points - Youkers Statesman.

the congregation believe that he is wide-

stoyes certainly move, out how !

church .- Somerville Journal.

from the lower countes of haryand and

Manuages is a well-known practical farmer

During the d fihe wonderful stoves were

agent from the depths below, we out

the yard, with their backs to the stove

of the stoyes nor explain the cause.

ight it to the attention of their neigh-

room on tire in many places.

About a month age his stoves, one of

Harper's Weekly.

and because professors of religion, gave

th m. The sharks starte i out to sen,

mendon at and repentance. We had

school returned to us again.

and tall a mile broad. They were of al

gentieman of 'one of our lirat families is at this very moment as i-drank at the noted and a ting like a foo'." "O Harry i are you not misinformed?" meanor I had not been accustomed to s id the mother, looking up with a horin "toilers of the sea," I asked them at raied expression. inst a anything was the matt r.

They replied very respectfully, that "My eyes do not deceive me, mother," the son replied. "I have known Morbeing religious men and members of the ton's failing for a long time, but Mary is Methoust ch reh they felt pained by as ir n as a roes. She will not believe anything to the projudice of her over," everything approach ng the sin of pro-fanty, and that if I would listen they would tell me a story of their remarkand deliverance from death, which resulted in their conversion. It was as follows:

Mrs. Golding was sore y troubled. "Drunkenness is such a scaneful vice," see smit. "Wen a man once de grales himself so o uch, what can retro-"Some ten years ago we were har am? To think of our sweet him y a drinkers, swearers, wild surfacen and drunkard's wife. Oh! I cannot cannot shermen. We never ent red a church, ear it." And the tears fell plentitudy. and cared neither for Go i nor devil. Do not distress yourself, mother," said on a time Sabbath morning in August, the young man. "Perhaps we can wave or, we started at daylight for this very reef or rocus. With plen y of bait, we "sister Mollie!" he called up the stairooked for loar or five hun ired w ight of way, for Mary was writing in her room, ea-bass, noun iers and blackfish. At Won't you please come and walk with first we pulled them up as fast as our lines tou hed the bottom; then we had your poor, tired brother this evening? The moon will be soon up, and he air is not a single bire. Surprised, we looked delight u. up and around, preparatory to changing "Yes, Harry, I will come," said the or ground. To our asion shment the water was alive with shares. We commenced pulling up our anchors, when a

young girl, tripp no do on the stairs with a scarf thrown libtly about ber houllers. "loor boy! He co fines himself savage fish rushed to the bow and but the to c osely to his business." rope in two. Then we heisted sail, but The brother and sist resuntered slowhe moment we put the steering our into the water, several sharks began biting it ly down the vi lage street. "The moonlight is so beautiful upon into pieces. So we were compelled to ake in sails, and drift. We were in the

Advertising Hates.

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A DROTHER'S STRATAGEM.

There is no loveller village in the Em

pire state than Francount, though this is

not its real name melther shall I give the real names of the commeters who

will figure in the following story, though

they are real people and yet upon the

deceived in young storto " said Henry Golding as he came muo Mrs. Golding's

pleasant parlor one shamer evening.

the mother, looking up from her sewing.

"I had always supposed t at Mr. Morton was a gentlemen. He certifully belongs

to one of our best families."

am so cryy, mother, that Mary is so

W. at do you mean, my sou?" asked

"That is tru , mother dear, but this

stage o action.

3 '1 year.

2 col'n c months.

3 months.

1 year.

the water, sister. We will go down to the riverside. See, I una is just peoping above the tree-tops. How beauti-But something else just then attracted

Mary Gol ling's attention.

They were passing the hotel, and sho ear i her lovers von a smid the crunk a lamor w ich filled the air. In the glare of light a second seedig tinctly a tall, graceful young men too is glass a ter glass of brandy down has throat. She beard projend and right words, such as she had never heard be-

fore, spoken in his well known vo o

"O Harry! Do you you hear!" also gasped, clutching his arm for supers. "Merciful Heaven! can that to Chrones deeding jaw. In a moment he was torn Morton ! "We were in despair, and never ex-"My dear sister, this is no new thing" pected to see shore again. We sould not and her brother, chasping his arm a out her. "I have seen this too often to g y, Charley sait: 'bill, we are in an aw-al muss. Let us see if God will help surprise l. Poor Charence! What can he be thinking of to desiray by uself?"

' and not only that, butjile you see the

brot er, but I must go Toure! Au I Mary Golding turned her at as home-The moonlight upon the water was forgotten, and Harry Colding was sing-ing a glad to beam in his hourt that t

last his loved sister saw her lover us others saw him. A tall, broad-shouldered young man passed them as they walked shouly along.
"A hither away, Barion." An arroful
of books as usual," said Henry Golding.

"Do you never rest ?" "Never before I am weary," replied the young man, bowing respectfully to Miss Mary. "I hope to graduate this "A splendid young man," said H mry Golding to his sist r when Mr. Burt t hal passed out of hearing. "He will

make his mark in the worl But stary's heart was too full to head her brother's words. The studious young man had shown ier marked attentions, but her heart ad been pre-occupied and she scarcery knew him. Clarence Morton was greatly aston-

sh d when, at his next visit to his he-

tr thed wife, she gave him back his ring, Savings "All is ended between us. I saw you last even ng at the botel.' me knew too well that remonstrance or entreaty was useless, and lett. growiing t at it was "deaped hard if a young flow couldn't have a bit of tun The "old of fun" lasted through Cl rence Morrou's worthlesslife, and he dool miamen ed and scarcely known, whole he penneles young student has been for

ars one of the leading citizens of Fran-Mary Golding has for more than a ore of years been the happy wife of udge Barton, and has never ceased to e grate ul for the success of her brother's

stratagem. WOMEN'S LOVE OF SHWING.

Thoughts of a Writer on this Subject. The following, descriptive of women's fancy for medie work, is from Hawtmorne's

"Marble Laun;" There is a mething exquisitely pleasant and tourning-at least of a very sweet, soft, and winning effect-in this peculiari y of needlework, distinguishing men from women. Our own sex is incapable of any such by play aside from the main business of life; but women-be they of what ear ly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with artful beauty-have always some little handiwork ready to fill up the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A peedle is familiar to the flagure of them

A queen, no doubt, plies it on ecca-Mona: 1. e woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her p. n: the woman's eve that has disc wored a new star turus from i.s. glory to send the polished hade instrument gleaming along the hem of her kershief or to un to a casual flaw in her dress. And they have the advantage of us in this resp on The slender threads of silk or cotton keep them thited with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life; the continually operating influences do much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vasideal of human sympathy runs along the electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the humblest seamstress, and seeping high and low in a species of common union

with their kindred beings. Methinas it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of accomplishments and high thoughts love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than whom

-Four South Boston urchins have bad a narrow escape from deat a While playing on the ice they were suddenly sent floating down stream on a large cake that was broken of by their weight. They went whirling down passing beneath several bridges, and overy moment death seemed imminent. The crowds on the shore were enable to help them, but they were finally seen by a tog and

rescued, \_\_\_\_

so occupied.

ONSUME TO NEX trief, and I will care you will take Your