EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1889.

NUMBER 6.



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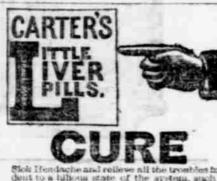
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For Home Use. I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." - Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa. "Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the lungs. Doctors afforded me no relief and considered my case hopeless. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I had duished one bottle, found relief. I continued to take this medicine until a cure was effected. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ill.

"Six years ago I contracted a severcold which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweets, bleeding of the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was so ptentrated as to be confined to my less most of the lungs. bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physican finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to raily from the first dose of this modicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever." -- Hodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

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THE SECOND WIFE.

Through yonder window draped with local The wintry sunboams fail, And gild anew the frame that holds Her portrait on the wall. I often stand before it bere And maryel at her grace, But she is dead and gone to dust, And I am in her place.

She leans toward me in her robe Of gold-embroidered blue, With eyes that read my very soul She looks me through and through, She gathers all the dying day Her red line part, and seem to say) He loved me, loved me best!" Within the shadowy mirror set

Above the mantel high I turn and see my pailld face, No stately dame am L. My childish form is slight and small. In gray demurely gowned. The yellow curls above my brow With simple ribbon bound, But on the canvas at my side Her royal figure stands, With pearls about her Hily throat, And roses in her hands,

h, me! I do not wonder, dear, That he should love you best." Upon the lonely hilltop, growned With mournful pines a-row, Her headstone to the rising moon Is gleaming from the anow; And down the long and ghastly road Between his two young bridge-The living and the don't space

Sweet lips, my love has pressed.

Your beauty wins my jestous busct.

My lover-hus tinnd rides. His steed is stamping on the stone, His hand is on the door, I hear the music of his feet Along the marble floor; run to meet his kies and hide My face upon his breast-The queenty dead-she loves you well, But I shall love you best!"

-Minua Irving, in N. Y. Moreury. MY LAST SWIM AT SEA Hair-Breadth Escape from the

Jaws of a Shark. I can not recellect ever learning to swim. I swam naturally, and in boyhood was almost as much at home in as out of the water. Diving, an art in general only acquired by long practice, was to me easy from the beginning. My skill in aquatic sports years have passed and I have reached middle life, the renown of my boyhood's fents cling to me yet in my na-

But I am a swimmer no more; the love that was so strong has given place to such a loathing hate and horror of the water that when I think of it a cold shudder comes over me until the tide of thought is turned. An adventure in tropical waters was the

It happened thus: I was on my socend voyage. The ship lay becalmed amid the Molucca Islands on the passage for China. It was near mid-day in the forenoon watch. The sun's hottest rays were nouring down upon the deck with scorching violence, and wainly did I seek for some cool spot where momentary comfort, at least, could be found. The panting, halfnude forms of the crew were spread out beneath the shade of a canvas drawn over the forecastle capstan. which they tried to persuade themselves yielded some shelter from the heat. Above, not a cloud could be seen in the broad blue expanse of the sky, which seemed a heated caldron turned above us. Against it the stately spars and heavy white sails swayed with the roll of the ship in royal idle-

Too het to work or to read, uneasy, praying for a breeze which it seemed ould never come, I lounged about the deck vainly seeking relief from my discomfort. Gazing over the side down into the deep blue waste beneath, my eye sought some object by which to note the vessel's progress, however slow it might be, but nothing could I see save water, dark and unfathomable. The shone brightly out upon the surface for a few feet, and as I gazed upon its quivering beauty, and remarked how very still we lay, the thoughtstruck me: "What a chance for a swim!" What a relief from all this broiling, swelter-

To think was to act. I turned to the

boys. "Here John! Billy! Jimmy! Lot's go in swimming. Nover was such a chance!" cried L springing down from the rails "Let's sling the ladder over from the fore-chains so we can get up the side easily, and wo'll have a good time; she isn't moving a bit; come, bear a hand, and let's see who'll be overboard first."

The ship's officers made no objection. and I was quickly joined by four or five of my shipmates, each as anxious as myself for something to vary the monotony. The fore-hatch ladder was quickly slung and leahed to the side, and we stripped to go in. The rest of the crew had gathered upon the topgallant forecastle to watch our antica-Only one old feilow, an invetorate growler known as "Briton," cautioned us as he took his sent near the

"You young rescals had better keep out of the water or the sharks 'll gobble up some of you. There's pleay of 'em round for all you don't soo

"Oh, you're always croaking, you web-footed old barnacle-back!" cried Billy Dipton, mounting the rall and polating himself for a plunge. "We never can do any thing but you must throw cold water on it."

"Oh, go ahead! go ahead! I don't care what you do; you're not obliged o take my advice, but if you were a son of mine you'd not go overboard in these waters," growled Briton.

"Well, as I'm not your son, and as you don't care what I do, here goos!" said littly, and suiting the action to the word he sprang lightly to the rall. clanced in mid-air for an instant and the next was buried fathoms deep in the liquid blue. Rising quickly to the surface with a shake of his curly head to clear his sight of the water which dripped from his hair, he gave an ouconraging cheer to the rest and struck boldly out from the vessel's side. Emboldened by his confidence, several more began taking off their clothes

to join the merry band who were soon

tumbling about under the bow or splashing water up at the lookers-on above. I was delayed through having to put some guys to the ladder, until some seven or eight had gone over the side. Their shouts and laughter and the fear that I was losing half the fun hastened my movements, as throwing my clothing into my bunk I ran out and clambered into the fore-chains for a dive. As I paused a moment to take breath and cool my perspiring body slightly before going in, I looked down upon the merry scene of which I had

been the chief instigator. Below me, clinging with one hand to some ropes' ends thrown over to them, and actively spattering water upon each other, were two of the less experienced swimmers. Further on toward the bow were three or four others more expert, who were vying with one another in feats and pranks; diving under each other, catching hold of feet and pulling some other down, and ducking one another unawares.

Away out, some hundred yards or more, Billy Dipton was leisurely swimming about, rolling over and over porpolse-fashion, floating and enjoying himself hugely. As soon as he saw me ready to dive he called to me to join him and see how handsome the ship looked from a distance.

"Stay where you are, Billy, and see if I can't 'fetch you' before I rise," I cried, raising my hands above my head for the plunge.

"All right," oriod Bill, treading water; "I shan't move. Come shead." Overboard I went, several of the lookers-on expressed their doubts as to any one's ability to swim so far under water, and watching my progress the while. A cheer grouted my appearance at the surface where I rose beyond him. Crying to me that he could best that, Billy struck out for the ship to prove his words.

He soon gained the chains and jokingly calling to me that he believed I had doubled the distance by going farther out, took in his breath and shot overboard like an arrow. So ply did he enter the water that the slightest possible ripple ruffled the surface of the deep as it closed over him. I waited with watchful eyes for his reappearance. I expected to see him rise between me and the ship, for the distance was so great that it had taxed my own powers, and I thought I

had him beaten. Even as I was thinking this a cheer from the forecastle warned me that he had come up, and turning my head I beheld him some five or six yards beyond me, a cheery smile upon his face and his head cooked on one side as if to say: "Beat that, my boy!" Without a word I struck out to the

essel again, not a little vexed at being outdone, and determined to go so for outside him pert time as to deter him if possible from trying again to Reaching the ship I clambered up the side and took my place in the up-per chains ready for the plunge. The

captain and mate being doubtless as hard pushed for amusement as we poor fellows forward, were leaning over the quarter-rall and watching our sport with interest ... Go it, Gus!" oried John Butler, as he climbed out of the water to get a better view. "Boat him this time so

he won't want to try again." Then as he surveyed the distance at which Billy lay, he added: "My stars, but that's a long dive! ch, Briton?" turning to the old sailor who had warned us against going into the water.
"Yes," returned he, "a deal too

long. If John Shark was to come along now, what chance would Billy have to get on board? The old man must be loony to let you youngsters go into the water in such a shark's paradisc as this. If I had my way I'd masthead the whole bilin' of you." "Go it, you old grow! you!" retort-

ed John. "I suppose you never had a swim in your life, and now you're too old. You've got the rhoumatism yourself, and you don't want to see anybody else enjoy themselves. Talk about sharks when you're where they are. We haven't seen one since we got among the Islands, and I'm blest if I think there are any hereabouts." Standing there in the chains, with one hand upon the shoor-pole already to let go and plunge, I heard Briton's remark and John's reply. Something in the old follow's manner struck me more than the former warning had, and as I listened to John's answer, I could not help feeling that the older sailor had all the reason on his side.

The swimmore had begun to come on board and dress. I almost made up my mind to stay on board, and yield the palm of diving to Billy.

But they were all watching me, and pride whispered: "Pshaw! Don't show the white feather now! There

are no sharks about. It won't take three minutes to get outside where Billy is, and swim back to the ship. Then you needn't go in again.". Still I hesitated, while my shipmates walted to see what I would do. "Nover mind," thought I: "let 'em

wait I'll stay on board the ship."
I turned to call Billy in Before I could ereak he sang out to me: "Come, Gus, I'm tired of walting! If you're going to give it up, say so, and I'll come out. I've been in long

That settled he "Give h up? Never!" thought I, the whole current of my feelings changing at the tone of his banter, and, sulting the action to the thought, I made ready to dive. I drew in my breath, and gathered for the plunge. In another moment I should have been overboard. I was in the very act of springing, when the startling cry of "A shark! a shark!" came from the foregestle "Come out of the water, all! Come

out, Billy! Hurry, there's no time to lose!" cried half a score of voices. Most of the few men still in the water were close beside the vessel. They crowded to the ladder, and scrambled up in great haste and excitement. For me the cry came just in time. I grasped a shroud and saved myself

from going overboa d, though I had |

already gained such headway that my body swung clear of the side before I could regain my footing in the chains. Once secure, I looked down for my shipmatos, too anxious for their safety to think at that moment of the peril I had been in myself. The last swimmer, save Billy, had gained the ladder, his feet just clear of the water, as round the bow, with silent speed, came the monster of whose presence old

Briton had given such timely warning. He swam close to the surface, his sinuous tail gently waving from side to side, and the unfailing pilot-fish at their stations on either side of his dorsal fin, and just ahead of his nose. His small, vicious eyes glanced upward at the ladder, and he seemed to say as plainly as if he spoke: "Aha, it's well for you chaps you made yourselves scarce! A little more, and I would have had one of you!"

Had I dived as I intended I should have struck directly in his path. He seemed unaware of Billy's being still in the water, for his attention had been first called to those nearer to the ship. The mate and all who could were hard at work lowering one of the quarter boats, and shouting to Billy to keep off and not come any nearor the vossel. With much presence of mind he obeyed, rolling on his back and floating as lightly as possible upon the surface. Several hands had rushed to the forecastle and galley for bits of beef or pork with which to try to coax the shark to remain alongside until their shipmate could be picked up. The shark nosed at the various tid-

bits thrown out to him, but he seemed mistrustful, and to have an idea that we were trying to hoodwink him. He still, however, remained by the ship. The boat was down, and pulling rapidly toward the boy, when the noise of the oars attracted the shark. He at once set off toward her and followed in the wake. Then began our worst suspense. If he kept behind the bout Billy might be reached in time; but if he should put forth his speed and pass her, there could be no hope of saving

"Lie still, Billy!" shouted the captain, as he wrung his hands, deploring his carelessness in permitting us to go into the water at all. "Lie just as still

as you can, or you are lost!" It was but a short pull, but the time seemed long as the men gave way with a will. Behind the swiftly moving boat, and keeping pace with her motion, a dark-pointed fin cleaves the water. A moment more and the best is by the swimmer, her bow gradually turning away as she nears him. The fin draws closer in her wake. As the boat swings within roach a man rises in the bow, and, leaning over, grasps the terrified boy by the hand, while the mate loudly shoats: "Hold water, all!" The boat's way is stopped, and Billy

is being drawn in over the bow. An exultant cheer rises from the ship, where, breathless with suspense, sit hands are watching the terrible race. The rejoicing comes too quick! High above the cheer is heard a shrick that none who hear ever forget. The fin has passed around the boat's stern. and instantly there is a sudden and fearful commotion alongside. As Billy is being lifted into the boat the shark so long deluded and misled sees him. He is then scarcely twenty feet distant. With a lightning-like dart he

most clear from the water. Horror! He has his victim! He has missed the body by a hair's

rushes upon his proy just as he is al-

breadth, but has caught the calf of Billy's leg, from which, not quite grasping the bone, he has torn half the flesh and nearly dragged him from the hold of his rescuers. With this he sinks beneath the waves, the boat's crew driving at his tough carcass with oars and boat-hooks, but making no impression.
The boat was quickly alongside the

ship, and Billy, limp as a rag and bleeding, passed on board. He had fainted as soon as taken from the water, and just as the shark seized him. Carrying him into the cabin. his wound was dressed, and restorstives applied which brought him to ife once more. Not for several weeks did he fully regain his senses, and it was many months before his log was well enough to admit of his walking. Billy sailed the doep until he went, rears ago, to his long account. It is needless to say that while he lived he never tempted the sharks by undertaking swimming exploits in sait water. For myself, I have not swam since that day when I was on the point of leaping into the jaws of a shark.-Clarence Pullen, in Youth's Companion.

The Extent of Illiteracy.

A census of the illiterates in the rarious countries of the world, recenty published in the Statistische Monatisschrift, places the three Slavic States of Roumania, Servia and Russin at the head of the list, with about 80 per cent. of the population unable to read and write. Of the Latin-speaking races, Spain heads the list with 63 per cent., followed by Italy with 48 per cent. France and Belgium having about 15 per cent. 'The illiterates in Hungary number 48 per cent., in Austria 89, and in Ireland 21. In England they are 18 per cent. In Holland 10 per cent., in the United States (white population) 8 per cent, and in Scotland 7 per cent. Among the purely Teutonic States there is a marked reduc-The highest is in Switzerland, 2.5; in the whole German Empire it is but ! per cent.; while in Sweden, Denmark, Bayaria, Baden and Wurtemburg there is practically no one who can not read and write.

-"Red-headed girls don't tan, ch?" said Poots, scornfully, as he laid down the newspaper in which he had been reading a statement to that effect. Weil, when I was a boy there was a red-headed girl teaching our district school, and she tanned so much that I haven't forgotten it to this day," and he rubbed his shoulder ruefully with the thought .- Texas Siftings.

THOSE LOVE-LIT EYES. There is a certain pair of eyes, But whether black, or blue, Or brown, or gray, I need not tell-It matters not to you. But, oh, my heart is full of joy, Wherever I may be, When those sweet eyes,

Those levely eyes, Beam tenderly on me. Let others cold and careless bo, And treat me with disdain, And I will smile, and sing the while, Nor feel one moment's pain. But, oh, my heart would break in two, And deep my grief would be,
If those sweet eyes, Those lovely eyes, Looked scornfully on me.

I've gazed in other eyes, 'tis true-Like brilliant orbs they shone-But none possessed the magic charm And I am happy when in crowds, Or quiet nooks, I see Those ayes I love. All eyes above, . Betray their love for me, They seem to follow everywhere

I go; by day and night I'm baunted by those witching orbs, So full of soulful light. And if at window or at door-Though poor the place may be-I see those eyes. Those love-lit eyes, It seems like Heaven to me. -Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger

A RAILWAY WHISTLE. Its Significance to the Vigilant

His Responsible Position-Rules and Sign nals in Vogue on English Railways Similar to Those to Dally Use in This Country

Signalman.

It is sometimes said that the world knows nothing of its greatest men: it is very certain that the world does not know much, if any thing, of some of its most faithful servants, or in the least realize what it owes to them. How few when they hear a railway noisy and unnecessary interruption. Very few, indeed, are they who know very definite language, on which they must act with the utmost decision and dispatch. In cortain parts of the motropolis where there are railway lines there are recurrent outbreaks of complaint about the railway whistles. and the tone of most of the angry letters sent to the newspapers when the fit is on has invariably been such as to encourage the idea that the railway drivers were a kind of incarnate flends. who delighted to make night as well as day hideous by the use of their shrill whistles, and to torture the ears of the wakeful. Unfortunate the light sleepers may have been, placed in such perilous and trying proximity to a railway; but certainly the railway drivers could not do other than they did, for they are bound by the very strictest rules, and must not touch the

whistle save when duty calls. A railway whistle is a definite signal which, amongst other things, brings the driver of the train directly en rapport with the signalman in his box. There he stands; you may often catch a glimpso of him when traveling as the train slows into the terminus or junction. He is surrounded by rows of bristling stool handles, all of an exact height. These are the shafts that work the points. They are all carefully numbered. Besides these there are in the box clocks of peculiar construction, right in front of the row of shafts; telegraphic dials and bells, as well as telegraphic dispatching desks; books of record, which are most jealously kept and

If we take our start from the railway whistles, we can work round the main circle of a signalman's duty. Strictly speaking, however, we should say that the word "whistle" is a misnomer in the sense we have used it in the heading, but there is no other word that could be nopularly used for our purpose. There are whistles and whistles-the long and the short whistle, for example, carefully distinguished, and there is the cock-crow. By the combination of these, or the repetition of them, you have a complete code of signals for all stations for up and down trains, each having its own proper distinctive whistle, unmistakable to the signalman, were it possible that he could for the moment be absent or obliv-Ioua.

There are, of course, omergencies when engine-drivers may be forced to use the whistle-such as a person on the line, or other risk of "danger, and then a margin must be allowed to the discretion of the driver; but the rules are imperative that the driver is not to whistle more than is absolutely necessary, and for a very good reason, the more he whistles the more he may confuse. This is a common form of direction in working time-

The signalman at so-and-so, guided by the time-table, by indicators on engines, and verbally by the station officials, being in possession of information as to the trains for which points are to be first in position and signals cleared, drivers are not to sound the engine-whistle more than absolutely necessary, such as a short whistle before putage on steam when the starting signal is given, a whistle to warn any one who may be on the line or when instructed by any of the station officials to give any particular whistle as a signal to the signalman or otherwise; and it must be distinctly understood that no such thing as long and repeated whistling for signals to be taken off, or from any other motive, except in some extreme emergency, can be allowed at so-and-so.

In the daylight, therefore, the nilway whistle has its own significance whenever heard, and never a sound at random; but in the darkness of night or in the fog, when other signals can not be seen, it soon becomes evident of what use and importance it is. It is then one of the most available links between drivers and signalmen. In fact, rallway traffic, as now conducted, would not be at all possible without it, and the codes

on which it rests. A signalman then is a man on whom a vast deal of responsibility lies. He must have a clear head and a good memory, a cool nerve and a steady hand. is his ordinary duty: he must look to open signals the moment any train is telegraphed to him and enter the same with exact time in the proper column of a book. Then he must set his points, when this is necessary, and when the train has passed, he must telegraph on to next station, enter the time and fact in another column of his book, and then relieve his points again to be ready for the next train. Every one knows the semaphore formula, "up arm for danger; down arm for clear line." And it should be borne in mind that this is not only the procedure for passenger trains; but for all trains whatever, nay, even for light engines, or for pilot engines, and ballast engines, and engines passing for purposes of relief or for a hundred other reasons; all are telegraphed, signaled and entered without "respect of persons," because to the signalman the returning coal or ballast engine is just of as much importance as an express train-it may wreck an express train if by any oversight it were getting wrong or run on the wrong metals. The signalman's book is therefore a complete record of every thing that goes on by the metals past his box, and his primary duty is to keep his section clear, or, if blocked, to let all concerned clearly know it.

In some cases, se is that of the big iewns and extensive junctions, the work goes on as coaselessly by night as by day. Then the good trains roll along, then the empty trucks come back, then the extra ongines come in. All have to be dealt with in the way we have described and entered in our signalman's book, which is an extended index of all the truffic of the company at the point with which it whistle regard it as anything but a | deals. There is no end of extra or special things to which the signalman must attend and have always in readithat to the cars of some it speaks in | nees. One of them is the fog signal, depth of winter or in thick fogs the signalman then has to trust almost wholly to his ears. Immediately that he has cleared one train and got his points straight, out he goes a little distance up or down the line, as the case may be, for the next up or down train, and there he attaches by a sort of wire fixture to the motals a kind of slightly raised band containing an explosive material. This is the fog signal, which stands to him in the place of an engine-indicator in the daylight. When the first wheels of the engine pass over it it explodes and gives the

signal.

Every signalman must be a fair telegraphist; for, though in many cases telegraph boys are kept, he must supervise and watch them. "It is imperative that every signalman be able to work the needle instrument expeditiously," and "signalmen are held responsible for the telegraph boy's attention to duty." In cases where there is no telegraph boy, which, of course, happens at what are deemed the less important stations, the signalman is also the telegraphist; and he is thus directed: "Messages to signal-boxes where there are no boys must be telegraphed very slowly and distinctly to enable the signalmen to road them."

But the signalman's judgment has of necessity a good deal left to it, and that in circumstances that may be most trying. Now and then we come on directions "not to use the wire save when necessary." And to give some idea of the work that in special cases, and in cases of danger, may rise the following may be cited: "In the event of a line being blooked near

telegraph box, information must be sent ine is likely to be blocked, and the stations in the circuit must be advised when the line is

There may be some differences in detail in the working of different ines, but in the broad the same principles hold for all. The signalman in all cases have not only to receive the signal, clear and telegraph, but to keep exact and faithful record. The least slip on his part might at any moment be fatal. In some cases there are, in a single box, as many as forty or fifty shafts, which have to be constantly in use. The putting of the hand on one instead of on another, separated only by a few inches, might be the cause of a colisjon, with death, and injury, and misorable torture to hundreds of men, women and children.

Notwithstanding all the care that can be taken, unexpected things will occur, which, even in the case of the Queen's train, throw the whole onus on the driver and signalman. On one of the Queen's journeys from Balmoral to Windsor in the summer of last year, for instance, a stranger and perhaps unexampled thing happened. We moreland Gazette: "The signalman at Hineaster Innetter

take the account of it from the Westlamps It, and all appeared right until a fe-As the train got near the junction the down was brought to a standstill. On making an in appection of the signal lamp it was found to ontain a grand awarm of bees, the great numamp, which the signalman was mable to light again. The boes had evidently been atman) regrets that time would not allow of the warm being secured in a box ward with the royal train." - Alexander H. Jupp, LL.D., in Good Words.

---New York Society Note.

Addie-Well, Cora, do you think marriage is a failure? Com-Of course I do. Haven't I een married a year? -

Addie-Does your hosband love you? Cora (laughing)-What, after a thele year? Addie-But at least he respects you? Cora-Oh, yes. In fact he has so auch respect for me that when he

kissed mu the other night by connect

so apologized for ids absent-minded-

ess. - Town Topies.

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IN A FOREST FIRE! How a Kathroad Train Crept Through The train, lessening its speed, was soon obliged to creep cautiously between banks of rose-red embers or solid cords of roaring wood-the wood which had been out and piled for commerce. The pine branches on the flatcar ignited, driving the brass band into an inclosed carriage for shelter. Men with buckets dropped to ditches beside the track and dipped up water to throw on the train, creeping on the

platform again with secrebed clothes' and hands and faces blistered. One who has never been in a forest fire can scarcely imagine its Intensa heat, the serid blinding smoke, the suddenness with which trees flash from root to crown, and grass blazes far, from any spark, as if the earth itself. were burning, the furnace glow of piled logs, the heated air from baked

ground. Incredible sights showed through that nightmare of fire. Moss-inclosed stumps spurted flame many times their own height. Young forns, scarco unrolled, sprang green and fresh from one side of a log, while the other side quivered in living coals.

The train stopped. It could ereep n retreat no farther, for its track was arned, the rails warped into fantastic surves. Blackoned and blistered paint ran down the car sides.

The door and windows had all been closed to keep out smoke and sickening heat. Every passenger in the carriage gasped for breath. The floor was so hot it burned their feet. The window glass could not be touched. They could all see the wooden sides of the inclosure warp.

When the doesned train had hung a

minute in the midst of this furnace. some one opened a door and should that it was on fire. Into the blistering, smoke-darkened air, and out upon a forest floor sproad with ombers and quivering with heat, the puople all rushed. Women fainted and were dragged up and carried by their of the locomotive was left open by its engineer, but it uttered its steam wall when days had cooled the forest to blackness, a distorted boiler and some rows of iron wheels were found where the train came to a stop. - Mary Hartwell Catherwood, in St. Nicholas,

E _____ TROUBLES OF GROOMS.

Two Good Aneedotes Plensantly Told by a Jesuit Father.

I have had some very amosing keelients come under my observation in the pursuance of the religious duties connected with bridgls. Not long since, while in Chicago, I was to officiate at a very brilliant wedding. The church was filled, the nuptial party grouped about the happy couple and the ceremony proceeding. When the rived there was a pause. The poor groom dived in one pocket, then in an other, still in another, but, constornstion! no ring could be find. The bride was on the verge of fairfting or brooming hystorical, when he whispered the muse to me. I bade him fellow me In the sacristry, the room just without the sanctuary, and calmed him as best I could. I endeavored to have him think where he had put the ring, but! in vain, he could not. He then suggested borrowing a circlet from some one in the church for the occasion, but I knew the bride would never feet fully satisfied, so I told him to slip out the rear way to a jeweler's near by and purchase one. Then the difficulty arese that he was in full drass and could not well pass through the street without an overcoat. He was of slight build and I am very tall and broad, but it was all we could do, so he crept into my big overcoat, my large hat crushed n his head, and presenting as comical a sight as I had over beheld, but he went forth and returned as soon as possible with the ring. All the time the poor bride was standing, and the imnense crowd filling the church wondering what was the cause of the delay. Some, I suppose, thought the groom had decamped at the "eleventiz hour," However, the delay was afterward explained satisfactorily. Not ong since, in this city, a young lady in the suburbs was to marry a Lieutenant in the army. He arrived that day barely in time to procure the license. Hastening down he found, being a stranger, no one to identify him, and

Rev. Father Brongeist, S. J., in St. Louis Globe-Democrat. HUMOROUS.

the recorder insisting on the presence

of some relative, be had to borrow time

from time, as it were, and go all tho

vay to the suburban home to bring the

ride-elect with him for the license. --

-Lawyer-"I have my opinion of you." Citizen-"Well, you can keep it. The last opinion I got from you cost me \$150."—Yonkers Statesman. -Photographer (who has been summoned to photograp h a dying man) — "Now, then, all ready! Wink all you

want to, and look pleasant."-Judge. -Through the efforts of a publicspirited Mr. Bones, au Adiropdack lake is to be stocked with trout. The eternal fitness of things would have been better exemplified if Mr. Bones had devoted himself to shad. -First Coal Merchant-"Sav. I saw

a man in very moderate circumstances walk late a coal office to-day, order two tons and plank down the eash." Second Coal Magnate-'My genetous! We must raise the price at once.", -New England weather, City man-"What offeet have these heavy rains on

try raisin' fish for the market instead of garden truck,"-Lowell Citizen -Actor (to friend) - "Didn't it strike you, Charley, that a large number of the audience were considerably moved over my soliloquy in the second act? Friend-"O, yes: I noticed quite the number got up and moved out - he Fpoor.

your farm, Mr. Haysoed?" Mr. Hay-

seed-"Well. I've kinder concluded I'd