SET I RECEIPTION RATES, "GR

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"THE IS A PRERMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PRER, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

VOLUME XXIII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1889.

NUMBER 17.

Ask For Ayer's

a sentaway-life is too short.



Sarsaparilla to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood medicines, Aver's Sansapprilla is still the most popular, being in great-

er demand than all others combined. or's Sursuparilla is selling faster er before. I never hesitate to and it." - George W. Whitman, st, Allany, Ind.

"I am safe in saying that my sales of you's Sarsapartile for excel those of the chart, and it gives therough satisfactor."—L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Yowa. Ayor's Samaparilla and Ayer's Pilla the best selling medicines in my e. Lean recommend them conscion-. Buckbusis, Planmacist, nd, Ill. have sold Ayer's Sassaparilla or over thirty years and diways send it when asked to have the tend-partiter." - W. T. McLean, st, Augusta, Ohio,

remost years, and always keep in stock, as they are staples, as nothing so good for the youth-old as Ayer's Sarssporifia."— Parker, Fox Lake, Wis. cer's Sarsaparilla gives the best action of any medicine I have in I recommend it, or, as the ars say, 'I prescribe it over the ter,' it never fails to meet the for which I recommend it, even a the degrees' prescriptions have

ve sold your medicines for the

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY

Monmouth, Kansus.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; sig bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.



SICK

HEAD

ACHE

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill, Small Dogo, Small Price. A. HOAG'S Corn. Rean and Phosphate



A. F. JERRY HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

FOUTZ FOUTZ non will see of Cotte, Born or LUNG FL. the size of prevent almost every the size falls are salisated.

DAVID E. POUCE, Proprietor.

For calcul DAVISON'S Brug Store.



. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. burg. Pa. Office in building of T. of d. (best noor.) Centre stress. Al gal business attended to satisfac-ations a specialty. 10-24_-tf.

YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER REMINGTON BROS.

ierce's The Griginal REWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS

ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS. Being entirely vegetable, they or erate without disturbance to the system, does or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermeti-cally sound. Always fresh and reliable. A a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pelicis give the most perfect

SICK HEADAGHE, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipa-tion, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. cilets over so great a variety of diseases, it remping their sandtive influence. Sold by drainists, Freents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of Wohld's DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

SUMPTOMS OF CATARRIL-Dull,

adhene, obstruction of the has discharges falling from the hea weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, backing or coughing t the ears, defines, facting or coughing to clear the threat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scale from theers; the voice is changed and has a mosal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and fast are impaired; there is a sensition of discusses, with mental depression, a backling cough and general debalty. Only a few of the above-maned symptoms are likely to be present in any one mass. Thousands of cases anomally without much Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting haif of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and said in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Cafairb Semely cures thet worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache. gold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents

"Untold Agony from Catarrh." Prof. W. HAUSSER, the famous measurerist, 'Blace, N. F., writes: "Some ten years ago suffered untold agony from chronic nasal imost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's atarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well uan, and the cure has been permanent

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting." Thomas J. Bussino, Esq., 200 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from outarra for three years. At times I could bardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight mouths could not breathe through the nostris. I thought nothing could be done for me, Luckily, I was alvised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Kemedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for extractions. It to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh. ELI ROBBERS, Rougen P. O., Columbia Co. ment care. She is now eighteen years old and wound and hearty,"

-ELTS- CATARRH Alleys Pain and HAYFEVER In Sam mation, Restores the Sen (AS) TRY THE CURE. HAY

ST. CHARLES

Charles S. Cill, Proprietor. Table unsurpassed. Remodeled with office on ground floor. Natural gas and incandescent light in all rooms. New steam laundry attached to house.

Cor. Wood St. & Third Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

CURE FOR For Torpid Liver,
Billious Headache, CONSTIPATION, TATTANL'S Effertescent Seitzer Aperient. gentle in its action is palateable to the ste. It can be relied son to cure, and it cures e this elegant phar-

han forty years a public avorite. Sold by druggists perpohera.

LORETTO, PA. IN CHARGE OF

FRANCISCAN BROTHERS. Board and Tuition

for the Scholastic Year, \$200.

March 25th, 1886, pr

said; a fine outhit furnished each calesman

BOOPES, BEO. & THOMAS.

A DVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York and learn the exact cost of any proposed sine of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers, 100; Page Pamphlet Toc.

sen you want posters printed call at this Douglas, "It is intended that I should

OUR LITTLE PET. Our little pet

Herharof jet Is fine and soft as gossamer Her singlets short Shade lines of thought And they have caught In lasso a philosopher. The light that lies

in her durk eyes No evening skies Can outshine in their starry spleado Oh, I have oft Seen glances soft But hers are pure and sweet and tender. Lips undefiled

Rissed this sweet child, And nature smiled At leveliness so tender-hearten, Her words disclose, As though a rose Would atter speech with petals parted.

Bright pet of mine, A smile of thine Would cheer me in my anddest sorrow; And light the heart As rays that dart From clouds that part, With beams, that promise glad to-morrow corge W. Bungay, in Phrenological Journal.

OH! I SAY, BILLY. Romance of the Old Man and His Pretty Editress.

The old man had gone to his lunch. He wasn't an old man, but that is what every body in that vast establishment, from the senior editor down to the printer's devil, called him-behind his back. In point of fact, he was a young man, not more than threeand-thirty, though In consequence of grave, quiet demeanor be might have woe to him who tried to take advan- in his sanctum. tage of their near-sightednessstraight, dark hair, a firm, wellformed mouth and strong, decided chin. And when he spoke, which was, in business hours, at least, as seldom Judging Mr. William Enderby by his ! manner of speaking and moving, one sideration altogether. But was it? I

that great publishing house. proof of the latter assertion he did not | caped from them. exact from some of them as much as

so did himself. Well, the old man's carriage had rolled away, with the old man and the senior editor in it to the hetel where, they both being bachelors, they took their midday meal, and, as it rolled and those that had been open, opened

still wider. pronounced Reeder) Haggard calls

raphs, had his place. abbit hutches.

exchange he was perusing with drew. 2 "News as is news. We're to have a women. Nothing to be admitted in it doings of the unfair sex." This announcement was followed by

questions and exciamations in voices from all the cubby-holes or rabbit hutches. "Great heavens! it will take up the

whole paper." "Oh! come; ar'n't you fooling?" "Whose idea is it?" "How do you know?"

"Who is to have charge of it?" "Give me time and I'll tell you," said Douglas. "It's the old man's senior about it. In fact I deliberately listened when I should have been minding my own business." (Cries of 'Shame! shame!' from all the cubby holes or rabbit hutches.) "The old man,"Douglas goes on, "thinks it will

take. So do L" "That settles it." "How much space is it to occupy?" "Are we to be enlarged?" "Doubled, you mean; no, less will

"No, indeed, for 'rum creeters is women, as the dirty-faced man in Pickwick observed."

"Go on, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true." "I'll go on if you'll stop your infernal racket," says the "tender and true." "Two columns is the limit. and it's to be edited by a woman, and she is to have a seat at my table.".

"My dear boy, cut your throat at once with your scissors." "Our funniest artist looks like Hamlet — wonder what she'll 'look Hice. " "Sharp as to bones as well as wit."

"Of uncertain age." 3 negrant "One of those clever, ugly faces." "Why don't the old man put her over in the corner with the fashion Because, I suppose," answers

aid her by handing over all the queer, odd, funny, purely feminine items I come across to her. And she'll be here to-morrow."

"So soon, puir, bonny Scot." "Won't it be funny, though, to see the old man bending gravely over her, looking as though he were about to deliver a funeral oration; and bidding her in s-l-o-w m-e-n-s-u-r-o-d tones to be funny?"

"Ten chances to one he'll frighten all the fun out of her. We're used to him, and don't exactly tremble with fear at his frown, Ben Bolt," said Douglas. "But to a stranger and a woman it

strikes me be'll seem-well, rather

ice-bergey." The next morning, at nine o'clock precisely, the editor-to-be of "The Woman's Funny Department" arrived. She was not sharp as to bones. On the contrary, she was plump enough to make you forget she had bones. She was not of an uncertain age. On the contrary, she was not more than twoand-twenty. She had not a clever, ugly face. She had a clever, pretty one, with the sauciest of tip-tilted

fluffs, and curls and whirls in the most bewildering and bewitching fashion. A profound silence reigned behind the doors, or rather the half-open doors of the cubby holes or rabbit hutches

noses, the most mischievous of spark-

ling gray eyes, the wickedest of ting

white teeth, and the darkest of dark

auburn hair, arranged in puffs and

when she made her appearance. As for the puir, bonny Scot, he arose hastily, upsetting the mucilage bottle his dignified bearing and exceedingly as he did so, and lifting a pile of papers and magazines from the chair she been, and usually was, taken for five | was to occupy deftly deposited them years older at least. He was a tall, on the crown of his brand-new hat slow-moving, good-looking man with | which lay on the table before him. In an air of suppressed power about him | a few moments the old man came in, the sort of a man it was hard to bowed to the funny woman in a cold think of as once having been a small and formal way, introduced her to boy in knickerbockers, let alone a | Douglas as Miss Margery Burr, gave baby in long clothes. He had dark her a few directions in his time-isn'tblue, rather near-sighted eyes-but worth-any-thing voice and disappeared

Miss Margery Burr proved a Prest acquisition to the paper on which she was engaged. Her witty articles were quoted far and wide, and she edited the witty articles of others in such a skillas possible, it was in a slow, measured | ful manner that they were twice as way that at times became a drawl. good when they left her hands as when they came into it.

" The Woman's Funny Department" would have come to the conclusion was a success-a grand success. Miss that time was with him a minor con- Burr knew it was, and she knew she had made it one. No one appreciated should rather think not. Next to the her more than she appreciated herold man the clock reigned supreme in self. Her own jokes named her immensely, and she had a way, when But, whatever feeling every body she had written something that struck entertained toward the despotic clock. her as irresistibly droll, of bursting it is certain that every body, though into the joillest of musical laughs, and more or less in fear of him, respected, then reading it in a clear, musical yes, and liked the old man. He was so voice to McGregor Douglas. And the thoroughly honest and honorable- | moment that laugh was heard, there meant what he said-did what he was nothing heard in that semi-circle thought right, and exacted from no of cubby holes or rabbit hutches until one in his employ a jot more than he the point of the joke was reached. Then various sounds of merriment es-

"He-be-he." "Haw-haw!"

"Good," etc., etc., etc. The fourth time this performance took place the sanctum door opened slowly and the old man came quietly away, the doors of the editorial out, but not so quietly, however, but rooms, that had been shut, opened, that five or six pairs of ears caught the sound of his footsteps and drowned them at once in the loud scratching of These cubby holes, or, as R. Rider pens, at the same moment that Douglas seized an illustration designed for a them, "rabbit hutches," formed a transfer and snipped it in two with a semi-circle around the main office and great appearance of interest in his were directly opposite the sanctum work. But did Miss Margery Burr sanctorum of the old man. At the bend quickly over her writing? No. arge table in the main office McGregor | sir. No, ma'am. She looked directly Douglas, picker up of considered lit- at the old man, her long silken lashes rary trifles and writer of crisp para- well uplifted from her mischief-full gray eyes, and said: "Oh, Mr. Ender-"What's the news, Douglas?" called by, would you like to hear it, too?" voice from one of the cubby holes or 'I shall be content to enjoy it at the proper time, when it appears in Douglas, a long-legged, bright- print," said that gentleman, with more faced young fellow, threw down the than usual sternness, and again with-

lightning glance and replied cheerily: But the very next day the excessive comicality of another joke struck Miss funny department exclusively for Burr with such force that another peal of laughter responded to the blow. but the queer thoughts, sayings and And again Douglas, forgetting the reproof of the day before, threw himself back in his chair and prepared to listen, and again silence reigned in the cubby holes or rabbit hutches, and again the witticism was read and again it was greeted with sounds of approbation, much subdued it may be confessed, from the semicircle of unseen hearers.

Lo! the result. A notice printed in arge letters and placed where it could not fail to be seen by all parties interested: "Reading of matter intended idea. I heard him talking to the for publication in the"-no matter what-I never intended to give the name, "during office hours strictly

"Horrid old thing!" said Miss Margery Burr when she beheld it. . "I don't know what I'm going to do. It will be impossible for me to keep all the funny things that pop into my head to myself. . Something dreadful will appen to me, I know, if I'm compelled to. Something that won't fit into the 'woman's funny department' at all. Oh, I shan't be able to do it! I know I shan't! I shall be obliged to break that rule, even though I'm discharged without a recommendation the moment after."

But she managed to keep it for two days. On the third, Douglas, feeling the table that was between them begin to shake, looked up to see her in a paroxysm of silent laughter. In vain he shook an admonishing finger at her. In vain she struggled to obey the admonishing finger. Open flow her rosy little mouth, and out gurgled the not-to-be imprisoned laugh. Then she began to read, but Douglas scissored away as though his life depended on the number of interesting items he secured from his exchanges during the next five minutes, and scratch, scratch, scratch went the pens in the cubby holes or rabbit hutches, as though the lives of the

holders depended upon the number of words they scratched off in the same amount of time.

The door of the sanctam opened. Mr. William Enderby appeared on the threshold. Slowly he advanced toward the delinquent. Slowly she raised her eyes to his face, and then, as he looked at her with something very like a frown, she burst out with: "Oh! I say, Billy, don't be so outrageously

cross." For once the old man's counnimity was shaken. And no wonder, for never before, in all the years of his life, had any one dared to reply to him with even a suspicion of disce-

A strange look came into his face, and for an instant he regarded Miss Margery Burr so keenly and steadily that that importinent young woman almost succumbed under his gaze. Then he turned away and descended the stairway that led to the street. Immediately upon his departure, and it was well that he did so as soon as he did, for if he had not there would have been a man in convulsions in each one of the semi-circled cubby

Immediately upon his departure Miss Burr arose, donned her hat, jacket and gloves, shook hands in the gravest manner with Douglas, and also departed.

Two months passed away, during which McGregor Douglas took charge of the "Woman's Funny Department," thereby subjecting himself to endless gibes and jests on the part of his compatriots. But he consoled himself with the thought that the old man had told him that it was only to be a tem-

porary charge. It was a bright June noon. As usual, the old man and the senior editor had gone to lunch, and also, as usual, when his carriage had rolled away a chorus of "What's the news, Douglas?" from the doors of the rabbit hutches greeted that estimable young man. For a moment he did not answer. His eyes were fixed in wide-opened surprise on a society item n a paper he held in his hand. news?" at length he exclaimed. "Well, brace yourselves. Are you

braced? One-two-three-"The formal announcement has been made of the engagement of the lovely and talented Miss Margery Burr to Mr. William Enderby, managing editor of the --- .- Margaret Eytinge, in Detroit Free Press.

DIGNITY OF LABOR.

Why There Can Be No Honest Life in the World Without Work. There is no doubt that as people grow wiser and older they have more regard for matters of use and learn more respect for any useful tasks, however humble. It is only the parvenue who looks with scorn on those whose rank in life has made them servitors instead of served. It is a fallure to recognize the true meaning of liberty-confounding of lawlessness with liberty-which has engendered in this country the scorn of work too often found among ignorant people. The Scripture is even quoted to prove we are all brauches of one vine, and to draw from honce conclusions anarchical to the existing laws of society. A" the branches of a vine are useful. Some bear fruit and make brilliant showing.

while others simply serve to bear the sap to these higher branches, carrying out the symbolism of servitor and served. There is too much work done in this country in a grudging way, as if the worker were offering a perpetual apology to the world for so demeaning herself. Any work done with regard to the fee only is demeaning, slavish work, but any work done with regard for the work in obedience to the immutable laws of God's universe, is ennobling to the individual and should be respected. Respect for the honest workman, honor for fine craftsmanship, should be taught the young, that the Nation may beable to raise up in future generations a race of men and women skilled in handiwork such as we now are sadly in need of. The British matrons have met this problem frankly. The deterioration of hand labor in England has not been as marked as in this country, but the royal ladies of the Queen's own household have joined cooking schools and sewing classes and interested themselves in skilled handiwork of various kinds in order to make such work popular with the vulgar or ordinary classes of women who must everywhere compose the majority of the land. In this country it is beginning to be an exception to find a workman who was born in this country. Our craftsmen and craftswomen are generally foreigners, who work for their fee only, and yield a grudging. slavish obedience to orders as though

they were in continual rebellion against the law of Heaven that by the sweat of their brow they should earn their bread. The great clamor for education in a certain class of persons is more because they believe that by some mysterious way education will overturn the laws of Heaven, and they can by this means reap without sowing. It is a royal way to wealth. They do not care for education for itself, because it elevates them, makes them wiser and capable of being better, but because they think that by this means they can achieve a life without work. There is no honest life in the world without work. This is the reason why so many college-bred men may be pointed out as failures. Education, instead of widening their field of work, has narrowed it. They are ashamed of craftsmanship, and scorn the task for which they are best fitted, and in which as educated men they might make noble headway. "Education," says Ruskin, "in its deepest sense, is not the equalizer, but the dis-

coverer of men."-N. Y. Tribune. Justin Jones, the story-writer, who type without having first written it and consulting and running in and out, out, composing the entire narrative to the click of the type as they rattled Jackson and I was ushered into her into his stick. presence. She was in her bedroom,

SAVED.

Ab, what a story she could have told! Seated there, with glooms of gold On her fingers, and milk-white wrist Under the snowy, filmy mist Of laces as priceless as orient pearls— Loveliest of all the beautiful girls.

Close to the kiss of the sun, and so Fade in its fervent, golden glow; Her life's shadows had faded, all, In the bright sun of this festival,

Like white winged ann is over her head, Softly she thrus, with her heart aglow -Where was she only six years ago!-Whose eyes meet hers with tender pride. Oh, you took me from haunts of death,

You, sweet indy, whose fragrant breath Stirs the ringlets that touch my check, -I must die if I do not speak-You, O angel, so pure and white, Do you remember that terrible night? "Some one had struck me a cruel blow, Turned me with curses out in the snow, And of the millions of hearts there be,

What that semblance of death might be. " For I was so dumb in my anguish; I Had never a thought but to stand and die. And the the snow, more pitiful than the

You spoke to me gently, and took me home. "When I woke in the morning's light, All my past seemed a dream of the night, My soul was steeped in a glad surprise, As if I had risen in Paradise;

"I can not bless you, for words are weak,

The grateful thanks that all words out-And in Passitise where the angels will see, He will say: 'Inasmuch'-and 'ye did it to

A War Incident That Taught Him a Lesson. -

rible stranger he asked who be

amily." The man's face fell, evidently he

"The neighbors are going to have a bee and get in his crops," said an-There didn't seem much good in my objecting. Jackson passed a good ex-

man away from his family, and I supreally worth my while. Well, the day came when I must where we would strike the railroad. I remember, the children were hang-

pleasant place to be in.

I dismounted and tied my horse. Somehow I couldn't bear to go on without a word of comfort to that poor woman. The children came crowding around me to look at my uniform and one little white-haired chap hit me with his chubby fist, calling me "a bad man to take his 'paw' off."

them came to the door and called sharply to the children to "Come away would not feel like seeing strangers."

Memories ! how they would ghost-like, glide Like shadows that darken the green hill-

Sixteen birthdays, and six of them fled Turns to the woman who stands by her side,

It seems not one of them pitted me. ou in your carriage stopped to see

Covered me slowly with garments white, Then, God bless you!-all, tears will come

And since that day you have been to me All that the fondest mother could be.

And the tears would come if I tried to speak; But God He knews in His Heaven to-day,

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

-Mrs. M. A. Dentson, to Demorest's Monthly.

"A man was with Solomon one day when Arrael passed by the King in a visible shape. Frightened by the look cast upon him by the said he, 'wherefore order the wind to carry me hence to india. Which, being tone, the angel considerable disappointment. Of said to Solomon: Theoled so carnestly at this man out of wonder, because I was commanded thee in Palestine," "-A Legend from the Tal-

In the latter part of the summer of 1863 I went up into Northern Ohio, recruiting. I had heard of a town where well have them as another. They came wart men, full of enthusiasm, longing to lay down their lives for their country. Most of them were unmarried, with no home ties to break, but among them was a man named Jackson, much | take Jackson home safe and sound. older than the others. He was married, had several children and owned a little farm not far from the center of

" "Jackson," said I, as he presented himself, "you let this business alone. There are plenty of young fellows to go to war, your pince is with your

was bound to be a soldier. "O, that will be all right," he said. "We can't go without Jackson, anyway," said one of the boys.

amination, and was speedily enrolled in Company K, -th Ohio. I confess it worried me. I hated to take that

pose I thought more about it than was take the boys away. I had engaged some wagons to carry them a few miles across the country, to a point As we would pass by Jackson's place on our way, we agreed to take him up from there. When we stopped for him it was a bright, beautiful morning ing about the door, crying and taking on like a pack of loons. Mrs. Jackson clung to her husband's neck and sobbed aloud, and when the babies saw the wagons coming they caught him by the legs and cried out that he should not go. Some of the neighbors, half a dozen women or so, who had come to see the thing through, after the manner of neighbors in the rural districts, fell to crying, too, and I can tell you it was an uncommonly un-

Jackson made several attempts to get away, and each time the wife and babies clung the closer and the crying went on louder than ever. Suddenly he made a break, ran across the garden, leaped over the fence and into the nearest wagon and was off without a final good-bye. The wife fell down, all in a heap, on the doorstep, the children cried and shricked, the friendly women pressed up to sympathize and console while the band struck up a martial air and the wagons moved on.

The women had gotten Mrs. Jackson

and leave the gentleman alone." Now was my time. I stepped up and accosting the woman asked if I could see Mrs. Jackson for a moment. She "thought not," she said, sourly. "Mrs. Jackson was in great trouble. She I urged it a little; said I thought she died recently, was accustomed at times | would feel better if she, were to see to step to his case and set a story in me, so, finally, after much whispering

sitting on the side of her bed, upon which she had evidently been lying. Her dress was much disordered, her hair had fallen down and her face was red and swollen with weeping. I took her hand, which was cold and limp. and tried to say something to comfort her. She turned her head away and remained sullenly silent. At last I

said, in a kind of desperation: "Mrs. Jackson, I promise you that I will bring your husband safely back to you. I will make him my especial charge. I will watch over him and protect him. He shall not go into battle. I will keep him out of harm's

She looked at me now for the first

time and seemed a trifle mollified. "You'll forget," she said, presently "No, madame, I will not forget," I answered. "If I die I can not answer for your husband, but if I live I will bring him safely back to you. Now let us shake hands upon it, and then I

must go." I rode away, dimly conscious that I had made a fool of myself, but still glad to have given the woman a little consolation.

Well, the regiment was soon full and we had marching orders. We were sent down into the border to a point where we were not likely to see many battles, but where there would be plenty of skirmishing. One of the first things to be done was to throw up n sort of embankment, on which some large guns were to be mounted, commanding one of the principal thoroughfares leading to the interior. I detailed Jackson at once to take charge of this work. Not that he was partieularly well fitted for it, but I thought it would keep him out of dauger, and he did as well as another, for all I know to the contrary.

We had not been in camp many weeks when orders came for me to intercept a railway train, which would pass within a few miles, loaded with supplies for the Confederacy. It was not a very dangerous expedition, but you Solomon's acquainting him that it was be in it, and when he found that he was not to go with us he showed suborbinate, but it was easy to see how he felt and, indeed, I overheard him grumbling to one of his com-

That night as we lay on the ground, waiting for the approach of the train, quite a number of young fellows were I thought a good deal about Jackson. ready to enlist and I thought I might as I had him safe for this time, but it was very evident that he was eager for neflocking in, as soon as the news that I | tion and I might find it a hard matter was in the place got out. Fine, stal- to always keep him back. I abused myself roundly for meddling with the matter, but at the same time I resolved that, come what might, I would keep my promise to his wife, I would Well, we captured our train without

losing a man and got back to camp in "Next time, Colonel, you'll take me, won't you?" pleaded Jackson, the next day. I had been looking at their embankment and giving some direc tions about the mounting of the

guns. I walked away without making any answer. . "Confound you," I said to myself. About an hour later, I was quite on the other side of the ground, when I saw one of the men running toward me. He was laboring under great excitement and I saw at once that some-

thing had happened. I waited for him to come up. "Well, what is it, my man?" I said as he came near.

" Jackson's dead," he panted out. "Impossible," I cried; "I saw him not an hour ago. "Yes, sir; but just after you left the embankment gave way, right where Jackson was standing, and one of those heavy guns fell over upon him and crushed him. We've just got him

out and he's stone dead. The surgeon SAVS 50. Well, sir, I was dumbfounded. Here was this man, whom I had taken into the very hollow of my hand, whose safety I had vouched for, whom I had undertaken to guard as if I were the Almighty, dead. The first man in the regiment to die. I couldn't say a word. I had the body embalmed and sent to his wife at my own expense. I promised her I would bring him safely home, and that was the way I kept my promise. The very means I had taken to save him proved his death. I tried to write to her, but I hadn't the heart

to do it, and I gave it up. A few weeks later one of the men told me that her barn had been struck by lightning and the crops, which her neighbors had harvested for her, burned. After that I heard that she was in an insane asylum.

It was a lesson to me. I had tried to play the part of an overruling Providence and had failed. I never tried it again. - Jube A. Sabine, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Don't Fret or Worry.

Of course life is full of cares; every one knows that, and every one has cause to worry about something. If the children are ill, or the husband has failed in business, these are things one naturally worries about. These are the big things of life that must be borne and about which one can not help worrying. But it is the little things of life over which people worry | their eyes strained to such a great exmost and which are not worth worry- tout, it must follow in the natural ing about. A careful housekeeper into the house and presently one of will fret about the way her servant enters the room before company, or passes a dish at the table, and frowns will settle down upon her face that are seen by their guests who have not seen the causes. The woman will worry incessantly about her health. If she has the smallest ache in any part of her body, or the slightest languor, the whole household is upset, and for a few hours every thing is in the wildest state of confusion, while the victimfor she certainly is a victim to her worrying disposition-imagines herself a hundred times more ill than she is, and dies many times before she really dies once.-Minneapolis Trib-

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Cambria Frankan commends it to the favorable confideration of advertisers. whose favors will beingerted at the following low rates:

1 mch, 3 times .. 5 months . * 6 menths..... 10.00 d cel'n é menths.....

Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to cast witer tion to any matter of limited or individual interesments paint for as advertisements.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly and expedi-ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forge

AN INTERESTING STUDY. The Struggle of the Sexes in Various Portions of the United States. In 1880 there were 50,000,000 of people in this country, and about 882.-000 more males than females. That was only because more males were

born; the females live the longer. Of

the centenarians 1,409 were men and 2,607 were women. The boys start out nearly a million ahead and are in the majority until the 16th year, when the girls are a little more numerous Sweet 16 is a numerous age, anyhow, After that, first one and then the other is in the majority, the girls gradually gaining after 36 and leaving the men far behind after 75. To balance this longevity of the females, in almost every State a few more boys are born; not many more, but almost always a few. It is astonishing to see where the census give thousands and hundreds of thousands of boys and girls under one year old; there are, with one or two exceptions, always a few

hundred more boys, and only a few hundred more. In only six of the forty-nine States and Territories are more girls born. and in these States they are slightly in excess-from eleven to eighty. These exceptions are Arizonia, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Montana

and North Carolina. . The fact that the females are in the majority in all the original thirteen States but Delaware and North Carolina, especially in Massachusetts and New England, has created the impression that there is semothing in the climate or in the people that produced more women than men. This is a popular but egregious error. In Massachusetts there were in 1880 four hundred and thirty-seven more boys than girls under one year of age. The males are in the minority in almost all the Eastern States because many of the young men go West. All over the West there is an excess of man. and those who are not foreigners have been withdrawn from the States farther East. In the new States and Territories this is most noticeable. In Idaho, for instance, there are twice as many males as females, but the male infants are only a little in

excess of the females. The West is drawing heavily on the manhood of the East. From this all the old States have suffered. Massachusetts seems to have lost more than any. There are parts of Northern Ohio which are portions of New England removed. Massachusetts shows the loss and Ohio shows the

Another curious fact is that while all over the country more boys than girls are born, in cities and towns

there are more girls. Between the ages of 5 and 17, inclusive, there are 4,680 more girls than boys in New York County, 1,708 more in Kings County, 2,725 more in the city of Baltimore, 1,013 more in Suffolk County. Massachusetts (Boston), 2,009 more in Cook County (Chicago), Illinois; 2,131 more in the city of St. Louis, 1,971 more in Philadelphia County, and 2,633 more in the Parish of Orleans. All these cities except New Orleans are in States

more boys than girls. These 26 counties include the 11 large towns and cities. Strange that not one of the cities should be left out. Stranger still, the excess of girls is about in proportion to population. Savannah leads off with 528 more girls than boys; Atlanta, 385; Augusta, 304; Macon, 154; Columbus, 131; Cartersville, 123; Rome, 50; Athens. 50; Albany, 16; Griffin, 11, and Americus, 7. Savannah, though she has a some

where more boys than girls are born.

In Georgia there are 137 counties,

and in all but 26 of them there are

New York. The excess is greater in New Orleans than any where else. Is this a peculiarity of the French? The facts present a question worth studying. Are there fewer men in the

what smaller population than Atlanta,

has a larger excess of girls. This

seems to be peculiar to old cities. It

is so with Baltimore, New Orleans and

cities than in the country?-Philadelphia Times.

NEAR-SIGHTED CHILDREN. What an Oculist Has to Say on This Important Subject. ·According to my observations, about one pupil in every ten in the public schools wears glasses," says an oculist, "and that is a pretty big percentage. Day after day fathers and mothers come here and want to have their children fitted with glasses.

When asked what has affected the eyes, the answer is almost invariably Too much studying." "By reason of constantly coming into contact with the parents of school children, I am in a position to understand that the young people are now obliged to study very hard in order to keep up with the constant increase of

studies piled upon them. "It is a commendable idea that exists among the parents of this citythat of educating their children to the highest possible standard- but it is an idea and a practice that will have a marked effect on the future generations of the people hereabouts. Weakness of the eyes is an hereditary ailment, and if the future wives and husbands, now growing up, are to have course of things that the second or third generation will be one of eyeglass wearers.

"There are some people upon whom glasses look well, and relieve in a manner the harsh lines of their features; but as a rule I regard them as a disfigurement, and the necessity of wearing them can be avoided by the judicious selection for children of hours for studying. "The best time for a child to study

is early in the morning. Let the little one go to bed at dusk, and arise with the lark in the morning and study. Then there will never be any necessity for wearing glasses unless weakness of the eyes is hereditary.'