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VOLUME XXIII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1889.

SPECIAL

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THE PROGRESS OF MAN. \

early world, Beast-like scratching the earth for a niggardly dote of her fruit. Wedged in the clefts of the hills, in the hollows of tree-trunks curied Groping in the glooms of the cave, starving

Shelterless, weaponless, weak, a baggard and wandering brood Scarred by the brand of the sun, by the whirlwind scattered and tossed, Buried in drifts of the snow, whelmed by the rivers in flood,

Flayed by the scourge of the storm, scarred by the dagger of frost. A wretched and barbarous race, unskilled, at the mercy of all,

the grave through the shadow of dread. But we! we are cunning and strong, we have

made all windom our own; We have mastered all arts, we have tools and raiment and roof overhead, We laugh at the shrick of the winds, we dance

Our fathers, the cowering men of the caves, were the cave-bear's prey; They fled him, we seek him: the snows with his blood, not ours, shall be dyed.

We follow his tracks through the drift, ha! ha! we spear him and stay, our loins with his hide.

Who have fitted the sharpened flint to the wonterful pine-wood haft; In the day of your weakness and want who dreamt of the day of your power?

-H. D. Traill, in Boston Transcript.

BILL, THE LINEMAN. The Friend He Found at the Top of a Telegraph Pole.

Bill was very well known in a certain quarter-and not the pleasantest quarter, either-of a certain great ity. He patrolled the wires of the Eastern Union Telegraph Company for about half a mile along River street, a narrow, dirty thoroughfare lined with tall teneme very windows and stairways told of the poverty-stricken condition of most of the families that dwelt therein.

sun, wind and rain. The clothes he wore were not made to order, and by the time Bill got to wearing them at his work they were by no means new. Upon his head in the summer he generally wore an enormous ten-cent straw hat, and in winter he pulled an old rabbit-skin cap down over his ears. His feet all the year round he encased n monster-boots, to which he strapped his climbers. For the rest of his attire ne usually wore a heavy blue flannel irt and jean trousers fastened by a road belt that held his tools, to

In cold weather he added a rough pilot mon every-day workman, who minded his own business up in the cross-arms

stores upon the street below. wires, insulators and cross-arms at

arms of the pole in question were very of a shabby tenement house. The frame of this window was quite exceedingly small and full- of cracks, pasted over them to keep out the wind

and the rain. For nearly two years the room which that window dimly lighted had been he noticed that the unbroken squares

poles as his own especial neighbors. 'Well," he muttered, " 'pears they ain't fond of dirt, and I'm glad of

surprise in store for Bill the Lineman. On the sill of the crooked window was a long, narrow green box, and, although it held nothing but brown earth (it being too cold yet for plants). Bill judged that the new tenant was partial to flowers. And he was glad of that too, for Bill liked flowers him-

see who the new tenant might be, but his curiosity in that direction was doomed to disappointment. Never, in all the many times that Bill afterwards climbed the tall telegraph pole." did he once see through the window the owner of the hands that scrubbed the floor and cleaned the glass and placed the flower box upon the win-

dow-sill.

perhaps seven or eight years old. Bill saw that she was a cripple, lying upon an adjustable invalid's chair, and, as the lineman turned his head from the white face with its large, sad eyes, something fell from his brown and roughened cheek to the sidewalk below, where it made a wet spot about as big as a twenty-five-cent piece. For the sight of the crippled child awakened memories in the heart and

Ten years before, when Bill was a strapping young fellow in Western Massachusetts, he had married one of the prettiest girls in the village. Bill was proud of his girl wife and loved her very dearly. He was a happy fellow indeed when there came to his home a baby girl and his love for the tiny thing was second only to his affection for the baby's mother. Soon after the little one came Bill moved to the city, where he had obtained

came to him. His wife, who had been so neat a house-wite, gradually changed into a slatternly gadabout. She read cheap story papers and went to the matinees at the third-rate theaters, while her home and her child, as well as poor Bill, were altogether neglected. Bill was beside himself with grief, and had It not been for the baby, which he watched, tended and played with all

might have done something reckless. One day while Bill was at work the carcless wife and mother, engrossed in a dime novel, dropped the baby from her lap, and the little one was hopelessly crippled by the fall. When Bill came home and learned the truth he cried like a child with grief. He fretted all the night, and in the moraing remained away from his work that he might hold the baby, laid upon a pillow, in his arms. Often the tears would roll down his cheeks, but he never once scolded or reproached his

At last, overcome with remorse and unable to endure the sight of her husband's grief and her child's pain, the girl (she was but twenty) put on her hat and went out, to return no more For six years the poor fellow tender-

ly cared for his baby, but when the little girl was seven years old she died, and Bill was left without any comfort at all. The lineman had been alone for three years when he beheld the face little child at the crooked win-

tender heart with kindly sentiments toward the little cripple. Before he went down he nodded cheerily to the girl, and it sent a thrill of pleasure through the big fellow when the wan face answered his greeting by a faint smile. For many days Bill nodded from the cross-arms to his little neighbor, and he felt as

though they were really getting quite well acquainted. Soon the spring time came, and one warm, sunny day the lower sash of the crooked window was thrown up, while the child leaned forward as if to inhale and enjoy to the full the sweet balmy air of the May morning. Then the acquaintance of Bill and the small, pale-faced cripple was begun in

"That's good," said the lineman, after nodding as usual. "You want some of this fresh air to bring back the roses to those llly-white cheeks. How does my little neighbor feel to-

At first the child only smiled, as shy children will, in response to her strange friend's remarks and inquiries, but before very long this bashfulness were away and then the girl chatted freely to the big man on the lefty

Down in the street the people and the teams hurried to and fro, but forty feet above them Bill the Lineman and the tiny child conversed together with as much privacy as though they had been in the quiet and secluded parlor of a country house. From the child Bill learned that her name was Millie, and that her aunther good aunt, she always called herwas obliged to leave her alone all through the day because she worked in a big factory, where they made men's neck-ties and such things. The child seemed to know nothing about father or mother; as long as she could remember she had been with her "good aunt," who was with her every evening and all through the long Sun-

Bill, as may be imagined, possessed some fine feelings, though he was but a lineman. Nothing could have induced him to intrude on the privacy of this good woman, who was evidently poor, yet who, in her poverty, cared so well for the child that was, apparently, not her own. So Bill always timed his ascent of pole No. 774 in the forenoon, about ten or eleven o'clock, when it was tolerably certain that the woman would be at the factory, and on Sunday he never went up at all except for a moment quite early

in the day. The child from time to time asked Bill a hundred questions about his work and the telegraph, and she was particularly interested in the music of the wires, which murmured so sweetly all the time, like an zeolian harp. And Bill, who was a splendid storyteller-having amused his own little girl in days gone by with his original tales-told her that the good fairies made the music on the wires. He explained, too, how messages are sent by telegraph and, for her amusement, would frequently place his ear to an insulator and relate a pretty story, which he made believe was

passing over the wires. Yes, indeed, they were great friends, were Bill the Lineman and little Millie, and after they had been acquainted a few months it is hard to say which would have missed the other most. Bill was always taking the child something. One day when he swung himself up the pole his big

But it grieved Bill sorely when he noticed that the summer sunshine and the fresh air passing through the open window failed to bring the roses to the pale cheeks of the crippled child, and he almost wished he might somehow get acquainted with the "good aunt" and propose in some way to send Millie to the seashore at his own expense. He spent many hours each day in turning over this idea in his mind, but Bill was very reserved and disliked to force his acquaintance upon strangers.

One Saturday in September Bill, as usual, climbed pole No. 774, taking with him a basket of luscious pears. He had to stand at the extreme end of the longest cross-arm to be able to set the basket in the window, and as he did this Millie, who was not feeling so well as usual, said to him:

"Do you think you could reach over and kiss me? You're so good and kind I should like to thank you, sir, and all I can give you is a kiss."

Bill wanted to say something in reply, but he couldn't do it-he felt too "choky." He managed to lean over, however-his feet on the cross-arm and his hands upon the window-sill, while his lank body spanned the space between. He kissed the soft white cheek of the delicate child, while she whispered in his ear:

"I s'pose you never hear on the wires messages from the angels for me?" she asked, childlike, but, oh, so

How the words did cut into Bill's heart, for he had grown strangely attached to his little friend. He feared that all too soon the angel of death would carry a message to the helpless little cripple-but he hoped not just yet. He gulped down the lump that rose in his throat and answered as pleasantly as possible.

"Well, my dear, they hain't sent no message to you, not direct; but often I hear 'em, those blessed angels what watch over all little children, and they says to me: 'Bill, you must try and make it pleasant for that there little Millie. She has a tough time of it a-lyin' there so quiet and patient day -a face that opened old sears, but which none the less swelled Bill's

the love of that there little gal."" "Ah, well," said the child, as Bill finished, "I'm glad the angels think about me, and if I could I would tell them that you're very good to me, sir. I do love you a great deal. Will you

kiss me again before you go?" So once more Bill the Lineman kissed

to see the child, and he noticed before

was no pale little face to greet him. Perhaps Millie's "good aunt" was at home? Well, Bill thought he would take just a hasty glance to satisfy himself, and then hurry down. He listhe open window and there, only a few feet back, he saw a small, white coffin.

kissed her on Saturday morning. The truth flashed upon the poor felfoothold on the cross-arm. He was woman when he commenced his descent of the tall pole.

It was with much difficulty that he struck the climbers into the hard wood, to get a foothold, and his hands refused to give him the support of their usual firm grip. Half way down his feeble strength completely failed him. and he fell more than twenty feet to the stone sidewalk. Insensible, and with a broken leg poor Bill lay there. while a knot of idlers and passers-by gathered about him. "Bill the Lineman-taken a tumble

the policeman, telephoned fer the hospital ambulance. Bill the Lineman did not die, but he was confined in the hospital for many weeks. The pain of his bruises and his fractured limb did not hurt him nearly as much as did his grief when he thought of the little child at the tenement house window, and of the small white coffin which he had seen. He could not forget Millie and the kiss

One day, when he was getting along pretty well, Bill's nurse said to him: "There's a young woman would like to see you. She says she's 'Millie's aunt' and that you will know her by that." "Millie's good aunt," murmured

aloud, "I should like to see her, nurse." When, a mement later, "Millie's aunt," stood beside the sick man's bedside, Bill could scarcely believe his eyes. Indeed, he was so doubtful of

his own vision that he was afraid to speak his thoughts. But the woman, who was still young and quite goodlooking threw her arms about his neck and sobbed as she kissed his rough,

give me, can you? I am Millie's aunt. I took the child, a little crippled waif, to care for, in memory of our own baby that I-oh, Bill, forgive me for

"I wanted to come back to you and the baby many times, only I was ashamed. But I have lived an honest life, Bill, and I am truly sorry for all the badness and wickedness of years age. And now, dear Bill, for our baby's sake-for little Millie's sake, too-will you let me show you how

think that she was Millie's "good

Well, Bill the Lineman, is no more. But in a neat telegraph cabin on a railroad in the Borkshire Hills there is a big-bearded operator whom his wife calls Bill, and whenever you see Bill, the operator, you may be sure that not very far away is his twoyear-old daughter Millie.-William H. S. Atkinson, in Philadelphia Times. ----

NATURE OF CLOUD-BURSTS.

They Are Lakes of Water Actually Suspended in Mid-Air. is not a very broad and shallow disk. as a barrier to prevent the flow of exthe pillar. There friction with the earth retards the gyrations and allows the air to rush in below and escape upward through the flue-like interior

own vast volumes of vapor rising are condensed they add to the water already accumulated thousands of feet above the earth's surface-making, so

to speak, a lake in high air. eight feet deep and openings made large enough to engulf a horse and

CARE OF THE SICK.

Useful Suggestions for Persons in Charge of Invalids. Even in the depth of summer it is often wise to keep a slight fire during the night. To avoid rousing the sick sleeper fill paper bags with coal and lay a sufficient number of these bags in a scuttle. In this way a fire may be replenished without the slightest

rough to allow her to appreciate the difference between poorly-cooked food and that properly prepared. A fideety or nervous woman or a seifish or self-absorbed woman is utterly out of place in a sick-room.

NUMBER 38.

Ho! for the Sand-man! joily old fellow, With twinkling eyes and a gleesome smile He comes when the candles flicker yellow, And he does his work in jauntiest style, or he lightens his cumbersome bag of sand For he lightens his cumbersome bag of sand With a light and a brisk and a generous hand

His aim is firm and his shot is crack, And the sharpest wiles of the numblest dodge. Can baffle him never, nor hold him back; ne eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, brown He powders them soft-and the lids drop

Ho! for the Sand-man! funny old rover. He stops the playing and halfs the fun! He deem't wait till the games are over. He doesn't care whether the rumps are done.

iers esteem him and nurses ndore, For he gathers the children, the big and the And hurries them swiftly away before They know it's been done, to the babbling

-Emma A. Opper, in Good Housekeeping. UNCLE JACOB'S RUSE. A Change in His Will Produces a

And the singing birds of the Land of Dreams.

Happy Effect. Jenny and Lucy Bagiey were the prettiest two girls in Balky Bottom. Their mother was very proud of them, and though a widow in straitened circumstances she strained her narrow means

to put them at the new seminary. The ambitious mother might have found it difficult to carry through her plans if an only brother, several years her senior, who had run away when a boy, and who had long ago been given up for dead, hadn't come back one day as suddenly as he had disappeared, with no end of money in his pocket, still a bachelor.

Uncle Jacob Ransower, in spite of his grotesque dialect and old-fashloned manners, soon became a great favorite with Jenny and Lucy. By a sort of tacit understanding he took up his home in his sister's house, and from that time the latter was relieved from all anxiety on the score of her daughters' education, Uncle Jacob thenceforward cheerfully paying their bills

including all the "extras. The girls came home finished at fast, and Uncle Jacob was teased into buying a grand piano, with half a cart

load of fashionable music. The sisters would have had flocks of beaux, for they were not only remarkably pretty, but, as every body knew, they would one day come into Uncle Jacob's money; but they held their heads so very high that there wasn't a youth in Balky Bottom adventurous enough to spunk up to them. Even Hiram Hoppick, who used to be rather spry in his attentions to Jenny in the ante-seminary days, and Reuben Ruckman, who used to bask in an occusional smile of Lucy's in the same. blissful period, hung back now like a brace of bashful school-boys with their fingers in their mouths. . .

At last a star of the first magnitude set the firmament of Balky Bottom all ablaze. It was no less a luminary than Mr. Cleophas Brassev. Uncle Jacob, who had caught from his nieces a touch of the seminarian idiom, pronounced him "mooch too quoite." But the ladies nonconcurred. Mr. Brassey, in their eyes, was a perfect Prince Charming; and when they came to know him, and heard him sing: "Me hawt is fawh, fawh away!" -a statement with probably more truth than poetry in it-Jenny declared

he was nicer than a-a-, and Lucy quite agreed with her. For the first time in their lives was there my jealousy between the sisters. For a time Mr. Brassey distributed his attentions impartially between the two. It would have puzzled him, indeed, to give a reason for a preference. In point of looks, neither sister and the advantage, and Uncle Jacob's money, it was understood, was to go

to them in court portions. But Cleophas Brassey was of a more practical turn of mind than the metaphysical donkey that starved to death between two haystacks, for want of a philosophical reason for choosing the one rather than the other. Uncle Jacob was complaining a good deal lately of a "puzzin' in his het," and had put himself on double rations of blackstrap as a remedy. Feeling there was no time to lose, Mr. Brassey, in the privacy of his chamber, christened his meerschaum Jenny and his tobaccostopper Lucy, and went over the old juvenile rigmarole by which schooloys decide who's first to be hare. The last word fell to Lucy; so Lucy it

From that time forth it ceased to be a question where Mr. Brassey's prelifections tay. It was nothing but Lucy with him now. Mr. Brassey would have proposed to Lucy without delay, but he was a little dubious on the score of Uncle

Jacob. It would be just like that ob-

stinate old Dutchman, if he didn't like the match, to express his disapproval by a disinheriting clause in his will. But at last a circumstance occurred that couldn't fail to give Mr. Brassey a considerable lift in Uncle Jacob's opinion. Lawyer Hackler, with whom Mr. B. seemed to have a good deal of business lately, came in hot haste in search of that gentleman, whom he found on the widow's back porch making himself quite one of the family-Uncle Jacob, with his corncob pipe and pitcher of blackstrap, flanking

the party. . "I have just received," said the lawyer, breaking in on the company with the air of one on pressing business "an offer of two hundred thousand dollars for your Florida plantation. What answer shall I give?" "Say I've changed my mind and

don't wish to sell," carelessly replied the other, turning to resume his telea-tete with Lucy, and Hackler left. Uncle Jacob's ears had not been idle and when, in the evening, it was disclosed in family council that Mr. Brassey had that afternoon proposed

to Lucy, the old gentleman, instead of

exploding as had been feared, smoked

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Next morning Uncle Jacob was off

betimes to town. Going straight to

Lawyer Hackler's office, he sought

and obtained a private interview. "How mooth you sharch to wride my vill?" he asked. "Twenty-five dollars," replied the

lawyer, blandly. "Doo mooch," objected Uncle Jacob. "Shoost shdrike off der dwventy und it's a pargain."

Mr. Hackler expostulated a little, but finally accepted the amendment. "How do you wish to leave your property, Mr. Ransower?" he inquired, dipping his pen in the tek, and draw-

ing toward him a sheet of paper. "Vell, I vas goin' to leafe it to dedwo cirls, szhare and szhare alike; put now Lucy, she's goin' to marry sooch a mighty rich feller dot she von't need some more; so I'fe genclocted shoost to kif all my leedle bile to Chinny."

Mr. Hackler opened his eyes, butook down his client's instructions without comment, promising to have the document prepared as early as the press of other business would permit. As soon as Uncle Jacob's back was turned the lawyer harried to Mr. Brassey's lodgings, where the pair were quickly closeted.

That same afternoon Mr. Brassey knocked at the Widow Bagier's door. Could be see Miss Jenny? he inquired. When Jenny entered the sittingroom, where she found Mr. Brassey waiting, her face looked as much like a thunder-cloud as a pretty face could. And the thunder came near bursting when Mr. Brassey had the assurance to ask her to walk with him. But curiosity, for the moment, overcame resentment. She would hear what the culprit had to say; there would be

time for the thunder afterwards. Nor was she long kept in expectation. The walk had bardly begun when Mr. Brassey, with a tact and delicacy all his own, disclosed the fact that a very recent examination of his heart-probably it had just returned from its wanderings, "hawh, fawh away!"-had convinced bim of his loved mother than berealf. It was she and she alone whom he had adored from the first. Would she for-

The ticklish task of breaking the news to Lucy, Jenny, to Mr. Brassey's no small relief, took upon herself. They parted at the gate, it - ing considered prudant that the versatile Brassey should keep out of the way till the storm had blown

ing, and he was accepted.

At the first hall he told about his interview with Lawyer Hackler on the subject of the will. There was a sud-

"You see, cirls," continued Uncle bick oud a goople of goot honest vellers for beaux, like dese Hiram Hop-

pick and Reuben Ruckman."

his advice. At any rate, they are on As for Cleephas Brassey, he was arrested for awindling, on a requisition

Uncle Jacob countermanded the

order for the will, and Jenny and

Lucy, who will be his heles without

any doubt, seemed disposed to follow-

from a neighboring State, the day following his second proposal.-N. Y. ---

In India lady doctors are now familiar to us, and although at first they may have been somewhat ridiculed by these who could not appreciate their value, they are fast making their presence felt for good in almost every corner of the land. So far as the native women of this country are concerned. it is gratifying to note that their success in all branches of college education is progressing to the entire satisfaction of the professors. Not only have they proved themseives to be generally well fitted for the arduous duties attendant upon medical studies, but they have, in some cases, succeeded beyond all ordinary expectations. Bombay, Madras, the Northwest

Provinces and the Punjaub all return flattering reports on the subject, and when we say that a class of female students can average over seven hunfred marks out of one thousand in a surgical examination, as we hear has ecently been the case, little can be said against their power of skill and aptitude for gaining knowledge in one of the most important branches of the medical profession. Indeed, it appears not unlikely that women in India may prove themselves by no means inferior to men in most branches of the practice of medicine, if the progress made by native females in hospital work may be taken as a criterion. In many cases they have proved themselves superior to male tudents in college examinations, and In no way behind them in application, power of reasoning and resource. The act that much of their success is due. to the great interest taken in their studies by their lecturers and professors is not without a certain special significance. - Overland Mail.

-On a horse car. -First lady-"Do take that seat. I don't mind standing You are older than L." An ominous

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Hard was the lot of our fathers, the men of the

on berry and root.

In haste to escape from its foes to the hiding place of the dead: Hunted of hunger and lean, whose life was a piteous crawl From the dark of the womb to the dark of

on the brute overthrown, With his skin we have clothed us about, with his flesh we have filled us and fed.

marvelous progress of man! O race of unspeakable craft!
Ostrikers of fire from the heart of the rock
in a fortunate heur!

through his leisure hours, possibly he

Bill was a large, lanky fellow, with big hands and foot and a face that was as hard as a rock and as brown as a berry, through years of exposure to

There really was nothing remarkable about Bill the Lineman's appearance, and yet a keen observer might have noticed a merry twinkle at times in his gray eye, and kindly lines playing about his large mouth-but then, the dealzens of River street were not in the habit of studying the countenances of these who worked in their midst. So, to them, Bill was a com-

while they attended to theirs in the Indeed, all the store-keepers and heir customers were so very busy that not one of them remarked the fact that there was a certain pole up which Bill the Lineman stayed every day, except Sunday, for several minutes-sometimes remaining aloft as long as a quarter of an hour-although the average condition of the

that pole was as good as the rest of The why and wherefore of Bill's strange predilection for pole number 774 was on this wise: The long crossclose to a window on the fourth story crooked and the squares of glass were while two at least of them had such large holes that brown paper had been

unoccupied, and Bill had long since arrived at the conclusion that it would never again be rented. But one day towards the close of a dreary winter of glass had been rubbed bright and clean, and, looking through the window, he perceived that the floor of the room had been well scrubbed. ____ 4 "Ah!" thought Bill, "new neighbors, ch!" Bill always considered the folks who occupied rooms near his

The very next day there was another self, because they reminded him of his The lineman, was now anxious to

But before very long he did see a face at the window-such a wee, wan little face it was, too so pale and yet so pleasing-the face of a little girl,

beit would be bulged out with a flower pot containing a choice and fragrant plant. At another time his hip pocket would be filled with a pretty box of chocolate drops or he would carry, by the handle placed between his teeth, a basket of ripe peaches. Sometimes it would be a picture book, but always on Saturday, if on no other day, Bill would take his little neighbor something.

mind of Bill the Lineman that were more bitter than sweet, and always

employment, and then all his bad luck

after day; so you must go up that pole o' your'n and see her every day and cheer her up a bit. And these blossed angels tells me, 'you'll find you're a happy man, Bill, if so be you can win

the crippled girl and then descended The next day, it being Sunday, Bill did not see Millie, but on Monday morning, as usual, he climbed pole number 774. It was a bright, sunshiny day in early autumn, but the tenement house was on the east side of the street, so that curtains, where they had such luxuries, were never drawn in the forenoon. Up went Bill, enger

he was half-way up that the window was up to its usual height, but there tened for a moment, but he heard no sound of footsteps or of voices in the quiet room. So he peered through He was unable to see the face in the casket, but Bill the Lineman, knew | cart.-N. Y. Herald.

only too well that a message from the angels had come to Millie since he low painfully enough and the shock was so severe that it was only force of habit that enabled him to retain his dazed for several minutes and could not take his dimmed eyes from the little white coffin all alone in the quiet room. He trembled with mental and physical agitation and was weak as a

at last!" exclaimed the groceryman

from the corner, while Bill's friend,

with which she had thanked him.

unshaven face again and again. "Oh, Bill," she said, "will you for-

good a wife I can make you?" And Bill the Lineman, whose tears were by this time mingling with those of his wife, threw his big arm around her and forgave her-the easier, I

The phenomena of a cloud-burst, which can only occur in a tornado or whirlwind, are not generally understood. The whirl in which it forms

but a tail, columnar mass of rotating nir, similar to that in which the Atlantic waterspout or the famous pillarlike dust storm of India is generated. While this traveling aerial pillar, perhaps a few hundred yards in diameter. is rapidly gyrating, the centrifugal force, as Prof. Ferrel has shown, acts ternal air from all sides into its interior, except at and near the base of

as powerful ascending currents. The phenomenon, however, will not be attended by terrific floods unless the atmosphere is densely stored with water vapor, as it was on May 31 in the Conemaugh valley. When such is the case, the violently ascending currents suddenly lift the vapor-lades clouds several thousand feet above the level at which they were previously floating, and hurl them aloft into rarified and cold regions of the atmosphere where their vapor is instantly condensed into many tons of water. Could the water fall as fast as condensed it would be comparatively harmless. But the continuous uprushing currents support this mass of water at the high level, and as their

As the whirlwind weakens or passes from beneath this vast body of water, which its ascending currents have generated and upheld in the upper story of the atmosphere, the aqueous mass, no longer supported, drops with ever increasing gravitational force to the earth. In severe cloud-bursts tha water does not fall as rain, but in sheets and streams, sometimes unbroken for many seconds. The cloudburst of 1838 at Holidaysburg, Pa., excavated many boles in the ground, varying from twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter, and from three to six feet deep. In a similar but milder sterm, which visited Boulogne last May, fissures were cut in the streets

It is essential in selecting a person to watch with a sick person that a healthy person, with all their fine senses alert to catch any change, should be employed. A slightly deaf person will cause great annoyance, because the patient must exert himself unday to make himself heard. The eye-sight of the nurse must be perfect to note any change, her feeling alert to notice change of temperature, her smelling power without a flaw to make sure of fresh, pure atmosphere, and her taste delicate

All good housekeepers always keep bundles of old flannel, of old linen and of old cotton where either can be readily obtained if necessary in the sick-room. Bandages of old flannel are invaluable in cases of rheumatism or of sore throat. In fact, there is nothing else that will take the place of such half-worn goods. New flannel would be of comparatively little use for the purpose. A small flannel bag filled with hops and wrung out in boiling water will soothe to sleep a sufferer from neuralgie pains oftener than any thing else. There should be sufficient bandages on the outside to prevent its wetting Bill to himself. "Yes," he added the bedding and causing a chill in this way. Persons who have suffered from chronic troubles of the bowels have been frequently cured by wearing continuously, all the year round, a heavy flannel bandage over the abdomen. - N. Y. Tribune.

A SONG OF THE SAND-MAN.

Ho! for the Sand-man! merry old codger,

file shagey old head poses in, and lot Mouths gape wide open and feet ing slow. Ho! for the Sand-mand birthesome old caller,

give his momentary backsliding? Mr. Brassey's eloquence: was melt-

And storm, indeed, it was. Tho sisters were in the height of their wordy cap-pulling-it might have come to the literal thing but for their seminary training in the arts of elocution-when Uncle Jacob came upon

den dropping of scales from two pairs. of bluring eyes. Mr. Brassey's change of base was fully explained. Jacob, "I kinder soospected vat dem two rokes, Prassey und dot lawyer chap, vas up to, und so I shoost sot a leetle drap for 'em. Und new, if you'll dake my adwice, you'll shdop voolin' mit sooch shlibbery vops, und

the best of terms at present with theleold admirors. Hiram and Rouben, who have spunked up wonderfully of

FEMALE PHYSICIANS. Their Remarkable Advancement in All

a bit." Second lady-"No, you take it. his pipe in silence, and when that and | silence, during which an old gentleman the blackstrap were finished, betook | pops into the seat. - Beston Post. . .

10 besiness in business hours. Everything kept tag and coap. A bath room has been consecred with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub told correspond to the consecretary connected therein kept perfectly come. CLEAR TOWNIG A SPECIALTY. T.W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW below before P. Dick, Dick,

Goods in Silks, Velvets, Plushes, and Dress Goods. You can travel all over this country and not find an assortment that will surpass ours in variety and quality and reasonable The early buyers are never disappointed Many of these dress fabries we will not have in stock again this season; by delaying to send for samples you may miss a sat-