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ly as our old Export, and the simple reacts that it is utterly impossible to duplicate it. There will never be any let up in the purity and fine flavor in any parlicular of the Pure Cali-fornia Wines we are now selling at 50 cents per bottle. Full quarts, or \$5.00 per dozen.' In making up your orders please enclose P. O. Money Order or Drait, or Register your order. Large lot of Scotch, German and French Plaids, 42 inches wide, all wool, very styl-Ish and effective, 75 cents regular price has been \$1.25. These are plums for shrewd buyers. JOSEPH FLEMING & SON,

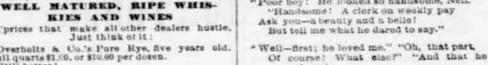
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meres at 75 cents, worth \$1.00 For Holiday Presents in these Dress Goods Departments, we have put up 500 Dress Patterns in neat attractive boxes, plain colors and combinations to sell for \$2.00 to \$12.00 for the suit patters. Every one of these suit patterns at special low prices

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thought I was the sert of girl whose heart Would never let itself be bought.

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The Pure Eight Year Oid Exp. rt Guckenheim-You'd think he never dreamed of no-That he was poor need be no bar-"

"Well: what an attitude to take!" For Love would prove the guiding star To fame and fortune, for my sake-

And then he begged my heart and hand." "Such impudence !- who'd ever guess!-I hope you made h m understand His place?" "I did-I told him" 'Yes!"" -Madeline S. Bridges, in Puck.

Aunt Matilda's Observations from Her Back Window.

When Aunt Matilda came to visit us and insisted on having a back room, we were greatly disappointed, for sister Mattic and I had spent weeks of our precious vacation time in making all sorts of pretty nothings to beautify the guest-chamber for her occupancy. We had not seen Aunt Matilda for ton years. In that time Mattie and I had grown from little girls to young ladies in our teens and members of the high school. The principal things I could remember about Aunt Matilda were her pretty gray curls and gold-rimmed glasses, and that when she visited us I always had on a fresh, white pinafore, and she

would say to me: 'Come here, my dear, and let me wipe my glasses on your clean apron." her request, for we considered it a fluctuating one. We had, therefore, ant honor to wear any thing clean

Aunt Matilda opened the door, however, and stopped in.

"The very thing," she cried, delightedly. "A rag carpet, too! So omelike! And this nice splint-rocker! I tell you, girls, for real comfort there's nothing like a splint-rocker." She stepped to the one window in the room and put back the plain white muslin curtain.

"Better and better!" she cried, clapping her hands in almost childish glee. "Such a row of nice back yards! You see, girls, I'm an inquisitive old lady, and I dearly love to watch people's back yards. I get acquainted with them so. You can go in at people's front doors for years and not know a single thing about them; but you can get a good idea of what they are in a week from the rear."

So Aunt Matilda had her way. "There's just one thing I would like from the front room, girls," she said. "and that is the vase of yellow marigolds I saw on the mantel. They

smell so like home." Mattie fetched them, and having done what we could to make the room convenient for her, we left her to the enjoyment of her splint-rocker, her rag carpet and marigolds, and went down-stairs to confide our disappointment to mother.

The back yards, which interested our aunt so much, belonged to a row of tenement cottages just across the alley from our house. The latter being built in the middle of the lot and running back a good way, was quite close to the alley, so that a good chance was afforded Aunt Matilda to pursue her back-door studies, for which she professed such a penchant. Our town was an invalid resort, and Very proudly would I comply with the population in consequence a very

that it is twice as protty and durable for a rug. "Perhaps she does not do all this

work herself. It may be given to her, or she may buy it of poor invalids who can do nothing else."

"No, child, she does it herself. I see her sit by her kitchen window every day knitting and crocheting, oh! so steadily! It is a north window. too. The sitting-room fronts south. and she can not sit there because the sunlight would fade her carpets. The shades are nearly always close down. And the poor child wanders about the yard looking so homesick and lonely that my heart aches for him. His clothes are nice and fit beautifully, and his linen is starched and polished and fresh every day. She does her own ironing. I see her bending for hours over the ironing-board, and stopping every little while to cough. Look at that line now, Hetty, and see whatshe has before her this week. There are six white shirt-waists for the boy, plaited every one, and to be done with the polishing-iron; then there is that skirt I first showed you, and a pair of ruffled and tucked and embroidered pillow-shams, and-well, all the rest. It makes me sick at heart to see it and think of that poor, starved little boy. He has no mother, don't you see? Only a nurse and laundress. She won't let

him run the street and get with bad boys. She thinks she is very careful about him, but she starves his very soul. She has no time to answer questions for him and help him plan amusements, and sympathize with him, and he can't play in the dirt because he will soil his clothes. Of course the husband has the same treatment. He has to be very careful about throwing his papers about or making a litter in the house: and when he comes home at night his wife is too tired to talk and coughs a great deal. The cough worries him, and he feels that he ought to do something more for her-but he has done all he can, poor man! The doctor has told him to bring her to Colorado, and he has done so-but she doesn't seem to get much better, and she never will, Hotty, till she stops that everlasting knitting and fancy work and gets into the sunshine, and takes an interest in something outside of her house-keeping. I am going to call on her tomorrow. She is a new neighbor, you know, and I will tell you beforehand just what I shall find. I shall ring the bell, and wait a long time. Then I shall hear doors open and shut, and finally the key turned in the front door, and I shall belet in. The sittingroom will be dark and have a close, shut-up smell-if it were anywhere but in Colorado it would be musty. The lady will raise a shade and let in a little light, taking care to shut out as much sunlight as she can by drawing the knitted curtains close. The room will be literally crowded with hand-made fancy work, and every thing will be painfully neat and unused. I shall scarcely have introduced myself until she begins to bemoan her lot on account of this dusty country. She will tell me that it is simply impossible to keep things clean, and that

Behold our bitter parting tears. The meadow path by which we walked

In those old days that were so sweet, The stream that talks as then it talked. The low-roofed church, the village street. That once was glad beneath her feet Each common object seems to say With me in mute, complaining mean: "The light is parted from our day;

She once was here, but now is gone. And we are left alone-alone I" I wander on, yet, as I go. The joy to view each well-loved scene

Is vanquished by the greater woe, . To think of all that might have been. Had a hard fate not stepped between.

> Farewell, once more, my heart's sad home: Once more I go; yet, wheresoe'er Through length of weary days I roam, t One memory, heart-enshrined I bear-This mountain valley green and fair. And the sweet flower that blossomed ther -J. S. Mills, in Chambers Journal.

----STAMPEDES.

An Exciting Experience with Herd of Buffalo.

"I shall never forget that canyon. not if I live a century," said a frontiersman, as the train was slowly creeping along over a deep, narrow abyss, common in the Western country. "Why?" I asked.

"Because," was the reply, "I dropped into it once, or rather, was thrown in, and had the narrowest escape of my life. I was what is termed a 'cow puncher' in those days, and I did a little of every thing. The year I have in mind I was guide for a party of prospectors and engineers, and under contract to supply them with beef. Beef meant buffalo, and there was plenty of it-too much, as you will see, in those days, though they are all gone now.

"I generally worked ahead of the party an hour or so, to be on the lookout for the Indians and game, and one day, having sighted a big herd of

and, turning again, 1 made for the canyon. I reached the edge about a thousand yards ahead, and, dismounting, I started my horse back to take his chance, and flung myself over the side. There wasn't much time to think, but I thought the best place would be at the edge. So I crept as close to it as possible, and at the steepest place, and waited. "What were my sensations? Well, I can hardly tell. I was pretty cor-

tain that my day had come, and I remember trying to brace up, and I thought of my old mother; but I didn't have much time. On they came, and then I was buried with earth, and the next second I saw buffaloes go shooting over the edge. They went as if they had been shot out of a gun, clearing the edge and striking many feet below. Hundreds of them, it seemed, and, for all I know, thousands, went over before they stopped. You see, the tremendous pressure behind pushed those in front on, so that they could not help them selves, and it was ome time before the front ranks could stop the rush, and not before many had gone over. I had been

saved by the hardness of the soil above me. A part of it had given way and covered me up, but a shelf of clay neld, and to it I owe my life.] dragged myself up the slope, more dead than alive, and about the first thing I saw was my companion riding up, while the buffaloes were a cloud of dust in the south. It seems that he had, thinking to get the start of me, gone around and begun to fire into the

herd from behind, and had thus cro-

any better, so I couldn't say much. "The bottom of the canyon was about full of dead and wounded buffaloes. I never saw such a sight before and never want to again. Perhaps," concluded the old hunter, "you have buffalo, I started off with one of the been under the fall at Ningara. Well, party to kill some, and have them dressed by the time the main party just Imagine the water living buffaloes and you can imagine my situation. came up. My companion was new to My horse I never saw again. Whether the business, but I had no idea that he he went into the canyon or not I don't would put me into the scrape he did. know." We were about four miles from this Many animals are subject to stamcanyon, which is simply a big wash, a cut, the sides almost up and down pede, but especially those that are acand a thousand feet wide. A horse customed to herd. When they are large and powerful the most frightful can jump from the edge at some results may follow. It sometimes orpoints and fall fifteen hundred feet rurs among elephanis, when entire without striking; that's the kind of a plantations are wrecked and fences place it is. In crossing in the cars and houses are ruined. you do not see the steepest part of it. "We started off in high spirits. It In the sea-lion rookeries of the was a beautiful morning. and there Alaska coast some curious stampedes was something in the air that stimand exciting incidents are often seen. ulated me, something that is difficult At contain seasons of the year the to explain, but exists nevertheless. Alcuts have a drive of "secvitchie," The country to the south and east was as the lions are called. It is generally begun in September or October. as level as the sen; but to the west rose the Rockles, blue and pink, and The largest and strongest Aleuts are here and there isolated buttes. Away elected for the purpose, who, with to the northwest rose a cloud of dust, provisions, repair to the vicinity of the rookery. At night, when the seawhich hung over the ground for hundreds of acres. That dust meant buflions are lying in the sand above highfaloes, and for it we headed, water mark, they make their first at-"I intended riding slowly, and when tempt. Armed with sticks, guns and we got near to put on speed and clapping bones, they creep down to charge them. But all at once my the water's edge, and finally, with man's horse went into a hole, and much skill and maneuvering, place broke the cinch. I rode on and left themselves between the sea-lions and him to mend it, thinking, of course, the water, and, at a given signal, rush that he would follow. I had gone two with yells and screams at their vicmiles, when it occurred to me to stop tims. The sea-lions awake, and hearand wait for him. The buffaloes were ing the terrible noise, dash away in a just ahead, and I wanted to give him tampede, each one rushing in the dia fair chance. For half an hour I rection in which he happened to be waited, and then suddenly noticed a sleeping. In this way half may go movement in the herd, which was apinland, while the rest head for the parently coming in every direction. men. In the latter case there is some The dust seemed to cover the entire danger, but, as a rule, the Aleuts eshorizon, rising in the air like a cloud. cape injury. The sea-lions come hopand spreading to each side. ping, floundering along, making mar-"In a moment I was in the saddle velous speed for such huge creatures and riding out toward it to see which and care nothing for the men in their direction it was taking, still not wantblind rush. ing to leave my companion. Just then The stampede of the sea-lions ends I began to hear a roaring sound like isasterously to the most of them. thunder. Every instant it grew loud-They flounder inland, and are then er, and finally I began to realize that followed and driven to the houses of I was being surrounded, and then it the men by shouts and cries. There flashed across my mind that it was a stakes are placed in the ground about stampede. In a second I was about them, forming a rude corral. To the and away in the direction of the posts streamers of cloth are attached. party; but I had been standing in a and their fluttering in the wind prolepression, and as I came up I saw vents the foolish sea-lions from escapthat I was in the center of a half-moon ng. Other catches are added until of dust. Thousands of buffaloes were finally two or three hundred sea-lions dashing down on me, like an avaare corralled, when the final march is lanche, and their flankers reaching taken up. The sea-lions are liberated out as if to hem me in. I didn't waste and headed in the direction of the much time, and was soon on a dead Aleut village, ten or twelve miles run. If you have ever seen a man or away, and driven there, the journey a horse run down a track before an entaking from one to two weeks. gine, animals leaping along before a Among wild horses the stampede is prairie fire, or to escape a cyclone, you an exciting spectacle, the animals litcan imagine the feelings which imerally running away in a body. It is pelled me. It was merely a matter of the custom among Indians to create a getting around the herd, but they tamped among horses and cattle were closing in on me, and a fall, an when they wish to appropriate some accident of any kind, meant being of them, and, in the confusion that retrampled to death. I soon saw that it sults, not a few are driven off and sewas useless to attempt getting around cured. the herd; it was too big and the start It was once my good fortune to was too great, and so I simply ran for witness a stampede of eels. A certain pond on the Maine coast was fed by a "You never saw a stampede? brook, but at high water the ocean Well, imagine eight or ten thousand flowed in, so that it might be said to cattle, perhaps more, impelled by be salt at high tide, and fresh or fear or terror, dashing along, crowdbrackish at low tide. The conditions ing together. A living glacier; it is eemed to be particularly favorable irresistible; nothing can stop it; a for the propagation of eels, and the surging, solid mass, rushing blindly muddy bottom was fairly alive with forward, with a roar and noise which them, many of them of large size. As shakes the very earth. Imagine the tide ebbed, many cels went into something like this, and you can resalt water. alize something, perhaps, of the One evening I had occasion to cross features of a stampede. It is merely the creek with a friend just at night-

men it is not uncommon. In overy war sudden surprises have resulted in a stampede, where hundreds of men. ordinarily brave, have rushed fired long to escape the supposed or section danger, stampeded just as they might if they were sea-lions, or buffalo. -C F. Holder, in Youth's Companion.

TOO MUCH LEARNING.

Alarming Increase in the Number of Professional Man

The alarming increase in the sumber of learned men forms the theme of a statistical work which has just been issued by a Gottingen professor. Dr. Lexis' figures refer more esponially to Germany, though they are not much less applicable to many other parts both of Europe and America.

Taking the number of students ontered on the books of the twenty-one Teutonic universities at 29,000-Berlin heading the list with less than 5.00 while Rostock brings up the rear with something over 300-the professor hows that fully one-half of theme opeful youths are doomed to a life of poverty and disappointment. The vast najority of these 29,000 burschen arelooking forward to becoming lawyers or doctors or pastors or schoolmasters or in some other way, either in private life or as servants of the state, to earn their bread by means of the education they are at present so laboriously acquiring.

This is not the first time that a simil lar alarm has been sounded. No loss a personage than Prof. Virchow rocently advised young men to abandon all thought of finding a career in medecine, and more than once, both in ated the stampede. He didn't know America and in Great Britaln, figures have been published showing that there are no patients for half the doctors, or no clients for half the lawyers. or churches for a fifth of the curates ho are every year let loose u vorid. The rush to the learned professions egan, it is sometimes affirmed, after he depression in agriculture, and the corresponding rebound from the commercial prosperity of fifteen or twenty years ago. This may, no orbt be partially true. But, as the ame phenomenon has been noticed in very other country, the explanationjust be sought a little deeper. Th cal cause will, we venture to think e found in the ever-increasin tendency on the part of parents and their sons to look to the "gentlemany professions" instead of the more crative and more certain callings of less "genteel" description. In ermany and America this trait is perhaps exhibited in its most exgerated form, simply because in ass countries professional training s cheap and the preliminary educaion abundant or easy to attain. But we see it everywhere else. Since the school boards brought the three R's within the reach of every child, it is notorious that these youthful grade ates have displayed a repugnance to the useful lives in which they hard been born. They want to "better" themselves" by becoming city clocker or nursery governesses. It is that first result produced by an unwonted state of affairs. By and by education viil get too common to be made able. It will then be regarded sim. as a preliminary to any calling, a not as a necessary antecedent of what the Germans call "bread studies." A carpenter, or a blacksmith, or a machinist, or a storekeeper will discover that he is none the worse for eing a good scholar, and will even and that in the onhanced esteem, the greater pleasure, and the enlarged chances in life which it gives him, he is quite as much benefited by his edu cation as if he had sought to earn his living by means of it directly .- Lon-

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distant, but mono d til I got a bottle total, which has curr, Mrs. Glerin, Inil th Aver's therry Pectural. have multi-station in recommending this

Cough Medicine

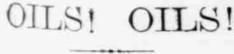
bars been afflicted with asthma a boah amoted with astumatives. Last apring I was taken ibut cough, which threatened into iny days. Every one pro-ine in consumption. I deter-ing in consumption. I deter-ing try Avar's Cherry Postoral. a wore magnet. I was immedi-a wore magnet. I was immedi-ated to the postoral of the postory of the state of the postory of the postory of the state of the postory of the postory of the postory of the state of the postory of the postory of the postory of the state of the postory of the postory of the postory of the state of the postory of the postory of the postory of the postory of the state of the postory o

eved and continued to happened ly recovered."-Joel Bullard. L Com. v months ago I had a severe hems of the longs, brought on by an at easily which deprived my of

obtained to relief until I have obtained to relief until I have the Aver's fiberry Pectoral. A the of this medicing enrol are." Colsurn, 13 Second st., Lowelli,

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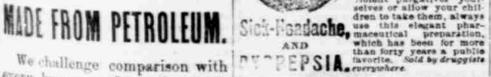
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And I would answer: "Yes, ma'am," very timidly and go back to my seat on a high, hair-covered chair, where I would make a desperate effort to sit straight and keep from sliding off.

Father had moved West-away out to Colorado-and, as I said, we had not seen Aunt Matilda for ten years when we received the welcome news that she was coming to pay us a visit, and we all rescueed not to let her go away from us again if we could help it. Perhaps this was the reason we had taken such extra pains with the guest chamber. I know, when it was all finished. Mattle and I surveyed it with what we hoped was pardonable pride. We had coaxed from

papa a new bedroom sult of polished oak which, with its broad mirror of plate glass, shone grandly in the sunlight which streamed in through the curtains of the yellow china silk. The big, plush-cushioned patent rocker was respiendent in draperies of handpainted silk, while the wicker chairs

lisplayed their fine linen and satin ribbons, and even the ottoman was fine in silk embroidery. As for the Charles S- Cill, Proprietor bed-well, it was simply lovely! Table unsurpassed. Remodel-Shams were not out of date then, and ours were marvels of fine lace and the ed with office on ground floor. Chinese laundry art-and the pret-Natural gas and incandescent ttest yellow satin bows in a corner of light in all rooms. New steam each! The lace spread over a quilt of yellow silesia, and the scarf of crazy work in silk and velvet completed the Cor. Wood St. & Third Ave. ravishing picture.

When Aunt Matilda came Mattie and I had the honor of escorting her to this chamber of state and, you may be sure, we watched furtively to see how it impressed her.

Perhaps we were the more anxious because we knew she had opposed OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA" father's coming West, and we wanted to impress her with the financial success of the move, and to show her that truly mesthetic taste dwelt even as far west as Colorado. "Let me take off your wraps, auntie,"

said Mattie, setting her little hand-bag on the floor by the dresser, and going up to Aunt Matilda, who stood looking about in a hesitating manner.

"Wait a minute, my dear-let me tell you something -you won't mind if your old auntie is frank with you, I know. I've lived over sixty years, my dear, and I've found that in the end it always pays to be frank with your best friends. No v. I know you want me to feel perfectly at home here, and this room is very beautiful-yes, very

beautiful indeed-but it is too large and fine for a simple old lady like me. Don't you see I couldn't really sit against any of these handsome draperies-it would be sure to muss them-and-well, I shouldn't feel the least bit at home here. I've lived a very plain, quiet life, you know. Now,

girls, if you've a little cozy back room somewhere, with just plain furniture,

so that I wouldn't feel that I was mussing any thing, I should enjoy it so In vain we protested that nothing

was too nice for her to use, and that we had no other room good enough Likely they had to break up a cozy

much.

fallen into the habit of paying little or no attention to the families who came and went in the Row. But now we were destined to learn many things from Aunt Matilda about our backdoor neighbors. What impressed us more than any thing else was the kindliness of the comments she made upon her unknown friends. Considering that she openly avowed herself "a bit of a gossip," this seemed to us all the more remarkable, as all the gossips we had known showed a remarkable penetration in discovering the weaklesses and sins of the subjects which

they dissected. "There is a new family moving into the red house this morning," ansounced Aunt Matilda at dinner one "The woman is a nice, tidy day. little body, and looks full of energy but you can see she is not well. She has a bad cough and looks so worn and tired that I feel sorry for her. Her husband is a tall, manly-looking fellow, but he, too, has a discouraged look, and the little boy-there seems to be but one child, about ten years old, I should judge-looks as though life had been any thing but a joy to him. I shall like to find out what

their trouble is." Father held up his hands with wellfeigned horror. "Matilda," he said, "you are without doubt the most inquisitive person alive. You embody all the necessary qualifications of a whole detective forca." "Never mind," replied the little

lady, laughing, "so long as I injure no one by it you ought not to grudge a lonely old woman her only dissipation.

"I should think," said mamma, "that if the lady is such an invalidconsumptive, of course, if she coughs so bad--you might see in that sufficient cause for the family unhappiness. Perhaps, after all, they are only tired from a long journey and not really unhappy.

Aunt Matilda shook her head. "No, Martha, temporary weariness

does not mark such lines in the face. Neither is the illness of one member sufficient to permanently destroy the family peace. Why, some of the happiest families I know have inmates who are hopeless invalids, and all the other members seem to make a point of beng bright and cheery for their sakes. No, there is something more than this trouble over there. Never mind, I shall find out by and by."

I was passing through the hall. "Come here, my dear. Come and look out of my window."

told you I should find out. Do you eno P "I do not understand you, auntie,"

I said. "Why, just look at the clothes on the line, back of the red house. See that petticoat. It has yards and yards of knitted thread-lace on it-actually hand-knitted, child. Just think of it. every stitch of the millions of them requiring four motions of the hand! More than that, see that knitted counterpane."

"It is lovely, auntie," I could not help saying.

"Lovely! Yes, if one did not think of the woman's life-blood that went into it, and of the child's happiness that went into it, of the widower and orphan soon to be made by it. Why, think, Hetty, what a costly quilt it is!

she wears herself all out trying." The call was made, and Aunt Matilda came home more indignant than over.

"I tell you that woman is dying by inches of fancy work and lack of sunshine and pure air. She tells me that her disease is not hereditary, but she was always a delicate child, and it was brought on by a hard cold. A hard old, indeed! How could any one keep any lungs and sit all day by a north window crouched over those fiendish, shining needles?"

Aunt Matilda's usually mild brown eves flashed indignactly and then filled with sudden tears.

"Oh, my dears, the pity of it! And to think that she is only one of many. I saw a whole stack of Home Journals and Journals of Fancy Work, and fashion magazines, but not one single useful book or paper in the house. Talk about the suppression of improper literature. I sometimes think journals of fancy work and fashion ought to be included in the list, for they surely do tempt weak-minded women to their ruin. I meant to go home next month, but you will have to keep me a spell longer, Martha. I've a clear call to missionary labor in the red house over there. I must have the phaeton at least two or three hours every day-for she won't be able to walk far at first, and you must help me hunt up all the poor children you know and if she must sew she shall make plain garments for them. But I don't mean to let her touch a needle for a month if I can help it. How will I manage 11? You'll see. Where there's a will there's a way.' And in Aunt Matilda's case we

knew this to be true.-Ella Beecher Gittings, in Chicago Advance.

HUMOROUS.

-"Gimme ten cents wuff o' fleshcullud court plaster, boss." "White or black?" "Look heah, honey, I's a gen'l'man ob color an' I's aware ob de fac', but don' you go rubbin' it in."-Time.

-Singley-"How much you resem-

----OUR NATIONAL WEALTH.

don Standard.

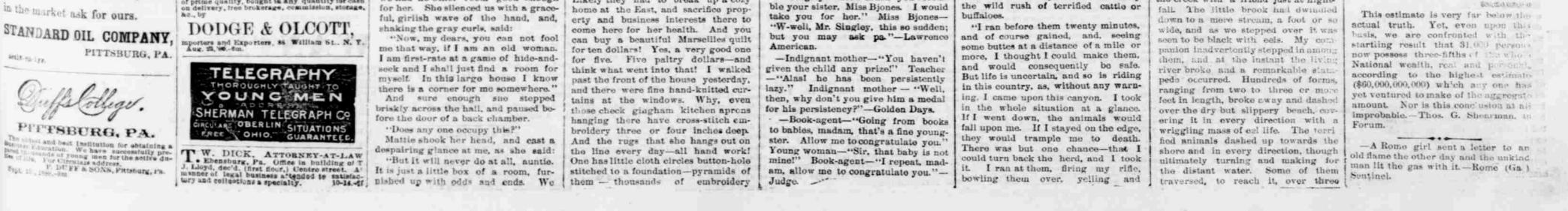
Three-Fifths of it Possessed by Thirty-One Thousand Forsons.

Let us inquire whether there is any excessive concentration of wealth going on in the United States of Americs. Leaving mere clamor and unsupported assertions out of consideration, on either side, let us look into facts. As lately as 1847 there was but one man in this country who was reputed to be worth more than \$5,000 .-000; and though some estimated his wealth at \$20,000,000, there is no good renson for belleving it to have been sa great. At the smallest reasonable entimate, there must now be more than-250 persons in this country whose. wealth averages over \$20,000,000 foreach. But let us call the number only 200. Income-tax returns show that the number of incomes when arranged. in large classes multiplies by from three to five-fold for every reduction in the amount of one-half. For extreme caution, however, we estimate the increase in the number of incomes at a very much lower rate than this. At this reduced rate, the amount of

over \$500,000 each in the United States would be about as follows. 200 persons at \$20,000,000 \$4,030,403,00 400 10,000,000, 4,000,000,000 53 86 1,030 5,000,000, 5,000,000,caus 2,509 9.500.000 C. This open using 1,000,006, 7,009,600,003 7,000 500,000

wealth in the hands of persons worth

A few days later she called to me as "I am on the right track now.]



it, ran for life.