JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A PERRMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PRES, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BEGIDE."

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1890.

NUMBER 15. Jon Painting of all kinds neatly and expedi-qually executed at lowest prices. Don't you forge

of course; but when the sun shines it's THE FATAL AUTOGRAPH. the time to make hay."

"Trust me for that. I know what I'm about. You'd better follow my example.

"How, move into a larger store?" "Yes; take this one which I am about

John shook his head. "It is too large for me," he said. "I am not yet ready to enlarge my opera-

"I've no doubt you think so, Stephen. I hope you will meet with no reverses to

shake your faith in your motto." So the two cousins again separated and each continued to do business in his own way. Not only did Stephen increase his business expenses by occupying a store at a higher rent, requiring an additional number of cierks, but he

also moved into a larger house and set up a carriage. But circumstances still favored Ste-

phen. The rise in price continued, though not to as great an extent, and, his stock being larger, he cleared another five thousand pounds. He began to think himself as destined to be lucky and in no danger of any reverses. But at the end of the third year, which was less favorable, he barely held his own. Still, he was worth fifteen thous nd pounds. The tide had turned and he should have taken in sail. But this he saw no necessity for doing. So for two years longer he kept on his way. In that time goods fell very considerably. His stock was very large and his losses also very large. His property had shrunk to eight thousand dollars, while John's had increased to nine thousand and he was now the richer of the two, John now felt authorized in renting a somewhat larger shop, while Stephen re-

mained in his own. I shall not be able, nor would it be interesting, to detail the varying fortunes of the succeeding years. Suffice it to say that at the end of ten years John was worth fifteen thousand pounds, and was carrying on a safe and profitable business. Stephen found himself at a point where failure was inevitable unless he could obtain the immediate use of ten thousand pounds. His personal extravagance and ill-judged expansion may account for this.

In this dilemma he bethought himthe well-known counting-room, and was "I hope every thing is going well,

'Indeed; I'm sorry to hear it." "You see my operations are pretty arge, and I am afraid I shall have to spend unless I can raise ten thousand

"That's a large sum." "Well, my business is large." "What do you estimate your stock at?"

him to educate her in the very highest fashion possible to a young, aristocratic Farley was a great instructor of dogs.

"A loan of ten thousand pounds would give me a chance to right myself. Will which was also her school-room.

of amusement. She has been mentioned

The young man was pleased with Farley's success with Fron-Fron, and beside paying the bill for her tuition, he gave Bingo to the fireman when he was a very young and utterly ignorant little poodle. Farley accepted the puppy and trained him with the greatest care. Hingo became a fire-dog.

A fire-dog is one which lives in an engine-house and takes an active laterest in conflagrations. Although there are not many of these dogs to-day in the New York engine-houses, they used to be a common feature of these houses. These dogs take instinctively to their calling. They are not specially trained to their vocation, but they fall into the ways of fire-dogs naturally.

Farley taught Bingo many tricks and accomplishments, but where fires were concerned the dog picked up every thing by himself. In the engine-houses the horses are kept in stalls by the side of the engine. Every thing is arranged so that there will be no delay in starting off for the fire the moment the alarm is sounded. The harness hangs from the ceiling, high enough from the ground to allow the horse to come under it.

The moment the alarm sounds the horses start with the greatest alacrity, spring from their stalls, go to the engine and put themselves in position to be harnessed. By the time they are there the firemen are sliding down the

The harness is dropped on the horse, the buckles made fast in a jiffy. The driver vaults into his seat and in a moment more the horses are galloping full tilt through the busy streets, the gong clanging constantly to warn the vehicles and pedestrians to get out of the way. It is a most exciting sight to see the horses bounding along, the heavy engine rattling over the stones, while the brass clang of the gong is incessantly sounding.

Bingo soon determined what his function was, and he acquitted himself of it with the most ardent zeal. This, of course, was after he had grown up and had reached maturity. When he was a wabbly little puppy, and when, later, he was a thoughtless, giddy young dog, he did not go to fires, but was

in places, but was left thick around his shoulders and head, with a tuft on the end of his tail. He had little armlets of

his own hair on his legs and a little lump on his haunches.

His black, shiny eyes glistened from beneath the silky hair that hung over them, and he looked so keen and quick that one felt obliged to be very clear Bang! bang! bang! would go the gong. The horses would spring forward,

body off all right to put out the fire. Oh, how important he felt when the alarm was given and he felt called on to contribute to the good of the community by his generous efforts! After the engine had started out he

square, turning round now and then to see that it was following, and dodging around among the feet of the horses and the teams that he met. He barked all this time with a tremendous sense of his importance, as if proclaiming: "Clear the way, good folk! Clear the way! There is a fire and we are in a hurry to put it out."

went into the burning building, and would frequently make his way to the roof. It was his chief delight to get near the pipeman who held the nozzle of the hose-pipe and directed the discharge of the water upon the fire. Bingo seemed to feel that he was helping to extinguish the flames when he was near the hose-pipe. Who could question his utility then?

through his paces and exhibit the whole round of his accomplishments to visitors, he was quite another animal. His relationship to the elegant Frou-Frou became apparent then. His wool was as fine as silk, and every morning he was washed and scrubbed and his beautiful hair combed.

He had around his neck a neat co in it, and his name Bingo engraved on a little silver plate. He looked quite a dandy, and his eyes shone like jet through the long, crinkly hair that hung over them.

There was a certain fittingness in the

manner of his taking off, because Bingo was, above all, a fire-dog. He was a trick-dog for the amusement of others. but he was a fire-dog through philancurred in this way:

skipping around in great distress of mind at this hindrance. There was that fire burning and where was he?

As soon as the doors were opened he charged madly forward. Some one was in his way, however, and in dodging him he flung himself against a door-post. The shock was so great that he was thrown back and fell under the hoofs of the horses as they charged out. A heavy hoof with its iron shoe crushed down upon his side.

Poor Bingo! When the engine had passed over him he feebly and painfully dragged himself toward one of the stalls for the horses. He was panting and once or twice he uttered a feeble whine. There was not one of those he loved most near at hand to comfort him. They were at the fire. He would never go to to the ground and Bingo was dead.

and found the poor dog stiff and cold, a film over his jet-black eyes, the men felt bad enough, especially Farley. The lost poodle had lived a noble life-for a poodle-and had died in harness, which was somewhat of a consolation to those who mourned him. So poor Bingo was buried decently and his joyous bark was missed in the engine-house, where he is still remembered .- John J. a Becket, in Youth's Companion.

Adventure in a Forest.

Robert Warren, a lumberman, lost his way in the woods. He thought he heard a human voice, and hallooed to attract attention. His shout was answered, and the cries came nearer and nearer. Then he discovered that it was a panther that had been yelling. Being unarmed he climbed a tree and remained in it for an hour. The panther finally left. When he thought the coast was clear Warren descended and pursued his way, and when he again hallooed to attract attention the panther returned, this time accompanied by his mate. Up a sapling he again went, armed with a stout club and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. In the meantime the boys in camp had become alarmed at his absence and started out to search for him. They had reached a point within a quarter of a mile of where he was treed when they caught the sound of his call for help, and, as an answering signal, fired off a gun, which had the effect of frightening off the panthers.—Chicago Herald.

Encouraging Extravagance. John Forth, a Minnesota man, was digging a well when it caved in on him. Two men offered to fill up the well for Ss, and the widow sat down and figured the funeral expenses at \$14. She told them to go ahead, as it would save her So, and they were at work when her neighbors interfered and compelled her to the extravagance of exhuming the

-A New York dry-goods merchant buyers of departments.

IT PLEASANT TO BE OLD?

will call Terrapin. No, save only that the streets of gold,

Is of blessings sweetest, best, And sure to know that rest is near Brings much to comfort and to cheer, A rest above what earth could hold, In this 'tis pleasant to be old. Tispleasant that in age we stand.

In this 'tis pleasant to be old. And when we draw so near life's verge, And hear the sullen river surge, And earthly sight grows faint and dim, Our vision clearer is for Him.

As age's night doth round us fall, But upward look with faith's clear eye, Beyond the earth, beyond the sky. To insper walls and streets of gold, And there none ever do grow old. -Christian at Work.

Why a Contemptible Trick Failed to Work.

o matter how long it may take or how much it may cost, a sound ship should tand by and help to the utmost a neighoor in distress. This should be, but uned him.

part of Mr. John Percival is that every steamers.

One night Captain Alexander Dervent, of the Percival Brothers' ship Esocranza, was pacing the deck in company with the ship's surgeon. Dr. Allis, when hey heard a boom in the distance.

ing short. It had been very stormy all of the last bree days, and had begun to clear only noon that day.

"It certainly is and there's another," eturned the surgeon. "I believe some boat has been struck hard by the storm

and is firing for relief." As he spoke a rocket could be dimly descried, going up far to the right of them.

"I'm behindhand with this gale and all," sighed the captain, "but I suppose must stand to and help those fellows,

even if it takes a week. The ship was ordered about at once, olored lights were burned, guns were ired, and shortly after sunrise the next

orning the Esperanza found herself owing along the English steamer Camses, of the Pendleton Freight Line. ler engine was broken, her captain said, and she had been lying for forty-eight ours unable to move. For two days after her rescue by the

Esperanza her officers appeared to be vercome with gratitude. Captain Dervent lent the disabled steamer many ools. The carpenter and engineer of he Esperanza offered also their assistnce in helping to repair the engine, out this was steadily declined. The fficers of the Cambyses did not think it as "worth while;" they would "tinker little themselves as they went along, vithout troubling the Esperanza any ore than was necessary."

lowly through the waste of waters, towng her huge charge. The Combyses was cavily laden and retarded the progress of her friend woefully. On the evening of the fourth day Cap-

ain Derwent and the surgeon were again walking the deck. It was not stormy, but the fog was quite dense. The few passengers had retired to their state-rooms. The crew were at their posts. Every thing was very still, exept for the throbbing engine and the colling of the waves.

aptain Derwent, jerking his hand to-"Have they spoken you at all to-day?"

"Nary a word since early morning. hink from their manners vesterday and rive me any more of their 'sass' I'll cut oose from them and John Percival may

say what he pleases." "What's that?" asked Dr. Allis, stopping short in his walk. "Who's meddling with the hawsers?" "Just so," said the captain, in a

They rushed aft. The cables were tragging in the brine and through the pitchy darkness and fog the lights of the Cambyocs could be dimly seen and her screw heard as she steamed off in "The curs!" yelled the captain.

in their lives!"

ny, but the ocean was unspecked by any sign of life as the captain swept the with all steam crowded on, hurried to- and hasn't been to see bur since.

ward its destination, a port which we

Four days later Captain Derwent was walking up the street of that city toward the company's office, to make his report to John Percival. He had taken a tug up the harber, feeling that the Grapuel Company must be very anxious.

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The Esperanza was five days' overdue. The captain opened the office door and smilingly saluted a clerk or two who sat there. They only half-bowed to him. The jolly officer wondered at their coolness, but pushed on without delay toward the small inner office of the head of the firm.

John Percival sat there, his massive frame bending over his desk

"Good morning, Mr. Percival," began Captain Derwent in his loud, cheery tone, "I hurried up the bay a little in advance of the Esperanza, but-John Percival tossed his gray head as soon as he heard the captain's voice,

and sprang to his feet, glowering at his visitor like an angry lion. "You scoundrol!" he half roared and half hissed. "Get out of my office, or you'll leave it at the toe of my boot! How dare you show your skulking face

in here? You've disgraced my line, sir! disgraced your profession! disgraced "But-but-" began the poor captain "I tell you, hold your tengue!" yelled John Percival, growing angrier as he proceeded. "Haven't I heard, sir, how you passed the Cambyses in mid ocean? You heard their guns, you saw their

signal, and left them to shift for themselves You're a precious scoundrel, that's what you are, Aleck Derwent! Passing those poor fellows-" "But-" protested the captain again, now quite as wrathy as his employer "Hold your tongue, I tell you!" John Percival went on, calming down not a

whit. "The Cambyses got in three hours ago, and I have heard their story. Get out of my office, sir, and never let me set eyes on you again!" He gave the muscular captain a push which sent him outside the door before he knew what he was about, slammed Captain Derwent made his way slowly t was only a question of time !

the door behind him, and bolted it loudly. out to the street. He understood the situation perfectly now, and knew that short-sighted officers of the Cambysia should receive their deserts. But that steamer would doubtless leave as soon as she possibly could, and it was desirable to have the matter righted before she got away. Up the harbor, not ten minutes' sail away, was steaming the Esperanza, her flags all affoat and her passengers leaning over the railings. The captain stood quietly on the dock

till she came up, and then he sought the surgeon and mate, and told them of the perfidy of the Cambyses. In a few moments the story was all over the shap. Captain Derwent was very popular, and every one was indignant that John Percival should have accepted the inventions of the Cambyses without giving his own men a chance to present their side. There were eighteen passengers on board of the Esperanza, and they all declared that they "wished they could tell John Percival how the case really stood.

"The office is close by, Captain Derwent," said one of them; "it won't take but a moment. Let us all go with you. John Percival can hardly refuse to accept such overwhelming testimony as

"We'd thank you, captain," said the engineer, touching his hat as he appeared, rushing from his work and on fire with the exciting news - "we'd thank you if you would let us all go to

Mr. Percival and back you up. "It can't do any harm, and will clear up the matter quicker than any thing se possibly can," said the mate. Captain Derwent laughed.

"It certainly would," he assented, and in a hubbub of enthusiasm the strange procession started, leaving the ship in charge of the cook and scullions. It seemed as though all Terrapin came out to stare at the sight as the Esperanza's crew and passengers, vastly amused at themselves, made their way toward John Percival's office. In a state of irresistible good-nature they broke open the door and swarmed every nook and orner of the larger outer room in which

dozen clerks were writing. One of the passengers, who had been elected as the spokesman, an Italian nobleman of fine character and presence, and personally acquainted with John Percival, approached the still holted door of the private office. It was opened at his knock. "I have come, my dear sir," began

the nobleman, bowing courteously. report to you the admirable fidelity the commanding officer of the Esperanza." The choleric old man almost jumped

nto the air. "What do you mean, sir? What do ou mean?" he cried, sternly.

The mass of interested faces outside his door just then caught John Percival's eye, and he could not but listen to the true story of the Esperanza's adventure with the Cambyses. In the face of the everwhelming testimony presented there was nothing to do for the doughty old man but to believe it, and to tender a humble apology to Captain Derwent.

The officers of the Cambyses were arrested just as they were getting up steam to depart, and a letter was soon on its way to her owners, which was ouched in such terms that it brought a large payment to the Grapuel Line for towage and for assistance rendered. As a portion of this money was divided among the crew of the Esperanza they felt amply repaid for their little trip to the company's office and for the insult offered to their captain, who, it is needless to say, stands higher than ever to-day in the regard of the owners of the Grapnel Line.-Kate Upson Clark, in Youth's Companion.

Draws the Line at Codfish

We live to eat and we cat to live, writes the editor of the Wise County (Tex.) Messenger. Bring us twenty five cents, worth of peas, peaches, pears, plums, polecats or possums, and get the best paper for thirteen weeks. We will accept butter, beans, eggs, chickens (if fully hatched), and any other digestible vegetables or fruits. grindstones.

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CONSTIPATION, TATTANT'S Effertescent Seitzer Aperient

The exercise is hearty, Your brain with pleasure whirls;

But, oh! the painful feeling

As down on 'change you linger To watch the market's close, Some fool will point his finger At you beneath your nose

On looking at you closely Your necktie's up behind." Upon your sweetheart fair,

Your necktie's up behind,

No matter how one tries, There is no expiation, The necktie's bound to rise. 'Tis uscless to regret it, By fate it is designed,

Your necktie's up behind. SLOW AND SURE.

ence. He thus addressed them: "You have each been in my employ eight years; you know how my business is conducted, and I consider you competent to manage a business of your own. Though I should be glad to retain you longer as clerks. I will not stand in the way of your advancement. I have placed to the credit of each of you at my banker's the sum of five thousand pounds. This will supply you with sufficient basis for embarking in busiexpenses, and prudent and judicious

FIRE; INSURANCE AT COST. POLICIES This was a long speech for the old he added:

management, you will succeed. Success

have my best hopes and wishes, but need look for no further pecuniary aid." His nephews thanked him heartily. and at once took measures to go into business. John Warren secured modest shop at a moderate rent, and determined to do business on a cash basis, contenting himself with such a stock as

sonally. made a great show at the outset. ference was manifested.

house at four times the rent, which, of ourse, required more servants and a

arger scale of expenditure "I'm not going to live like a pauper," e said, loftily. tephen?" asked his cousin.

out where will you be then?" "Don't fear for me," said Stephen. onfidently; "I'm ashamed of you for not showing more enterprise. You've mmured yourself in an obscure shop, where you will do next to no business. "I don't know about that. I'd rather

pounds into a hundred thousand, while you may possibly have fifteen." 'I see you are not to be convinced.'

Is the great college of Business Offices, where all the branches of a complete business education are taught by Actual Business Practice. The only mainter from Penna of the "Inter-State Business Practice Association of America." The student leanre book keeping and business by enging in business transactors. Practical Office Work and Banking are specialties. Individual instructions from 9 A. M. to 4 P. N. and from 7 to 10 P. M. The less advantages in Shorthand and Typewriting—the highest speed in the shortest time. Send for catalogue "Nor you, I suppose. "No, my motto is, 'slow and sure." "And mine, 'nothing venture, noth ing have."

So the two cousins separated too, by the rise, but on account of the more limited extent of his business advanced to but six thousand pounds. But

with this he was well pleased, and ounted himself fortunate. "How about our different matters?" said Stephen one day about this time, in rather an exulting tone, to his cousin.

yet," said John. "I don't agree with you. I shall keep on as I have begun. Indeed, I shall extend my operations. I am in treaty for larger store, and-" "For a larger store?" exclaimed John,

surprised.

"Yes; it may suit you to poke along at a snail's pace, but I boast a little more enterprise. "You can't expect things will always be as favorable as they have been this last year."

June 22, 1889.

"I hope you will make plenty of it and be ready for a shower, if that should And he dared not answer may, came thick, And he trembled in dismay:

to leave."

tions beyond my present limit." "Well, it's good advice I'm giving you, whether you take it or not."

self of his uncle. He made his way to shown into Mr. Lingard's private room. Stephen," said the nierchant. "O, yes." said Stephen, "that is, pret-

ty well. But, to tell the truth, I'm in a light place just at present." unds within a week."

"Twenty thousand pounds." "Will ten thousand pounds set you free entirely?"

"No," said Stephen, reluctantly. "I have bills to the amount of eight thousand more maturing in six months." "Deducting the proper margin, it is doubtful if your assets equal your liabilities.

you come to my help, Mr. Lingard?" The old gentleman shook his head. "Frankly, no. I resolved when I started you in business to leave you to yourself without further help. Observing how you started, I foresaw how things would turn out. You have held out longer than I anticipated."

"Then what am I to do, sir?" asked Stephen, gloomily. "I advise you to call your creditors and make a frank statement. If they allow you to go on contract your operations, take a smaller store and begin over again. If you pref r. however, I will give you a clerkship at five hundred pounds salary. I presume my partner would not object

"Your partner, sir? Have you taken "Yes; I find I am getting old and need "May I ask who he is?"

"It is John Warren. Stephen sprang to his feet in amazenent, anger and envy. John Warren to e placed so far above his head! "Why is this?" he asked, in an unstendy voice.

"It is because John Warren is a good, reliable business man. Had you shown the same good judgment, sagacity and moderation I should have taken you, also, into partnership; but, I tell you frankly, I can not trust my business in our hands." Stephen left the office abruptly, angry

and mortified. He was glad eventually to accept the clerkship, being utterly wrecked in business. John Warren is at this time, his uncle being deceased, the head of the great firm and a very rich man. Stephen is a disappointed man, but he has only himself to thank for it. -Horatio Alger, Jr., in Yankee Blade, Remarkable Cyclone Relic. E. S. Wilson, a blacksmith of Ozark. Mo. has a relic of the Marshfield cyclone, which occurred on Sunday, April 18, 1880, that

is a very remarkable curiosity. This wit-ness of one of the freaks of the great storm is a black quart bottle, bent by some mysterious force into an elliptic circle, without a crack or break in the glass that the closest scrutiny can discover. The neck of the bottle actually touches the edge of the bottom, and the fact that the glass was not broken in any way by the strange force of the storm is shown by the test of its holding water or any other fluid. By gradually turning the bottle as the water is poured in it can be nearly filled to its full capacity, so as to show the perfect soundness of the material. This bottle was found by Mr. Wilson the day after the Marshfield disaster and examined by Prof. Tice, who soon came to the scene of destruction to study the phenomena of the cyclone from a scientific stand-point. The famous meteorologist attributed the bending of the bottle to the force of electricity and considered this one of the most won terful results of the mighty agency at work n the storm-cloud. The bottle was found in the wreck of one of the Marshfield drugstores. Mr. Wilson has been offered extravagant prices for the curiosity, but declines to part with the relic.

---The First Public School. The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the first publie school in the United States, sustained by a direct tax on the people, was held at Meeting-House Hill, Dorchester, Mass., He was very successful in his methods, having pretty well solved the educational problem, so far as dogs are concerned. He was stationed at the water-tower on Thirteenth street, and he used to keep Frou-Frou in the room where he slept, But it is not necessary to dwell at length on the education of Frou-Frou. since this is the history of her son Bingo. It is enough to say that after her course was completed she was one of the best-educated poodles in Gotham,

only to show that Bingo had an ancestry of which no dog need have been ashamed, and to account for the sphere of life in which Bingo achieved distinc-

smooth, round pole which goes from the ground floor of the engine-house up to the room where they sleep.

fed and trained upstairs.

and precise with him, because he had the air of not being able to lose any time in foolishness. trampling the floor with their sounding hoofs, and at the same moment Bingo's cheery bark was heard as he scurried around in mad anxiety to get every

tore along ahead of it about half a

Bingo used to follow the men who

When the fire was out he trotted back with the proudest air of complacency, and upon returning to the engine-house he would frisk around Farley as if courting attention and praise for his But when his master would put Bingo

of russet leather with small spike-heads

Farley was very fond of Bingo; who could help being fond of such a bright, faithful, affectionate poodle as he was? You have been told at the start that Bingo was cut off in his beautiful prime. Long before his legs began to get stiff, or his memory to fail him, Bingo died.

thropy and natural bent. His death oc-One cold, bright night in December the alarm of fire sounded in the enginehouse. The horses sprang before the engine. There was the rush of firemen, but there occurred for some reason or other a moment's delay. Bingo was

a fire again. He raised his head and looked around the familiar engine-house with a sigh; then his head fell heavily When they came back from the fire

On Little river, near Osceola, La.,

says that frequently some of the subordinate employes receive larger remuneration than the men in whose hands rests the main responsibility for running a business. The men who usually make the most money in the very large firms are not the superintendent and his chief assistants, but the

Friend, is it pleasant to be old?

And pearly gates they grow so near. And jasper walls so bright and clear. That like a picture they unfold, In this 'tis pleasant to be old. 'Tis pleasant, too, to think that life, With all its tumult vast, and strife,

Its filmsy joys that fade so fast, Its storms that bid us stand aghast, And other ills are almost told: In this 'tis pleasant to be old. And then the aged feel that rest,

With feet so near the border land, That just beyond the sullen tide, That's seldom very deep or wide, We enter in the dear old fold,

Who says, the aged I uphold In this 'tis pleasant to be old. And so we murmur not at all.

HONOR ON THE SEA.

Mr. John Percival is the head of the great firm of Percival Brothers, the wners of what, for the purposes of this story, shall be called the Grapnel Transportation Line. In shipping circles it s well known that Mr. John Percival, although in the main a kind man, is on ome occasions a cruel one; yet his very ruelty is a proof of his kindness. His idea of honor upon the sea is that,

ortunately it is not, the rule of every ship-owner. When Mr. John Percival finds that a captain of one of his steamers has failed to help a wrecked or disabled craft he becomes furious. It is said that he even dances about and breaks up the furniture, and that capain is summarily dismissed from the ervice of the Grapnel Line, together with such officers as have aided or abet-The consequence of this policy on the

oor ship upon the sea which breaks its valking-beam or loses its smokestacks and masts in a storm hopes that it may fall into the hands of the Grapnel

"That's a gun," said the captain, stop-

For four days the Esperanza steamed

"Queer lot we've got over there," said

ward the Cambyses. asked the surgeon. lon't like their looks. Anybody would o-day that we were receiving a great avor from them in their allowing us to ow them. They wanted to know this norning if we couldn't go a little faster. suppose they think we are trying to nount up a big bill for towage. If they

troubled and excited voice. "That's the rasping of ropes and no mistake. I-I believe," he cried, furiously, "that that - Cambyses has cut the cables!"

the distance. 'They've mended their engine with our tools and things and now they think they are going to get off without paying We cat any thing except codfish or a cent of towage! The short-sighted fools! They were never more mistaken

The next morning rose clear and sun-

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10-14-tr DYSPEPSIA swerzuchers.

YOUR NECKTIE'S UP BEHIND. When you attend a party And gyrate with the girls,

When suddenly you find The naked truth revealing Your necktle's up behind.

And shout out quite jocosely: "Excuse me. sir, I find

On some night when you're calling Oh! is it not appailing. As you your love declare, When words come hard and harder,

Quite suddenly to find, In midst of love's sweet ardor, In this queer situation,

And when you least expect it -Clothier and Furnisher.

This Was the Watch-Word of the Successful Young Man. James Lingard, an old and solid city merchant, had in his employ two nephews, who had every opportunity of studying in his counting-room the secret of a successful business career. These were John Warren and Stephen Grey Both attained the age of twenty-five the same year, and both on the first of May

were summoned into Mr. Lingard's pres-

merchant, yet, after a moment's pause, STEAMSHIP TICKETS SOLD AND DRAFTS "I have one thing more to say. This is all I purpose to do for you. You have five times the capital I started with, and J. B. Mullen, Agent, with it you must sink or swim. You

> his own capital would buy. He made ris purchases judiciously, and overlooked every detail of his business per-Stephen Grey had larger ideas. He hired a shop at three times the rent, pushed his credit to the utmost, and

Both young men were engaged, and both soon married. Here, again, a dif-John Warren hired a small, neat cottage just out of London, and furnished it in a cheap, mexpensive manner. One servant only was employed, who, together with a boy to run errands, was found sufficient for a small establishment. But Stephen Grey turned up his nose at the cottage, and hired a city

But can you afford such a house, My business profits will be much reater than yours," he answered. "I egin where you will be five years 'Perhaps so." said John, shrewdly;

be slow and sure. It's better to hug the shore than get wrecked in mid ocean. "Perhaps so, but I know I am on the way to fortune. Ten years from now I shall have turned my five thousand

Well, the future can alone decide which of us is right." I am bound to confess, though my own feeling is that John was right, that circumstances seemed to justify Stephen in his course. It so happened that the particular classes of goods of which he had bought so largely, rose rapidly, owing to a state of things which needn't be explained, and as his stock was large. his profits were also very large. Indeed, notwithstanding his personal expenses were three times as great as his cousin's his balance sheet showed, at the end of the year, a clean profit of five thousand pounds. In other words, he had doubled his capital, and was now worth ten thousand pounds. John had profited.

"I have no reason to complain of mine," said John, "it has served me "But not so well as mine." "It is hardly time to feel sure of that

"We must take things as they come,

Will you write in my autograph book!" said Though his heart beat quick, and his breath

For he loved the maid, and was sore afraid-And he dared not answer may. So he took the book and prayed for a thought, And long for a thought did pray, And long did he look in the dictionary book, And the cy-clo-pe-di-a. I will write a verse," said he, "that is terse And bang-up and O. K."

I will show the maid that the poetry trade Said he, " is just my lay. I will find a verse that is sweet and terse, If I hunt forever and aye? And he search-ed long, and he found a verse At the end of the fortieth day. She will think every line," he chuckled, "is

And he search-ed thro' the "Library of

Song," And he search-ed many a day. 1

And he laughed full loud and gay.

I'm a ge-ni-us, and I make no fuss To write good verse. Hoo-ray?" Then he turned the page, and his rival's Was writ with much display Neath the very same verse, and it made him And his raven locks turned gray;

of hy-po-chon dri a.

—S. W. Foss, in Puck.

BINGO, THE FIRE-DOG.

And he feil on his side, and quickly died

Some of His Many Exploits-How He Died. Bingo was exceedingly black. Eyes, skin, hair, every thing about Bingo, except his disposition, was of the most somber hue. He had the most charming qualities as an offset to his funereal coloring. He was intelligent, he was kindhe was unselfish, he was faithful and he

was devoted to his vocation.

and shade. But to make the history of Bingo more appealing to human sympathy, some of the vicissitudes of his career should be set forth Virtues are nothing if they are not exercised, and the action of life is the grindstone which rubs them smooth. Bingo was a dog.

But such a dog! Both his parents were

French, so, according to the law of ca-

nine genealogy, Bingo, though born in

the United States, was a French poodle.

His mamma was a trick-dog named Fron-

From that had been trained by a New

York fireman named John Farley. 'She

Now, this description is a history in

itself, and if one only adds to it that

Bingo died in the full prime of his pow-

ers, it would seem a Rembrandt portrait

of him, with powerful contrasts of light

belonged to a very elegant young gentleman, whose occupation in life was to amuse himself, one of the hardest things in the world to do when it is the only employment which one has. This young man thought that Frou-Frou would contribute to his efforts to make life amusing if she were taught several things which no dog, not even a French poodle, would ever pick up by itself. So the young gentleman brought

Frou-Frou to John Farley and asked

and she furnished a good deal of enjoyment to the young gentleman in quest

But he grew to be very strong, although he was never very large. His hair was clipped so that he looked like an African lion. It was cut very close