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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW fig. 1 tiles in publing at T 1

PLAY AND EARNEST.

Such levely even they were,

To "young-yest cherubita. Such beay little hands, Elizar those tasks to do

With air as II she knew. Such har by 1111/e heart.

Her tuty help awhile.

Much of the towards these.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

Deacon Tilden had the squarest, neatest white house that ever showed its old lilac bushes. In front of it stood, on each side of the doorway, two thrifty herry trees, which bore a bushel each every season. Excepting the aforeflower or shrub around the place. Rose bushes the deacon thought rotted the house, and the honeysuckle which his wife tried to train over the porch was torn down when the painters came, and on the whole the deacon said what was the use of putting it up as long as it did

not bear any thing? By the side of the house was a thrifty, well-kept garden, with plenty of currant bushes, gooseberry bushes and quince trees and the beets and carrots and onlons were the pride of the deacon's heart; but, as he often proudly said, "every thing was for use"-there was nothing fancy about it. His wife put in timorously one season for a flower-border-Mrs. Jenkins had given her a petunia and Mrs. Simpkins had brought her a package of ened in the way of minding her work.

and nothing for show -it suited him. His

old realm! " Foun vanity turn off mine eyes; Left to corrupt design

a point for the comforts of life.

into a cracked pitcher and set it on her kitchen table, till the neacon tossed them out of the window-he "couldn't bear to see weeds growing round." The poor little woman had a kind of chronic heart sickness, dike the pining

sighed, and wished she could see it, that

But it came to pass that the descon's chlest son went to live in New York, and from that time strange changes began to appear in the family that the dencon didn't like; but as Jethro was a smart, driving lad, and making money

at a great pace, he at first said nothing That head least understands But on his mother's bigthday down he came and brought a box for his mother,

> vision of beauty in the desolate nearness of the best room:

"I think," said Jeibro, looking at his into the house this many a day."

cart and oxen?"

anyway. "Well now, fatner, what is the use of your cart and oxen?" "Why, I could not work the farm without them, and you'd all have noth-

ing, drinking and wearing?"

alive? "The use of our keening alive?" "Yes, to be sure; why do we try and

strive and twist and turn to keep alive, and what's the use of Hving?" "Living!-why do we want to live; we enjoy living-all creatures do-dogs and cats and every kind of beast. Life is "The use of living, then, is that we en-

A . itself and not for any use we mean t make of it. So that strikes the great end of this life quicker than any thing

out of the front door.

Field and Stockman.

WHERE TOYS ARE MADE. The Productions of Germany, Switzeriana

and Bolland.

separately turned and sliced by the

nished it is ready for use. Clay marbles also come exclusively from Saxony, being made of a clay nox found elsewhere. The better qualities other stones. Taw and alley, the common names for the two qualities principally used in this country, are abbreviations of tawny and alabaster.

A great ten days' toy fair is annually held at Leipsic, when more than six thousand merchants exhibit their goods in the garrets of the six-storied houses. noted for substantial metal articles such as carriages, locomotives, furniture, in out-door labor during the summer The productions of Holland are very similar to those of Germany.-Cham-

bers' Journal. The Pace of the Camel. a matter of fact, and in spite of its

WOMEN AT TWENTY-ODD.

The Age at Which They Are Said to Be Most Entertaining. Time was when to be sixteen was the best thing that could happen to a young girl. It was the age of dewey freshness, of innocent impressibility, and of all the other delightful but rather contant virtues which have won the heart of the poet to song and wooed the mind of the sage to something better than his philosophy. But sweet sixteen is in short dresses to-day, and still under the rule of her governess. Her effections have not yet departed from her dolls, and she treats the few young men of her acquaintance with the simdicity of a child. It was a good thing

now to be twenty; to be twenty-five is better will, but to be twenty-eight is to "There is no time in a woman's life when she is so delightful (married or unmarried, but particularly the latter)," said an observing man yesterday, "as she is from twenty-five to thirty. She still has the enthusiasm of youth, and much of the tolerant sense of middle life. Her judgment is mature, and her opinions carry weight. The shyners and timidity of her girlhood have passed into a poise of manner and a gracious dignity that places her friends at once at their easy best. She has had experience, and that experience has given her a clear understanding of the world as it really is and of herself without illusions. Therefore her estimates and criticisms of life are sharp and sure and usually to be trusted, because she has no

theories to bolster up and illusions to perpetuate." "But there is something to be said on the other side," said a woman of twentysix who heard him. "It may look very can have little idea how much tact it takes to steer straight in the narrow twenty-five and thirty. In the first place, a woman at that age hardly knows where to place herself. She is neither young nor old. She is what Julian Hawthorne calls 'still young.' and the little adjective adds ten years at a stroke. If a woman who is only 'still she makes herself immortally ridiculous, and deservedly so. She has something even to fear letting herself be spontaneous and natural, lest some one

her at once, and men and gods will shun ber. "To the very young man she must be or experience or judgment which she is suspect it. She may be deverer than conceal it. She must follow him always. life to live. She has to dissemble in the borrow from the future. She may be delightful, but she is far from being de-

HOTEL EXPERIENCES.

Queer Cases of Nightmare Developed in a Washington Bostelry. "Among the many queer experiences gained in a hotel," said the clerk of an uptown hostelry, "are those connected with guests who are subject to nightnare, which is more common than many cople auppose. It is not uncommon for a night in a large hotel to develop saveral cases of this kind. In the stillne s of the early morning hours heavy rouns or a shrick may be heard sound ng along the corridor. The hall-boy cakes up, rubs his eyes and awaits to

ourder is being committed. "We had a case not long ago of a gen study alone, and make the night lively very often."—Washington Post.

Where Sardines Come From. flavor.-Good Housekeeping.

-The citizens of Windham, Me., are

BEACONSFIELD'S DEATH.

He Could Space No Time for Rest or Open-Air Exercise. The greatest difficulty was to get the patient to take exercise. "My grandfather," he said to me, "lived to ninety years: he took much open-air exercise. My father lived to eighty, yet he never took any." Lord Beaconsfield tried to steer a middle course, but the utmost he ould be persuaded to take was a short walk two or three times a week if Lord Rowton or some other pleasant friend called to accompany him; otherwise he

Riding he had given up, although in his early days passionately devoted to it. For many years his life had been a sedentary one; presuming on his hardy constitution and the fact of his father's great age without open-air exercise, he considered it a matter optional in his case. He had the excuse of urgent occupation in his political and literary life to hinder it. Yet nature has a "Nemesis" power of revenging herself on the man of sedentary life. In the end the

liver suffers. In one of his letters to his sister he says: "I have recovered from the horrors of a torpid liver, which has overwhelmed me the last few days." In the spring of 1881 he felt the cold most keenly and seldom went out for a walk, his only exercise. Yet he could not deny himself the pleasure of going into society in the evening. He thought that with fur coats and shut carriage he might risk it. But on one of the worst nights in March he went out to dinner, and returning home was caught for a minute by the deadly blast of the northeast wind laden with sleet. Bronchitis

tressing asthma, loss of appetite, fever and congestion of the kidneys. During his last illness there was no pain nor acute suffering, but at times much distress and weariness, all of which he bore with the most exemplary patience and endurance. To all those around him he showed the greatest kindness and consideration. At midnight there was a visible change for the passed into the calm sleen of death --Nineteenth Century

A TALE OF WINTER. The Opening and Closing Scenes of a

Domestic Drama. Did you ever observe with what enthusiasm the boy of the household goes out on the morning of the first snow-fall

to shovel off the walk? He enters into the work with all the zest of a boy at play. How he makes the snow fly, to be sure! How blithe and merry is our little man, and with what infinite joy he buckles to his tas'e. Although bleak winter lies all around him he forgets the suffering it brings to others in the warm sunshine with which it floods his own soul.

Hear him carol and sing at his work! He dances a nimble jig, slaps his hands about him and utters a merry est, inspired by the frost that nips his oes and fingers.

This is the first act of a winter's tale. There are other acts, but they are not Ike this one. They are different.

In the scenes which follow rapidly the same actor comes on the stage, set as a sidewalk covered a foot deep with real snow; but he is a changed boy. Where is the merry laugh, the gibe, the jest, the song, the dance? Where is

the flood of sunshine in his heart? Gonel Never to return until the first

fall of next winter's snow! In place of them we have a boy aged as with an awful grief, bowed as with a heavy woe. The buoyancy of youth has fled. He feels like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted. He drags

and despised. Sorrow hath marked him for her own! The frost that lies in the ground is nothing to the frost that has settled upon his young life. There is a pain in his heart bigger than a load of hay. "Hear me, ye unpitying gods," quoth our hero, "of the shoveling of snow I

EGYPT'S SACRED CATS.

have got my stomach full!"-N. Y.

Remarkable Modeling of the Bronze Felines of Bubastis. The bronze cats and kittens of Bubastis have never been excelled for truth and suppleness of modeling. As for the

cat-headed Basts, so admirably is the

head of the intelligent Egyptian tabby adapted to the graceful proportions of the goddess, that we lose our perception of the incongruity, and find the combination perfectly natural. The name of the cat in the ancient Egyptian language is mau-a name evidently onomatopoetic, and so affording no clew to the original nationality of the animal which was certainly unknown to the Egyptians of the Pyramid period. Lenormant remarks with truth that Bast in the time of the Ancient Empire was invariably represented with the head of a lioness, and that it is only with the advent of the twelfth dynasty that she begins to appear upon the monuments in the likeness of a cat. This was the time of the great raids of the Pharaohs Into the land of Kush (Ethiopia); and it is a notable fact that the cat and the Dongolese dog are first represented in the wall-paintings of Beni-Hassan during the reigns of the Usertesens and Amenembats. Ruppell has shown that the cat of the wallpainting and bronzes is identical with the Felis maniculata still found in a wild state in Upper Nubia and the Soudan; so that it may fairly be taken for granted that the sacred animal of Bast was an importation of the twelfth dynasty Pharaohs from "the Land of Kush." This view is strikingly corroborated by the tenor of a demotic papyrus recently translated by Prof. Revillout, which professes to record the philosophical conversations of "The Jackal Khuff and an Ethlopian Cat." This cat is half a goddess, and that she should be designated as "Ethiopian" points with special significance to the original habitat of the animal sacred to Bast. Strangely enough, M. Naville reports of the remains of the sacred cats in the cat cemetery at Bubastis, that the species there buried was not that of the common cat of Egypt, either of ancient or of modern times, but that of apparently another species of the feline tribe. The skulls found are much larger than the skulls of any cars known to naturalists. They may possibly be the skulls of some kind of small lynx .-Amelia B. Edwards, in Century.

REWARD OF MERIT. So ye've whaled yer teacher, Bill? Needed it the wassest kind, That ar' white faced, stuck up dood, Thinkin' et'ry body 's blind-Cept his self-an' he k mas 't all, Argiculright afore my eyes That this yearth o' our main't flat-Sun don't move ter set nor rise!

Said the sum I done wa'n't right, Yer ole duddy aint no siouch, W'en it comes for figurin', Could n't beat a spec o' ser-Through his mull-h, thick aguiled head.

Gird ye've did the job insted. Hone ve done it up in shape Thun-der-a-tion: Wher's yer eye! Gone! An' tecta knecked out! An' say, Bill, now durn ye, doneher lie, How'd ye git them dongoned thumps On yer back? What! Went an' run? Rob, you letch my raw hide here 'F that's the trick the coward's done. Licked! an' run from that ar dood

Half bis size! Wal, durn my skin, 'F I don't trounce the lubber heels Hope for never breathe ergin. Tell yer teacher wot I've did. Rob, an' ox him here ter tea. Felier with his sort o' grit.
'S jest the kind I like ter see Tell him now the yearth is round, 'N' bout the sun, I low he's right,
'N' any feel what don't argree 'S got both him an' mo ser fight; 'N' mind ye, Rob, 'bout that ar' sum

'N' he'll alius find my latch string out. M' fist wide open for his shake.

FIDDLER JOE.

Pathetic Story of His Life in the Michigan Pineries. I stood by the one little square window of which good Parson Griggs' developed the next morning with dis-

log-cabin boasted, gazing dreamily out across the clearing, which seemed like a diminutive island in an ocean of pine. A heavy snow-atorm had mantled every visible object with white, and the crystal flakes were still slowly sifting down. although the sun was driving wedges of gold through the myriad rifts that divided the sember clouds overhead. "It's clarin' up," remarked the parson.

worse, and the heaviness gradually as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and placed it upon the rude mante above the fire-place. "I reckon," he rued, "thet of we're goin' to try an' hev' any fun with the deer to-day, we'd better turn loose the purps an' git to trackin'." He was a curious character, was the

parson, and a man of many callings. Hunter, trapper, river driver, farmer and preacher, he was as genuine a prodet of Northern Michigan as the sturdy pines that hedged his forest home True, his illiteracy may have somewhat ircumscribed his usefulness as a miniser of the gospel, but his hearers, for the most part, were not disposed to be hyper critical, and his weekly meetings at the big log school-house over on section eight were well attended. He possessed a homely wit, a ready command of language, and a fund of shrewd, practiil common sense, which in a great measure atomed for his deficiencies in the matter of education, and he was

very popular with his backwoods congregation. "He hain't no college-bred pulpit-

mauler," said one of his admirers to me on one occasion, "an' he don't use such purty language as some I've heerd, but when he gits warmed up with the spirit an' goes to showin' up the blamed dirt an' meanness that most of us kerries in our hearts he makes me feel meaner 'n

a yaller dog-durn me of he don't." But whatever may have been the parson's merits or demerits as a preacher, he was certainly a most excellent runter, and every year late in the shooting season I left my business and sought the pineries for a two-weeks' ant with my eccentric friend. On the day of which I speak we had been kept in the house several hours by the drivhis shovel after him like a thing loathed ing storm, and we halled the prospect of pleasant weather with much satisfac-

> "This is a mighty big fall e' snow for November," said the parson, as he slipped a handful of cartridges into his Winchester, "an' It'll be a gret day for

trackin'. I wouldn't wonder ef-" At this point he was interrupted by the loud baying of one of his hounds, and a moment later there came a rap at the door. The visitor, without waiting for an invitation, strode into the cabin, and divesting himself of a big fur cap which had covered the larger share of his face, revealed the familiar features of Big John, a woodsman from one of the neighboring camps and a well-

known character in those parts. "I've come down," said Big John, as he shook the snow from his "Mackinaw," "to git ye to go up to Colburn's camp, an' I'm mighty glad I found yer to home, parson. Fiddler Joe got all smashed up this mornin' an' he wants to see yer bad."

"How did it happen?" I asked.
"I warn't thar," said Eig John, "but the bers said as how two blame fools from Saginaw as was hangin' around the camp got in the way of a fallin' tree, an' Joe rushed in to push them back an' got pinched himself."

"Is he bad hurt?" asked the parson. "He's got his summons an' thar ain't no gettin' 'round it. I'm mighty dubious that he won't hold out till we git

thar," and the big fellow brushed something from his face that did not resemble snow, and turning abruptly away walked to the window and stood ooking out in silence until we got Fiddler Joe was a great friend of urs-indeed, he was the friend of all who knew him. Rough and uncouth it his manner but honest, generous and rne, he was a prime favorite with his fellow-eraftsmen and very popular with the settlers. He was an excellent performer on the violin, and his presence was in demand at all the country dances far and wide. After a hard aw's work in camp he would froquently walk several miles to gratify the wishes of some of his young friends, who considered no social gathering or entertainment complete without Joe and his fiddle. His willingness to oblige, his kindness of heart and his generosity were proverbial. If one of the boys in camp was sick it was Fid-dler Joe that nursed him back to health. If a comrade was in hard lunk he was always sure of Joe's sympathy and aid. It was ne who breasted the mad waters of the North Branch in the dead of winter to save the cripples chore boy from drowning. It was he too, who, when Big John came down t with the small-pox in Bradford's camp. in the spring of '79, remained with and so make and contained about him and nursed him through his illness, 10,000 feet.

must be pula jor as advertisements.

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sideration of advertisers, whose favore seried at the following low rates:

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when every other man in the erew fled in terror at the first mention of the pestilential disease. Where he came from, or what his antecolents were, no one knew, for he never told any thing of his past life and did not like to be questioned concerning it. It was believed by his friends that he had at some time occupied a much higher station in life than his present one, and there were those who said that once, when somewhat under the influence of liquor-the only time, so far as any one know, that he had ever yielded to any extent to the seductive influence of the flowing bowl-he had cast his rude form

conversed for a time is language that would have done credit to the most cultured gentleman. An hour's walk brought us to Colburn's camp, which was something over four miles distant. The injured man was lying on a rude - to near the doorway of the sleeping camp. It needed but a glance at his pallid featares to assure me that he was past all human aid. The bones of his chest had been crushed and shattered by the tor-

of speech from him as a garment, and

rible blow he had received, and he breathed with great difficulty. He recognized us as we entered and feelily stretched forth his hand to welcome u "Shell I pray with you, Joe?" asked

the parson. "Yes, parson," answered Fiddler Joe,

but make it short 'cause that ain't much time." Palson Griggs knest beside the aying man and sent up a petition for the soul so soon to be launched upon the boundless ocean of eternity. When he arose the men in the room and about the door were standing with uncovered heads, and the tear of sympathy gleamed on

"How do you feel about the futur", Joe?" asked the parson. "Is all well

many a cheek for years unused to such

with yer?" "I guess it's all right, friend." replied Joe, feebly; "it kinder seems to me thet I've done more good than harm in the world, an' I reckon the balance 'II be on the right side. Ef I ain't square now. and then continued: "Thar's two or three things I want to talk about. As I was telling the boys, I don't want no fuss made, no church funeral, no gravestuns. Jest plant me out here in the woods somewhar-at the foot of some big pine. I hain't no kin as would keer for me, dead or alive-an' I allus sleep

better in the woods, anyhow." He paused again, faint and weak from his effort to talk. Big John held a small flash of spirits to his lips and he re-

vived. "I want ye to may a little suthin' at the plantin', parson," he said, presently; "I don't want no sugar coatin' nor nothin' o' thet sert, but you kin jest say, an' say it truthful, too, that I never went tuck on no friend-not once. Thet's why I'm here, boys here in the pine woods-dyin away from my kinjest because I stood by a friend-

when he- and his voice sank to an indistinguishable whisper. "Whar are your relations, Joe?" asked the parson, in husky tones, as he bent over the sufferer-"nin't thar ac one ye

want us to write to?" "No," gasped Joe; "I've been-dead to them-twenty years."

A spasm of pain crossed his uses, pishead sank back and death forever sealed the mystery of his life. We buried him, as he had requested, deep in the forest at the foot of an enormous pine. Over the open grave

Parson Griggs paid a homely but touch-

ing tribute to the virtues of his dead

friend, and then knelt in prayer beside

"O. Lord," he said, "we commend to Thy mercy the sperit that west out yesterlay through the gate of death into the unknown and that lays beyond. Thou knowest that our friend was not considered as bein' a prayin man, but we who knew him best feel sure that his heart prayed when his lips intide no sound. He made no profession, but we believe that Then wilst pales him by the testimony of his acts rather saon that of his mouth. Like Him they crucified, he died to so a others. Like Him, too, be sent through life dein good. His our was never deaf to the voice of trouble. He lothed the nuked, ted the hurthe sick. No might was so do in no storm so Heres, no read so rough, as to the p him from the side of the sufferin an' the weedy. He was every man's brother. Of all was her come here to honor him that is not one whose load he has not sometime made a little lighter. We tury here the worthless busk that hid the golden grain of goodness. May we who stay behind larn the lessons that his life an' death should credull through this forest wilderness bios

kingdom; an' to Thy name shell be all the Three days later, returning from a hunting excursion, the parson and I passed Fiddler Joe's grave. As we neared the spot we saw Big John standing by the tall pine which was Joe's monument. He had been a sort of tablet on the side of the tree and stood regarding it as we came up.

"He didn't want us to git ulu no gravestun, an' I thought than ought to be suthin' more'n a tree to mark the grave of the whitest man that ever struck these parts," said John, as he hastily passed his sleeve across his eyes. "Taint no very han'some job," he continued, apologetically, "but 'twas the best I knowed how to do."

pocket-knife was the following inscrip-FIDDLER JO CURTISS, Deld Nov. 25, A. D. 1885, alge 45.

Upon the tablet rudely carved with a

HE WAS A WHITE MAN PROM HIS BUTES "Ov sech is the Kingdum ny Hevin."

Clarence H. Pearson, in Detroit Free Press. Of Course He Saw Him. Two acquaintances meet on the side walk. "Why, helioa, Anderson," says Jackson, appearing to be much surprised, "we haven't seen each other for

a long time." "We have not seen each other," Anderson answers, "but you have doubtless seen me."

"Why (again surprised), what do you mean? "Nothing, only that five I let you have some time ago." They haven't met again.-Arkanssw

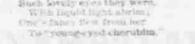
-A fir log was recently taken into a Tacoma (Wash.) mill that was 110 feet long, S3 Inches in diameter at the butt and 53 Inches at the small end. It was

115 to 119 Federal St.

Heals Sore Excuse Restores the 123 1 Senses of Taste and Smell... Try the Cure. AY" RESHING MACHINES NATURE'S A RELIABLE RENED! CURE FOR For Forpid Liver,

CONSTIPATION, Continues.

on to cure, and it cures mariotony, outly outrage, c. nature. Do not take this elegant phar-AND . tie. Vald by druggists | in them." There was the dencen's opinign of the arts, and Mrs. Deacon only



When I aid (ron-cleac) clear), Cat - What a throughe child?" But: "Now you've beload me, dear

Compression to grove to bless Hermon first tangent in play.

- A. F. Allison, in Thier Ocean.

The Deacon Concludes That the Beautiful Is Also Useful. keen angles from the dusky clumps of mentioned lilac trees, there was not a

seeds from New Yorkand to a bod was laid out. But the thrifty deacon soon found that the weeding of it took time that Mrs. Tilden might give to her dairy, or to making shirts and knitting stockings, and so it really troubled his conscience. Thought spring he turned it into his cornfield, and when his wife mildly is times of her disappointment, said, placidly: "After all, 'twas a thing of no ne, and took fime" and Mrs. Tilden. being a meek woman, and one of the kind of saints who always suppose themselves misorable sinners, specially confessed her sin of being inwardly vexed about the incident in her prayers that night, and prayed that her eyes might be turned off from beholding vanity, and that she might be quick-The front parlor of the deacon's house was the most frigid asylum of neatness that ever discouraged the eve of a visitor. The four blank walls were guiltless of any engraving or painting, or of any adornment but an ordinary wall

paper and a framed copy of the declaration of independence—on each of the three sides atood four chairs—under the looking-glass was a shining mahogany table, with a large Hible and an almanac n it -and a pair of cold, glistening brass andirous illustrated the place. The broos candle sticks with a pair of smufurs between and that was all. The deaon liked in-it was plain and simple-no nonsense about it-every thing for use

twhen she was sewing as if she wanted omething and then sung in the good

wife sometimes sighed and looked round

Within this heart of mine." The corrupt design to which this esmable matron had been tempted had been the purchase of Parlan flower vasos, whose beauty had struck to her heart when she went with her butter and eggs to the neighboring city-but recollecting herself in time she had resolutely shut her eyes to the allerement and spent the money usefully in buying loaf

For it is to be remarked that the dea con was fond of good eating and prided himself on the bounties of his wife's table. Few women knew better how to set one and the snowy bread, golden butter, clear preserves and jellies were themes of admiration at all the teatables in the land. The deacon didn't mind a few cents in a pound more for a nicer ham, and would now and then bring in a treat of cysters from the city when they were dearest. Those were comforts, he said, and one must stretch

The deacon must not be mistaken for a tyrannical man or a bad husband. When he quietly put his wife's flowerpatch into his corn-field he thought he had done her a service by caring her of an absurd notion for things that took time and made trouble and were of no use. And she, dear soul, never had breathed a dissent to any course of his loud enough to let him know she had one. He laughed in his sleeves often when he saw her tranquilly knitting or shirt-making at those times she had been wont to give to her poor little contraband pleasures. As for the flower vases, they were repented of—and Mrs. Tilden put a handful of spring anemones

of a teething child; but she never knew A particle is applied into each nostell and is agreeable. Price bleents at Druggests; by mail experienced, or ets. ELY BROS, se Warren St. ever was sick, no man could be kinder than the deacon. He had been known to harness in all haste and rush to- the neighboring town at four o'clock in the morning that he might bring her some delicacy she had a fancy for that he could see the use of. He could not sympathize in her craving desire to see Power's Greek Slave, which was exhibiting in a neighboring town. "What did Christian people want of stunimages?" he wanted to know. He thought the Scriptures out that thing at purpatives your down-"Eyes have they, but they see tou to take them, always not - ears have they, but they hear not-neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth

Teaching life's carnest in a pretty play.

Recause, in playing wile, proved with woman-art

its story in clay.

which, being unpacked, contained a Parian statuette of Paul and Virginia-

a lovely, simple little group as ever beld. Every body was soon standing round it in open-mouthed admiration, and poor Mrs. Tilden wiped her eyes more than once as she looked on it. It seemed a

"Very pretty, I shose," said the deacon, doubtfully-for like most fathers of spirited twenty-three-olders, he began to feel a little awe of his sonbut, dear me, what a sight of money to give for a thing that after all is of no

mother's suffused eyes, "it is one of the most useful things that has been brought "I don't see how you're going to make it out," said the deacan, looking appre hensively at the young Wisdom that had

risen in his household. "What will you wager me, father, that I will prove out of your own mouth that this statuette is as useful as your

"I know you've got a great way of oming round folks, and twitching them up before they fairly know where they are; but I'll stan' you on this question,

ing to eat, drink or wear." 'Well, and what is the use of our eat-"Use? why, we could not keep alive "And what is the use of our keeping

"Well, we all enjoy this statuette, so hat there is the same value to that there is in living; and if your oxen and carts and food and clothes, and all that you call necessary things, have no value except the enjoyment, then this statuette is a short cut to the great thing for which your farm and every thing else is designed. You do not enjoy your cart for what it is, but because of its use to get food and clothes-and food and lothes we value for the enjoyment they give. But a statuette or picture or any beautiful thing gives enjoyment at once We enjoy it the moment we see it-fo

else, don't lt? Hey, father-haven't l got my case?" "I believe the pigs are getting int he garden," said the deacon, rushing

But to his wife he said before going to bed: "Isn't it amazing the way Jethro can talk. I could not do it myself, but I had it in me tho' if I'd had his advantages. Jethro is a chip of the old block."—Mrs. H. B. Stone, in Farm,

Wooden carved toys are chiefly made in Germany and Switzerland, the cheaper kinds in the neighborhood of Nuremberg and the better qualities at Sonneburg, in Thuringia, from which latter place about twenty-four million articles, valued at £800,000, are annually exported. Large quantities of wooden toys. are also made in Saxony, where an ingenious process is in use for diminishing the labor involved in the production of animals. A circular block of soft wood is turned into a ring of such a pattern that by slicing it vertically a rough representation of an animal (say an elephant) is secured. Each rudimentary figure is then trimmed by hand, the ears, trunk, tusks and tail, all of which are

same method, are inserted; and when the animal has been painted and varcome from Holland, where they are made from fragments of alabaster and

in every available inch of space, even Marburg, in Hessen, is chiefly occupied with the manufacture of musical toys. while Biberach, in Wurtemburg, is etc. The specialty of Switzerland is wooden cottages, models, etc. Some of the large dealers do very well out of the industry, but the actual toy-makers in both countries are miserably paid, and find it very hard, even by the most unremitting toil, to gain a subsistence from their employment, many of them being obliged to supplement their earnings by engaging

having caried Mohammed in four leaps from Jerusalem to Mecca, seven miles an irour is the camel's limit; nor can it maintain this rate over two hours. Its usual speed is five miles an hour-a slow pace beyond which it is danger-ous to urge in lest, as Asiatics say, it town who went to Portland shopping, might break its neart and die literally | taking his bride with him, but who foron the spot. When a camel is pleased the when he started for home, and beyond this speed, and is spent, it kneeds the carry reached Windham before the down, and not all the wolves in Asia uneasy consciousness that he had forwill make it budge again. The camei remains where it kneels, and where it no the realization of the fact that it kneeds it dies. A fire under its nose is was his wife who was left behind

once to be sixteen; it is a good thing

mooth sailing from the outside, but one eath of the five years that lie between shall dub her the 'girlish old girl.' To be older than her years makes a prig of

grandmotherly without hurting his dear little vanity by superior wisdom and patronage. To the middle-aged man she must respond with a maturity of judgment that matches his own, and yet she must continually suggest the innocence of sixteen. To the man between the two she may perhaps be nearest her natural self, and yet even with him she has continually to remember that she must never assume the equality of knowledge sure she really possesses. She is often truer in her judgment and wiser in her conclusions than he is; he must never he, but she must be clever enough to but, like little Julus, it must be with unequal footsteps or his vanity is wounded. From twenty-five to thirty a woman has the most difficult part of her present, remember from the past and

lighted. Do you begin to realize it?"-N. Y. Sun.

see what is coming, and if he is a new one at the business half expects that a

tleman here who, during the middle of the night, began pounding on his door, yelling at the same time: 'Let me out! Let ma out! Help! Help!' The hallboy rushed down to the desk, and, with he night clerk and the porter, hurried back to the room whence came the sounds of distress. All was quiet. They waited awhile, then knocked. The subect of the nightmare came to the door feeling very much crestfallen. He explained that he had eaten a too liberal supply of deviled crabs during the previous evening and that he had dreamed that he was locked in one of the immense money vaults of the Treasury, which he had seen during his visit to the city. His own cries for help had caused him to wake. Such cases, more or less exciting, are of almost nightly occurrence in a large hotel, and are sually greater when the social season is at its height. The guests who get intoxicated are not included in this class of noise-makers. They form a separate

We are prope at times to hoast of our sardine-packing industry in this country, but it should be borne in mind, for the sake of accurate knowledge, that, as a matter of fact, we have no sardinepacking industry in this country. We pack a great many boxes of a little fish which is a species of shrimp, and pour cotton-seed oil over it, and people buy and eat them under the delusion that they are eating sardines dressed in live oil. The only genuine sardines are taken on a few sections of the coast of Europe, and the French canners have nearly monopolized the market by establishing a reputation for the absolute genuineness of their fish and oil, and by their careful, thorough method of packing, which preserves the exquisite

easily found an excuse for not going out. His slow pace in walking prevented him from getting much benefit from it.