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A DIPLOMATIC DRAMA.

How Count Skouvaloff Laid a Trap for an English Foreign Secretary. Washington letter in the Baltimor American: Speaking about the Russian treaty and the principles involved in the treaty, I am reminded of a good story which was recently told me by a native connected with the Russian legation. It illustrates the remarkable detective qualities of the officers of the Russian army and navy, and shows how an important movement in war strategy was made by the use of detect-

ive ability on a social occasion. In 1876, during the Russian-Turkish war, the sympathies of the English Government were on the part of the enemies of Russia. At that time there were in England two rival chiefsnamely: The famous Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) and the Grand Old Man, Mr. Gladstone. The former was in power, and the latter striving to oust him out of power. Lord Beaconsfield sounded the key-note throughout Great Britain that through the successes of the Russian arms in the Balkans the British interests were in danger, while on the other hand the Grand Old Manmade speeches that "the Turks must go, bag and bargage, out of Europe." Each and every success of the Russian arms in Turkey so alarmed the Tory

Government that it was resolved at last in a Cabinet meeting to aid the Turkish Government In arresting the victorious Russians from marching on Constantinople, and negotiations were opined with the Turkish Government for that purpose. This came to the ears of the famous Count Skouvaloff, the then Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, who was determined, in order to find out more fully of the nefarious designs of England on Russia, to give a quiet dinner party in honor of the English Foreign Secretary, Lord — . Invitations were accordingly sent out and Lord - accepted the same. Here followed the strange story. Count Skouvaloff, the Russian Ambassador, set out a table at that dinner party in a

besieries of the costliest value. Lord -, being the guest of honor, sat at the right of the Russian Ambassador. Durknown as a kleptomaniae, helped him self to the costliest spoons, sait-cellars, etc. This was observed by the steward. who, with amazement sinformed the Russian Ambassador. He said that the Foreign Minister, his guest, had stolen some of the best ware from the table.

superb manner, the plates and other ac-

Hold on!" said Count Skouvaloff. Don't say any thing. Keep quiet, for we have bagged the enemy." The dinner was over finally, and the party retired to an adjoining room for the purpose of smoking. Count Skouvaloff inquired of Lord - of the truth of the report that the English Government was going to send a fleet to the Bosphorus for the purpose of arresting the forward movements of the Russian army in the Balkans and aiding the Turk. Naturally, the English Foreign Secre-

tary had little to say on the subject. On the departure of Lord -Russian Ambassador escorted him to his carriage. While opening the door of the carriage the Russian Ambassador was approached by the steward, who whispered something into the former's ear. The ambassador immediately turned around to Lord — and said:
"My Lord, something dreadful has happened, so the steward informs me, and your Lordship's attention will be called or a few minutes to the ante-room. ord - sequiesced, and upon his ar-

rival there was confronted by the stoward and charged directly with the theft of small gold spoons and salt-cellars studded with diamonds. . "What!" exclaimed Lord -- to the steward; "how dare you insinuate this gainst my person!" In reply the steward said: "I have seen you put the gold spoons in your rousers pocket, and the salt-cellars in

our dress-coat pocket. I am responsible for those costly plates; hence I watched you closely. Please band them out of your pocket. "Villain!" exclaimed Lord -'search me and your falsehood will be

branded, and for that insult you will pay dearly."

"I dare not." replied the steward. 'put my hands on your Excellency's person; but, pray, do it yourself." "I will," said Lord -; and, putting his hands into his pocket, so unconscious was he of his kleptomaniac propensities that he drew forth the gold spoons and salt-cellars. In a complacent manner he handed them to the "Hold!" said Count Skouvaloff; "it

steward as if nothing had happened. proves to me that your Excellency abused my hospitality as a host and committed a gross outrage on society, as well as against my person. I have to send for the police and have your Lordship arrested."

"No," replied Lord -, "do not disgrace me and my official position!" "Well," said the Count, calculatingly, "it can only be done if your Lordship will promise on the honor of a Minister to her Majesty the Queen that you, as a Foreign Minister who has the greatest voice in the Cabinet, will oppose the sending of the English fleet to the Bosphorus in order to hamper Russia."

To this Lord -- assented; and, true to his promise, he opposed the proposition of sending the fleet to the Bosphorus, and, on that account, he had to resign his office, and Lord Salisbury, the present Premier of England, was put in his place.

Counterfeit Coln Fake. A clever swindle is that which is some times worked on persons ambitious to become counterfeiters. The swindler exhibits a finely-finished mold, and. claiming to possess the secret of a metallic compound which no expert candetect from pure gold, proceeds to cast a 85 piece. He melts the secret compound in the victim's presence and pours it into the mold, on opening which a new \$5 piece, perfect in all its details, is revealed. The truth is that the molten stuff went into another part of the mold, and the new \$5 gold piece is a genuine gold coin placed there beforehand by the sharper to deceive his dupe and induce him to pay a high price for the mold and the secret of the

metallic mixture. A Grip on Tomatoes. The Yankee has got the grip on canned tomatoes, and even if a raw carrot is dropped into a can occasionally to fill up the consumer overlooks it on the ground of accident. American tomatoes are now sold in every country on the globe, and are as familiar in Borneo as In Chicago.

SHOE-LEATHER OILS.

How Grease Affects the Wearing Quality of Foot-Gear. Animal oils and greases incorporate themselves with the fiber; they do not evaporate. Their action, says the Boots and Shoes Weekly, is like that of compounding various metals-instead of forming a composition, in the one case, all the elements are so compounded that their individuality is lost, and separation is almost impossible; in the other, the elements are mixed, but can be separated almost without loss in bulk. Moisture will drive the greace to the surface, and gradually the interior will be robbed of its life, but there is no evaporation. Consequently the leather retains its flexibility much onger than when the grease is also drawn out by heat and the action of the

volatile, but this very quality is what makes them more valuable, as they are taken up by the fiber, not simply sucked in and filling around it, and they are equally difficult to draw out. Rancid nent. At the same time the fiber is injured by the decaying grease.

tion with hard grease they become ranid, and impart an oder which is rethe leather.

even the most rancid animal oil.

PATIENT DRESS-MAKERS. In the Course of Their Business They

you,' she continued.

to-day.' So I left.

to nervous prostration.

dress maker needs patience." Painting Buildings White.

from across the sea the other day, "Is by ordinance. To any one who has enAT HIS OWN WAKE.

put down for gospel truth. the boats that supplied the Boston market with fresh fish made their catch near the land.

Animal oil does not penetrate the leather so quickly as oils that are more oils, oils that have undergones chemical hange that marks the first step toward vitiation, have lost their most valuable properties, and the process of decay which has begun introduces gases, reating the volatile element which so quickly robs the leather of its nourish-

Vegetable oils rank next to animal in their preservative qualities, but the oils extracted from flax seed and cotton seed, unless purified, are of such gummy nature and so easily affected by heat that they are unfit for use by the currier. Cotton-seed oil, purified as it is when sold for sweet ofl, is an excellent but an expensive oil for leather. Pure olive and castor oil possess the qualities equisite for preserving leather and cooping it soft, but their cost precludes their general use. Castor oil is the best. Fish oil is used more than any other. and to its use may be attributed much of the poor wearing qualities of the leather now in the market. By an improved process of manufacture fish oils are deodorized so thoroughly that their etrate more readily than either animal or vegetable oils, but they do not incorporate themselves with the fiber. They simply fill up the interstices, and being of a light nature they are easily drawn out by heat or moisture. They impart a soft condition to the leather when it is new, as much so if not more than do the animal oils, and because of that they are not condemned. If used freely in connec-

tuined as long as there is any grease in Mineral oils are being introduced quite freely, and as they are thoroughly deodorized they find ready purchasers. These oils are the worst possible that can be put into leather. They have wonderful penetrating properties, but they are heating, and their volatile properties deprive them of the permanency so necessary for the preservation of the leather. They do not take kindly to other ous or greases, and are easily cut by water. While the natural heat from the feet will cause evaporation, particularly if the leather s moist, they do not become rancid, but they are more injurious to the fiber than

The shoe manufacturer should condemn all leather treated with mineral oils. A little care on his part will enable him to determine the oil used, whether animal, vegetable or mineral. Good grain and clear fleshed stock invite the eye, and if properly treated with oils the leather will prove acceptable, but grease is the life of the leather. and just in proportion as the grease is pure and incorporates itself with the fiber is the leather durable or otherwise.

Meet Queer Cranks.

"Yes, we meet many cranks," remarked a dress-maker to a De-troit Tribune reporter. The first grade are those lades who have dresses altered. I had some experience with one of this class not long ago. She sen: for me. 'Miss X-,' she said, 'I want this dress made over. The material is very expensive and cost me four dollars a yard. I am almost afraid to let you undertake it. 'Very well, then,' I said. rising. 'However, I think I will trust

"So after the usual preliminaries of measuring and fitting I sat down to take the dress to pieces. I applied the scissors and cut the goods on the bias. With that she groaned aloud. I worked for about half an hour while she continued to get more and more nervous. At last she arose. 'I can't stand it any longer,' she said. 'I am too nervous. You must go. I can't have you work any more

"The next day I received a note to call. 'I suppose you might as well finish what you have begun,' she said when I entered, but work as quickly as you

Well, I was never before so harassed. She grouned whenever I touched the scissors. The drass turned out a perfect success and fitted her splendidly. As a result the lady has taken a great fancy to me and I like her, although social gayeties have made her a partial victim

"I recall another case," continued the dress-maker. "I made a dress for a lady out of decidedly cheap material. When she tried it on she said: 'It is too long.' I took it up an inch. The next day she said: 'It is too short.' I let it down the inch. She said: 'Oh. dear, you have made it too long once more.' I took it up half an inch. Then it was too short once more. Seven times I let up and took out that half inch. At last she said: 'That is right.' It was right, be-

"One of the things that strikes a foreigner with wonder in this big town of New York," said an observant stranger the practice apparently by authority of painting buildings white. In most European countries, if not in all, to paint city buildings white is forbidden dured the discomfort of living opposite one of these white abominations in the sunshiny days of summer the reason of this prohibition will be obvious. There is nothing so hurtful to the eyes as the fierce glare from such a building when the sun shines on it "-F. Y. World

Sallor Mike Coetlow surprises the Mourn-ers at His Home.

"A funny thing happened some years said a fisherman to a Boston Globe reporter, "and if you have time to listen I'll spin a yarn which you can "It was the second year after the schooner Plying Eagle was built, and I was one of her crew. That was in the latter part of the 60's. At that time all

on the shore, as we termed it, that is, "As I said, I was one of the Eagle's crew, and one day we were fishing on the northeast part of the Middle bank and one of our dories, containing Mike Costlow and John Rafford, missed the vossel during the heavy snow-storm that set in while we were bauling

trawls. "After searching for them all the afternoon we gave it up. "Costlow belonged to this port, and the women folks kicked up a terrible time when they heard the bad news, and the only consolation we could offer was that they might be picked up by a passing vessel

Well, for three weeks the neighbors and relatives waited anxiously for the sea to give up its dead or their friends' return, and as neither was the result of their wait they decided to have a firstclass wake. Costlow's folks lived on Battery street, and his best suit of clothes was taken down from the peg in the closet and stuffed with hay. "After all was ready the neighbors

stretched on the table and bewail his "After the farce had been carried on for some time a heavy step was heard on the stairs and then a stumble.

came in to view the dummy that was

"'Well, said I, ''pon my word, who-ever he is he's in luck, 'cause he's stumbling upstairs." "The crying went on for some time, then all of a sudden there was a loud knock at the door. " 'Arrah! Whe can this be that comes knocking at a wake-house door?' cried

an old lady, but before she could receive

"What's this?' said Costlow. 'Is it me or my step-husband?' and fetching a kick at the dummy be destroyed the whole outfit in short notice. " 'Give us a cup of tea,' said he, 'and

none of this fooling. It's no way to welcome a man home after being away three weeks on board a vessel where there was nothing to est but the masts.' "After awhile one person said: 'It is Mike, I believe.

" 'Of course it is,' said he, 'and if I thought I would look any thing like that stuffed corpse in the corner the devil a die I'd ever want to die on this earth.' "He then explained that he and his chum were picked up by a German bark and during the heavy northwest gale that came the next day they were driven to sea and their sails blown away. After repairs were made they again headed toward Boston, but were again blown off the coast; then they were favored by fair winds and arrived in port in a dilapidated condition.

"After he landed he made his way to the house, and, seeing crape on the door, asked some people who was dead; and being informed that it was himself, proposed to quietly put in an appear-"You know the rest. But I am sorry

to say that poor Mike was lost on Georges a few years ago, when the schooner Paul Revere went down with all hands during a heavy winter gale."

TRANSLATING THE MENU. How Brastus Gurley Threw a Walter Into a Cataleptic Pit.

Erastus Gurley was in town yesterday, and, as usual, proceeded to make his presence felt, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. He arrived about ten a. m., and for a change dropped into a cafe for dinner. The obsequious waiter had just flicked a bit of lint from Mr. Gurley's coat collar when Mr. Gurley opened out

on him. "Yes," he said, glancing at the menu, "you may bring me some eggs blushing like Aurora." "Beg pardon, sir," explained the

waiter, "it's not on the bill "len't, ch? What's this souls a l'aurore?" "Oh, yes," replied the young man, blushing and shifting somewhat un-"And I feel just like having some

breeches in the royal fashion, with velvot sauce. The waiter turned red, white and "Got you again," chuckled Mr. Gur-ley. "Well, I suppose you call it cul-ottes a la royale, sauce veloute." "Oh, that! Yes, sir; yes, sir;" and the waiter briskly rattled the cutlery around Mr. Gurley's plate as though he would fain drown Mr. Gurley's voice. "Be sure you bring a stew of good

Christians. "Now you are joking," mildly expostulated the waiter, with a sickly "Not a bit of it, man. See here on your bill. Compote de bons chretiens." O-sh-ugh," gulped the waiter.

"And don't forget the fountains of "The ah I beg pardon." "Right here on your menu - puits "Well, well," and the accompanying

grin was ghastly. "And a mouthful of ladies." "Bouche de dames -quick, helpglass of water-dash it in his face!" But Mr. Gurley was too late. The waiter was in a dead swoon, almost a cataleptic fit, from which be never recovered until along in the afternoon. As Mr. Gurley went out he inquired of the cashier if the waiters there understood French.

"Only by cer," answered the lightning-change artists, "which ear I couldn't inform you.' Waste-Paper Backet. Select a peach basket of pretty shape

and size (the effect is not as good if the basket is too large). Run a ribbon about two inches in width around the basket just above the middle hand, letting it pass between the slats over and under alternately. Having passed the ribbon around the basket, tie a handsome bow on one side. The ribbon may be of any color preferred. Light olive has a pretty effect. To gild it, it is necessary only to buy a little gilt at the drug store and a bottle of medium or gold paint

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY. Millions of Dollars That Have Never Been

"Say, are these any good?" inquired a imid-looking young man of Doorkeeper Braly at the sub-treasury the other day as he exposed to view a half dozen pieces of ragged, dirty paper. A close inspection, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, revealed that they were fractional paper currency or "shin-plasters." such as played so important a part as a circulating medium efore the resumption of specie pay ment. The young man was directed to the small change room, where R. C. Haff took the soiled and crumpled bits in his bands, smoothed them out with the hasty touch of an expert, singled out one of the pieces and turned around to a bit of wood, that looked like a small

steel instrument. Then turning to the oung man he replied: These five are good, but that one is ounterfeit." As he spoke he handed back the purious note-paper and across the face was the word "counterfeit" cut clean

butcher's block, and struck on it the

selected piece of paper a whack with a

and clear. The steel instrument with which he had struck the paper was a snarp stencil die that cut the tell-tale word so clearly that it could never be effaced and the veriest fook could see bat it was worthless. "Do you want these redeemed?" con

inued Mr. Haff, as he pointed to the five grimy slips on the marble counter. "Yes, sir, if you please," stammered the youth, as he eyed with surprise and fear the mutilated piece returned to him. Mr. Haff put two bright silver dollars and a silver quarter on the counter, which the boy picked up in a hurry as though he was straid they would be taken back again. "Do you get much of that old frac-

tional currency now?" was asked of Mr. Haff as the boy went out. "No," he replied, "we get very little now, not more than \$2,500 a year. The amount coming in for redemption is growing less and less every year. It used to come in here by the bushel basketful. But for many years now it bas only come in in driblets. We young man just brought in." Then it has most all been redeemed

"No, indeed, and what is more, a very large amount will never be redeemed. There is now outstanding of the old fractional paper currency something like \$15,000,000. And of this it is estimated that not more than \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 will ever come in now." "But where is the rest and why will it

not come in for redemption?" "A great dear of it has been worn out by the wear and tear of twenty odd years of usage. Any quantity of it has been burned up in the many fires that have occurred since the time it was issued, and in numerous other ways it has been lost and destroyed. Then there are some other people who hold all they can get to use in sending small amounts by mail, finding it very handy for that purpose. Then, too, the old currency is now so scarce that people keep the occasional pieces that come to hand as curiosities or pocket pieces. A great many coin collectors have crisp, unworn specimens of it in their collections. One wealthy gentleman in the city l know carries in his pocket-book wrapped up with the greatest care, four clear, bright specimens, a 50, a 25, a 10 and a 5-cent piece. He says it was the first money he ever earned. It was paid to him in these identical pieces, brand new from the press, and he has preserved them ever since for luck. I do not believe you could buy them from him for \$1,000 each. He calls them his reserve capital, and if he ever loses the

million or more he is now reputed to be worth he will have his 90 cents reserve to fall back on." A good deal of the fractional currency that comes into the sub-treasury for redemption turns out to be counterfeit, and the moment it comes into the hands of the money changers in that institution, no matter who hands it in, It is hurried to the block and branded with the stencil-cutting die. They ask no permission, but just go and do it. The same rule is followed, too, in the rotunda where the bills of larger denomination come in. Sometimes men get very angry when their bad bills are handed back to them mutilated in such

a manner that they can not be used. A few days ago the South Ferry Company sent into the sub-treasury a bundle of the fractional currency representing about \$100. It had been discovered back of a partition in the old ferry-house, where it had either been stowed away or misplaced and was found when the old building was torn down to make room for the new structure. Mr. Haff shuffled through the pile, and not only pronounced it all counterfeit, but discovered that some of it had been brought to the sub-treasury at least twenty years ago, as the marks, of the old stamps used as long ago as that to mark counterfeit paper money was still plainly visible on them. Each piece was subject to the cutting process, and will probably not be presented again for re-

All the fractional paper currency that is redeemed at the sub-treasury is sent to the treasury in Washington, where it is placed in the crematory and burned up, and all that is left is a sediment of slag, a single pound of which may represent \$100,000; the balance floats off as smoke and gas.

The Girl of the Family. There is nothing so pitiful as a girl's

renerosity. Though her pocket-book seldom contains more than one dollar and her own wants are many and urgent, she always manages to scrape enough together to buy presents for some one else. It is the girl of the family who remembers the birthdays that come so often. She is worrying small and the number to buy presents for is so large. If a present of money was given her for herself she would not buy things for herself with it. She would remember the long list of people that she feels that she really must give to and would deny herself. There is no one so poor as the girl of the family and no one so generous.

4 One-Sided Discussion A Wisconsin court has decided that a man has a lawful right to open his wife's letters. Now, if we could get a binding judicial decision which would compel a husband to mail his wife's let-

quiring a moral impossibility.

ters within a week after she gives them

to him to poet-but that would be re-

An intensely interesting volume might be made up of the dying words and speeches of men whom the world calls famous, says Once a Week. They have all had to pass in their chips like the most insignificant of us, and their final exits from the great stage have been generally edifying and always "God be praised," exclaimed Wolfe,

THEIR LAST WORDS.

Death-Bed Utterances of Some of the

World's Famous Men.

characteristic. the hero of Quebec, on learning that the French were giving away in every direction. "I die happy." His antagonist, Montcalm, also received a mortal wound while endeavoring to rally-his men, and when told that his end was approaching made answer: "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Oneber."

"I pray thee, see me up safe, but for my coming down I can shift for myself," remarked Sir Thomas More, ob serving the weakness of the scaffold. "I heard say the executioner was very good and I have a little neck," said

Anne Boleyn, putting her hands about it and laughing heartily. The unhappy Charles I. expired with the word "Remember" on his lips, and the last words attributed "Buckshot" Forster were "No home rule," while Rabelais calmly remarked: "Drop the

curtain, the farce is played out." With some a presentiment that they are about to die is the first symptom of approaching death. Mozart wrote his requiem under the conviction that the monument he was erecting to his genius would prove a monument to his own remains. When life was ebbing fast be called for the score, and as he mused over it he said: "Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself that I composed this death chant?" Bewick, the famous wood engraver, was last employed upon a representation of "the old horse waiting for death." and Hogarth delineated the death of all things, and having given it a last touch, seized his palette and broke it in pieces, remarking: "I have finished."

Many remarkable instances may also be cited in which the dving lips murmur out the names of friends and the occupations and recollections of paslife. Goethe's dying lips murmured something about a beautiful woman's face, and Napoleon's last thoughts were for the head of his army, while Disraeli, some quarter of an hour before his death, raised himself a little in his bed and stretched himself out in the old familiar way that he was wont when rising to reply in debate, while his lips

moved in silence. De Lagny, the great mathematician, was asked the square of twelve when he was no longer able to recognize his friends about his bed, and mechanically answered: 'One hundred and fortyfour." No less striking were the last words of Lord Tenterden, the famous English judge. Some time before his death he had been delirious and talked incoherently, but presently recovering his composure and raising himself from his pillow he was heard to say in slow and solemn tones, as when he used to conclude his summing up in cases of great importance: "And now, gentlemen of the jury, you will consider your verdict."

Sometimes the strained thread breaks with a sudden snap. It was in this way that Bolleau expired from the effects of dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting, and the poet, in one and the same breath, bid him hall and farewell. "Good-day and adieu," said he, "it will be a very long adieu," and instantly expired. "Come and He down," entreated Dick

ens' sister-in-law, when it became evi-

dent that a fit was upon him. "Yes, on the ground," he said, very distinctly, as he slid from her arm and fell to the Edmund Kesn made his final exit in the middle of the greatest scene of his greatest play. "Get me off, Charles." he gasped, "I'm dying!" His son led him off, and all was over. And Phelps, who had a superstitions horror of the word "farewell," while acting Wolsey. and actually uttering the ominous

words:

Farewell! s long farewell to all my greatness: broke down, and the curtain slowly dropped upon him for the last time. Many instances are on record where persons have continued to jest though conscious that the end was at hand. "We shall soon meet again," were the last words of Louis XIV. to Mme, de Maintenon, and the murmured rejoinder: "A pleasant rendezvous he is giving me; that man never loved any one but him-

"Is there nothing on earth I can do for you?" said Taylor to Wilcot, as he lay on his death-bed. "Give me back my youth," were the last words of the lively, if scurrilous, poet, who, under the title of Peter Pindar, amused the latter end of the eighteenth century.

A Dog That Was Very Wise. They were telling dog stories yester day in the agricultural department, says the Atlanta Constitution, and, after Walter De Wolf had narrated some of the remarkable instances of his dog's wonderful intelligence, Will Henderson began talking. "The father of De Wolf's dog," he

said, "is nearly the most intelligent animal I ever saw. Why, he can almost talk. I used to give him a quarter every morning and he took it in his mouth way into town and would wait at the butcher's until they gave him his meat and fifteen cents change to bring back. One day the butcher thought he would play a joke and he gave the dog back ten cents change instead of fifteen. Sadly the dog looked at the two nickels for a minute, then he went out. Five minutes later he returned leading a policeman by the end of his coat. Now that is a dog worth-"

But the room was empty.

muth, who were born in Baden, Germany, February 1, 1847, within four miles of each other. Even through their childhood, playing in the streets of the same town, they were strangers to each other. In the course of events they came across the ocean to the land of promise, and at different times and by different paths they drifted to Washington, where they met and loved and wedded. Upon comparing notes to take out their marriage license they discove.ed, to their mutual surprise and grati-Scation, that they were not only natives

of the same place, but rejoiced in ex-

tothe the same ages to a day.

Queer Things Do Come to Pass.

There is now living in Washington a

married couple, Paul and Albina Hell-

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Wild, Weird Story Told by a Michigan Baggage-Man. A Grand Rapids Telegram-Herald reporter was standing in the baggageroom at the depot the other day, observ ing the great variety of packages that

"RATTLE HIS BONES."

were standing about the room. There

was every sort of baggage, from the

small hand-sachel to the big commercial

packing case, and a long, mysteriouslooking chest. "I suppose, if you only knew it, you sometimes get some very strange bagbage?" said he, speaking to one of the baggage-men. "You may have a dead man in some of those hig boxes."

"I presume we do occasionally have some baggage we should object to, if we only knew it," he replied. "Once in awhile we get some emigrant baggage that has been for weeks in the steerage of a vessel, and we find the flavor of it very rich. The smell of some of it would justify a suspicion of all the

crimes in the calendar." "Did you ever discover any thing very peculiar among your packages?"
"Well, I should say so. I remember one time, about twelve years ago, when we had a decided sensation here. There was a big square box unloaded from the train, and as it was not immediately called for, it was ordered to the back part of the room. The box was clumsy and lop-sided, much heavier on one side than the other, and the man who grappled with it was possessed of a good deal of energy. When he had rolled it nearly across the room, one of the sides gave way and out rolled a human shull and about a bushel of bones and other debris. It was a mighty tough-looking mess, and the fellow who had been handling it lit out as if he had opened a barrel of rattlesnakes. The police authorities were immediately notified, and upon investigation it was found that besides the human remains the box also contained a tombstone, with the name and age of the deceased, and an epitaph

inscribed upon it. "While all hands were deliberating over the matter, a man came in and claimed the box. He explained that the contents of the box were the remains of a near relative of his, who had died a e of years before in Pennsylvania. and that now he was transporting them to his new home in the northern part of the State. For the sake of economy and convenience he had put the whole busi-

ness in a home-made box. "The box was speedily repaired, and went on to its final destination."

MULES WENT UP

The Bees Heard Uncle Kenben and Made His Animal Move. One spring day, about a mile outside of Decatur, Ala., a hive of bees belonging to Colonel Clark went on a swarm, a matter which should happen to every well-regulated hive about once in so often. Just at that time, says the New York Sun. Uncle Reuben Slathers, an old colored man, was coming into town with his mule and a 'jag" of wood. The road was pretty heavy and the mule very lazy, and to keep the flies of the beast Uncle Reuben had stuck soveral branches into the narness. Coming

along toward the Clark place the old man was saving: "Now, yo' good-tur-scat mewl, yo' lift dem hoofs an' walk along er you'll h'ar from me! If yo' hain't de laziest, doggondest onery beast in dis hell State den I'll leave 'de church. Why, sah, I'd sell yo' fur two dollars an' one leetle

possum?" About this time the bees got a move on them from the hive and by accident or design the queen settled down on one of the branches waving over Uncle Reuben's mule. The rest followed suft, and in two minutes the animal was loaded. She had come to a halt of her own accord and the old man sat with his mouth open and gazed in astonishment. Not for long, however. Some of the bees skirmishing around on the outside concluded to feel of the old mule and see what she was made of, and as about fifty stingers entered her feelings at once she reared up, uttered a terrific snort and started off as break-neck speed. Uncle Jerry was dumped into the road at the first jump, and as he scrambled up and saw the mule on a dead run, with the sticks of wood flying and the wheels shedding spokes at every turn, he raised his hands and shouted: "I takes it all back, Julius! I said back dar dat I'd sell yo' fur two dollars an' a leetle 'possum, but mewls has suddenly riz. Go in, Julius, an' make a record! De price on yo' right now is five hundred dollars an' fo' thousand 'possums, an' I'll add ten per cent. ebery.

minute till yo' is outer sight!" DECORATIVE ICING.

it's a Little Tedious to Make, But It Paye for the Trouble.

Beat to a stiff froth the whites of two eggs, add a teaspoonful of confectioners' sugar at a time, beating it in at least five minutes at first. Stir till a pound of sugar has been added. It will take about an hour. The sugar may be added a little more rapidly after the first half hour. When the icing is ready a little of it is put in an india-rubber cloth bag. made in funnel shape and furnished with a little tin decorator's tube. These tubes cost from five to ten cents spiece, and by squeezing the sugar through the bag various patterns may be made. Before beginning to decorate, however, it is necessary to put a perfectly smooth coat of the decorative icing over a first coat of ordinary icing. When the coat is a little dried, in ten or fifteen minutes, begin to decorate the cake. A diamond-shaped pattern of fine lines may cover the side. Fluted borders or leaf borders edge the cake. Appropriate words may be written across the top with the finest tube. Bits of red cherries cut in half or thin slices of candied limes may serve for color decorations. These candied fruits cost in confectionries seventy-five cents a pound. A quarter of a pound is a large sufficiency for such purpose. - N. Y. Tribune.

The Alligator's Chief Weapon. The chief weapon of offense and defense with an alligator is the caudal appendage, and as it has to bend itself into almost a half circle to deliver an effective blow, the person who keeps his wits about him may readily avoid it unless he is taken by surprise. A fair blow from the tail of an adult will easily break a man's leg or arm, and I have known it to knock a large hog a distance of several feet. An alligator will always first try to strike its prey with the tall, on land, but in the water It will seize it round the body and sink immediately to the bottom. - Outing.

INC MACHINES