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and Smell.

friend's tone, but I was confiden that under his airy manner lay the old kindly gravity which is the corner-stone of his character.

"Traddles," I replied, "I hope you mfortably tight don't believe there lives a man so inhuman as to deny that he has been in love." offer a shoe with the inside of the heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents

"Well, drat 'em! I have heard a good many of 'em say they didn't believe in it. Why, when I remember my own youth I want to get right out of town and take a nap under some rosebush in \ a country garden, so as to make sure of dreaming the old dream again. Of all my pleasures of memory none is more relishable than those which come laughing out of my boyish past, attended by the fond conceits and the romantic darings of school-day loves. I'm not sure

that some of my maturer dreams haven't been as welcome." He relighted his cigar, and I pushed aside my work.

"Never heard thatstory of myearliest love, did you?" he asked. I shook my head. "You shall hear it now."

Traddles flung himself back in his chair and laughed long and loud. His color came and went. I seemed to read in his look a mixture of mirth and tender regret. Perhaps it was regret for lost youth; may be a chaste memory

of a sweet companionship of two innocent and untried souls walking hand in hand along a road bordered with kingenps and daisies. "She was the daughter of our mem-

ber of Congress," my friend went on. "I was a lad at school. Our seats-hers and mine-were on the same line, separated only by a narrow aisle, in the little village school-house. I must have been about fourteen then. 1 recall that I had already cultivated a friendly intimacy with Brown's Grammar, Sanders' Fifth Reader and Somebody's Physical Geography. I had also some indistinct notions of physiology, and had lately spelled down the school, because all the other fellows, including the girls, insisted on terminating dishonor with o-u-r. But my chief claim to scholastic

distinction then lay in the awe-inspiring fact that I had reached algebraic equations of the first degree. Thus, if A bought a harness and B a new mowing machine at such and such figures, and A's grandmother wanted a new gingham frock, it was the easiest thing in this world for me to ascertain the cost of it by a deft manipulation of that magical X. (I have since applied it to many unknown quantities, but I seem to have forgotten the trick. It never comes out right any more.)

Well, as you may guess, the little girl across the aisle and 1 soon become overs. I have always felt sure it was that X that brought it about, and when I discovered that she preferred my sled to all others in the village, and used to have errands after school that led past my house, my condition of mind was imply blissful. But that was nothing to the thrill of triumph that ran through me when I bore her away to supper at a lonation party in the very teeth of a sixteen-year-old chap who had come up from New York to spend the winter and who carried the unmistakable air of the city-bred boy, with endless good clothes and a real gold watch and chain. He had cast admiring eyes on my daughter of a Congressman and my victory gave me the grimest satisfaction. I often wondered how he could stand up and smile so untroubled when I glared at him. However, we became friends, and he himself went to Congress, where he distinguished himself or eloquence and patriotism. He was shot through the head while leading a a charge at Five Forks.

"How gladly and rosily the years went by! My little lover and I had reached

e for a brief visit, almost the first person I met was the original of the image I had carried in my heart during six mortal years."

"Dear me," I found myself saying (for the story had wrought upon me greatly). "what came of your reunion?" "I am coming to that," was Traddle's reply, with the rapt manner and the far-away gaze of one whose vision is alight on the rainbow that always bends ross the morning sky of life. "She had finished ner school course, and been home I think about six months. When I spoke to her of our past and looked at my coarse clothes with a kind of sad humiliation (of which I am ashamed) she adroitly changed the subject. I saw her at church a few times after that, but-well, our story had been told and the volume was closed. The next time I left the village it was forever. About a year later some thoughtful friend sent me a newspaper containing an account of her marriage to the handsome son of the village storekeeper, whom I remembered as a lad chiefly by the circumstance that he always had his hair dressed with something agreeable that we less favored youngsters were unable to achieve.

"Have you ever met her since?" asked, with genuine solicitude. "Yes, once," he replied. "She chanced to be passing through the city in which I was living and stopped to spend a day with one of the companions of her boarding-school time. That was some thing like twenty years after I left the old home. I called on her and found a fine, matronly and most comfortable woman. Four sturdy boys hung over her with a fondness that was beautiful -not unlike the picture Miss Mulockdrew of Edna Kenderdine and her sons, all proud of their mother and as careful of her as if they had been lovers. I loved those lads of hers, and told them so, much to their wonderment."

"But the mother; you surely-oh, Traddles! "I merely exchanged a few conven-

tional and quite unmeaning commonplaces with her. There was no word of allusion to the romance that glorified our youth and to this hour tinges my life with a sweet melancholy, in which s more pleasure than pain. Good night." -Signor Mac, in Detroit Free Press

## THE RUSSIAN METHOD.

A Unique Way of Securing the Surrender of Dangerous Criminals.

In the course of his tour of inspection through the Caucasus last autumn Prince Dondukoff-Korsakoff passed close to the village of Stary Yoort, where a native Colonel was not long previously murdered out of revenge, and where the murderers were being screened from the authorities by the inhabitants. As they refused to give up the assassing the Prince ordered all the inhabitants of the village to be assembled on his route two miles off. Here the Prince refused to accept their greeting of bread and salt, and rated them right soundly in the severest terms of the Russian vocabulary. At the same time he ordered their elders to be arrested on the spot, and gave them one month in which to surrender the murderers. If they remained recalcitrant at the end of that term the severest punishment was to be inflicted. With the usual obstinacy of the Chechenlis tribes, who continue their opposition to Russia as long as, if not longer than, any of the other tribes of the Caucasus, the murderers were not given up at the end of the month. whereupon a "military execution" was ordered to be made. At daybreak the village was surrounded by a cordon of troops, and all the inhabitants were disarmed and forbidden ever to carry arms

again. A detachment of troops were then guartered in the village, and 1,200 rubles was exacted for the benefit of the mur-

this section has got to work for it." him and send for some good scions to At this juncture Sam Bancroft came engraft upon their apple trees. He exalong He was another old native of plained to them just the plan he had the district.

Walton," said Sawyer.

down only three years ago."

student at the same time.

whole length of the tie-up.

others have got on this place."

than the solid manures can."

at his good neighbor's open sarcasm.

all that?"

do all this 9"

would."

can be!"

nonsense.

parts."

Ben?"

so green."

before I get through."

"Eh? crazy, Ben?"

"Do ye?" said Grummet, sarcastically.

"Yes," resumed the young man. "It

Bancroft.

are helpin

stead.

mot

formed for his own orchard. "We was just talkin' about young "How much will it cost you?" asked Sawver.

"He's rippin' his barn-floor up," said "Why," returned Walton, "I'm going into it thoroughly. My orchard is a "Rippin' the floor up!" repeated Grumlarge one, as yours is, and the trees are "Why, the whole floor was put mostly thrifty and vigorous-or could be made so-but with poor fruit. I mean "The tie-up floor, I mean," pursued to make a thorough thing of it, and Bancroft. "He's got a carpenter up shall expend a hundred dollars this from the village; and his two hired men spring.

"What! A hundred dollars! In your "Whew! I guess he'll make a farmer" orchard?" And so they all guessed-with a "Yes."

reservation. In short, there was some-"Jewhitiker an' broomsticks! When thing highly ridiculous in the thought I git money to play with I'll try it." of a man's thinking to be a farmer and a A little while later, and the grass began to spring up on the twenty-acre lot John Walton was a young man, and as it had never sprung up before; and as though he had been born in the neightime went on John Walton was continborhood, yet much of his life had been ually studying how to improve his farm. spent in other sections of the country. "Good gracious!" ejaculated Eben His parents having both died, John had Sawyer, as Ben Grummet and Sam Banmarried, and now turned his thoughts croft came into his house one cool to making a living out of the old homeautumn evening: "have you heard about John Walton's apples?" Ben Grummet had a curiosity to see

"Yes," retarned Ben. "I was there, what was going on in Walton's barn, so and heerd the whole on't-so I know-I he dropped in there. He found that the never would 'ave thought it. An orchard whole of the floor, where the cattle turn out like that!"

stood, had been torn up, and that they "And jes' look at that twenty-acre were digging a wide, deep trench the field," said Bancroft. "Five years ago it wouldn't hardly pay for mowin'. It "What on airth is all this for?" asked didn't bear much else but podgum. Now look at it. Think o' the corn an' wheat "Why," returned Walton, who was he's raised there; an' this year he cut busy in superintending the work, and more'n forty tons of good hay from it!" also in working himself, "I am having "We was jest talkin' about you, Mr. a place fixed here for making manure. Walton," said Sawyer one day, as John I mean to fill this trench up with good came into his house.

muck, and thus save the liquids which "Ah!" returned John, as he took a have heretofore been lost. I think, by seat by the fire, "I hope you found proper management, I can get full nothing bad to say of me." double the quantity of manure which "Not a bit of it. We was talkin' about

the wonderful improvement you've made on the old place and of the money you make."

is a fact that the liquid manures, could "And do you think it wonderful?" they be saved, would fully equal the "But ain't it?"

solids, both in bulk and value, and "Well," replied Walton, "I don't know when combined with well-rotted muck, about that; but Pil tell you what I do and some other articles which shall know: I know there is no class of people take up and retain all the more volatile in the world who may read and study to parts, I feel sure that they will afford more fertilizing powers and properties better advantage than farmers. Farming is a science, and he must be a man of more than ordinary capacity who can "You don't say so! Where d'ye larn master it all. In short, there is no branch of industry in the world which "Partly from reading and partly from may not be followed to better advantage observation." answered John, smiling without a good education. But farmers must not be afraid of newspapers and "I don't suppose it costs any thing to books. They won't, if they are wise, follow every advice which experiment 'O, yes; it will cost me considerable alists give, but they may study and reason and experiment for themselves. So "Yaas; I should rayther calkilate it I have done, and so I mean to do."-N. Y. Ledger. "I swan!" Ben Grummet cried, as he

## A SEVERE REBUKE.

met Sawyer shortly afterwards. "John Walton's a reg'lar hifalutin. He's jas' about as nigh to bein' crazy as a man How a Young Man Treated a Girl Who Wasn't Ready on Time.

A severe but well-merited rebuke was administered not long ago, says the "O-I don't mean, railly upsot, like New York Evening Sun's Womanfolks who are sent to the insane asylum; About-Town, to a society girl by a but he's got his head full of all sorts of young man who has the courage of very reditable conviction upon a certain "But what in nature's he going to ommon lack of the nicest courtesy among young women who are really "Why-he's goin' to save the liquids, very well bred, and who would not as he calls 'em! An' he's goin' to put in offend for the world if they stopped to somethin' to take up the col-coluntary think. He told the story himself, as follows: "Voluntary parts? What are they,

"During one of my busiest weeks I invited a young woman to go with me "It was rol comethin'. But I don a to the theater on a certain first night know. I wouldn't ask him. I s'pose he When the evening came I reached her jest used the outlandish word so's to get me to ask him what it meant-an' then home shortly before eight o'clock. I waited in the reception-room for some he'd show off his larnin'. But I wa'n't time. Then the mamma appeared. We "I wonder if he thinks he's a comin' chatted for a quarter of an hour longer. here to show us old farmers how to Still no signs of the young woman. I work?" said Sawyer, rather indignantly. | looked at my watch; it was just time for

A trail of tinkling song

Then on each wave of joy that sweeps Across the open land Float echoes from the forest deeps f That charm me where I stand. Thro' shaded alsies runs silvery soft The black-throat's limpid tune, And vircos in the murmuring loft-Enchant the vernal noon,

23 Where the bright tanager recites His clear mock robin hymn, And yellow-warblers' notes like lights Thro' sylvan shadow swim, And the suint wool-thrush, bird devout The sweetest of the choir His golden Angelus rings out As from some temple spire

O sinless songsters! they are dead Who followed where ye lead, And listened at the fountain-head Of moleculy indeed, Your lays are language seer and bard Translate to men no more. The only music left unmarred At shut of Eden's door.

I can but hope, in endless spring. When I to Heaven repull The souls of birds on curth that sing Will join the anthem there And I my gentle friends shall know In every fadeless tree, And thank the heart whose overflow Of love they brought to me. -Rev. Theron Brown, in Harper's Bazar.

## CENSUS-TAKING.

Trials and Tribulations of the Enumerators.

A Bare Berth in Which to Study Human Nature-Queer Questions, Queerer People and the Queerest of Answers.

"If you want to have some fun studying human nature." said a book-agent the other day, "get yourself enrolled as a census enumerator for a district where the people are indifferently educated. I tell you canvassing for orders is nothing to it, in the way of diversion. I know, for I was an enumerator myself in a thickly populated down-town East side district of this city ten years ago, when the last census was taken, and though I only made about forty dollars for two weeks of the hardest work I ever performed in my life, yet I have applied for the place again this year, and tope soon to engage in another crossquestioning campaign with one eye wide open for fun. I'll meet plenty of queer people, I warrant you, and as I am authorized by the law to enter every house and extract the desired information from any adult, under penalty of a fine for refusal to aid me, you see I have things pretty much my own way in the end, though I often have to do a heap of talking before I get what I want, and in some instances, no doubt, will have to call the nearest policeman. "Suppose the census enumerator be

gins on one of those five-story apartment houses, with four sets of roo each floor, each set occupied by from four to nine persons. He starts in the basement as follows:

"'Yes,' (resentfully, as is the way of janitors who think you want them to show you an empty flat).

""How many families in the house?" ""What you want tor know fer? (Suspicionsly.) You can't sell no books here.' (Glancing at your portfolio and blanks.)

come to take the census."

get inside the house, and some of 'em 'll take any thin' they kin git ther hands on."

"What's that?"

" 'Well, if you don't know what the census is, it's time you found out. I'm going to count the people who live in this house, and if you interfere with me

has done as well as the average in the way of being willing to tell the little she really knows.

"But then there is another class of questions that generally causes more trouble than the ages, because the people are generally quite unwilling to tell the truth with respect to them. These are the questions about the 'dependent, defective and delinquent' classes, as the last census sheets tabulated them. It takes some gall to ask a big, fiery womam, whom you have been postering for a quarter of an hour about her age, if any of ner family are idiots, or deformed, or criminals, and if so, how many and what are their special forms of disease or rascality. Only a hardened book agent, life-insurance canvasser or lightningrod peddler can do it every time without quailing or minding the shower of indignant abuse that comes thickest and fastest from a mother who really has a weak-minded son, or a humpbacked daughter, or a jail-bird husband. I fancy that we get correct answers in the affirmative to these questions about once in fifty or so.

"But a great deal depends on how you put the question. Only a greenhorn would say: 'Any of you crazy?' Your expert book-agent says: 'All their minds correct? Speech all right? Can every body see? Is the hearing perfect with all of you?' I tell you tact is what an enumerator chiefly needs if he is going to get through his work quick enough to make any money out of it. It's no soft snap. The temptation to sit down and fill in the blanks, to the best of your own judgment, sooner than spend half an hour with an abusive and ignorant family, is almost irresistible at times, yet a heavy penalty attaches to such work, and justly, too.

"At the last census many men applied for the place of enumerator, thinking it a picnic, but when they received their books and instructions and began to grasp the size of the job, they resigned in large numbers. This year, to guard against any such monkey business, an enumerator who accepts his appointment and then backs out without giving a satisfactory reason to the superintendent, may be fined and imprisoned.

"The city is so divided that each enumerator is supposed to have about two thousand individuals to inquire about. But he often finds that his district is much more thickly populated than he supposed. I remember last time I got into a room in a wretched house where four families dwelt together. The room was partitioned off into four rectangles, but not in the usual way. with wooden walls, but by chalk lines on the floor.

"How do you all manage to live in such crowded quarters?' I asked, jogged out of my routine questions by their unisually sardine-like arrangement.

"Oh, we'd get on well enough," growled one man, "if them Joneses wouldn't persist in keepin' boarders." -- N. Y. Trib-

## The Seat of Government.

Washington was not the seat of the United States Government until 1800. The seat of Government was at Philadelphia from September 5, 1774, till December, 1776; at Baltimore from December 20, 1776, until March, 1777; at Philadelphia from March 4, 1777, to September, 1777; at Lancaster, Pa., from Sepember 27 to September 80, 1777; at York, Pa., from September 30, 1777 to July, 1778; at Philadelphia from July 2, 1778. to June 30, 1783; at Princeton, N. J., June 30 to November 20, 1783; at Annapolis from November 26, 1783 to November 30, 1784; at Trenton from November, 1784 to January, 1785; at New York from January 11, 1785 to 1790, when it was removed to Philadelphia and remained there until 1800, when it

une. "You are the janitor, aren't you?" " 'I don't want to sell books. I've

" 'Oh, they've all got some excuse to

" 'But I'm a Government official, and I've come to take the census.'

