par or before you stop it, if stop but are inwage do otherwise.—

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A PREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY. SEPTEMBER 5, 1890. VOLUME XXIV.

NUMBER 34.

AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA.

at at 36 inch, nearly all wool, STRIPED DRESS GOODS, marked down were sold at 35 cents. This is the biggest 1234 cents' worth ever on GRAY MOHAIRS, marked down to-day to 25 cents. Would be Extra Fine BRILLIANTINE MOHAIRS; elegant shades of Gray

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BONANZA TOAGENTS SAMPLES FREE

'on've listened to the painful facks, but of it's I'll tell you in a simple way-I ain't great on Whyfore a gray old chap like me wanted to

It's forty year since me and Ruth wuz tied as man and wife, And nary mortal ever had a truer mate for life. In all them years we never had a word as you'd onli cross (Barrin' the Christmas Day she bruk the knees

We growed up like a clm that runs two stems netimes I thought that over youd' we'd on'y I never done a thing I didn't ask her 'pinion And of nor than you'd think I found my own

e'rect 'ofn-say 'twas her'n, That Ruth done all the thinkin' work and I wux She saved and saved and paid and paid until

We never had no chillen, barrin' Zach, and he Out off I'm hum and went to N' York ter Inra to write and addr Said me and mother hedn't sense for come to

'spect he's dualleur docterin' p'r'aps for grammur on the brain. That's years and years and years ago; but Ruth The lad as gave us up 'acce of home he wuz

when he got back. But Zach ho'd throwed us up for good; and so for BINEY YOURS His mother's heart was wearin' down with I offen cutched her weepin' when I come in fer

with two much constancy." One stormy day she stayed a bed, and I sat by thar and oried. hour sweet somes afar;

And I thinks: "Poor lass, you're breakin' fast

Don't be too covert with Zach-and practice I'll tell the Lord how good you wur; although He hears and wwe, And knows we never had no words, 'cept 'bout that boss's knees."

he took my hand, we kissed good-bye, and here tears is toars of gladness and double

cun't enter in. Your Honor, when I'd buried her my life wux struck with blight; There weren't a blame thing 'round the farm

and so at last I selled the farm and went ter Thinkin' that pir'aps he'd growed out of his shaped for his old dad. or twenty months I've s'arched and s'archud and end up now in N York.

soo tired to walk.

anicido.

LILLY A TEXAN MARKET. Busy Scenes Enacted Once a Week **HSURANCE & STEAMSHIP**

Saturday-All Nationalities

characteristic takes the tourist to the

end on this supply, their "prairie theoners" and slow ox teams of four and five yokes of oxen filling the streets with an element usually unknown in ity life. The market-house itself, standing in he midst of its square, is a fine-looking uilding, with crouching lions at the corners and fountains in the grass-plot at the side; but it is the people who ongregate here that make it such a remarkable scene, the venders alone opresenting every nationality, Amerans being far in the minority. The market wagons occupy one side f the thoroughfare which bounds the

quare. They stand drawn up in line, their hind wheels touching the curb, the orses' heads turned to the middle of the street. It is supposed, and in some weases correctly, that as the owners f these wagons pay no stall rent, but only a small license to sell, they will lispose of their commodities at lower ices that do those venders within the uilding. It is only in this outer row hat we find the negro market gardener. lie raises all that he offers, from the fat turkeys, ready dressed or alive in coops, to the tiny bird-peppers, brilliant in hue, small as a pea, hot as fire, and

of the little black-eyed Dago boy who runs up his hand-cart of hot peanuts

ing his wares. own plucked geese, is chaffering by his her in both price and measure as she buys from him a'supply of okra for gumbo on the morrow.

Here is a little German woman, face sharp and puckered into innumerable wrinkles; but her balls of hand-cheese, strewed with carnway seeds, are white and appetizing. She has put some away

> gut;" but when uncovered they are as yellow as gold, and "smell to heaven;" yet these her German customers prefer. This thin-faced Italian has a wagon laden with game, all killed close by. Mule-eared rabbits and "mollie-cottontails;" squirrels, red, black and gray, some skinned, some not; bunches of partridges, braces of prairie chicken and dozens of snipe tied together by the neck; some wild geese; ducks of ail kinds, from canvas-back to didapper; and here is a single sand-hill cranefine eating the bird is, too, and a handsome fellow to shoot. The owner is a good salesman and an eager. He calls to each passer-by, and knows well how to praise and show his stock. Small, swarthy, little and dirty, he is a type of

Many others are in line, but they are but repetitions of these, if we except the strapping brown virago, with her poultry and eggs, turnips and cabbage, who is too busy joking coarsely with the colored men and abusing the venders around her to pay much attention to her trade.

Within the building stretches a quadfresh green and white of the succulent spring vegetables are seen in the midst ranged between cabbage heads, propink-skinned new potatoes. The women fornia fruits; only what other States draw from the Antilles, Mexico supplies to Texas.

"Lemona a tawesta centa dozna: anpelay, banan, grapa-all a cneepa," they

assure one as he goes by. and treat his dusky "Dulcinea."

Beyond is the meat market, the butchers nearly all Germans, with a Frenchman and an American or two, to mix the nationalities. Passing through that, we enter what may be called the bazar-little stores of ready-made clothing, both male and female, tinware, cutlery, baskets, fancy articles, candy, all separate, and the last-named stalls presided over by handsome Italian and pleasant German girls. It is a very olla pedrida of merchandise.

Back of this again, the fish-market and game of various kinds; and here once more does the Dago find an occupation. There are shrimps, crabs, oysters and all sorts of fish, but the catfish, in infinite variety, stands out in marked prominence, for it is the favorite of the negro race, and they are rare rood customers.

In and out of the building surge the crowd, for all of Houston is here. It is a singular custom, this making a fashionable promenade of the market, yet it obtains, and the fine ladies do not seem to mind the mixture of pooples or the place itself, but dress in "purple and fine linen" for the occasion. The dude is in force, and the "masker" is not wanting; the men who stare and the girls who love to be stared at; sober matrons on kouse-keeping thoughts intent; filrtatious maidens who push through the crowd, and seem to have no idea that their manners are not of the best; natty negro wenches, pert of tongue and loose of demeanor; respectable colored "maumus," ample of girth, in spotless white aprons; strapping negro men and saucy bootblacks; merchants, lawyers and physicians; servant-girls and cooks, the haute-role and the domi-monds, and both in their best attire; policemen and tramps; old women, men on crutches and babies in arms; black, white, brown and yelow-negroes, Americans, Mongolians, Irish, Dutch, French, Germans, Italians and Spanish-they are all there, laughing, talking, quarreling, gesticulating, bargaining, gossiping, staring, keeping appointments and making new ones, being proper or improper, polite or rude, as the case may be. And this goes on from four to nine in winter, from five to ten in summer. Every Saturday evening it is re-enacted; the people never tire, it seems, but congregate weekly, year in and year out, in an endless repetition of the same thing. It is a wonderful scene, a bustling moving picture of contrast and characters, and helps the traveler to better understand the prosperity of the State, which attracts one, and its rudenesses, which repel.-Lee C. Harby, in Harper's Maga-

Couldn't Get Rid of Him. south part of the city. He took him in his arms, tied a rubber coat over his and he had no idea that the dog would ever show up again about his own amusement. The conundrum in the cart with a slip of a girl, who be- family is: How does a dog know the A COMBINE.

She came here from the middle West, And yet she had, be it confessed, A Boston air around her: A figure slight, a forehead high, An earnest look, a clear gray eye; And so for her I came to sigh, And wise and charming found her.

But as to press my suit I came, Full oft she smothered all my fiame By asking curious questions; The wrongs of woman, the state and land, What social changes libsen planned, She'd ask me to discuss offhand And give her my suggestions.

Did I agree with Henry George? Would selfish capital disgorge The share that toll demanded? How could the indigent be fed? Should criminals be allowed to wed? Did tariffs raise the price of bread? She begged me to be caudid.

And when the race at last had gained The highest point to be attained By growth or revolution. What would the last great victory be, The unal goal that men should see! What did Utopia mean for mo: The end of evolution?

And as I heard I grew more more dazed. Until at last my courage raised To utter desperation: "Utopia means for ma," I said, "The social contract when we wed. We'll form a trust." She shook her head "Call it co-operation." -Charles S. Greene, in Overland Monthly.

----IN AN AFRICAN DESERT.

Terrible Experience of a Deserted

Explorer. The colonial policy of Germany dates back only a few years, but the master hand which planned and executed the sydden acquisition of vast tracts in Africa and Australasia was busily preparing for years ahead. The astonishment of the colonial powers was complete at this unexpected stroke of a nation which did not own a square inch outside of its own frontiers, and which had always maintained that colonies were a source of weakness to the mother country. The time was well chosen. England was having a deal of trouble with the Zulus, Boers and the malcontents in Egypt, and France had her hands full with wars in Tonquin Madagascar. These disturbances facilitated the dealings with the African tribes, and only when the German flag was waving over some of the most desirous tracts in Africa did the other powers realize how they had been fore-

Out of a party of twelve army officers which left Germany in 1880 to explore and navigate in Southern Africa only three reached home in 1884. Several were killed by wild animals and snake bites, others were murdered by hostile natives, others succumbed to the climate or perished in the desert. Of the three survivors the writer was one, though there were times when he despaired of seeing the sun rise again. Sometimes at the mercy of bloodthirsty, crazy chiefs, sometimes robbed and deserted by treacherous servants, sometimes accused as spies by English or Boersdeath by violence, hunger or thirst lurked on every side, and escape seemed impossible.

Four of us had explored and mapped the west coast from Orange river to Walfisch bay by the end of September, 1882. Our labors completed, we were thinking of home, when we received orders to form two expeditions and start eastward. One party was to go by way of Lake Ngami, the other by Latakoo. We drew lots for choice of route, and, having won, Lieut, V. R-and I chose the northern course. We took five Hottentots as drivers of our eighteen span of oxen, attached to a huge year, or wagon, three riding horses, and twenty head of cattle. We expected to load up with a good supply of ivory, skins and ostrich plumes, and we were not mistaken. At a cost of about \$600 worth of cloth, knives, guns, beads, mirrors, etc., we possessed ourselves of about \$11,000 worth of goods. We had to hurry forward, or else we could have augmented

this by our rifles. After surveying the country and conincing numerous tribes of the mighty power of Germany, we left the Okawango river in December and anticipated little trouble in reaching the Transvaal. We had hired four men of the Balala tribe before leaving Lake Ngami and were pushing ahead rapidly. My companion was a little too imperious and hot-tempered in his treatment of our servants. Bold and fearless and possessing great personal strength, he relied on his authority and word of command and used little diplomacy in his dealings with them. For some days they had been murmuring and one day they broke out into open revolt. Von R- knocked two of them down and as they had no weapons they were soon brought into submission. We kept an eye on them for a few days and took turns at watching nights, but our threats of death to any grumbler seemed to have crushed them.

One night we were encamped on the western borders of the Kalahari Desert. Von R- and I were both awakened from a sound sleep by hearing a gun fired. We jumped up and felt for our rifles-they had been removed! Just then one of the Balala fellows cried out in Dutch: "Get out of the caar and run!" The others joined in and cried: "Hunt the brush, you dogs -get out!"

We sprang out of the wagon, and in the light of the camp-fire we saw that the rascally blacks had armed themselves with our rifles and revolvers and were aiming right at us. One of the Hottentots could speak a little English, and, unknown to the others, I tried to induce him to give me his rifle, promising him unheard of riches, and threatening a fearful revenge for this robbery if he did not forsake his comrades. He answered: "We shoot youwho know?" Lieutenant Von R---one big Balala fellow fired at us several We went back to the smoldering campfires and picked up some fragments of charred meat-remnants of our supper. In the heart of the desert without food, water or weapons, there seemed but little chance for our lives. We resolved to continue to travel eastward, and, as our only hope lay in making the best of our present strength, we started at once. After a few miles we came upon a veldt of yellow limestone. For three

bowlders, but the fearful heat of the sun was too much for us, and at noon we were forced to lie in the shade of some high rocks, exhausted and panting. We each had a hunting-knife-poor weapons if we came upon any beast of prey, After resting we pursued our way, sometimes crossing plains of hard-baked clay, and then again marching over tracts of limestone. At last we saw trees ahead, and as the sun was

setting we came to a sandy plain where zame and mangaton melons grew in abundance. Parched and nearly delirious with heat, thirst and hunger, we tore up those godsends of the desert and ate our fill. Without those wonderful productions of nature, cool, sweet and

juicy, we could hardly have lived another day. That night we slept in a wide-spreading tree, and though the cries and roars of desert inhabitants echoed all around us, we slept soundly and well. Next day we loaded ourselves with melons and continued the march. We spoke but little-neither of us wanted to discourage the other by the utterance of his thoughts. Tired, footsore and hot, we reached at noon a low range of hills. At the foot we found some inchie bulbs,

and feasted on them and some of our rocky plain, dotted here and there with clay beds on which grew tufts of tall grasses and veldt thorn bushes. Passing around a thorn bush we both came to a sudden halt at the sight we saw. A great yellow lion lay outstretched on a rocky ledge-not twenty yards away. Before we could retreat he raised up with a threatening growl. We darted behind the thorn bush and drew our knives. The lion bounded round the bush and we faced him. We were not long in suspense. The great brute crouched and, with a fearful roar, he sprang right at me. I fell flat and he passed over me, but before I could rise his great claws struck my shoulder and held me helpless on the ground. I remember hearing a horrible growl of pain and rage, and then I became unconscious. When I regained my senses I sat up

and looked around. A few yards away | dinner." the lion lay dead in a pool of blood. There was a cut in his body over a foo long. Lieutenant V. R -- lay by his side, his right hand still clutching the knife, but my brave comrade was dead. His head had been crushed by a stroke of the lion's paw and his chest crunched in the laws of the mortally-wounded

I dragged the body of my friend to a cleft in the rocks and spent an hour wedging bowlders in the rift and piling up a heap of huge stones to protect the remains from wild beasts and birds of prey. Already vultures were in sight soaring in great circles over the spot where the dead lion lay. When the sun went down I hacked a passage into a vol bush and stopped the way with a mass of the sharp, thorny branches. All night long jackals and hyenas snapped and snarled around the carcass of the dead monarch, and by morning they had stripped the flesh off the bones. When I crawled out of the protective shelter of the voi bush I made for a rolling tract of land which gave promise of water. The melons were scattered and smashed in the fight with the lion and I had eaten my last inchie bulb. All the foremoon I toiled forward without seeing a trace of zame or mangaton, and finding only the poisonous scilla and marbo bulbs.

No pen can express the torture of that In the afternoon I was wild with thirst. The rocks danced before my eyes and my brain was in a whirl, but I staggered on. A leopard bounded before my path, and, with a flerce, hourse shout I rushed at it, longing to sink my teeth into its flesh and to suck its blood It fled and I chased it, but a few leaps took it out of my sight. The memory of that day is burned into my mind.

Towards nightfall I gained the summit of a small hill, and, looking over a long stretch of sand and rock, I saw a sight that gave me a feeling of delight such as no words can describe. Three campfires were brightly burning about a mile away. I have no idea how I reached them, but when a German acquaintance stepped forward and led me to a seat I opt tears of grateful joy. My rescuers, as I may call them, were

a party of four German officers traveling westward, and when I had refreshed myself I told my tale. It was instantly decided to pursue the robbers and recover my vaar and contents. There were seven horses with the party and two officers and four trusty blacks set out with meearly next morning. We carried only a small portion of dried meat, relying on the zame and melons for liquid refreshments. The trail was plain, and on the afternoon of the third iay we reached the last campfire of my former servants. Pushing on we came in sight of the raseals as they were outspanning the eattle. Charging upon them, we captured the whole gang before they had time to organize any defense. Some of them fired a few shots, but none of us were hit. Disarming them we led them away from the camp and treated them according to the South African custom.

The damage to the property was but slight. They had finished the liquor and eaten all the private store of dainties, besides having killed and feasted upon eight of the cattle.

The westward party kindly gave me four men to drive the oxen, and one officer returned with me to the Transvaal, which we reached without further mishap.-Zu Befehl, in Detroit Free

French engineers are planning for an attack upon that hitherto virgin peak of the Alps, the Jungfrau. They propose to continue the present line of railroad was storming at the others in Dutch, but | from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen as far to no effect. Unarmed we could do as Stockelberg, at the foot of the Jungnothing, and the rascals drove us out of frau, and thence to mount up by a succesthe camp. We lay down in the sand | sion of slanting cable roads, forming a about fifty yards away, and saw the rob- zigzag, to a height of some twelve thoubers harness the draughtoxen and start | sand feet, landing nearly at the summit off northwards at early dawn. As far as | of the mountain, where there will be a they could see us they reviled us, and | hotel for the excursionists who are expected to make the trip by thousands times, but without doing any damage. daily. There will have to be five steps to the great stair-case, and a separate railroad for each step, making five changes of cars necessary to reach the summit.

The Old Way Much Better. "Rubbing alcohol on the lips to make them cherry-red is all very pretty for awhile," said a leading doctor recently, as a young lady passed him, "but the alcohol hardens the skin and soon leaves the girl with disfigured lies."

THE "SPOONEY" COUPLE.

It doesn't matter where you stray, Go where you will by night or day, Siy Cupid's ever "making hay;" He doesn't waste a minute. Between the daylight and the dark, In railway trains, hotel and park There's not a spot but you can mark

A spooney couple in it. At church or play, there, too, one pies Some couple making honeyed eyes. With sweetest smiles and softest sighs-They're certain to begin it. Until at length you gravely doubt If you should search the world about That you could find a spot without

A spooney couple in it. And who would have it changed? Would you? I love to hear the lovers coo And in their softest lispings woo Some gentle heart and win it. In all of life there should not be, From Eden to eternity,

A place without -- it seems to me-A spooney couple in it.

--Chicago Post.

A COUNTRY CIRCUS. Why Alice Was so Very Proud of

Leander. "Cut, cut, ca-daw cut! Cut, out!" Thus earoling her way, the speckled hen flapped wildly around among Miss melons. About five o'clock that after- Terebinth Rockwell's dahlias and carnoon we were pushing our way over a nations, with that fair maiden following close in pursuit, her checked sun-bonnet waved above her head like an ensign of war. Leander stood and watched the pursuit, with the cool, impartial smile of a disinterested spectator, until the speckled fugitive bethought herself to dart headlong into the sunny angle of the stone wall, where the scarlet spheres of ripening tomatoes basked on a rude wooden frame. At the supreme second, he swooped noiselessly down from his unseen vantage point, and seized Old Speckle by her fluttering

wings. "Here's your fowl, Terebinth," said he. "Well, I declare!" said Miss Terebinth, according a reluctant admiration to the definess of the capture. "And I've been chasin' the creature this ten minntes! I'm goin' to have a fricassec for

"Company coming?" I mean to ask Elder Atkinson and

his wife. "Don't ask 'em," said Leander. "Put it off till some other time, Terebinth.

"For goodness' sake! why?" Leander drew three square of yellow pasteboard from his pocket. "Look," said he, "I've got tickets for the circus to-night-for you and me and Ally Ames."

Miss Terebinth's careworn visage brightened up. To these simple country-folk, the annual visitation of the circus signified opera, theater, polo, and athletic games all in one. "Good!" cried she, releasing the struggling hen, "Then I'll let Old Speckle go this time. But, Leander,

have you asked Alice?" "I'm going there now." "Are you sure she'll go?" "Of course; why shouldn't she?" Terebinth hesitated as she tied the

sun-bonnet strings under her chin. "Perhaps that young English tourist that boards at the hotel-Captain Cassell they call him, don't they?" Leander's handsome, sun-burned vis-

age darkened. "What of him?" said he, sharply. "He may have asked her. Don't be vexed, Leander, "she added, pleadingly. 'Folks do say she's dreadful took up with him, and I don't know's I wonder so much arter I heard him talk, t'other night, to Mary Bailey's Chinese party He's travelled most everywhere; and if you could hear him describe the tigers he killed in Ceylon and the elephants

he's hunted on the Niger river-" "Oh, hang the tigers and the elephants!" impatiently broke in Leander. 'I don't believe a word of it. I dare say he's all very well: but for my part, I haven't much opinion of a fellow that loafs around a hotel piazza in hay-making time, doing nothing, with a white searf on his hat, and a sash for all the world like a girl's tied around his

waist! "It's the fashion," said Terebinth. "A queer fashion, I think," commented Leander.

"He's a very brave man-a regular hero," went on Terebinth. "He served in her Majesty's White-Heeled Horse once, during a London rlot, and-"And did wonders, I don't doubt," interrupted Leander. 'But I don't see what all this has to do with us and Cal-

met's circus." He took up his hat from the grass where it had been reposing among butter-cups and white clover blossoms all this time, and started off at a brisk walk. Terebinth looked dolefully after

"Poor Leander," said she, half aloud, 'I'm afraid he's goin' to be badly disappointed."

Alice Ames was sitting on the porch. under the green, shifting shadows of the hop-vines, shelling Lima beans to dry, as Leander Rockwell's fine, tall figure came swinging up the path. He was very handsome, thought the girl, but he lacked the ease and polish of the dapper little Captain of 'her Majesty's White-Heeled Horse." His clothes bore evidence of country cut-his boots were powdered with dust, and his face was bronzed with August heats.

"How do you do, Ally?" said he; and Alice, remembering the deferential manner with which the Captain always addressed her as "Miss Ames," answered, with a toss of the head: "I'm pretty well, I thank you!"

"I've been gettin' some tickets for the sircus to-night, Ally," said he, plunging con amore into his subject. "Will you go with me?" "Thank you, ever so much," said she,

vety, green pods, "but I've promised Captain Cassell to go with him! "Humph!" observed Leander, "so I'm too late?" 'Yes, a little too late.

stooping for a fresh handful of the vel-

"Is it to be always so. Ally?" "I don't know what you mean, Lean-"You used to care for me a little, be-

fore this boasting captain-of-horse came "I like you well enough, now, Lean-"Well enough to marry me?"

"I don't think you're justified in ask-ing me any such questions," said Alice, jumping up and retreating hurriedly into the house. "I understand," remarked Leander, grimly. "I don't stand any chance alongside of the tiger-hunting hero. It's fipity we haven't a few wild beasts in these woods to kill. The captain | month,

Advertising Rates.

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must miss his occupation. Well, good afternoon, Ally. Terebinth and I will have to go to the circus by ourselves, I

must be paid for as advertisements.

Jos Printing of all kinds nearly and expedi-

ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you lorge

The mammoth tent on Durkill Common was crowded that night. Calumet's circus was a local celebrity and had been widely advertised. The rural population had not many opportunities of enjoyment, and did not propose to let this one go by default. Every one was there, from Elder Atkinson and his wife down to little Michael Ryan, the cobbler, and his pinched-looking betterhalf. Captain Cassell and pretty Alice Ames occupied a conspicuous front seat, and a few rows farther back sat Leander Rockwell, with Miss Terebinth and her friend, Hannah Binns, beside her, a plain little seamstress body, who had been asked at the eleventh bour; "sooner than waste the ticket," thrifty Miss Terebinth had said. One by one, the "Unparalieled Attractions" had been put forward: the time-worn clown, the spangled columbine, the trained elephants, the bicycle-riders and the swarthy snake-charmer with the gold crescents daugling from his ears and the great glittering stage-diamond in

the front of his turban. "Oh, isn't it wonderful!" cried Alice

"Pretty fair-pretty fair;" answered Captain Cassell, tapping the ivory knob of his cane against his teeth. "But those rattlesnakes don't compare in size to a cobra copello I once killed in our tent at Dangapore, when-"

And the rounds of applause drowned the end of his sentence.

"Ah! a tiger-taming act!" said the captain, consulting his programme. "'The Marvelous Signor Mahmelli and his pupil, Rajabi' Call that a Bengal tiger, do they? I wish you could have seen that fellow I shot that last summer in the jungles at Hoodah. My sister has his skin on her drawing-room floor now, made into a rag. It had killed four men and a sacred ox, and the natives called him 'The Scourge of the Shore.' O. yes, I don't deny the fellow handles him very neatly, but-"

At that second, just when the "beast of the tropics" was drowsily going through with his list of his accomplishments, the lash of his keeper struck : taifle sharper than usual, or some other unseen cause ignited the powder magazine of the animal's slumbering savagery. With a ferocious roar he sprang forward, felling the keeper with a single blow of his paw, and leaped toward the row of tootlights, whose fitful flicker seemed to irritate him as a red rag en-

rages a bull. There was a shrick, a rush, a moment or two of wild confusion. Ally Ames uttered a scream; Captain Cassell had urned as pale as a tallow candle. "We'd better get out of this," said he

hoarsely. "Quick!" quick!" But Alice, paralyzed by fear, sat as still as death. "I-I cra't move!" she gasped. "I

think I'm going to faint." The captuin hesitated a second, and finally decided matters by taking to his heels, with the rest of the flying crowd. Alice shut her eyes with a chill shudder; she could not see the tawny death spring upon her; but in a moment she opened them again at the sound of a triumphant shout that went up around

Leander Rockwell was in the arena lately occupied by the vanished band, struggling with the savage monster. She could see his set teeth, the veins standing out on his forehead, the red fire in his eyes, and she knew that it was for life or death.

"After all," said the minister, "these circuses are sinful risks to human life. I never shall see my way clear to attending one again. Suppose that brave young fellow had been killed before our face and eyes, in the noble effort he made to save our lives."

"Gelly, though, pa, wasn't it grand?" said John Henry, the good man's oldest hope. ""Most equal to a Spanish bullfight. Everybody knows that Lee Rockwell's the strongest fellow in Durkill Four Corners, but the old tiger'd got the best of him if it hadn't been for that lick Loc gave him over the head with the sharp edge of the cornet that the music-men had dropped when they got under the stage, like lightning. It was as good as a Damascus scimeter, Lee says; and, once stunned, it was easy enough for the property-men to kill bim. It'll be an awful loss to the zircus folks, though!" reflectively added John Henry. "There ain't many tigers of that size in the traveling ring in this

country." "But wasn't it funny, husband," said the minister's wife, "about Captain Cassell's being found hiding under the manger in the trained ponies' stalls, with the door tightly locked. A man who, according to his own account, has killed scores of leopards and half a dozen elephants in India, and is afraid. of nothing. I'm told that the engagenent between him and Alice Ames is off, and that she is spending a week with Terebinth Rockwell. The fright and the danger together have made poor Terebinth quite 111."

But if the minister's wife had only known it. Terebiath was a great deal better, now, and she and Ally were busy making a gown of white surah silk, with a great deal of soft lace and ribbon bows about it. "Because," said Ally, laughing, "Le-

ander says he sould wait-and a man who can conquer a tiger oughtn't to be contradicted by a woman." "You really love me, then?" said Le-

"I really love you," repeated Alice. "And oh, Leander! I am so very, very proud of you!"-Amy Randolph, in N. Y

Ledger. Aiming by Electric Light.

Some interesting experiments have been made in Toulen to ascertain the accuracy of alm when the electric light is used for night attacks. A large gun was mounted on a revolving platform, which also carried an electric projector. The mark to be hit was a mile distant and the only light was that of the projector. It was found that the gun could be discharged with as great rapidity and precision as was attained in

daylight. A Policeman and a Fool. A Providence peliceman met a fool

wandering around at night, and to have some fun with him he took out his hand cuffs and threatened an arrest. The fool didn't begin to cry and beg, and neither did he run away, but he sailed in with a club and so nearly killed the officer that he will be in hed for a

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Your Honor, I ha'nt got a word to say in my de-

of Jeff, the hoss).

way wun the wust. When nabers asked me how's my farm I'd

She lurus me how ter write quite good, a-sayin' as our Zach Ud bu so proud his father knowed so much

The rain come down like NPgra). I just sat Fer she talted of sunny meadows, seemed ter And I knowed the Lord had sent down word He wanted her up thur. Then when she fetched around a bit she says.

It betched me in a tender p'int ter see her than ubles about my writin' and about my 'rith-

coughts weren't thar. One day I took the and woke up standin' by the stun readin' "aged

All gone-too poor ter drive around and much And then oh, blessed God! I'm glad ye sped that bullet wide. There'd be'n a tear is Heav'n if I had died a

Da Honor's fainted! Water here! Where is my specks! Jeewack! h, Ruth! look down from Paradise! I've found him. Here's our Zach! Thomas Frost, in N. Y. Herald

at Houston. The Queer Things One Sees and Hears in and Around the Market-House Every Are There. Pursuing the odd, the new and the

Saturday evening market held at Houston. It is something unique and this the only place to see it, small markets not being allowed here as in other ities. Houston also holds a Sunday market, but inaugurated the Saturday movement for the benefit of those who were too lazy or too religious to rise early on the Sabbath morning. It has borne good fruit, opening out great and ow fields for trade, as the German mera soon came in from distances of wenty miles and more hauling their roduce in wagons, and wholesaling it o the many small dealers, who now de-

delightful in flavor, which grow wild along the bayou that borders his land. on the sidewalk a Chines peddler displays his wares. John has his pig-tail neatly pinned up, and his blouse and shoes are models of cleanli-"Any tling a-day?" he asks, exhibiting wonderful fans and enshions. brushes, teapots, Chinese lilles, and what not. He tries to be very persusave in his pidgin-English, and re-

sents demonstratively the Interruption and takes his stand, vociferously call-A fat, yellow man, as greasy as his

in a can, which she tells you "schmech

his class, always asking higher than he will get, and dropping little by little to the offered price at last

ruple row of vegetable stalls, all tended by women, German and Irish exclusively, clean dressed and hatless. Their wares make a pretty show; no hot-bed products are here, no garden truck from other States, but all home-raised. The of December, the pale pink radishes lying in the crisp, carly leaves of chicory; the purple kohl-rabl against the illes of creamy, wax beans; the long, slim pods of "Carolina okra" are heaped next to golden carrots and red spring beets; piles of purple egg-plants are verbially hard; while great bunches of cool, white celery keep company with baskets of fresh green pease and are very artistic in their arrangement of these things, and they make a fine display of color; but fruit they do not touch. Here again the Dago comer to the fore. You find him in stalls stocked with West India, Northern, and Cali-

Very foreign they look, with gold rings in their ears, men though they be, and red mufflers around their throats. They seem to give endless amusement to the respectable-looking colored man and woman opposite, who keep a stall where they sell cold food-fried catfish and tender chicken, hard-boiled eggs and heaps of golden corn-bread and roasted potatoes, with thin-sliced sandwiches, all appetizing indeed, and where many a darky stops to eat a meal

(Me.) Journal, "thinks just twice as much of dog intelligence now as he did a week ago. He owned a dog and had tired of him, and had agreed to transfor him to a friend who lives in the head and carried him down and delivered him. It was a long distance, premises. That night on reaching home the dog lay on his accustomed place on the rug, while the Auburn man's wife wore a curious smile of lieves, and rightly, that he is cheating | way home?" hours or so we scrambled over huge