JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1890.

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'Ith vacant crin and stare;

Ther's lots o' work fer ever' one: Git up 'n' dew yer share. Sum critters act ez though ther Lord Hed med 'em jest ter set Eround ther stoves uv groc'ry stores, "N" chaw 'n' smoke 'n' bet. 'Ith empty pockets, 'n' 'ith heds

About exempty tew, Their calkelation's all upset Et anythin's ter dew. Ther man 'at sets hisself ter work, 'N' lots ter dew his stent, In small 'n' big concerns o' life,

Her got ther proper bent. Ther kin' o' work nin't no account, At aims ter dew his level best Kin leave ther rest ter fate.
-Edith M. Norris, in Yankee Blade

THE GYPSIES.

Something About That Most Remarkable People.

You who have seen these people, in the country, tenting by the roadside or camping in the woods, or, mayban on the suburbs of a city, have had these uestions arise in your minds: Who are these people? Where did they come from? What is their origin? The gypsies fill no place and take no part in the great movements of the

orld; they are a despised race of vagabonds; and yet they must have a history. To write the history of a people, though it be ever so concise, we must live in spirit, as it were, among a people of a by-gone age, to note their appearance, their manners and their general condition, that we may form a just estimate of their merits and their shortcomings; we must form a picture made by the impression of our researches in the highways and the byways of the history those before us have written, for whatever we can find upon the subject, that we may trace it as clearly as possi-

ble on the blank page for others to see. The gypsies, all things considered, must be regarded as the most singular and most remarkable people on the globe. They are without a history or zion: without literatue or written language, and, as has been observed, "with nothing to bind them ogether but the indelible, unchangeable strain of their savage blood, and displaying a pertinacity of race surpassng that of the Jews."

offer a shoe with the inside of the heel lined with rubber. This climps to the above and prevents the Rubber from slipping off. Everywhere present, from Persia to freland, from Siberia to Central Africa. and from Australia to America, and verywhere despised and oppressed outeasts, they have always kept their race separate and distinct, with a rigid exlusiveness which is unparalleled.

From one end of the earth to the other, with few exceptions in language, in physical peculiarities, in their social and noral character, in their pursuits and heir habits of life they are everyhere essentially the same. Difference climate appears to work but little hange in their color or complexion. Changes in food and in outward circumtances work but little variation in heir physical type. They are not infuenced by the civilization or the barbarism of any people among whom they may chance to so ourn.

The word "gypsy" is a corruption of "Egyptian," with the prevalent belief, founded on their own assertion, that hey came from Egypt, though recent

evidence shows to the contrary. Some have supposed them to be the lescendants of Ishmael; son of Hagar. Ethnologists, by a careful investigation of their language, have discovered it to be the old Sanscrit mingled with words of other languages, added or discarded, according to the country in which they ived. They are sprung from the lowest class of Indians; the degraded Pariahs from the valley of the Indus.

The indications are that the gypsies entered Europe through southern Russia, In some connection with the Tartars of the Golden Horde. Before the year 1350 their roving bands seem to have scattered through Moldavia, Wallachia and Bulgaria where many of them were seized and reduced to a most miserable state of slavery by the cruel Bulgarian pobles.

Outwardly as within, the gypsies present a strong contrast; some being strangely hideous, others very beautiful. They are finely proportioned, of medium stature, and light and sinewy, insensible to both cold and wet, supporting great fatigue. They pride themselves on their small hands and feet. Corpulence rarely occurs, and only in the older women. Their hair is black or dark brown, inclining to coarseness, is often frizzled and does not soon orn gray. Their complexion is a tawny live. Their teeth are of a dazzling whiteness and of perfect regularity. Their cheek-bones high, and their aquiline nose is overhung by strongly-marked brows, often knit in deep lines of thought. But the most striking feature is the full, dark eye, now listless, then changing to a expression of mysterious child-like sorrow, presently blazing forth with sudden passion. They

early develop and early fade. The gypsy character is a strange mixture of good and evil, and though black and hateful to the outside world, to the Romani it is all that is fair and lovable. They are light-hearted and courteous, but only to true and adopted memhers of the tribe are their inmost hearts

Their principal faults are childish vanity, professional cunning, indolence, or a hot, passionate temper; but they are as ready to forgive as they are quick to resent a wrong.

Their family affection is intensely strong, a parent never chastising a younger child; but a grown-up son meekly takes a thrashing from his father. They are exceedingly generous to such as are poorer than themselves, even though they are not of their own race. They love nature and dumb creation. They have a gift of tongues, readily adapting themselves to whatever country they are in and conversing in the language spoken. There is among them a kind of wild, savage dignity and independence of character. A gypsy queen will sometimes display a majesty of demeanor truly worthy of a gypsy throne. They have a passion for rings, trinkets, and all kinds of ornaments, and frequently adorn them-

selves in the most heterogeneous man-Their domestic utensils are few, consisting usually of a pan, a dish and a silver cup. Every gypsy camp has a donkey or a horse for the conveyance of their effects. They are fond of brandy, and both sexes are addicted to the use

of tobacco, which they regard as a great

The only mechanical pursuit for which they show any aptitude is that of a smith. In this they sometimes excel. In Persia they have been known as skilled workers in gold and silver. Usually they are horse-jockeys or traders or dealers in kive-stock, and in rare cases they have been known to till the soil. In some countries they have accumulated wealth, but most of them are worthless, poverty-stricken vagabonds. The old women tell fortunes and the

young sing love-songs. They have no religion, and most writers place them below the heathen, ascribing to them no principles, and charging them with serving no god but the god of gain and fraud. They have no word in their language for God or for immorality. But outwardly, and for their own advantage, they are ready to adopt any religion, as circumstances may require.

Their music is wild and weird, and in some countries it is proficient with power and beauty. Some of the greatest masters of the violin known are found among the gypsies of Hungary

and Bohemia. The gypsy language is termed Romani, has no alphabet and no literature, except a few miserable songs and some folk-lore, which are passed from mouth to mouth. Altogether, the entire stock of Romani words does not exceed five thousand, though the number known to any individual is small.

The Romani tribes consider it a curse if one of their race marries any one not of their own people. A common feature in the form of marriage is the breaking of a flower-covered pitcher by the chief, who from the fragments, be they many or few, argues the future of the bridal pair.

There are many curious gypsy practices, especially those relating to death and burial, such as waking the corpse, burning the decedent's effects, the fasting of the kinsfolk, and many others. A most interesting form is the custom complied with when a gypsy wife or child forever renounces the favorite delicacy of a dead husband or father. Like motives prompt the dropping of the dead one's name entirely out of use, nd the survivors who happen to bear the name change it to another. Another practice is the leaving at a cross-road of a handful of grass or leaves, or heap of stones, a stick or some such mark to guide the stragglers of the band.

Many attempts have been made to educate them, but they appear to have failed. They are content to live in tents or in holes in the ground, and wander in companies from place to place as fugitives or vagabonds, yet in Transylvania they have a form of constitution, being governed by chiefs. To this dignity every one is eligible who is of a family descended from a former chief; but the preference is usually given to those who have the most wealth, or who are of a large stature and not past the meridian of life.

Scott, in his introduction to "Guy Mannering," describes the habits and life of the Scottish gypsies, and his famous character of Meg Merrilles is founded upon no less a personage than the noted gypsy named Jean Gordon, whose granddaughter, Madge Gordon, became the queen of the gypsy clans.

In 1850 there were supposed to be about five million gypsies in the world, though of later years they have greatly diminished. Of the seven or eight hundred thousand now believed to be scattered over Europe, more than half are found in the valleys of the Danube, and here they are most civilized, and for four hundred years have been an important element of the population. They have been condemned, and in

some countries the laws were so stringent that if they remained one month they were executed without even a form of trial. In the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth the gypsy tribes were marked out for general persecution in England:

In 1639 four gypsies confessed, under orture, to having eaten a friar, a pilgrim and a woman of their tribe; and in 1782 forty-five Hungarian gypsies were beheaded, quartered or hanged on a like monstrous charge. First racked till they confessed the crime of murder, they were then brought to the spot where their victims were said to be buried, but when no bodies appeared they were racked again. "We ate them," was the despairing cry. But in very rare instances has it been known that they have eaten human flesh." The destinies of this wonderful people we know not, but can we not say with

Dean Milmen: "As of all mankind, they are in the hands of the All-Wise Ruler of the universe. His decrees will be accomplished. His goodness and His wisdom vindicated."-Joseph B. Willits, in N. Y. Ledger.

Another Scientific Discovery. A wonderful discovery has been attracting the attention of scientists. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism so as to produce the solar spectrum of rainbow. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it and fall on silk, wool or other material contained in a glass vessel. As the colored lights fall upon it sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence n other parts. If the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all.

-Little Hattie, 4 years old, had, for some misdemeanor, been told by her mother not to go out of the yard. Having become wearied of her own companionship and seeing two playmates enstreet, she called: "Charlie, come over here." "Oh, I can't," replied the ungallant Charlie. A period of thought, and again she called: "Lu, play I'm Charlie's grandmother." "All right," answered Lu. Silence for a moment, then: "Lu, tell Charlie his grandmother wants him to come over and see her."-Golden Days.

-Young Wife-"I am going to make a nice cake for you to-night, Thomas." the last one)-"Ahem! I did intend to light. If not, then-but the alterbring a friend home to tea." Young Wife-"Well, so much the better; the more the merrier." Young Husband-"All right, I will bring him. He

SWEET DORUINY.

She adds not to my worldly store Of sliver or of gold, The burdens that are mine to bear Her dimpled shoulders can not share, Nor sea-shell tinted tingers hold One implement of tell.

Though all the world should go unfed, She can not give a crumb of bread To save a fainting soul; And yet she is so dear to me, My fair-faced baby, sweet Dorothy.

In gind content her aimless life Flows on from day to day; What though with mad ambition rife, And half-distraught with toll and strife Along the hurrying, crowded way Humanity sweeps on ! Enough that in the arms of Love

She safely rests-my while winged dove My benediction crown! So dear, so very dear to me. My smiling babe, sweet Dorotby! She is the chosen household queen! The sovereign by acclaim? More loyal subjects ne'er, I ween,

tly palace have been seer Nor tones more loving called a name. "La reine, vive la rein Her every wish a law must be To-day the baby smiled on me!"

The evening's glad refrain; So dear to all-so dear to me-The household pet, sweet Dorothy You ask me why she is so dear, This little helpless child?

Draw close to me, I almost fear Lest angels listening, too, should bear, And, from the realms of day beguiled, Should come to claim their own. Why is she dear? I can not tell! Our hollest thoughts and feelings dwell In depths to words unknown; I only know, as life to me,

o dear my child, sweet Dorothy! And when across my path there strays A woman, worn and sad, Whose empty arms and hungry eyes Tell me, by intuition wise, The babe that made her young heart glad

Has passed beyond the years. Llong by hand-clasp to reveal The sympathy that now I feel, And kiss away her tears. As dear her babe as mine to me My winsome child, sweet Dorothy!

And when again I clasp the form So dear, upon my breast, And feel the clinging fingers warm, And know that sheltered there from harm My gentle babe can sweetly rest, I feel a sudden thrill,

So deep it is akin to pain; And once, and twice, and yet sgain My lips with praises 311 Thanks, Father, for this gift to me, My heaven-sent child, sweet Dorothy,

A QUESTION OF INCOME. Conducting Church Affairs on Busi-

ness Principles. It was a time of trouble with the Presbyterian Church and society of Blanksville. They had come to their annual meeting and found, just as they expected, that their assets were not equal to their liabilities by several hundred dollars. This was no new experience but rather an old, chronic ailment, that had afflicted them for years. Heretofore they had managed to tide over the trouble somehow, but this year the deficit was larger than usual-it had been growing larger every year, in fact-and it was agreed that mething must be done about it.

The chairman of the meeting called upon one after another to propose some plan of relief or to express his views, and several gentlemen were not slow to

do the latter, at least. Squire Boomer took the floor and said, in his usual methodical manner: "I've made up my mind that it costs a great deal to run a church. What with the minister's salary, which is the largest item, and the janitor's, and the organist's, and the insurance and repairs, and the fuel and lights, and our Sunday-school expenses, to say nothing of our benevolent contributions, which to be sure are not what they should be, it costs a great deal of money to run a church; more it seems to me than it ought to cost-more than we can afford to pay. And I think we must contrive some way to diminish our church expenses, so as to make the two ends of the year meet. If any gentleman can think of a better plan let him speak out; but for my part, I say we must reduce our expenses, so as to make our income cover our outgoes. We must manage our church finances on business principles, if we expect to prosper."

Mr. Snodgrass followed, saying: 'Squire Boomer has expressed my mind exactly. We must lessen our church expenses; we must cut our garment according to our cloth. We know just about how much we can raise each year by slip rents; and what's the use of trying to stretch the sum two or three hundred dollars, when we know it can't be done? I repeat, we must out our

garment according to our cloth." Mr. Mullins endorsed all that had been said, and added somewhat pompously, as his manner was: "I am opposed to all pretense of appearing to be a richer and more prosperous church than we really are;" and, as if in imitation of Patrick Henry, he exclaimed: "We must retrench. I repeat it, sir,

we must retrench!" Others followed in much the same strain. Indeed, there appeared to be but one opinion upon the subject. The chairman said: "I am glad to observe so much freedom in this discussion. Nearly all present seem to be agreed upon retrenchment Now, will some one suggest how and where we shall begin? Will some one make a mo-

There was silence in that room for the space of one minute; then Squire Boomer arose slowly, and said, with some hesitancy, as if the subject matter was a painful one: "In order to bring the matter properly before the house, I will move that a committee of three be appointed to wait upon our pastor and inform him of our financial embarrassment, and ask him kindly to consent to a reduction of his salary at least \$200." The motion was supported by half a dozen voices, and afterward discussed vigorously pro and con (mostly pro) for an hour. The sentiment was evidently something like this: that their pastor

-Interior. A Matrimonial Novelty. A young lady recently invented a new was rolling in wealth on \$1,200 per year, while they, the people, were put to all sorts of straits to raise the money. The times were hard; several who once rented pews had moved away, and two or three rich men had died. It was unreasonable to expect them to pay as large a salary as they did when wheat sold for two dollars a bushel, and all branches of business were lively and profitable; and if Dr. Slim was the considerate man they took him to be, he every place where they are wanted. Young Husband (with recollections of | would look upon the matter in the same native was not discussed.

"Are you ready for the question?" asked the chairman. "Not quite," said a voice from a reserved me a mean trick himself once." | mote corner of the room, and a plain,

unlettered man, with a shrewd but kindly face, moved to the front, and it was announced that Mr. Ball had the

"I don't often feel any call to make a speech," said he, "but when I do, I generally call a spade a spade, and done with it. My preachin' is apt to be rather personal, so to speak, and perhaps it will be this time. Squire Boomer says It costs a great deal of money to run a church, and he's right. And it costs a great deal to run a farm of much size. and a grist mill and a high school and a steam thrasher and a good many things that we've got to have. Why, it was only last summer I was ridin' 'long with Squire Boomer past his farm, and he stopped his horse to show me the crop on that twenty-acre lot near the road. He said he had laid out more than five dollars an acre in ditchin' that lot and buyin' fertilfzers and seed; said he shouldn't get his money back in one year or two, but there was a good deal of satisfaction in seein' how that land had come up under good tillage. He said he didn't believe in any 'penny wise' system of farmin'. Fact is,' says he 'if you starve your farm, it will starye you.' He says to-day we should manage our church affairs just as we do our own; that is, on business principles, and I agree with him. If we starve the church and the minister, they'll certainly starve us. It's the liberal soul that'll be made fat-not the stingy one.

"Mr. Mullins, he deals in general merchandise, and runs a pretty large establishment. He says trade has been uncommon dull for a year or more; but all the same he is going to raise the salary of his head clerk and book-keeper fifty dollars this year, just because he was such a faithful fellow and looked after his employer's interests so well. 'I tell you, Ball,' says he, 'a man must show his hands that he appreciates their work if he wants 'em to take an interest and make things buzz.' But when it comes to the minister, he proposes to work this plan by the rule of contrary. All that's necessary to make the finances of this church prosper. seemingly, is to let the minister know that his labors are worth less by two hundred dollars a year than when he came here.

"Neighbor Snodgrass is fond of sayin" we must cut our garment accordin' to our cloth, but he don't always practice his own preachin'. I went into his house last evenin' to set awhile, as I often do, and Mis' Snodgrass was cuttin' out a checkered shirt for her husband. She had the cloth spread out on the floor, and laid the pattern on this way and that way; but finally she said: 'It's no use; there isn't cloth enough, John; you'll have to get three-quarters of a yard more to make the sleeves. Now, by his own rule, he should have said: 'You must cut that garment accordin' to the cloth, sleeves or no sleeves.' But he didn't say any such thing. He just said: 'All right, Lucinda; Uli get the cloth to-morrow when I go to the village," and there's the bundle stickin' out of his coat pocket

this minute. "He and I are in the habit of helpin" each other with a big job now and then in a neighborly way. Last spring elped him build a picket fence the whole length of his farm on the highway. He laid out to have lumber enough on hand before we begun, bu he fell short considerable; said no didn' make allowance enough for shaky pick ets, just as we don't for shaky slip rents. Now, you'd think, to be consis tent, he ought to have spread them pickets a triffe more, or else finished up the two or three rods lacking with some of them old fence rails. But he didn't do any such thing. He sent his team off o the mill and had another load of sickets on hand before we needed 'em; and he had a hundred or two left over so to speak.

for repairs, a surplus in the treasury, "We hear a good deal about cutting down our expenses, but not a word about increasin' our income. Gentlemen talk as if, in church matters, we better wear a shirt without sleeves, as it were, than to buy a little more cloth; we better piece out a new fence with old rails, rather than to get a few more pickets. The Bible tells about a time when the bed is shorter than a man can stretch himself on it, and the coverin' narrower than that he can wrap himself in it Seems to me some of us have about got

"It has been more than hinted here to-day that the minister has more noney to spend than we do, and may be he does. But that is none of our busi ness. We called him here and fixed the amount of his salary ourselves; and I think it would be a mighty mean proceedin' to ask him to throw off \$200, just because we've failed to do business on business principles-to lay this load all on his shoulders, when not a man of us had tried to lift it with one of our little

fingers, so to speak. "Now I say that this paltry debt of a few hundred dollars, that is such a bugbear to many, has come, not because our expenses are so large, but because our income is so small; not because we pay out too much money, but because we pay in too little; and if every mother's son of us will increase our slip rent twenty per cent., we shan't be likely to hear any more such whinin' as we've heard to-day."

"Do you offer that as an amendment to the motion to appoint a committee? asked the chairman briskly. "No," thundered Mr. Ball from his seat in the corner. "Do you think I'd hitch an amendment on to such a mo-

After some confusion, the motion was laid upon the table, and the subject, from Mr. Ball's point of view, was under discussion, with a fair prospect of a successful issue, when this writer left.

tion as that? Not while I have my

fashion for weddings that may be taken up by members of the fair sex who are crowded with engagements. Unable to appear at her friend's wedding she had her photograph specially taken for the occasion, and this portrait, with appropriate good wishes, greeted the bride on the morning of the eventful day. This should be taken up by Americans especrially, who have friends in every quarter of the globe, and cannot be present in

An Object of Euvy. There are plenty of women in this | band had one and she had grown atcounty who can truly say that they | tached to that kind." never envied Queen Victoria until they learned that she traveled with seventy- ness."

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

When the sun goes down

And across the fading lea Like the crooning of a mother, Comes the murmor of the sea. The golden clouds of sunset Change to sober, restful brown,

When the sun goes down. When the sun goes down, And from out the glowing West The evening breeze comes sighing, Like a whisper from the blest, Come the little ones, aweary, Clinging to their mother's gown,

And they nestle in her bosom,

When the sun goes down. "When the sun goes down!" Cries the toiler o'er the sea, "Sweet thoughts, by inbor banished, Will came trooping back to me, And the smiles of those who love me

For in dreams I shall be with them, When the sun goes down."

When the sun goes down The ills of life recede; Hushed is the voice of evil, And the selfish cry of greed; Then, happy homeward loot steps Echo through the quiet town,

And rest comes to the weary, When the sun goes down, When the sun goes down

Perhaps the night that follows Will be better than the day. O, may its rising shadows Find us ready for a crown And the rest that surely cometh When the sun goes down.

CUPID'S MANY WAYS.

Mortimer C. Brown, in Good Housekeeping.

Matrimonial Bureaus and Their Methods in Paris.

He was standing in front of the Grand Hotel puffing moodily on a huge cigar whose gilt garter, ostentationsly displayed, proclaimed its high price. Ginger-colored shoes adorned his huge feet, and his gray suit of some fuzzy cloth in pattern reminded me in turn of Sing Sing and a horse-blanket. The pink face and stubby mustache, that looked as if it were composed of brass wires, wore a familiar look, and I asked myself in what corner of Europe I had seen this parti-colored party before.

Western gentleman who had distinguished himself last summer by presenting sovereigns to the waiters of the Empire Theater in London and went rolling up the Strand one night firing bullets through the top of the hansom, an amusement that cost him many shillings the next morning at Bow street court.

He was not emulating the example of Danae by showering gold this summer to any extent. Experience had saddened him, and usurious Time had exchanged some of the gold on his cranium for some doubtful-looking silver. He had returned home to find that the cattle on his ranch had been blown away in a blizzard (at least so his partner explained), and he had come to Paris with the avowed intention of

making a rich marriage. He was of timorous disposition, so i was engaged to pilot this passsionate pligrim to the Mecca of moneyed matrimony. It was very easy by turning to the fourth page of my Parisian paper to find a dozen addresses where to apply for an heiress with a forume ranging from a hundred thousand to a million francs, and there was even the advertisement of a Russian princess who wanted to get murried, but she stipulated naively than the intended husband must be "a prince de finance." He said he thought she would be apt to come high, and anyway he was more particular about the boodle than the

There was one quite famous matchhatching house in the Rue Drouot, and thence we wended our way. We were ushered into a salon handsomely furnished with white and gold furniture and pale-blue hangings. No suggestion of business anywhere. A nice familylooking sort of a place that gave you a feeling of home.

Madame the proprietress bustled in at that moment with a smile on her face. That is, there were several smiles, for her face was so fat and her mouth so large that one would not go round. She was a ponderous-looking party, with a palpably false front and teeth like dominoes.

She criticised my friend of the amber top with a hungry and speculative eye, and catechised him with the freedom of an American census-taker, dissecting him bone for bone and exacting a minute history of his past and present. Then she produced an album full of photographs of females of every age, from the cradle to the grave, discussing their good points physically as if she were selling a horse, a conversawhich the Westerner, as a judge of cattle, took an active part.

He finally settled on a widow, a pertcooking party with a stage smirk, who, in addition to possessing a fortune, was the crelict of a jockey. That fetched the client, for he wanted a companion in life who could discuss learnedly on fodder and the "blind staggers" in the intervals of love-making.

The question was now to arrange for the first meeting between the unfortunates. That was easily settled. Madame agreed to take a box at the hippodrome for the next Sunday night, he might drop in between the acts like a casual visitor, meet the widow and the next day learn at the agency just what kind of an impression he had made.

Having paid madame's fee of a hundred francs and double as much for a box, my now radiant companion and I When I saw him again after a lapse

of two weeks his face wore a mingled expression of gloom and regret. "Well," said I, "and how do you pros-

"Don't mention it," he groaned, covering his face with his hands. "I deserve to be kicked from here to Idaho by one of my own steers. If I don't, call me a dodo. It was all a bloomin' humbug!" "But you met the lady you selected?

She was real?" "Ye-es-that is, part of her. She was there in the box, and I chinned to her awhile, and the next day I called on madame. She was smiling as ever-but was so sorry. The fact of the matter was that the lady, or apology for one, said that I didn't just suit. She would never marry a man that didn't have a Roman nose, because her hus-

"That ought to have settled the busitwo trunks, nine maids and eleven dogs. | . Well, it oughter, but it didn't. I !

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The large and reliante circulation of the Cam-

f months ...

NUMBER 35. Jon Phinting of all kinds neatly and expedi-

finally cornered one, a regular yearing,

and sound as a dollar. She let me dine

her an' wine her for a week and them

skipped out, sayin' that the ausband she

had thought was dead had turned up,

and, of course, things was off. Now I'm out about one thousand francs, and nowife," with a further groan.

"Well, what will you do next? Hunt up another?" "Hunt thunder!" giving vent to a pyrotechnical display of profanity that made the electric light flicker. "I'm goin' to mosy home by the next boatand marry the poorest critter I can find

in Devil's Lake. No more rich marriages in mine! Of the one-hundred-odd marriage brokers in Paris the large majority are women, and generally women who have had very little to do with marriage aswe understand it. Generally faded flowers of evil, who have failen back on this business after their own charms are gone, but who understand thoroughly how to flatter and cajole the victims

lured into their attractive nets. Their transactions very often amount: to downright swindling, but the victims. seldom complain for fear of being made the objects of laughter and ridicule. Their principal prey comes from the provinces-young men who have received some small inheritance, and who, dazzled with the glitter of Parisian life, think of settling down and

making a rich marriage in the gay cap-In most of the agencies no fee is exacted, but the client must sign a contract agreeing to pay from five to twenty per cent, of the dowry as soon as the match is consummated. There are ways, however, of squeezing money out of the unfortunate before the matter is definitely settled. One flourishing concern that found fiself in court the other day for having swindled a coachman who wanted to make a rich marriage, had, according to the police, only brought

about one real match in a year. Receptions given in hired salons are the places where the best brokers arrange the meetings of their clients, and also at places of amusement. The poorer agencies have their own parlor, generally well furnished, where the happy es are brought together

The first-class agents have dealings with the nobility and rich commoners, recruiting the female element from the foreign colony and from the provinces. where many widows, dying of ennui in their rural homes, are only too glad to be rescued by a marriage broker. The lower-class agencies have dealings with retired officers and department clerks

and working-men of every description. A large and flourishing office in addition to its chief is en rapport with the employes of the Government registry and mortgage offices, where they gain accurate knowledge of the solvency of their clients. Servants and governesses know that they can turn an honest penny by standing in with the brokers, giving information when the eligible young sons or daughters of their emloyers will be present at certain on-

Besides the one hundred recognized agencies, matchmakers are to be found on all sides. The proprietors of the restaurants and cafes bring about many marriages between their pensionaries. It is a curious fact that most Parisians are always anxious to marry off their friends and customers, though they may never think of assuming the chains

of matrimony themselves. Some of the disreputable agencies emsloy women to work as decoys when hey are off duty. They are elegantly dressed and generally accompanied by a little boy or girl. They take up their tation in some public place like the Tuileries or on the benches of the Bois, ooking the picture of modesty and aristocratic reserve.

In a discreet way madame will attract the attention of a rich-looking provincial, probably through the medium of the child who accompanies her. He enters into a conversation and learns that he is a rich widow whose husband was killed during the war. He begs pernission to call, but it is a long while before she consents. If she thinks him inworthy prey he gets no further than he first conversation, but if promising he permission is granted. He calls, s entranced by the quiet refinement of her flat. He proposes in time, but she mly half accepts, holding him at arm's ength, but with a firm grasp. Then, she finds means to borrow money of him, and finally throws him over, and baits her trap for the next comer. Oneunfortunate who had been through this course of swindling saw the woman again some months after he had received his dismissal. This time shewas accompanied by a little girl, whereas his sympathics had been attracted before by her only child-a son, whom she wept over frequently when he called because he was so like his father.

Should be encounter madame again he might find her with twins, for the agency hires intelligent-looking infants to add interest to their decoys. - Paris Cor. N. Y. Journal.

A Hermit in a New York Hotel; The census brought out the fact that a man can like in a New York hotel for en years and never speak to any one or enter into any communication with any one except as to the common place affairs of eating and drinking. This champion hermit lives at the Grand Union Hotel and is known as Bailey. That is all that is known about him. There was a statement printed that the census men had skipped that hotel, and in writing to the supervisor to say that the story was untrue and that the enumerator with the assistance of the clerks had made every effort to secure the proper information as to all permanent residents in the house, the proprietor, Mr. Garrison, added that there was one man called Bailey who, to the best of his knowledge, had not spoken a word to a living hotel ten years ago and from whom it had been impossible to obtain any answers to the questions. There has been a story told of another similar hermit who used to live at a large down-town hotel, but that one did talk occasionally.

'-Wife-"Henry, I fear we shall have to look out for another house." Husband-"Why, I thought you were well pleased when I secured this one." Wife "So I was, and it still suits me just as well." Husband -"Why, then, this notion of changing?" Wife-"Well, the cook and chambermaid both object to the arrangement of the house, and to its being off the beat of their favorite poiceman. We'll have to move back to the old locality."- Poston Budget.

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