SERSCRIPTION RATES. TO

r paper before you stop it, if stop

None but scalawags do otherwise.-

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XXIV.

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

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NUMBER 37.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1890.

first.

family he said:

obeyed at once.

added, kindly:

lions appeared.

stirring march.

have the first claim.

the spirit of the lad.

Honor

going home?"

five minutes" to his father.

pened. You never ran away, did you?

full of men, came along. They stopped

here, and they said; 'Yes, hurry up?' I

ton. Then, patting the boy's rosy

cheeks, the General said: "After this

you must give us some music, my lad."

And John, quite elated, rendered a

"I don't see how we can part with

John was just then ordered to go and

dismiss the men he had been drilling,

and he departed with a martial salute to his superiors and "I will be back in

Mr. Holden, left alone, told the

Then General Washington told the

"When I, with a number of my sulte,

little musician, who archly cried out:

". Who are coming this way? said L

boys! and the British are right after

derfully with his ardent patriotism."

The boy just then returned, and Gen-

eral Knox added: "Well, what did your

men say when you told them you were

John blushed and answered: "I could

not tell them that, your Honor. Father,

let me stay another year. Then I shall

be thirteen and able to help you more

on the farm. You know mother is well,

What father in revolutionary times

Washington smiled, and Mr. Holden

consented. And after a kind farewell

from the Father of his Country, and a

loving one from the young afer, Jonas

bands of General Washington-and of

When, after seven more days of horse-

"Disappointed again! So it wasn't

our John at all? I tell you, you'll never

But Mr. Holden held out his hand to

"My dear," he said, "John is the hap-

It took a long time to tell the story of

the journey; of his reception at Wash-

ington's headquarters; of his finding the

boys of his growth, improvement and

copularity; of his close adherence to

hey had taught him; and of the great

"Have I done right in leaving him

John Holden returned to his parents

when the war was over and lived to a

good old age. And his name may be

seen, for the searching, even now, on

the books at Washington, as a pen-

Two Harvard youths making a pedes-

trian tour in the Scottish Highlands

were in the habit of stopping at small farm-houses and asking for milk, the

a glass. Calling one Sunday at a ro-

montic-looking cottage in beautiful Glen

Nevis they were sourly received by the

cotter's wife, and, though the milk was

supplied, the proffered twopence was

refused, with a solemn admonition as to

the impropriety of such doings on such

a day. The collegians were turning

away with a courteous word of thanks

when the woman made her meaning

clear, "Na, na!" she cried; "T'll no' tak"

less than saxpence for br'akin' the

Has to Be Careful.

than you did before we were married.

Then you always tore my dress in danc-

Husband-Humph! Then I didn't have

ing, but you don't now.

to pay for it. - Texas Siftings.

Wife-You dance a great deal better

"Just right," said the mother.

sioner of 1776. -Toledo Blade.

principles of right and truth which

mander's praise of their son. But

his maiden sister with the words:

piest boy in the Continental army."

see that boy again.'

the boy's mother.

at last the father said:

Holden rode away, saying to himself:

and the war will soon be over."

could resist such an appeal?

unusual with Washing

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BONANZA TO ASENTS SAMPLES FREE

Job work of all kinds neatly exe cuted at this

At the old piano scated As I played with Margaret,

HER STIPULATION.

Sweet the harmony repeated In the chords of our duet. Twas her favorite piece, she told me, She had chosen it to play, And its music seemed to hold me

With a viewless, magic swap. Twas a melesty Circassian. And its strains, in varying mood, Now sang low of love's sweet passion,

Now like clarious stirred the blood Still with me the memory lingers Of that happy day in June; So harmonious moved our fingers Surely we had hearts in tune!

Passed, that told what joy 'twould be Making endless harmony And I thought "'Tis now or never!" So I whispered: "Margaret, Why should not we twall forever

Make our lives one long duet?"

Visions through my soul delighted

She, meanwhile, with smile entrancing, 'Twould be nice," she said, down glancing, "If Intraps Anse the tune!"

-R. H. Titherington, in West Shore.

BRAVE MARY SEXTON. How She Saved Her Lover and the Express Train.

"Is it true, John, that you are to bring in the express to-morrow night?" There was a world of solicitude in Mary Sexton's voice as she looked up into John Manning's face, her eyes showing, even more than her voice, the dread which had taken possession of her. "It's true, Mary, darling, but have no

fear. There are no road agents in these parts, nowadays, and I'm quite sure that the modern tramp has not pluck enough to wreck a train," and John smiled as he endeavored to reassure his sweetheart that there was no danger in connection with the trip. "But Long Lake is nearly even full,

and it was said this morning that the dam might break. In that case there will be plenty of danger at Long Lake pass," pursued Mary.

"Tush, little one, that's only the talk of a man who knows nothi dam. It's strong enough, and you need never fear about its breaking. Goodbye, sweetheart," he said, bending over and pressing his lips to hers.

But she still clung to him, loth to let him start, but he disengaged himself and stepped into the cab of his iron horse, pulled open the throttle, and slowly the train rumbled away in the darkness from Hornellsville station toward the mining camp in the mountains fifty miles away, which was the other terminus of the branch, leaving Mary on the platform, her eyes too bedimmed by tears to see her lover.

All that night and the next day, a vague feeling of impending danger lled her heart, and her apprehension came more intense when rain began to all in torrents early in the afternoon. The D. L. & S. branch runs from Horellsville to Mortality Camp, up in the mountains, fifty miles away. The first en miles are down a steep grade and toward a narrow valley. Then the track is laid between two ranges of kills, the pass not being more than a mile acress in its widest part. Just at the base of Long Lake, an immense body of water which furnished power to numbers of stamping mills close by in the pass, the road turns sharply to the right. To avoid tunneling, the road then doubles completely, and runs back, almost parallel to its first course, to Downer's Bend, within two miles of Mary's home. Thus the first twenty odd miles of the road run in the shape of an elongated oop. The branch then continues on an easy stretch to Mortality Camp. The un from Hornellsville to the camp isually occupies nearly two hours, but

the return trip could be made in a trifle over an hour and a half. Everyone in Hornellsville knew Mary Sexton, but she was a constant lass, and FIRE INSURANCE AT COST. POLICIES she had smiles for no lover but the sturdy engineer, John Manning, the friend of her youth, the man who for years had been almost a brother to her. STEAMSHIP TICKETS SOLD AND DRAFTS for Mary was an orphan and had known the tender solicitude of a parent only in early childhood. It was only natural, therefore, that the station and the J. B. Mullen, Agent, freight-house were places of engrossing interest to her, and that after she had acquired a knowledge of reading and writing, she should solve the intricacies of telegraphy. She was an apt pupil, and for many months had been in the TEEL FENCE! habit of relieving the regular day op-

erator from time to time. It was considerably after eight o'clock n the evening, when Mary left her nome for the station, and though she knew she had to wait until 9:40 o'clock or John's train to return, she could not rest easily while there was any doubt as to the solidity of Long Lake dam.

She stepped into the station a few minutes before the half-hour, prepared to ask for the latest news, but she paused with surprise when she saw that the place was empty. She was still wondering whither the operator had gone, when her accute ear caught the call "Ky," repeated again and again with what seemed to be feverish rapidity. Without stopping to remove her shawl, she hastened to the instrument, opened the key and gave the answering symbol. There was a brief pause, and

then hurriedly she read: "Dam at Long Lake likely to go at any me ent. Water even with top. Stampers have d to high ground. "Hr" was the signature of the operator at the company's mills, just be-

neath the lake, and she recognized it instantly. Opening the key again, she rattled off: "What time is the express due theref" The reply came:

In fifty minutes, or at 0:12. Tried to get ortality Camp, but got no answer. If the train gets into the pass just as dam breaks, every one will be lost--" The message abruptly ended, Mary realized that something had caused the operator to leave his instroment. Instinctively she saw the danger to John and the express. Though her heart throbbed like an engine, she lighted a red lantern, and, hastening with a wild, unreasoning impulse from the station, she sped breathlessly through the street, hardly forming, in the frenzy of her physical exertion, an outline of a plan.

"I have half an hour in which to reach Downer's Bend. John is due there at 5:57," she muttered to herself, and her face bespoke the determination she had reached. "I can reach the switch of the spur track at the Bend at that time. My lantern will slow up the horses, and his oil would fill 150 keroexpress. I'll throw the switch. That'll | sene barrels.

send her up the spur sowards the quarries at its end. She'll step in twelve or fifteen car-lengths, after passing the switch, and so I'll save her from entering the pass."

She hurried along for many slowly passing minutes, unmindful of the storm which had drenched her, and likewise unmindful of the rough gravel which cut through her thin slippers and bruised her feet. Presently, above the roar of the rain and the wind, she heard the blast of a locomotive whistle. To her agonized mind it seemed to scream: "Mary! Mary!" dying away in a long moan like that which comes from a person in pain. But scarcely had the sound died in the distance, when she became aware of even a more horrid noise borne on the wind from the direction of the pass; a noise like that made by the crashing of trees in a gaie. Again the whistle sounded, and its shrick pierced her heart like a knife. She quickened her frantic run. A few moments more and she was descending the hill which ended at Down-

As sho neared the switch, she snatched a moment to cast a look backward, and saw the bright gleam of the loco-

motive's headlight. She swung the lantern around her head as she ran. In an instant she had thrown the switch; and even while her fingers were groping for the lockingpin, the locomotive dashed by.

She had looked up as it struck the switch-rail, and saw John Manning's face in the window-slide of the cab; and even while she looked, she heard "Mary!"

Mary Sexton heard, dimly, the whistle for "down brakes," the sound of escaping steam, the click of the brakeclamps, and the sound of grinding-iron; then she fainted.

Three months later the Hornellsville New Era contained this para-MANNING-SEXTON. In this city July 6 by Rev. T. I. Plicer, Mary, daughter of the late

David Sexten, to John S. Manuing. -E. J. Lawler, in N. Y. Ledger.

FIGHTING THE APACHES. How an Arizona Runcher Won General Crook's Friendship.

James Payne, of Arizona, can tell more about the bloodthirsty Apache Indians in a minute than any other man. He has been at Washington telling the committee on Indian affairs that the people of Arizona don't want the Indians removed to the Fort Sili Reservation in Indian Territory. Mr. Payne says if the Indians once get back to the west side of the great river they won't rest until they get a few scalps. The Apaches have raided Mr. Payne's ranch three times and stolen any amount of

"You can't depend upon them," said the rancher. "Just as soon as they get back Geronimo will lead them to the San Carlos Agency and then the trouble will begin. At their feasts they drink a grain whisky which makes them crazy. Then they start out on plundering expeditions. If they are removed it will be against the wishes of the people of Arizona and New Mexico."

With Mr. Payne is J. B. Shepard. He is the champion Indian story-teller of the West. Speaking of General Crook, he said: "I'll never forget when I fought beside General Crook in an Apache battle. We had been the redskins some days, after and one noon we sighted a band at Crazy Jim's Gulch. The General started us on a run, and the way we sailed after the Apaches was a caution. They stopped and set fire to the prairie grass, hoping to head us off, but we fooled them. When they saw that they couldn't get away they rounded up their ponies in a circle and stood in the center. We skirmished around a bit and then sailed in. General Crook has a heart like an ox, and he said: 'Boys, just slay a few dozen of the warriors. Don't kill all, just enough to let them know that we are the people.' "Twas a sweltering day and there wasn't a spot on the sun. After throwing off our coats and rolling up our trousers we opened fire. In a few seconds the Apaches began to drop. Taking advantage of an open place I ied a crowd right into the midst of the Indians. Suddenly my pistol was burled from my hand and I had to work with an old sword. Being pretty handy with the big knife I more than held my own. I had just laid out my tenth man when I felt a touch on the elbow. The air was so filled with Indian hair you could not see the sun and I asked: "'Who is there?"

"General Crook,' was the reply. " What is it, sir?"

"I wish to restrain you, spoke the General. There is nothing I admire so much as a good fighter-you know that, Jim, but when it comes to turning this little spot on the prairie into a slaughter-

"Appreclating the fact that I had gone too far I withdrew, but from that day until now General Crook and I have been like two brothers."-Chicago Tribune.

The Road to Prosperity. The man who saves something every

year, quotes a contemporary, who had heard the remark from every quarter, is on the road to prosperity. It may not be possible to save much. If not, save a little. Do not think that a dollar or a dime is too small a sum to lay by. Every body knows how little expenditures get away with large sums. But that works both ways. If a dime spent here and a dollar spent there soon make a large hole in a man's income, so do dimes and dollars laid away soon beome a visible and a respectable accamulation. In this country any man can make himself independent or keep himself under the harrow for life, according as he wastes or spends his small

The Great Greenland Whale. Few, even among the most thoughtful of the genus homo, ever stop to consider the immense size of the great Greenland or Bright whale (Balena mysticetus, L.) Nillson says that it will weigh over 100 tons. Just think of it, 220,000 pounds! At that rate the gigantic reature would outweigh 83 of the argest elephants or 500 grizzly bears. Sliced in chunks of 1,000 pounds each, his careass would load a freight train of eleven cars to its fullest capacity. The whalebone in such a whale would weigh as much as three of the largest Norman

THE LITTLE FIFER.

An Interesting Story of Revolutionary War Times.

More than a hundred years ago there lived in the town of Shirley, Mass., a bright, well-grown lad named John Holden. His father was a farmer, and the little fellow trudged about the farm clad in homespun and homemade clothing, feeding calves, driving cows and doing whatever his hands found to do "with all his might."

One Saturday night John was early at the gate waiting for his father's home-coming, for Saturday was the day when Jonas Holden went to the village and returned laden with packages and news from Boston, which to them was the center of the world. A present was an unheard-of thing in little John's life. What was his surprise, then, as his father rode up to the gate, to see him hand out a long black case, saying: "Here, my boy, see what I've brought you for a birthday present."

And imagine his greater astoulshment, on opening the case, to see a beautiful fife of dark wood with silver trimmings!

The boy could hardly believe his own eyes; and as he was passionately fond of music he lost no time in beginning to learn the use of his newly-acquired instroment. He carried the fife everywhere with him and practiced on it in every spare moment, and before many months he was able to greatly astonish the villagers, and he won many a compliment by his skillful playing.

Just before the revolutionary war the whole country, as every boy and girl ought to know, was in a state of ferment and dread. War seemed inevitable, and the oppressive rule of the English was the theme of conversation everywhere.

Little John heard much of it, ami longed to be a man that he might join the "rebellious colonists." And one day he received a compliment which set him thinking of matters in a way the older members of his family never mistrusted. A visitor from Boston was at the farm-house, and the talk, as usual, ran on the prospect of war in the cold During a pause in the conversation Mr. Holden asked John to play something on the fife. When he had played a stirring march or two the stranger ex

when it is necessary." John sat quite still for some time. But before he went to bed he went to his father and said: "Father, if the British do come, shall I go to war with "To be sure," answered his father.

laimed: "Upon my word! But the boy

has the soul of music in him! He will

be ready for the British bulls and lions

laughingly. "They could not get along without you.' Long after his father had forgotten this incident, John Holden took his dog Zip, and his darling fife, and went to a favorite hill on the place to practice. At night the dog came back alone and going straight up to the boy's chamber

began to mean and cry, and would not leave John's bed. The family were greatly alarmed, and instantly divined that something had happened to John.

Soon the whole town was in commo tion; for the news that John Holden was lost flew like wild-fire. Bands of men were organized and went searching the woods in every direction. Indians had been traveling through the town recently. Had they carried

off the boy? or had they stolen the valuable fife and thrown the boy into the river? The woods were hunted through and through; the river was dragged; notices of the lost boy were sent in every direction; but weeks lengthened into months and no clue was obtained that threw the faintest glimmer of light on the strange disappearance.

Everybody believed him to be dead, or with the cruel Indians. Everybody but one. The boy's mother never lost faith in his being safe somewhere: "My boy is in Ged's hands," she would say. "In His good time John will come home."

And nothing could move her from this belief while two anxious years slipped by. In the meantime war had broken out,

and Shirley had sent her full quota of men to fight for the country's independence. It was through one of these that a rumor reached Mr. Holden that a boy of twelve was in General Washington's army as fifer. Jonas Holden was impressed with the

certainty that the boy in Washington's army and his lost son were the same. He went home and told his wife the story, and she was certain of it. Accordingly Mr. Holden started for New York, where General Washington and his army were then stationed. There were no railroads or telegraphs then, remember; nothing but horses and stagecoaches. Mr. Holden chose the former, and the best he could do, by traveling en horse-back, was to reach General Washington's headquarters in seven

When he finally drew rein at the outposts of the Continental army he made known his desire to see General Knox, who was with Washington at that time. General Knox received the Massachusetts farmer with a cordiality that put him at his ease in a moment; and Mr. Holden found no difficulty in stating

his errand. "There is your boy, sir!" exclaimed the interested General, pointing to a young fellow in a soldier's suit; gay few seem to know that the rule is one | with brass buttons, who was playing on a fife. "He is drilling some raw recruits. That boy is Captain-General of us all, sir. I have never known him to whimper or say 'I can't'-although he is the vouncest of us " The fifer was sent for in the Colonel's

name. As he drew near, and lifting his cap, naked: "Did you send for me, sir?" eve fell on his father, sitting in a corner of the tent. In a moment the boy was in his father's arms and sobbing like a baby. The father's tears were mingled with the long-lost son's and the redoubtable Gen-

eral was obliged to resort to his hand-

kerchief as he withdrew, leaving father

and son alone, with the remark: "I will see our Commander-in-Chief." "When did you come?" said John, when he could speak. "And how did you find me?" "Old Captain brought me," was the

reply, "and he can take us both home." "And how is mother?" pursued the boy. "Oh! I have been so sorry for dear mother. I tell you, father, not a night have I camped down to sleep but I have thought of mother; and

every time I thought of her the tears A NEW YORK DUDE. came. I thought perhaps she might die and I should never see her again."
"Your mother is well," was the fath-

A Genius Whom the World Calls er's answer. "And she has never for a Fool. one moment lost faith in your being well and happy, and finally restored to

A short time ago, says a New York orrespondent in the San Francisco "Yes, I shall return, father," said Argonaut, while sitting at a table in a "But I want this war ended Cooney Island restaurant with the redoubtable B---, best company to be After the boy had inquired for all the found in town, our attention was attracted by the entrance of a most pe-"But why didn't you bring Zip along, cultar-looking man. Every one's attention was attracted in the same direc-"Poor Zip!" was the reply. "He tion. It was funny to see how the conmourned himself to death before you tagion of amused curiosity spread from had been gone a week. He never table to table, till in the farthest cortouched another mouthful of food, and ner of the room people were craning would only lie on your bed and moan." their necks and bulging their eyes to General Knox soon returned with orhave a look at the new-comer. ders from the Commander-in-Chief to after a glance of arrested surprise, each conduct Mr. Holden and John to his turned to his neighbor with some ejacheadquarters-a summons that must be ulation of wonder on his lips. The cause of the commotion was only a General Washington received Mr. dude. It would hardly be worth while Holden very kindly and said, smilingly: describing him, but a Western man. "I hear a story that sounds like a rowho had lived in New York once, told mance in the midst of war. Tell me, me that there was not a genuine dude my little fifer, how you came to leave west of the Mississippl, so the type may your parents without their knowledge, be odd enough to excuse the descripand to join my army at such a tender

He was with a friend, a good-looking

John was somewhat abashed by this young fellow, and the room being direct question from so dignified and growded they stood, for some moments, august a personage; but the General in the doorway, looking rather nimlessly about. Then a waiter bailed You have the name of being one of them over in our direction, and they my bravest boys. Tell me how it hapsat near us. The dude was perhaps twenty-three or four years of age, and "No, sir, never," answered John with looked younger. He was tall, longspirit. "I was playing with my dog Zip, on Sorrel Hill, when a big wagon, limbed, extremely thin, and walked feebly, with chest hollowed, and his chin stuck a long way out of the highwhen they saw me, and one of them est collar that ever encircled a neck called out: 'Halloo, my little fifer! We He were loose, light clothes, shoes of are looking for you. Jump in.' I asked the most amazing length and ending in them if the British bulls and lions were sharply-pointed toes, white-duck gaiters, and carried a cane with a bent-over jumped in, sir, and that was the way it top. This he dragged behind him as he walked in, as if too weak to lift it. Mr. Holden then remembered for the As he entered he took off his hat, worn first time what he had said long ago, back on his head like a little boy's, and when John asked him if he would be disclosed shining hair, brushed well needed when the British bulls and down on his forehead and parted up the back and combed forward over his John's story was met by a burst of ars. As he read the carts, one The forehead receded, like an anthropoid's, from the eyebrows. The chin receded, like a rodent's, from the lower lip. In profile, the head was like a triangle, with the tip of the nose for the apex. On the overhanging upper this brave boy of yours," said General Washington to Mr. Holden when the Hp, there was a mustache curled up at the points, and the eyes, under straight boy had finished playing, "but parents brows, were peculiarly dull and life-less. They looked like the eyes of a

very old person, or a bird's when it Settled in his chair, he stuck a glass in his eye and looked about, but without any appearance of Interest. He seemed listless and lifeless, the product of an story of the mother's deep faith and exhausted race. His figure seemed to added: "John seems to be in his elefail together, as though the muscles of his back had lost their power, and occasionally, when his friend spoke to him, gratified parent an incident, showing he shot his long neck up out of his collar like a snapping turtle. There were but two things to be said in his favor approached the vicinity of Monmouth he looked clean and he had beautifu Court-House," said he, "I was met by a hands-the long-fingered, loose-jointed, supple hands, with languid movements, 'They are all coming this way, your which bespeak the artistic temperament and, sometimes, that their possessor is well-born. The people at the surround-"Why, our boys, your Honor! Our ing tables stared at this creature as though he had been Buffalo Bill or Mrs. Langtry, and he seemed as wearily oblivious of their attention as he was of

"'Impossible!' I cried; but spurring my horse I found the boy's words only every thing else. Presently he met B--- 'a glance, and "He is a good boy," added General with a stately and absordly affected air Knox, "and invaluable in training raw bowed and then looked away. B----, recruits. If they are homesick he talks with much gravity, returned the salute, kindly with them and cheers them wonthen said in a low voice: "What would you take that fellow to

> "An egregious ass." "That's what every one says and thinks. What would you say if I told you he was exactly the contrary?" "That you were an ass yourself."

> "Well, I know that fellow intimately, went to school with him and then to college-"And he bows to you as if he met you

last night at a ball." "That's his little way-his weakness, I understand him and we get on perfectly. I don't believe there are half-adozen people in New York, besides myself, who understand or approclate that

"My boy could not hold a more hon-ored position,-I leave him safe in the ly a genius. "He looks as if he might be. I never met but one genius in my life, and he was one of the most successfully, triumphantly idiotic people that I ever back riding, Jonas Holden arrived at his own door in Shirley, he was met by

man. Do you know that he's very near-

came in contact with," "That fellow-hisname's Tompkinsisn't in the least idiotic. I think the root of his eccentricities arises from the fact that he's morbidly sensitive. He was always, a little queer in his style, and he has been guyed all his life. He's used to it now; he doesn't mind. That indifference of his to the sensation he creates is not in the least affected, it's perfectly genuine. He really doesn't care or know what people say or think of him. Half the time he doesn't see them."

"Are you going to try to make me believe that the man who has the facial angle of an ourang is a visionary

dreamer?" "No-he's not a dreamer; that's not his type of mind. But fate has forced him into a sort of isolation. As I said before, he was always queer, silent and morose. You can imagine how a fellow like that is treated at school, and afterward at college. His life was a martyriom. He never complained, and when he began to grow up he never noticed. Some dead and gone ancester bequeathed him that extraordinary face and head, but the mind that went with it was left behind. Still every one judged him by his appearance, and after awhile he didn't seem to resent it or charge for which was invariably a penny | even try to make himself known as he really is. He is one of the few men I've ever known who seem to me absolutely indifferent to public opinion. He wears his clothes in that absurd manner just from a sort of hitter bravado." "And what's the feeling that makes

him play he's a fool?" "He doesn't. You do just what every one else does-judge only by his appearance. He is less of a fool than any one I ever saw. I told you be came near being a genius. If his talents had been more concentrated, he would have been a genius. But they're too spread out for absolute success in any department. He can do any thing he wants. Once, when we came home from college together, I went to his house with him while he was looking for some books. He lived with his grandmother and some

old fossilized aunts who adored him. They were very rich and prosy and prudish, and lived in a huge old barrack far down-town below Tenth street. The house on the outside looked like a prison; on the inside it was the most beautiful place I ever had been in in my

"Was it illumined by your friend's beauty or his wit?"

"Both, you might say. I have never seen any thing more artistic than the interior of that house. There is not an artist's studio in town that compares with it. Nowhere, from one room to the other, was there one jarring color or one incongruous piece of drapery or carving. I couldn't believe they'd had a decorator at it-those men always leave their stamp on every thing-yet you could see the person who had arranged the place knew the whole business. I comp imented one of the aunts on it, and she said her nephew had fixed it. He had wonderful taste-he had bought every

thing and always arranged it himself. "That was the first surprise. The second was when they took me into a little sort of breakfast-room-I suppose you call it-to have something to eat. It was a little eight-sided room, with low book-cases built into the wall and round mirrors set above them at intervals. Standing on the top of the shelves were some water-color sketches in plain frames. You know I'm something of a critic in water-colors, and my brother-in-law, the artist, has cultivated my taste. Well, these things were gems, so lucid, so clear, so fresh, executed by some one whose force and originality were stronger than their conventionality. This was 'my nephew again. I never knew he drew or painted. He did it as be did every thing -perfectly quietly, never alluding to it. He could make a name for himself by it to-day if he wanted."

"Go on-what else could be do? I'm expecting to hear that he led a ballet,

or invented a patent medicine." "Not quite so bad as that. But the third shock was a few evenings after, when I again went to his place to spend some time with him hunting up morebooks. He took me upstairs that time a monk and a boudoir like a girl, and out of that a study with a piano in it. Heavens, you ought to have heard him play on that piano! Schumann, Chooin, Beethoven-I hardly ever heard such playing. I don't suppose it was so marvelous-but it was so unexpected-such a shock to see this fellow, with his unearthly face, playing away there like Saint Cecelia. And later in the evening he took me down into some dark subby-hole in the bowels of the earth, t seems to me, where there was an old organ built into the wall, and there he sat in the gloom with a few candles burning and played Bach till near midnight. I felt erceny down my spine, as If I were in the company of a wizard."

"Did he ever have a love affair?" "I don't believe so. I think he rather scorns women. They mostly make fun of him, you know, and as he mows his own worth it makes him despise them. I've seen him snubbed and openly made a fool of by some little dunce of seventeen, who thought a young man who could play tenuis was the noblest work of God. He never seemed to notice her. But once I saw him take his revenge on a girl in masterly style. It was that Robinson girl -you remember her; she was very handsome and a perfect cow. He was rather soft about her, and she amused herself by openly guying him when her other admirers were around. One night, at a dance, he turned upon her-it was all done in the most gentlemanly way you can imagine -and simply obliterated her in the most exquisitely delicate and sarcastic manner I ever heard. She was knocked out, couldn't think of any answer, and he bowed and walked away. I think she must have told the other girls, for I've noticed they are

careful of offending him mow. "But she was mean enough to take her revenge on him in her own waythe spiteful way that a woman only understands. A little while after that seene at the dance I went to see her, and, in the course of the visit, she said: Did you ever know Mr. Tompkins wrote poetry?' I didn't know it. Well, she got out of a portfolio some sonnets and things he had written to her. I'm not as good a judge of them as I am of the water-colors, but they seemed to me something wonderful. I wouldn't have believed he'd written them if I hadn't heard him play and seen his paintings. I had got to the point where nothing that he did could have surprised me. If some one had said to me: 'Do you know they say that apeheaded Tompkins is the author of 'Paradise Lost," or was the real sculptor of the Bartholdi Liberty,' I would have believed them. He's a wonder, and all his world takes him for a

A Safe Hobby to Ride.

A hobby is apt to be an expensive palfrey. It sometimes costs piles of money to groom and run it, and it seldom wins purses and cups enough to pay for its keep and entrance fees. Nevertheless, as man, in the absence of some special object to engage his thoughts, is almost sure to get into mischief, it is better for him to push ahead on any sort of a hobby that is not vicious, than to ounge through life in a slipshed, desultory way, without definite aim or purpose. No matter what other praiseworthy hobbles a man may have, ho should make conscience the prime favorite of his moral stud. That is a hobby that is always safe. Give it the rein freely, never curb or check it, go with it in whatsoever direction its. divine instinct would guide you, and over every bill of difficulty," through every 'slough of despond," it shall take you safely to the "marrow house" "House Beautiful"-at your journey's end .- N. Y. Ledger.

Food for a Life-Time.

A curious calculation of the amount of food consumed in a life-time of seventy years has recently been made by M. Sover, a French savant, now chef of the Reform Club of London. Among other things, M. Soyer says that the average epicure of three-score and ten will have consumed 30 oxen, 200 shoop, 100 calves; 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 2,200 fowls, 1,000 fish of different kinds, 30,000 oysters, 5,475 pounds of vegetables, 243 pounds of butter, 24,000 eggs and four tons of bread, pesides several hegsheads of wine tea, offee, etc. This enormous amount of food will weigh but little short of forty tons. - St. Louis Republic.