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Sweet buds of May, bright bloom of autumn Then take the hint, which here I print,

-Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

THE SILK-WORM.

Various Transformations Through

Which It Must Pass.

It Was Originally a Native of China and

Was Introduced in Europe in 552-

Its Value to Commerce -

This little creature, whose labors are

of such incalculable value to mankind,

is supposed to have been indigenous to

China. In that country, at least, the

discovery was first made that the prod-

uct of the silk-worm's operations could

be elaborated into articles of human at-

tire, richer and more beautiful than

commerce was established in silk be-

tween Eastern and Western Asia, from

which latter quarter it was conveyed to

Europe; but not until the sixth century

known by Europeans that the splendid

tissues, which they had worn for

more than a thousand years and

which they had even partially

manufactured from the raw transported

material, were the product originally of

a worm. The first silk-worms seen in

Europe were brought from Chins in the

year 552 by two Persian monks who

had gone thither as Christian mission-

aries, and who contrived to secrete a

number of the silk-worms' eggs in a

cane, and to escape with them to Con-

stantinople. From these few eggs have

silk-worms which have supplied silk to

Europe from that period to the present

The valuable insect whose history has

been thus briefly detailed receives from

naturalists the appellation of bombyz. It

is of the caterpillar tribe, and, like its

third state is that of the imago or moth

size and is of a grayish color. The fe-

male moth deposits its eggs on the mul-

berry tree, the leaves of which, as will

subsistence of the silk-worm. This de-

artificial management, is made about

the middle of summer, and the eggs of

one moth usually amount in number to

three or four hundred. They are about

the size of mustard-seeds, and, at first,

yellow in color, but afterwards assume

Being fastened by a sort of glue to

the spot, the egg of the silk-worm re-

tains its position, in spite of wind and

rain, until the period for the hatching

of the young caterpillar. After autumn

and winter are passed, the egg opens in

May, and the worm which issues is

about a quarter of an inch in length,

thin in body, and of a blackish tint. It

oon shows a desire for food, and begins

to feed on the mulberry leaves, though

vithout exhibiting any inclination to

roam from the spot where it first came

to life. For eight days it continues to

cat with avidity, and increases to near-

ly twice its original magnitude. At the

end of this time it falls into what is

called its first sickness, and leaves off

eating for three days, when it casts its

first skin. This molting is repeated

four times, at regular intervals, before

the worm attains the complete cater

pillar state, which commonly takes

place about a month after the hatching

of the worm. The reason of these suc

cessive moltings is to be sought for ir

the rapid growth of the worm, which

increases its bulk many thousand-fold

during these changes. The origina

skin, when once become hardened,

could scarcely be distended at a rate

sufficient to accommodate the augment-

ing size of the creature, and therefore a

number of coverings have been pro-

vided in embryo to obviate the diffi-

culty. The plan which the worm takes

to get out of its skin is to fasten the

latter to the leaf by a sort of silky glue,

which holds it fast, until the inmate

rubs its head against the leaf, breaks

off the scales, and finally drags through

Ten days after its fourth molting,

the worm attains its complete cater

pillar state, and is then about two and

a half inches long, with twelve parallel

and equi-distant membranous rings

round its green body, and sixteen legs

its whole body.

bluish-gray cast.

sprung all the successive generat

of the Christian era was it distinctly

At an early period, a considerable

any to be derived from other sources.

What It Eats.

VOLUME XXIV.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1890.

NUMBER 45.

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ONLY A WORD. Only a word may leave a sting . To wound some kind and loving heart; It may be but a trifling thing That cuts as deeply as a dart.

Only a word may stir up strife

And quickly cause a bitter hate, The deepest sorrow make for life; Then may repentance come too late. Only a word may be a blow

Of torture keen as any pain, And cloud a bright young life in woe, From which it ne'er can raise again,

Only a word may be a ray And help to brighten many a day Which is spent in hours of gloom Only a word, but in it lies Power to change full many a fate

How little do we realize

In but one word what may swait. Only a word may lead the way From clouds of darkness to the light, May help some weary one to pray And guide them to the path of right. —Asice D. Abell, in Good Housekeeping.

MOCKERY OF FATE.

The King That Took the Fair Countees Away.

The Freihof castle was an old stone mansion perched high up on the sloping mountain that overshadowed a quiets old-fashioned town in Saxony. The old castle with its queer inhabitants had for many years been the greatest attraction to young and old in the sleepy little town at its foot.

Once a year all the children in every family that could boast of some social standing were invited to visit the old Countess, who lived at the castle alone with only two servants. One of these servants was an old housekeeper, a year younger than her mistress, who already had celebrated her ninetieth birthday. This old housekeeper filled, since many years back, the complicated position in the Countess' household of lady's cempanion, maid and steward. Her sixtyyear-old daughter, who yet, in spite of her venerable age and gray hairs, never, neither by the Countess nor by the old mother, was spoken of in other terms than ae "that girl" or "lazy," performed all minor duties round the establishment. Two veteran St. Bernard dogs were the faithful and watchful bodyguard of the old Countess and her little staff; not a man in any capacity had been seenround the castle for nearly twenty-five

As a child, about fourteen, I was for the first and only time invited to the Countess' reception, along with my cousins, with whom I had spent a few weeks of my holidays. To me this was an event of the greatest delight and anticipation. I had read the pretty story about the enchanted Princess who slept a hundred years in her castle amid cobwebs and a century of dust, to awaken, one morning, more beautiful and youthful than ever. In my fancy the mistress of the old ivy-clad castle on the hillside was nothing less than another enchanted rincess, and all the stories I had heard about her and her two dogs, which had the reputation of not being like other mortal dogs, and that they would live on as long as a stone was left of the spellbound castle-all this made my young heart flutter with joy and expectation, when the great day finally arrived and we knocked at the gigantic

old gate of the mansion. A strange haze of romantic love from the middle age seemed to hover over the huge pile of stones. With a creaking noise the heavy doors turned on their hinges, and after some delay we were ushered into a large hall furnished with all the grandeur of past centuries. Near one of the narrow windows, on a high-backed chair emblazoned with a Duke's gilded crown, sat an old lady, dressed after the fashion of nearly a century ago. Her powdered hair was lone high up over a beautifully-formed forehead, her cheeks rouged, and, ac cording to the fashion the old lady still clung to, set off with a few "mouches noirs," or black patches. She looked exactly as an old picture, which sudlenly had stepped down from its heavy frame, to come and bid us children a smiling welcome. How strangely handsome this old Countess did look; she was not any thing of what my young fancy had dreamed about: a sleeping Princess untouched by the ravages of time. Nothing could betray that ninety winters had passed over her head, although she seemed to carry the heavy burden of old age in a way so graceful and sympathetic as very few people are able

After all the children had made their low courtesy after the style of Louis XIV. and kissed the Countess' slender, waxen hand, the old housekeeper, who at these occasions of festivities acted as naster of ceremonies, took us to the arge picture-galleries, where she topped before the last of all the many family portraits that adorned the walls, and with the greatest pride pointed out to the visitors this picture as "my lady at seventeen." And a striking picture it was; there youth, loveliness and grace combined created a perfect ideal of womanly beauty.

The old Countess looked to-day just the same in dress and in every thing, except that youth and its loveliness had gone forever.

My visit to the old castle made i leep impression on my mind, and I onged to learn why the Countess, once so beautiful, rich and high-born, had chosen to live like a hermit, in seelusion and loneliness, instead of marrying some Duke or even a Prince. She did not tell us why, but I learned it yet, some years afterward when the old ountess was dead and both the faithful dogs and the old housekeeper had gone to rest, and the stones were crumbling away faster than ever from the desolate eastle of Freihof.

This is the story the old housekeeper had told on her death-bed about her admired and beloved mistress, the Countess of Freihof.

A particle is applied into each nostrile and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 50 cts. ELW BROS., 56 Warren St., "At the age of fifteen I came into the Countess' service, as her maid, or rather companion. She was a year older than myself, the worshiped child of her wealthy parents, and only heir to their enormous estates, many titles and eleyated rank. The brilliancy of her beauty, her talent, and above all, her kind heart and amiable disposition had made If you want a First-class NAW MILL, her the idolized favorite with high and low. Already, at this early age, she was actually besieged with suitors, more in number than the year has days. They represented the very flower of chivalry, and there were Dukes and Princes at her feet. But she refused them all. Not that she was in any way proud, far from it; she was as humble and modest

as any girl in the land. But to all proposals of that kind her answer invariably came: 'I will wait!'

"In this way a year passed. Her ladyship was now seventeen. Her birthday was celebrated with all the splendor and pomp that became her station in life. Toward evening the Countess grew tired of all the gayety and festivities that were going on in the castle, and slipped out into the park, sccompanied only by myself. The air was cool and refreshing, and the twilight fast settling into darkness under the huge old chestnut trees. For the first time all that day the Countess seemed to feel quite happy, and danced about

like a little fairy among the deep shad-

ows of the park. "Suddenly she swopped, and gave a little startled scream. I ran to her side, and was nearly as scared as herself, when I saw the dark, bent form of an old gypsy woman standing in our way. The gypsy muttered something, and grasped the white little hand of the Countess, and led, without saying a word further, the frightened girl a little out of the way, into the fingering rays of light which still played on the western horizon. In a low, husky voice I heard the gypsy say, after she a moment had glanced at the lines in the Countess' hand: 'My pretty girl, be careful not to throw away thy heart to any one of thy many wooers. Nobody but a King shall ever take thee away. Be patient if he should tarry. He shall come, even if it is late."

"The gypsy disappeared as suddenly is she had come; scared and trembling did we leave the park and return to the eastle. On our way back the Countess told me that a year ago, just the very night before her sixteenth birthday, she had had a dream to the same effect as that the old gypsy had told her-that nobody but a King would ever carry her away from the castle of her ancestors. And she could not help finding in this meeting with the gypsy and her prophesy a very strange coincidence to her dream of a year ago. She took my promise to keep all this a secret, and I del so until this times "From this day she was more reserved

than ever to all the gentlemen that came within her presence, and nobody won her heart or hand. Thus years passed away, and for every year the number of her suitors decreased. Her old parents began to despair, and sought, at last, some reason for their daughter's strange way of refusing even the thought of marriage. When they would not give her any rest she told them all about the dream and the gipsy, and after that they let her do as she liked in

"A few years more and the Countess was left alone in the world. I staid on in her service even after my marriage, my husband being the Countess' steward or business manager till his death, and I continued to be her maid or com-"On every birthday she ordered me to

bring out her costly trousseau and magnificent weading-dress, worthy of a queen, for her inspection, and after she had looked at this wealth of laces and silks, diamonds and pearls she would turn away, sighing, and repeat to herself the words of the gypsy: 'Even if he tarry, yet he will come. He shall come even if it is late- But for twenty years she has never repeated these words to me, and the King has not come.' This is the story the old housekedper told on her deathbed. The faithful friend preceded her mistress to the grave a few months, still half clinging to the gypsy's prophesy, although the Countess had only five more birthdays to celebrate till she reached hor

As I said before, the Countess did not ive many months after her true friend and faithful servant had left her. She died, as she had lived, in peace and in faith; and "the girl's" trembling old hands dressed the Countess at last in the queenly bridal gown, not for the altar, but for the grave. And lef when the undertaker scrambled up the hill to the old eastle and gave his name at the iron gates his name was King and the gypsy's prophesy was fulfilled.

When this King laid the Countess in her royal attire down in the narrow coffin to be taken away at last she neither could smile nor cry at the bitter irony that was in this mockery of her destiny. Signe Ankarfelt.

MYLORD'S MINK FARM. How a Young Irish Lawyer Victimized a British Nobleman.

Lord Wynford, an English nobleman, stopped at North Platte, Neb., during his tour of the prairies, says the Chicago Tribune. He seemed greatly pleased with the wild West, and intimated that he would like to invest some money in something good. There was a smart young Irish lawyer in the town, whose parents had had some unpleasant dealings with Lord Wynford in the old country. This young lawyer had lived in North Platte about two years. He came there to examine a claim he had purchased on paper. To his disappointment, his farm was nothing but a prairie-dog

You could not raise even sage brush on the claim so close together were the burrows of the little animals. He had about given up all hopes of disposing of his land when he learned that Lord Wynford was looking for a good investment. Then he called upon the wealthy foreigner and offered for sale what he called "the most profitable industry in America." He told the British lord that he had been ten years establishing a mink farm, and just as the enterprise, was beginning to coin money he was obliged to go South on account of his poor health. He explained how the minks were raised, how their skins were disposed of, and the great demand for mink fur in this country. The young Irishman pledged Lord Wynford to say nothing of the deal, as his mink farm was only known to a few who were insimilar enterprises. Then be drove his guest out to the prai-

rie-dog farm. Here an extensive tract of land destifute of trees and alive with little animais that burrowed in the ground and . barked like sma'l dogs was thoroughly inspected. The possibilities of furnishing the West with mink fur in the autumn delighted Lord Wynford, and re-Lord's mink farm."

-Scribbler-"I see your novels are second-class matter." Scrawley-"Yes. | have a trial. What of it?"-Scribbler-"Oh, nothing. It's quite right."-America.

SUCCESS VERSUS FAILURE. Succeed, and the world will help you,

But fail and you struggle alone;

For all mankind have faults of a kind, And each has his own to atone. Get wealth, and friends will surround you, Grow poor, and then where are they? Ask not for their aid if your debts are not paid, For each has his own way to pay.

Make a show, then men may know you, Look shabby, they'll quick turn aside; But when one is dressed he may pass for the Even orime you may hide with pride, " Have comforts, and friends share with you,

Have none, and how can they share? For they have to live and can't always give To those who not oft have to spare. Succeed, and the loved ones greet you But fail, and aggrieved are you met; Oh, win-just win! then scarce any sin

That they all may not soon forget.

Then wife and daughter, mother, son Have kisses to give at the door. But rarely kind word has ever been heard For him to the home-door, poor. -James Barkley, in America.

A POT OF GOLD.

It, Was Found Down in the Old South Lot.

"The storm's just about over, Mollie. can see the rainbow." "Then you can bring in an armful of wood, Hiram," came from Mollie's voice

in the kitchen. . "This water's never goin' to boil." "It does beat all how some folks make money," Hiram continued. "Seem to pick it right up off the ground, someway. They say there's a pot of gold at

the end of every rainbow; I wish I could find one of 'em, that's all!" "Are you going after that wood, Hiram Briggs?" demanded Mollie, appearing in the doorway. "If you don't you won't get your pot of coffee for breakfast, an' I reckon you'll miss that more's you will the pot of gold that's at the end of that rainbow."

"Oh, I'm goin', Mollie! You're always in sech a hurry about overy thing!" exclaimed Hiram, testily, dragging his lank figure to its full height and sauntering off toward the wood pile. "Pot of gold, indeed!" said Mollie to herself as she returned to her work.

there was a pot of gold in every acre of the farm Hiram Briggs'd never dig deep enough, to find it. He might 'a had a deal more gold out of it than he has if he'd 'a dug a little harder." "Are you goin' to the south lot this morning, Hiram?" she asked at breakfast. Hiram was slow in replying.

"Well; you see," he began at last, "I'm rather afraid that'll have to wait till afternoon. There's some men I promised to meet down to the village.' Mollie made no reply. It was not much for ten years' experience of Hiram Briggs' character to have taught her that replying was apt to make matters worse instead of better. "The fact is, Mollie," he said, as he rose, "I've about decided to sell the old

farm and invest in somethin' paying. I can't stand any more of this everfastin' drudgery!" He looked at her with a little apprehension. Mollie had risen and stood confronting him with blazing eyes. The thought flashed across him that Mollie was a handsome woman. "Sell the farm!" she cried. "Sell the place where I was born an' where my father was been before me! That you

shan't! Not one inch of ground or stick of timber. May be you have the right in law-" She held up her hand as he was about to speak, "but you know you haven't the real right, and I'll never let you do it, never!" Hiram's only roply was a strong slam of the door as he passed through. She watched him cross the orchard and strike into the road-leading to the vil-

lage. She watched him as far as she could see him and then turned to her work with a sigh. "I don't know how it'll erd," she thought drearily. "I'm tired of fighting and scolding, but I'll fight to the very end before he shall sell my father's farm," she finished, with flerce tears in her eyes.

Hiram did not come home to dinner, but that did not slarm Mollie. He very often did not come home to dinner when there was a south lot waiting for him. Night came and still he did not return, but he had even staid away a night before now, so at midnight she closed the house and went to bed.

"May be I said more than I need," she thought, as she blew out the light. Toward evening of the next day a man sauntered up to the house. "Be you Mis' Briggs?" he asked of Mollie, e agerly watching from the door. "Yes," she said. "What is it?"

"Wall, I got a letter 'r somethin' fer ye," fumbling in his ragged pockets. 'Wall, I swan," he exclaimed finally, "of I heven't lost it!" "Lost it!" cried Mollie; "where'd you get it?"

"Wall, Hi Briggs sed of I was a-comin' your way some time to-day I might bring it. He said as how 'twould explain itself, an' to tell you that he was a-goin' after the pot of gold under the rainbow, 'r some sech stuff." The next day Mollie folded and

packed away Hiram's clothes. "If he don't come back till he finds his pot of gold," she thought, "he'll never come back at all, and if he comes back without k he'll need 'em." "I wonder what could have been in the letter!" she thought. She was soon

to know. In less than a week a buggy drove up to the door, a man alighted and tied his horse, and Mollie opened the door for him with strange feelings of foreboding. What he told her was what she had already dimly suspected, that Hiram had mortgaged the farm months before and invested the money in mining stock. The mortgage was due and had not been paid, and homelessness stared Mollie in

For a few moments she was stunned, but the natural courage that had borne her through so many trials soon returned to her, and with it a plan whereby she might save her inheritance from the consequences of her husband's folly. She would run the farm herself and pay off the mortgage with the proceeds.

It may have been the tears in Molturning to the cify he gave \$500 for the | lie's bright eyes-I have heard that dog town. He owns it now, and the | men do not like to see a woman cry-or good-for-nothing place is called "the it may have been something in her earnest womanliness that commanded attention to her pleading, but at the end of an hour that hard old lawyer had marked 'registered at the post-office as | certainly promised that her plan should

"I'll give you a year, any way," he said. "If I find by that time that it

pays me we can see about letting it stand. My client has been abroad for some time, and leaves all such matters in my hands, so I will promise you a

year, any way." The very next day Mollie went to work on the south lot. She hired two sturdy neighbor boys for a small sum, for in that part of the country boys' work was not worth much.

But these two soon found that if they earned their wages and their good board they must work for them. It soon became a subject for much wonder and a good deal of admiration among the men that a woman could so manage a farm. Never did the farm raise such crops as it did that fall, and in spite of the improvements she thought necessary, Mollie paid her interest and a good round sum down on the mortgage.

In the late fall, just before the Thanksgiving snows covered the ground, Mollie received a morning call from two strangers whose every movement was full of business. Their errand was soon told. They had discovered coal on land adjoining her farm and they wanted to buy that part of the farm through which they imagined the vein ran.

The price they offered startled her. But Mollie had developed into a fair woman of business in these months, and her first thought was: "If they'll pay that, they'll pay more, and it's only the south lot, that never would give a decent crop of any thing any way." If they were some time agreeing on terms, they did agree at last, and Mollie felt with pride that they were not to her disadvantage.

came and went, and then one day the door opened and a thin, stooping figure, wet with the storm that raged without, came feebly in and sank into his old place before the fire. Neither spoke. The anger that swelled to bursting in Mollie's heart softly changed to pity as she watched

The snows fell and Thanksgiving

him. Whatever had been the experiences of the last months-and Hiram never told them-they had sadly changed him for the time. At last he raised his shrinking eyes. "I've come back, Mollie," he said, "and I didn't find the not of gold. I'm

ready to go to work now like a man and prove that I can be worthy of your respect if I never have been before." Mollie disappeared for a moment in another room. "There, Hiram," she said, as she laid her bank-book in his hand, "there's the pot of gold you've been hunting for, and it was right in the south lot all the time, just where you did not want to go to work that morning," she finished with a tearful smile as she pressed a kiss of forgiveness upon his lips .- Mrs. F. W. Bradley, in Detroit Tribune.

A RELIABLE RECIPE How to Make a Good Bushand Out of

Very Ordinary Material. A good husband, it has been wisely remarked, like the hare, must be caught before he is cooked. He can not always be told at a glance, and sometimes he must be summered and wintered before his real character is discovered, but it is safe to say that when caught be should be found to be composed of the following ingredients in suitable proportions: Mother wit, good nature, gentleness, strength, manliness, purity, courage. But even when the full measure of some of these necessary qualities is lacking a very good husband can often be secured by a persistent use of the following recipe: Wifely tact ...

Wifely forbearance Wifely good nature .. Good housekeeping. Good cooking. There are some brutes upon whom even such a precious mixture will be

wasted, but they are very few, and a persistent application of it, morning, noon and night for two years is warranted in nine cases out of ten to make a man and agentleman out of very commonplace material. Some high authorities on husbandry have insisted that all that was necessary to make a good husband was one hun-

dred parts of wifely love freely applied, and that tact, forbearance, good nature and even good cooking were only manifestations of wifely love. However, It will be evident to our readers that this is, after all, only a difference of terms. It is necessary to add that this recipe has been tried for many generations. In certain families it has been handed down from mother to daughter for many years, and up to date no reliable substitute has been discovered for making a good husband .- Golden Rule. HEIRS TO MILLIONS.

The Good Luck of an Honest, Hard-Working Hoosier Family. It is not often that one who has worked all his life on a farm comes into possession of \$4,000,000 in a day, and yet such an event is soon to happen to a family living at Sunman, in this State, writes a Lawrenceburg (Ind.) correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. In 1776 Mary Bentley, of New York City, leased a tract of land there to the Government for ninety-nine years. The land was on the outskirts of the city, but as years rolled by and the city began its marvelous growth the of trade and mansions.

arranged in pairs, of which the five posterior ones are movable, and the tract was surrounded by colossal palaces three anterior pairs scaly and immovable, serving, seemingly, for supports The Government, seeing a chance to only. The caterpillar has fourteen profit, subleased the ground to many eyes, seven on each side of the head, different persons, and it has been built and along the body are eighteen holes on and improved, and lying in the heart for the creature's broathing, each hole being connected with some kind of resof the city its immense value can easily be understood. In 1875 the lease expiratory organ. The mouth is placed pired, and no one appearing to claim vertically, and the jaws are indented the property a legal fight of immense like the teeth of a saw. Immediately beneath the mouth are two small holes, proportions was begun between the subplaced close to each other, and through lessees and the Government, prominent among the former being the heirs of the which proceeds the silk which the creature spins. These holes are conolder Cornelius Vanderbilt. The Govnected with two bags or tubes in the ernment was successful and gained posinterior of the body, in which is secretsession of the property, and at the same time the heirs of the original lessor beed the yellow, gummy substance which constitutes the silk. These tubes or gan to assert their rights, and after another legal battle they were sustained bags are of great length, in comparison and the property held for them. After with the animal's body, being each years of hunting for the unknown heirs bout ten inches long. They are wound they have all been found, and the propround a portion of the intestines, as on erty ordered sold and the money disa spindle, and do not communicate ditributed. The Boldrey family, of Sunrectly with the external holes, but by man, of whom there are five, are among means of a sort of grater, pierced with these heirs. Mary Bentley being their | many openings, through which the silk great-grandmother, and they have been | gum is drawn out in many filaments. to be united as they issue by the externotified by their attorney in New York City that the distribution will soon be | nal aperture into one thread. made, and that their share will be \$4,-Having fed itself during the ten days 000,000 apiece. As they are all good, subsequent to the last molting up to the honest, hard-working citizens, their full size the caterpillar, constituted as good luck will be appreciated by all who we have described, begins to feel the stimulus of nature urging it to the next know them.

Where Vlola Is Popular. The favorite baptismal name for young women in New Orleans is Viola. | operations most beneficial to the human |

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Jon Phinting of all kinds pointly and expountly executed at lowest prices. Then't you for it. Resolutions or proceeding of any cor cratic

to. Separate filaments issue from these

apertures, but the animal is provided

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with which it unites them into one.

"KINDLY OMIT FLOWERS." race. The caterpillar secks a corner or angular spot in which to begin its pic-Bring me no flowers when I'm dead, ning. Having settled this point it No lities fair, or patied roses, No floral crown to weigh me down weaves a number of irregular threads When over me the earth reposes, around the place, to be a support to its future tenement. The mode in which I should not feel how near they were, it does this is by fixing a portion of the Nor yet inhale their fragrant graces: So would they be less dear to me gum or silk on a certain point, and then Than tears upon your living faces. by receding from the spot, or turning its head and body, drawing out the thread by the two holes already allered But if your kindly thoughts design

> In one day the caterpillar, proceeding with its work, weaves a pretty thick layer of loose silk, called the floor silk, in the oval interior of which the creaturb, of course, remains. For the whole of the succeeding three or four days it is occupied in spinning the cocount or solid ball of silk, which is man's valuable prize. This cocoon is soldom above three grains in weight, yet, when unrolled, the filaments composing it are sometimes found to be more than a mile long. This shows the wonderful celerity with which the exterpillar must emit the material during its three days' operations. It takes the quickent way of working, and that most easy for itself, spinning the thread not in regular circles, which would domand an extensive motion of the hody, but in short wavy lines from point to point. The whole eccoon is usually less in size than a pigeon's egg, and is of a yellow hus-Having effected this great work, and shut itself up within a strong and firm covering, the caterpillar, much decreased in bulk by this extensive and uncompensated excretion, prepares for its final change. It throws off its last caterpillar case within a few days after the completion of the coccon, and gosumes the chrysalis form. It is now an oblong, soft, brownish body without limbs, apparently, or power of motion. Its members, however, exist in embryo. and in about twenty days they develop themselves fully, and the chrysalis incomes a perfect moth or butterfly. By the use of its booked feet and it head, It then separates the filament of the cocoon, and makes its way into light and life, the winged creature of an hour, seeming to have little other purpose in its existence but to seek a for the continuation of the race. This it does immediately on coming to light. -Horace Gale Horton, in N. Y. Ledger.

HUNTING OSTRICHES.

How the Children of the Desert Beceive

congeners, passes through a number of When traveling in the Kulinari destransformations in the course of its exert, writes Mr. J. Huneberg in the istence. Its first state is that of the Feathered World, I had often opporte larva or caterpillar, which it enters into nities of observing bushmen come to on leaving the egg: its second state is our camps with ostrich-feathers. I was that of the pupa or chrysalis; and its informed of the manner in which these children of the desert deceive the hir 's. The silk-worm meth is of considerable and I was very anxious to see for myself; and at my request it was arranged that I should go with two business. whom we had been using for some time be afterwards explained, form the sole as guides. Accordingly we left camp one morning at about two o'clock, and posit, when the creatures are not under after a stiff ride of about three hours on horseback we arrived at one of the trumendous sand-hills which abound in this part of the country. One of the oushmen then crept slowly onto the ridge of the sand-hill, while the other transformed himself into what appeared to me at first to be an ostrich without need and wings-that is, he enveloped binself in an ostrich skin on which all the feathers were left, but which had been brazed-in a manner peculiar to all South African native races—and was as soft and pliable as a glove. Then a stick about from eight to ten feet long was produced, over which was pulled the skin of an ostrich's neck, with the head left on. Then a pair of wings were fastened to the bushman's elbow, and his toilet was finished. I was all the time lost in wonderment at those preparations, which took about ten minutes, an active conversation being carried on between the two bushmen (the distance between them being about seventy-five yards, by means of signals made by valous movements of their arms and lege, Presently my companion, moving on as quickly as his disguise would let bim, beckoned me to follow him. We capt cautiously onto the ridge, and there ! had to lie down on my chest, while my ostrich, alias bushman, showed bimself in his full plumage, gesticulating most vehemently with his wings and turning his long neck in all directions.

Suddenly I saw two magnificent cock ostriches approaching us from different directions at full speed, and so tutent. were they on what they saw before them that they never noticed the deception practiced upon them by the wily bushmen until it was too late, and they both fell to the well-directed arrows of my two companions. The poison with which the "loosie" (the name given to the bark of a certain tree which is used to fasten the point of the arrow to its shaft) is saturated, speedily does its work. The coup de grace was given the two birds, and after taking such of their feathers as was considered worth carrying we entered on our journey back to

THE LIONS OF INDIA.

The lions of India appear to be going ension of railways, for the monarch of lions in the central provinces.

-A commission of French expects has decided that the best means of rapidly refrigerating viands and preserving them at a low temperature consists in spreading a refrigerating liquid over a mass of coke. The air, striking the mass, is chilled by contact and is then conveyed to the storage compartment.

They Are Gradually Disappearing from

the Sight of Man. the way of the great bustard and the dodo, and the reason is found in the axthe forest shares with Mr. Buskin a mortal antipathy to the snoke and screams of Iccomptives. Within the memory of many persons lions were common enough in Rajoutana, and even now the roar of one may be heard occasionally in the wildest parts of Central India; but the new railway from Nagpur is now being constructed through this country, and this is practically a notice to quit served upon the few remaining

Practically the only lions now remaining that are worth mentioning seem to be the race existing in Kattywar, which was visited Victor the other day. Their numbers remain, it is believed, pretty stationary. It is strictly forbidden to shoot them. save by way of the grand sport; but many conditions are unfavorable to their multiplication, and even the Kuttywar lions are clearly doomed ere long to disappear. - London News.

change of its condition, which is necessary to bring it to the moth or butterfly state, and which is accompanied with