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## VOLUME XXV.

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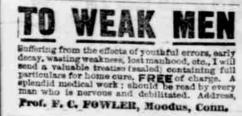


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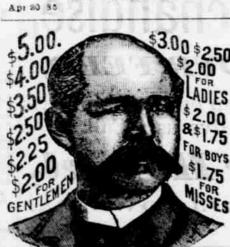
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SELF-FEED PORT A Washe SAMO PICHET SWILLS for financian man MARSH STEAM PUMP for Statement and S. C. MACHINERY CO. 301 Levi Street, Battle Creek, Mich. ONANZA TOAGENTS SAMPLES FREE THE YESTERDAYS OF LIFE.

Cambria

From out each vesterday of life. I hold we all glean precious store, Some golden ray, some dazzling beam To gild our pathway o'er and o'er, And make the heavy burdens less, That ever round us crowd and press.

Thrice dark that day whose setting sun Descends and leaves no parting gleam Of purpling glory there to tinge No holy dew distilled and sweet To cool the path for blistered feet.

Thrice blest the heart that fondly gloats Each night o'er some dear treasure won. And hugs its blessings one by one; Against the darkening time of need. Each vesterday should consecrate Some loving token from a heart; Mayhap some trifle lightly held By these who careless did their part To tinge with rescate glow the night,

And wreath each shadow with God's light.

And when the swiftly gliding hours Shall all be numbered in their place, Each treasure bright shall be our own To hold with sweet undying grace, Some hours by sweetest incense fed, Some days bright marked in letters red. -Helen N. Packard, in Springfield (Mass.)

Experience of a Pine Creek Man with a Pet Bear. It Is No Trouble to Raise Them, But Don't

-How Bruin Delivered Over to the

A BASE INGRATE.

Enemy His Foster Mother and Her Children. "I don't know what other people might do under the circumstances." said Lewis Shaffer, of the Pine creek country, "but if I should come across a bear cub in the woods that I thought was an orphan and likely to perish for lack of a mother's care, I wouldn't take it home and become a parent to it, but would kill it then and there. There is no difficulty in raising a bear cub, I don't care how young it may be when it falls into your hands. And you can train it as it grows so it will be as docile and tractable as a dog. But you can't make it nest. You can't make it incapable of base ingratitude. It may not bite or scratch you, but it will be sure to wound you in a way that will pain you more than a dig with its claws or a snap with its teeth possibly could. I know,

for I have had proof of it. "A year ago last March I was going through the woods up along Pine creek, the day after we had had a terrible wind-storm, which had tumbled a good many trees on a lumber lot I own. I heard a peculiar whining ery among some down timber, and, going to the spot, found a large pine tree lying across the dead body of a bear. It was a big she bear, and, cuddled up close to the dead animal was a cub not more than a week old. It was doing the whining I had heard. The tree had blown down and crushed the old bear to death as it was passing the spot, and the cub would have remained at its dead mother's side and starved to death if I hadn't happened along just at that time. I took the little orphan bear

home with me intending to raise it by hand. That night an old sow of mine that had a two days' old litter of pigs laid on one of the pigs and killed it. That left a vacant place at her side, and the idea occurred to me that perhaps the old pig would not bject to the little bear cub occupying it. I concluded to try the experiment, any how, and while the sow was lying in sleepy content-ment, nursing her litter, I sat the cub down among the pigs. It went to feeding with them as naturally as if it were suckling its own shaggy mother in some hollow tree or hole in the rocks. The cub was twice as big as the pigs, but they did not offer any objection to its sharing in their sustenance, and the old pig paid no more attention to the presence of the bear than if it had been there from the start. As a foster mother she was a success, and the cub grew up right along with her own offspring, and, except in looks, was as much a pig as a bear. In fact, before the cub was two months old he had captured the heart of his foster mother and held a place there that none of the old pig's own litter held. How the bear discovered it I don't know, but he found out that the mother of the family, like all pigs, would miss a meal to have her back scratched, and that imp of a bear used to humor this weakness of her's and scratch her back by the hour, while she lay and grunted her appreciation. From what I know now, I believe that the cub was establishing himself in the entire confidence of the sow as a part of the scheme he was even then planning. The little pigs grew rapidly, but not more rapidly than their foster brother. "At the age of three months the pigs were fat and chubby fellows, and the bear was almost as big as the old sow. He had begun early with his tricks on the pigs, as he had on their mother, and they had come to regard his favor-

ite pastime of snatching one of them up, tucking it under his arm and lugging it around here and there about the premises, as a piece of rare fun for them, as well as for the bear, although at the start the bear was obliged to cuff them roundly to induce them to submit to it without squealing or kicking. We used to think that pig-carrying trick of the bear's was just the cutest thing imaginable, and we always took pride in exhibiting our pet bear in his act of carrying one or the other of his pig brothers about the farm.

"There were seven of the pigs, and the family, bear and all, were shut up at night in a high enclosure to which there was a door that was fastened by a rude wooden latch, that could be raised either on the inside or outside by pulling a leather string. This enclosure was made on purpose to keep pig-stealing bears out of the pen, bears having been numerous and bold at the time the pen was built.

"One morning in July I went out to feed my pigs, and what was my surprise to find two of the young pigs missing. The bear was lying in one corner of the pen scratching the old sow's back, but came out yawning and stretching himself to get his breakfast. I had discharged a man a couple of days before who had worked for me a year or so, because I had detected him in stealing some money of another man in my employ, and I at once suspected him of stealing my two pigs. A stranger couldn't have gone in and got the pigs without their making a fuss that would have aroused some one in the house. It was out of the question, too, that a bear

could have got in and carried off the pigs. The discharged hired man had stolen them, I was sure. I found out where he was, and determined to set an investigation going. The very next morning, when I went out to feed my pigs, I was made wild almost by the discovery that two more of them were missing. I was at first inclined to have the suspected thief arrested forthwith, but on second thought concluded to wait and set a watch over the pen that night. My barn is only a few feet from the pen, and the haymow overlooks it. About eight o'clock that evening I went up in the haymow and took a position where I could look out into the pig pen without danger of my being discovered by any one who might come into the pen. The moon was shining bright, and every thing could be seen in the enclosure almost as plain as day. I lay there more than two hours without any thing suspicious occurring, and not a sound had been heard except the contented grunting of the

" 'Aha!' said I to myself. 'Some one is coming, and the quick-witted bear

pigs. It must have been nearly eleven

o'clock when I saw a movement among

the pigs, and the bear got up and

walked quietly around for a minute or

two, stopping now and then as if listen-

hears him. "I was thinking that in a minute more I would undoubtedly have the dastardly thief in my clutches, when I saw the bear step over to where a couple of the pigs were sleeping, pick them both up, and tuck one under each arm. The pigs merely grunted good-naturedly, and evidently kept right on sleeping. The bear walked to the door, pulled the latch string with his teeth, assed out, and pushed the door gently o again. I was so dumbfounded that I couldn't move nor speak. I was actually momentarily paralyzed by this sudden and startling clearing up of the mystery surrounding the disappearance of my oigs. When I recovered myself I hurried down from the mow and out of the barn. I could see the bear half way across a field, striding at the top of his speed toward a piece of woods about an eighth of a mile distant. I intended to make of the pigs, and I ran as fast as I could and reached the shadow of the woods by a short cut, and harried along their edge, hoping to head off the conscienceless robber and rescue his unsuspecting victims if possible. But the bear had too much the start of me, and even if it had been possible for me to get there in time the chances are that I would not have done so, for when the bear had got within a few yards of the woods two other bears. tremendous big fellows, stepped out from the edge of the timber and hurried toward him. My bear handed the pigs over to the two wild bears. The three bears stood a moment together as if in consultation, and then the two returned to the woods and my bear trotted deliberately back home. When I got there he was just pulling the latchstring at the pen. He went in and shut

the door behind him. "My first impulse was to get my gun and blow the brains out of this petted protege of mine, but after deliberation made up my mind that I might not only deal out terrible vengeance to him but to his accomplices at the same time. I could hardly contain myself, though when I went out to feed my pigs next morning to see the one lone member of the family come to the trough, and the hypocritical and villainous bear lying there scratching the back of the mother whose offspring he had delivered over to be torn to pieces and devoured in the depths of the wilderness. That night I got two neighbors and we took our guns and hid in the woods near the spot where my treacherous bear had handed the two pigs over to the wild bears. I was sure that the bear would fetch the last pig to them that night, but I was not prepared for the unheard-of heartlessness and ingratitude that he exhibited. We had been in the woods an hour or more when the two wild bears came slouching along and lay down not more than thirty feet from where we were hidden. They remained very quict, and at about the same hour as my bear walked out of the pen with the two pigs the night before saw him coming across the field this night. As he drew near I saw that he not only had the last young pig under his arm, but that he was leading the old sow herself, coaxing her along by scratching her back as she trotted innocently at his side. You can imagine my feelings then. The two bears aroso to go and get the plunder brought thus freely to their hands, but they never got it. My two neighbors emptied their guns into the old marauders, and they fell dead in their tracks. Before my ungrateful bear had recovered from his surprise I was out and confronting him, He recognized me, dropped the pig, and made a break for the woods. I had the small satisfaction of killing him at the first shot. You can raise and domesticate bears, but you can't make 'em reputable. They will always be bears." -N. Y. Sun.

Germans in the Russian Army. The amount of German blood in the reins of Russian army officers is surrisingly great. Six of the eighteen hiefs of corps are of German ancestry. Of the corresponding general staff chiefs seven have such thoroughly German names as Meier, Rauch, Scaffausen and Rohrberg. Of the fortyeight commanders of guard, grenadier, and army infantry divisions, eleven are Germans, and among the corresponding general staff chiefs are Klaus, Monk, Buchholz, Burger, etc. Thirty-four of the ninety-six brigade commanders and twenty-nine of the commanders of the regiments, one one-hundredths are Fischers, Schmidts, and the like. The Guard Brigade is under Grippenberg, the Caucasian under Treiter, the trans-Caspian under Von Albach, the East Siberian under Degen. In all the rifle brigades together the proportion of German to Russian commanders is six to five. Of the nine Finnish rifle battalions only three have Russian leaders and the chief of all the troops in Finland is named Willebrand.-Lon-

don Times. Waiting Maids In Livery. English ladies are adopting the fashion of putting their maids who wait at table in livery. The skirts of these livery gowns are plain and of the heraldic color of the house. All the plaits are thrown behind. Then the waistcoat and jacket are trimmed with fivery bands, buttons and crests or monograms in metal. A high stiff white collar. white cuffs and a tiny cap like a topknot complete this livery.

COMPENSATIONS.

The morning comes with bitter winds that Along the street a swirling mass of snow; But evening brings, from low rifts upward

The radiant glory of the susset's gold. One finds the day with weary inbor long. While close at hand he hears an idler's song That leaves an echo, but his work remains, To greet new people's rushing down the plains.

A sturdy ship, in seas that wildly toss, Where northern tempests surge the wave across, Makes desperate battle till the night is done, And finds at morn the long sought haven well,

When autumn's heavy footsteps lincering pass when attains a neary and withered grass, Depeath the rustling farments, trailing slow. The buds of violets to perfection grow. Swift as the thought that sweeps the star-spent

And finds that Love, with prescience as fleet, On the chill lips has laid his message sweet. No wearing toil, no hours of bitter pain, Come to the world unknowing loy or gain; And life, with all its weary waste, will prove The pathway leading to a radiant love.

Thomas S. Collier, in Springfield (Mass.) Re

Death's arrow to its work unerring flies,

# HIS WIFE'S FORTUNE.

A Charming Little Romance with a Moral

"Have you heard the news about Miss Temple, Ned?" said Charley Ashton, as ne sauntered leisurely up to the desk which Edward Farnham occupied in Messrs. Smith & Jones' office on Wall

The warm blood colored Ned's cheek in spite of all his struggles to prevent it, and he replied: "No; I hope no harm."

"Well, I should guess it wasn't. Come, put up you books, and as we go up town I'll tell you." 'No; I can not leave yet. I have not

finished my balance." "Oh, pshaw! finish that to-morrow before ten o'clock. I wouldn't work as hard as you for any man living, much less bankers, who think that all a fellow is made for is to work and make money for them. Come along."

No. I can not go." "Well, then, the tale in short is she's had a big fortune left her, some say An involuntary sigh escaped Ned,

and he rather muttered than spoke: "I'm sorry to hear it." "Why, what's got into you, you ninny? Sorry? Why, I haven't heard any thing to please me so much in many a day. I always liked the girl, but I'm not philosopher enough to marry for

ove alone. My doctrine is when pov-

erty comes in at the window love goes

out at the door." "I am afraid I don't agree with you in all things, but I have no time to discuss it now. Miss Temple, in my opinion, would be a fortune to any man did she not possess a cent of money." "Pshaw! that's old fogy. Love in a cottage! Ha! ha! Well, I liked her

pretty well before, but can't help thinking her attractions very considerably enlarged since I heard that news. Never should have thought of any thing but a pleasant acquaintance; guess I'll go in for her now. Good-bye, old fell, and don't hurt yourself working over those Ned made no reply, but he felt as if he would like to grind beneath his heel

one who could speak so irreverently of her, who, to his idea, combined every grace of heart and mind and perfection of form and feature which should make up a perfect woman. His thoughts turned to action, and he caught himself stamping his beel on the desk stool with such force as almost to dent a hole in it, and looking up saw Mr. Smith's steady gaze fixed on him.

Back to his work he tried to bring his thoughts, but they were not subject to his will, and he found himself in great danger of writing the thoughts passing through his mind. "She is lost to me now. Oh, how I wish it had never happened!" He shut the book, but put away his papers, and with that dreary, ost, far-away kind of look passed un heedingly among the throng on the money mart of the new world.

Charley Ashton lost no time in improving his opportunities, for that night found him seated tete-a-tete with Miss Temple in a cosy little room in Twenty-

Miss Temple was an orphan, and had for years lived with an aunt-her father's sister. An income of \$100 a year had been left her, which at least supplied all absolutely necessary wants. She was not ashamed to assist her aunt about many things some would call menial; and in form and feature, heart and mind, all her acquaintances said, fully sustained the high opinion we have seen Ned Farnham had of her.

Ere the evening was over Charley Ashton had succeeded in appearing deeply in love, and not many days passed ere he had proposed and was accepted. Of all her male acquaintances Miss Temple had always preferred the two young men we have mentioned. It was true she had rather leaned to the quiet, steady Mr. Farnham, but of late he had ceased to visit her, while Mr. Ashton's presence had been almost constant. Hence she had persuaded her-self that she loved and had accepted

Charley urged a speedy marriage, why, came in a conversation too long for me to detail, wherein it appeared that some of the "boys" on the "street" were fixing up a pool to buy up a certain stek. and our friend Aston wanted some of the \$500,000 to put in it. Anna Temple preferred a longer time, urged that time would make them know each other better, especially in the intimate relation they now stood. Charley vowed that he would never change, and he knew that time could never develop any fault in her.

"But," said Miss Temple, "there is another reason, and I think I can be free with you now. I have spent so much of my little income, and aunt has no spare money, so that I have no means of defraying the necessary ex-"But you have the fortune left you by your Australian uncle, and even if you

have not received it your agents will certainly make an advance." "I have no fortune, dear Charley. Some thought it was mine, but the fortune you probably allude to was left to my cousin, Miss Anna Thompson Temple, to whom I introduced you at the

"Ah, it was, indeed! She is a favored young lady; and how much does she re-

"Report said \$500,000; but Cousin Nam has been informed by the agents that there is but \$10,000 in money, and the rest in houses and lots in Melbourne,

valued at \$90,000." "Ah! well, really, how these things do spread. But to our matter; I guess Miss Anna, you had best have your

The hours of that evening dragged heavily along, and as they lengthened Mr. Charles Ashton's manner became more and more formal. He left, and Anna's warm heart was sad as she thought over the cool manner and cooler parting. No sleep came to her eyes

that night. "Can it be?" she said to herself a thousand times; "and yet it must for his manner changed almost from my telling him of Nellie's fortune."

The next night and Charlie was not in his usual place, and the next, and still more. About a week afterward a short note informed Miss Temple that, "having lost all his savings in a bad speculation, he could not think of nolding her to an engagement which would be out of his power to consummate in years."

false, but it required not many days to teach her that she had not loved Charles Ashton as she should the man she was to marry. Again our two young men met. This time on Broadway. Charley, gayly sauntering along, halled Ned in his old

To say this did not grieve her would be

familiar way: "Well, old boy, off early to-day?" "I've been promoted, and am not ebliged to work so late, though I do often; then I think of taking a ride in the park; my head has ached much of late, and I am more nervous than formerly."

"Shouldn't work so hard; don't get any thanks for it. By the by, that fortune of Miss Temple's turns out to be all "How-what's that?" was the eager

"Well, a Miss Somebody Temple had about one hundred thousand dollars left her, but it wasn't our pretty little

"But I heard you were very attentive -some said engaged." been but for that fool of an uncle mak-

ing a mistake in names. However, it's all over now. You know that I, at least, can't afford to marry a poor woman, no matter if she is a Peri. I know you entertain some sort of foolish notion that love, etc., will do, but it's all bosh. Give me the dimes, my boy. When poverty comes in at the window, etc., you know. Take my advice and drop all such foolish ideas." Ashton might as well have talked to

the lamp-post for all the hearing Ned Farnham did. What he was thinking of we can not say, but he did not go to the park that afternoon, but the evening found him in the little parlor, which had been so often graced by Charley's presence. Ere the evening was over he had explained his long absence, told of his better prospects, and had offered her his heart and hand. She asked three weeks to consider, he to visit her as often as he pleased. At the end of that time he was accepted, and Anna learned what true love was.

Here the story might end, but there is a sequel. Some months after the engagement Mr. Smith tapped Ned on the shoulder and motioned him to the private office.

"Going to marry my niece?" said that gentleman. "I am engaged to Miss Anna Temple, sir, and we expect, in a quiet way, to be married one month from to-day. But was not aware that she was your niece." "Neither was I until a few days since. As for your quiet way, understand me, sir—the child of my only sister can be married newhere else but in my house. Come, now, no flinching. I've heard all about it. But she's poor-poor as Job's turkey; and I've too many children to give her more than a decent wedding." Ned did . . understand the expression on Mr. Smith's face, but felt a lit-

"I should never have addressed her, and I would release her this moment, if I knew she were an heiress." "No you don't; no you don't. I know you and I know the whole story. You

tle angered, and replic ::

Ned pondered long over this singular conversation, but got no satisfaction from his own thoughts or from Anna. She replied only by a smile and a kiss.

Notwithstanding all the urging of
her new-found uncle Anna refused to leave her aunt until the time for the wedding. That event came and the ceremony was over. Then Mr. Smith called the young couple into his library, and drawing from his safe a strong box,

and fast, I'll tell you, you have got an helress and a rich one, too. A foolish brother of her father, who would go to Australia, took it into his head to die, not long since, and left such a botchedup will, that it has taken over six months to get at the straight of it. We were his agents and kept the matter to ourselves because it was a large sum and might create impostors. We soon disposed of the smaller legacy of \$100,-000 to Miss Anna Thompson Temple, but the contents of this box, £100,000, in consols, we used more scrutiny in assigning, and in the course of our investigations I not only found the rightful owner of our trust, but the child of my only sister. Sir, you are worthy of her and what is of less value, her fortune. The morning papers will announce you as a partner in our house."

Lunacy from Tobacco. A queer case of lunacy resulting from the tobacco habit is reported from Wapelle, Ia. "Uncle Jimmy" Blanchard, an old and respected citizen, suddenly became deranged and developed an phormal craving for the weed, which he devours voraciously and with the same gusto with which most people eat fruit and other toothsome articles of consumption. He eats it constantly. and gets away with about a pound of plug every day. He is showing the effects of the poison to a marked degree, and it is thought the drug will ultimately cause his death.

Raising His Salary. "Sir." said the young man to his em-

pleyer. "I thought I might take the libcity of reminding you that you promised to raise my salary this week." "Certainly. I've got two collectors out new, and am just going over to the bank to try and get my note discounted. Just keep culm, and I'll raise it somehow if mors of housebreaking at a distance oc-I have any sort of luck."

THE SCHOOL AT MURPHY'S MILL "T'll tell gon how," said grandpa to the listening girls and boys.
"A teacher taught a backwoods school. "Twas

out fu Illinois In rough and ready days when schools were not as they are now-When many boisterous deeds were done we folks would not allow; When people boasted of their strength and seemed to take delight In trying it on every one, and thought that

might was right: When fathers at born raising bees would wrestle, jump and box, And when a man was little good who couldn't stand the knocks.

"The school of which I speak was called the No matter who essayed to teach, the boys They somehow would arrange it to discourage every one, For they were full of mischief and they did it

just for fun. Committeemen would hire teachers every week Who'd hold the fort a little while and all at once be through. It seemed as if there was no hand with strength those boys to rule, so 'twas oray now and then the district

had a school.

ing fum.

"At times they used to hire youths from college fresh and new; It didn't take them very long to find they For he who put on city airs and had an uppish

Had not the very slightest chance of having And then again the men employed would be so They did not seem to care to teach but simply just to mass;"
And so the mays for this or that found fault with every one But it was only mischief and their way of hav-

"They had a balf a score of ways a pedagogue Sometimes they'd close the chimney o'er and smoke the teacher out. Or bar the doors, or work some one of many cunning tricks

To place the new-found leader in a trying, helpless fix. For when a lot of roguish boys decide to have The point they set about to gain is certain to be wen.

And though the teacher might declare with force he came to stay, It nearly always happened that he quit and

"Once when the school had long been closed the word was sent around

had been found; And all the sturdy youths who in the former sports had shared Felt not a little pleasure, and for future sport prepared.

And little fellows much too small to take an notive part.
Were all on hand to see the fun and get an

early start. And ere the teacher had arrived the stragglers. all were in. And waited quite impatiently to see the fun begin. "I call the morn to mind as though 'twere only

yesterday; The flakes of snow were falling in a blinding The wind was wildly blowing it in fleecy puffs 'Twas just a jolly winter morn to turn a teacher The boys assembled early, with the leaders all on hand, And all their schemes were nicely laid and every thing was planned;

They waited for the teacher with a curious sus-And all were very anxious that the 'doings' "No one could tell from whence the newly hired teacher came. Nor did it seem to matter much; the end would

be the same. The boys with smiles recounted the victories they'd won, And talked of what would come to pass before the day was done. The storm grew flercer out of doors, the snow in scurries drove, The boys were all within and closely huddled round the store.
All unannounced the door swung back and ere

they were aware The teacher-just a woman young and frail-was standing there. "The flercest flash of lightning from the fairest mzure skies Would not in the beholders waken more of And o'er the faces of the youths who mischief plauned there came

A sudden flush of color and a look akin to

In vain their minds had plotted and for naught their wits had schemed, For she was quite beyond the realm of all which they had dreamed; The glances that were passed between wide open, wondering eyes
Said nothing should be done until they might

"So at recess the boys convened to talk the For such a turn in their affairs had never come And one strong youth with firmness said: 'Who

dares that girl to harm Will learn how much of strength I have laid up in my right arm; Who disobeys a rule she makes shall suffer for And all the others then and there with him as The youth who thus spoke up for her she loves

Ask grandma if she ever taught the school at

-Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Herald. HOW I WAS "BURGLED." The Precautions Taken After the

Thief's Visit.

I live in a suburban villa in the vicinity of London. Mine is one of a row of detached houses with small gardens, and fields both front and back. I am comparatively new to housekeeping, having lived in chambers until my marriage a few months ago. When we entered into residence we were so full of the delights of furnishing that we paid no particular attention to the details of window and door fastenings. The former had those little ordinary latches that are drawn across under a clip and are known (in the profession) as the "burglar's joy." Their flimsy character excited no special emotion in our inexperienced and ingenious minds. We supposed that they were like other people's fastenings; the same builder had put up the entire row of houses, and all were occupied by tenants who, if they had any fear of burglars, kept those tremors to themselves. The back door had rather rickety bolts, it struck us; but, on the other hand, the front door-the burglar's favorite entrance, as every one knows-was massively barred, chained and double-locked. So we possessed our souls in a sense of security, and even joked about the possibility of the midnight prowler making a descent upon us. For a time we even took our valuables-including a collection of very superior electroplate-up to our bedroom every night. There was nothing like proper precaution, as my wife sagely remarked. After awhile we got to let the cook take charge of the "silver." This she did satisfactorily enough until the continued absence of burglars lulled her spirit into a state of happy obliviousness of the predatory tribe. Rucasionally reached us, but they affected

us no more than do the obituary notices of people we don't know. All we did was to talk vaguely of getting a dog. This was the sleep; presently came the

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awakening. One fatal Monday morning our marital slumbers were disturbed at seven a. m. by the cook rushing into sur bedroom, and with pallid cheeks, distended eyes and disheveled locks, crying: "Oh, m'm, there's been robbers

in the house!" In less time than that brief peried popularly known as a "jiffy" my wife and I reached the scene of the catastrophe. Never shall I forget the spectacle that met our gaze. The villain had apparently confined his depredations to the kitchen, but there he had wrought fearful havon. All the doors of the cupboards, all the drawers of the sideboards were wide open, and such of their contents as had been left were strewn upon the floor. On the rug were fragments of cold rabbit pie and cocoanut sake, apparently cast there out of pure superfluity of naughtiness. On the table were the ple dish and cake plate; both empty. There also stood a glass and jug from which the rufflan had evidently been drinking beer. Hard

by were some half-burned lucifer matcites and a few shreds of tobacco, showing that he had finished up comfortably with a smoke. Both the kitchen windows and that of the scullery were wide open-a fact which thrust itself upon our outer consciousness, for the morning was raw and damp and we were thinly clad.

When we had recovered sufficiently to take note of our actual losses, then indeed the iron entered our souls. Wedding presents are not always a source of unqualified pleasure to either donors or recipients. The former frequently regard them as a little better than a tax lesied by custom; the latter occasionally feel that Aunt Jane and Cousin Peter might have done the thing rather more handsomely while they were about it. But it is astonishing what a wonderful affection one feels for wedding

presents when they have been stolen. As we looked for this gift and that, and found them not, the most tender chords were touched. I remember having thought Uncle Sniffkin's pair of is something considerable in the city. But, now that the accustomed peg knew them no more, I saw those snuffers in a new light. I thought how uncle had probably walked miles to get them-he was greatly addicted to a second-hand shop in the Mile End road-and a softened sadness stole over me, and I longed to grasp his honest hand and hint at his buying us another pair. My wife bore the trying ordeal of seeking and finding not bravely enough until she made one dreadful discovery. Then she broke down, and, flinging herself on my breast, exclaimed through her tears: "O dearest, the wretch has actually helped himself to some of our

Eventually my burglar was captured. and I had the pleasure of a personal in-terview with him. He was a thickset young fellow with a not unpleasing air of melancholy about him. By profession he was a shoe-maker-that is to say, he professed to follow that calling; but the pair of boots he made for his solicitor (who represented him at the trial) were a misfit, and were actually being touched up at the moment he was arrested. In some respects he was a man of careful and providential habits; he banked at the postoffice (£11 9s stood to his credit when he took my spoons), and he kept a diary. In the latter were artless references to certain "calls" he had made, and particularly "remembrances" he had taken away with him. Joe-for so he was familiarly addressed by the police, who boasted quite a nod-ding acquaintance with him in private life-was rather offended when I asked if he had experienced much difficulty in getting into my house, "Why," he said, "to crack a crib like yours is as easy as kissing my hand." He further explained that he took the servant's stockings from the dresser drawer merely to put the knives and forks in. He had also taken a volume of culinary recipes. 'My missis ain't much of a cook," he said to me half apologetically. The whole plunder he had wrapped up in my Inverness cape; and he actually used to wear that garment not a mile from my house when passing the bad money for which he was primarily nabbed! Had I met the rascal in the street, with what a start of surprise should I

have recognized the cloak. I asked him if he usually had a bite and sup in the houses he visited. "Yes," he said, confidentially, "you usually feels a bit down when you've finished a 'job.'" Poor fellow, he dines

on skilly now, for he got seven years. Perhaps I need scarcely add that my house is now a sort of combination of fortress and arsenal. I have had the kitchen and scullery windows barred, and the other windows secured with heavy shutters. Strong bolts have been fixed on the passage side of the drawing and dining-rooms, so that if either of these were entered from without the sphere of operations would be confined to that one room. Then, on all the back doors I have fixed bells and springs. In the passage I every night chain up a large and savage dog. I have purchased a double-barrel gun and a revolver, and with the latter I practice at a target on the wall, and am now so skillful that I never by any chance miss the wall. And when at night we retire to rest, my wife leading the way, the cook following with the plate and I last, armed to the teeth-well, really. I sometimes almost wish that a burglar would par us another visit.-St. James'

An Ancedote of Weaster.

When quite young at school Daniel Webster was one day guilty of violation of the rules and called up by the teacher for the old-fashioned ferruling of the hand. His band happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, on the way to the teacher's desk he spat upon the palm of his right hand wiping it off on the side of his pantaloons. "Give me your hand sir," said the teacher very sternly. Out went the right hand partly cleaned. The teacher looked at it a moment and then said: "Daniel, if you will find another hand in the school-room as filthy as that I will let you off this time." Instantly from behind his back came the left hand. "Here it is, sir," was the ready reply.-Graphic.

A Fortune. Foggs-Ha, my fortune is made. Trotter-What now?

Foggs-I have invented a preparation that preduces the effect of sunburn and tan, and one need not spend a fortnight in the country in order to get colored.