WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

He can whistle so loud the air turns blue;

He can make all sounds of beast and bird, And a thousand noises never heard.

He can crow or cackle, or he can cluck

And a cut itself can't beat his "me-ow."

He can thunder by as a railway train,

Stop at the stations a breath and then Apply the steam and be off again.

You can tell that a boy is very ili

If he's wide awake and keeping still.

But earth would be—God bless their noise!— A dull old place if there were no boys.—Chicago Post.

BRADLEY'S FAILURE

Why He Did Not Perform the

Task Assigned Him.

"If I only had the courage," said

Bradley, as he looked over the stone

parapet of the embankment at the dark

waters of the Thames as they flashed

for a moment under the glitter of the

gaslight and then disappeared in the

black night to flash again further down.

out again the mement I went over," he

muttered to himself. "But if no help

came it would all be done in a minute.

Two minutes, perhaps. I'll warrant

those two minutes would seem an eter-

nity. I would see a hundred ways of

making a living if I could only get out

again. Why can't I see one now while

I am out? My father committed suicide;

why shouldn't I? I suppose it runs in

the family. There seems to come a

time when it is the only way out. 1

with a shudder at the gloomy river.

about to slide down when a hand grasped

saw a man whose face seemed familiar,

my fare, a shilling for semething to

hing in the morning. But I haven't

"If I give you the ten salllage what

surance have I that you will not go

"None at all. I have not asked you

ten shillings, nor for one. I have

That is true. I will give you r

ourself up, you will still get that job.

I will take it gladly. But, mind you,

me your address, so that I may

em not a beggar. I will take it if you

"I have perfect confidence in your

"But how are you to know I will do

Bradley looked after the disappearing

figure of the man who had befriended

needs it much worse than I do."

You are welcome to the pound."

end It back to you when I earn it."

at to-night and a shilling for nome-

he ten shillings and so that's why."

ply answered your question."

d gut deunic on 112"

hat is the job?"

ot take the money."

way of spending it."

vou sav.

'I am a carpenter."

and although he thought rapidly:

that's the trouble."

his arm and a voice said:

"What will you do?"

he could not place him.

"Very likely I would struggle to get



would Bob have said next?

he murmured.

barrassment.

oming out."

oried.

"Why not?"

window panes.

She hesitated.

"The moon will be up pretty soon,"

to Bob for giving him this opportunity.

If he only had enough courage to profit

you'd be offended at my coming

"Do you know," he said, "I was afraid

"Offended!" she echoed. "Why, I

She was a trifle puzzled by his em-

"We are going to have a fine night

after all," she remarked; "the stars are

The little face in the white zephyr

heed was upturned to the kindling sky.

And then, very suddenly, he did an ex-

traordinarily strange thing for a bashful

man to do. He never afterward could

comprehend how he had been valorous

enough for such an act. He bent and

"You have no right to do that!" she

"Give me the right," he pleaded,

grown bold all at once. "I'm awfully in

love with you, Sylvia. Give me the

She was silent. Distinctly sounded the

clatter of the horses' hoofs on the hard,

white road. Onward the sleigh sped, by

farms and fences and a few red-gold

"Is there," he asked, "any one else?"

kissed the girl beside him.

She drew back trembling.

"I can not," she whispered

was glad you thought of bringing me.'

"It's very good of you to say so."

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE "

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## EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1891.

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inches | year.... | inches | Gmonths | | inches | year....

Reuben wondered rather dejectedly, Which reflects every mood of the sky, While he stealthily binchens the femres in red (The tuistaire of an age bedimined eye).
Out I wonder how time will effect his release. How horribly fast the horses were going. He felt tremendously grateful What he'll do when we vote him 'too slow." 'Tween the days that his use and his heart beat-

> Where will the old clerk go? One can learn of the temperate days that are From the rellingpin rule and quill pen;

From its first infant struggles, to credit and He has watched the great enterprise grow; But his hand trembies now-he is broken in

Yet-where can the old clerk go? If each pound of success had but left him : grain
What a number of rest he might ewa;

But a 1 soly old heart end a wears and brain Are his meed for the years that have flown. Every blossom he loved in the hey day of life Has been withered and Hos beats the snow And e'en memory's barred from this bustle and

Then where should the old clerk go? That the world has a hunch none will seek to And it softens, 'tis said, year by year;

At the end of full many a wallewe wing Golden promise of comfort and elect. There's a sweet little cherub" that stores poor old Jack To a "narror" where storms cease to blow;

But when drops for the last time the pen on it

Where can the old clerk got -Thomas Frost, in N. Y. Heraid.

LUCY'S POCKET.

What Its Contents Disclosed, and the Vow She Made.

"Now, Lucy," admonished a sweetfaced woman, sitting Idly by the window and watching her daughter as she put the finishing touches to a most bewitching tollet, "I trust you will give heed to my counsel, and not excite jealousy in the hearts of your companions to-day. Be circumspect: and don't, I Lester, unless you mean to marry him Your flirting proclivities, I am sorry to say, are alarmingly developed,

"Yes, yes, mamma," broke in the girl impatiently, adjusting the rose-colored knot of ribbon more satisfactorily at her white throat; "I know what you wish, so don't draw such a despairing breath, for I promise I'll attend to your advice and behave as circumspectly as ever Rose Martin, the ugliest girl in Rosedale, could do. You needn't apprehend any hing unpleasant. I dislike Bub Lester intensely, and I only consented to ac-

company him to the pienic because he is the son of the richest man in the town-or county, too, for that matter, Besides, I have a penchant for-She paused abruptly, with the name of some one warm upon her lips, and a blush mantled her piquant blonde faces. She was a lovely girl, slender, petite and graceful as one of the sweet-brier

branches that clambered over the garden wall. She had mischlevous gray eyes, a superabundance of red-gold hate. flowed to fall in two measive strands to-day, a rosebud of a mouth, and t.

cunningest hands and feet imaginable. As her mother regarded her intently, she hit her lip and turned aside, as if in quest of something.

"What are you searching for now, Lucy?" inquired Mrs. Sherwood. "Your tollet seems complete."

harming pocket. All the girls will wear one to-day. We are to bring home our tropbles in it, you know."

pendages dangling at her side." the charming accessory to my toilet, you, but I shall try to turn the heart of mainray. Way, it is out of the question my rival against you." alterether. Each of the girls is to wear

one, I tell you." Mrs. Sherwood said no more, and

her waist.

Just now the girls of Rosedale had a mania for wearing pockets of the most | and wept bitterly. fanciful description, not to deposit any thing therein, but merely as a matter of show. Lucy's was heart-shaped, of wine-hued velvet, and artistically adorned with gold cord, lying against the soft background of her dress, it had a very pretty effect, and Lucy regarded

it admiringly as she turned away from the long mirror. At this juncture a man reined in two spirited black steeds in front of "The

drift, and didn't get home till nine. Maples," as Widow Sherwood's cony place was appropriately called. "There is Mr. Lester now, mamma,"

cried Lucy, who was slyly peeping at the showy turnout from behind the lace drapery at the window. "My! won't I be the envy of every girl at the picnic? What lovely horses! Their tails nearly sweep the ground, and just look at the silver-plated barness! Dear a bashful man!"-Kate M. Cleary, in met if Bob Lester didn't have such flery-red, hair and was a bit more polished, and- Yes, yes, mamma, I am ready, and will not keep my cavalier waiting. There goes Jane with the big frosted cake and the basket of sand-

wiches. Oh, I anticipate a splendid And, putting on her wide gypsy, the girl tripped merrily down the steps, was assisted into the carriage by Mr. Loster, and away they sped in the direction of the pine woods, some two or

three miles away. Bob Lester, a man of twenty-eight, compactly built, with flaming red hair and beard, did his best to make himself agreeable. Lucy laughed at his rough sallies, and flashed back witty repartees; but all the while she was wondering what girl had been brought there by Ross Wilde-a strikingly intelligent but rather impecunious young lawyer whose offer to escort her to the picnic out of caprice or a desire, perhaps, to try her power over him, she had coolly rejected

The pine woods were alive with happy people when Bob and Lucy arrived; much merriment was going on, and a string band was discoursing a most jubi-

Lucy closely scanned the motley crowd. There, underneath one of the million-fingered pines, she beheld the man who had solicited the favor of being her escort assiduously paying his deroirs to a gazelle-eyed brunette in a costume of crimson and gold. Yes, she might have known he would bring Squire Rogers' daughter. He would be sure to be entangled in the meshes of the web she was weaving to insnare him, and propose, for her father was a | begun.-St. Louis Republic.

and namerelfully southed the poor lawyer when he addressed her, and felt wretched all the while. It was late in the afternoon, when, longing to be alone, she broke away from the groups scattered here and there under the fenercal pine-plumes, and ound a secluded snot on the bank of a ivalet that would its way noisily

Advertising Rates.

The large and relacts electristics of the Cam-mia Francian commence it to the inverselse chalder ratios of advertisers where favors will be bactted at the following low rates:

loved bereyes, when-

amulion dropping from her lips. She had just discovered that the ruby velvet pocket that had awayed from her belt a short time before was missing. Where had she lost it? And, oh, what if it had fallen into some one's bands, especially Bob Lester's or Ross Wilde's? She remembered that her little blueand-gold diary reposed in its depths, and she had been foolish enough to jot wn some thoughts concerning the

to the possession of either. What if Bob or Ross had picked it up,

had led him to the spot where it lay book slipped out.

afed. "I'll see what she has joited thorselm." With no compunction whatever he opened it, admired the Italian, spidery-

His brow grew dark as a thunderod: furious feelings raged and seethed within him. He knew that she espised him and loved his rival. He felt like rending the tell-tale pages in places, but he controlled himself, and thrusting the diary back in its receptacle -the pocket he had recently thought so pretty-he hurled it luto the nest of unterbrush from which he had select it. "Let the accurred atday lie there," he bissed; "I'll confront my lady and

mitted in her path. "Grow white, faint if you can, you treacherons creature?" he bissed, with all the venom of a serpent. "I have among those sharp-toothed rocks! You

"Why did I ever flirt with him?" sho She covered her face with her hands

"Miss Sherwood -Lucy!" At the sound of a familiar voice sho raised her tear-wet face. This time Ross Wilde stood before her, and in his hand she saw the ruby pocket. She

He extended it toward her. "Your property, I believe? I found it probably where you lost it." She took it, and drawing forth the linry, said:

as I should have been had you given me the right. Oh, Lucy, you know my seeret. Think of me as kindly as you

It matters not what followed; suffice

it to say that Lucy was blissfully happy, and yowed that she would never

again wear that pocket, keep a diary, or filrt with any man .- John A. Peters, in N. Y. Weekly. How the Spider Undresses.

skin? It is an interesting sight, one that will well repay any one for the time lost in waiting for the novel event. to take place. When preparing for the change the spider stops eating for several days and makes his preliminary arrangements by fastening himself by a short thread of web to one of the main lines of his snare; this to hold him firmly while he proceeds to undress. First the skin cracks all around the thorax. being held only by the fore part. Next the abdomen is uncovered, and then comes the struggle to free the legs. He works and kicks vigorously, seeming to have a very hard time of it. Fifteen minutes of continued perseverance, however, brings him out of his old dress, the struggle causing him to ap-

pear limp and lifeless for some time

after it is finished. Gradually he comes

back to life, brighter and more beauti-

ful than before the trying ordeal was

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tter profit. Send back such articles, and insist on having just what



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he merits of your Ke lought a bottle, and I c improvements immediately from the test and become the bottle was used up I was satisfied that it was foing him a great deal of good. I bought a second bottle and before it was used up my horse was cured and has been in the team delte heavy work all the senson since last Auril, showing no more signs of it. I consider your Kendall's Spavin Cure a valuable medicine, and it should be in every stable in the land. Respectfully wars. a valuable medicine, and it should be in every a valuable medicine, and it should be in every stable in the land. Respectfully yours, EUGENE DEWITT.

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So To retued

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ADHESIVE COUNTERS

n the pavement. The other man aughed slightly. I can not agree to that. You are ome to the money. More if you s. I merely doubled the sum you entloned to provide for any thing un-"Unless you let me return it, I will

Half THE COST of holsting saved to Storebeepers, Butchers, Farmers, Markinesis, Butchers, Contractors and GIBLES Admitted to be the greatest improvements EVER made in

"I have seen that man somewheres before," he said to himself. But in that he was wrong. He hadn't. Wealth is most unevenly and most unfairly divided. All of us admit that, but few of us agree as to what should be the remedy. Some of the best minds of the century have been in doubt as to what is the true remedy. "The poor ye have always with you" is as true to-day

as it was eighteen hundred years ago. Where so many are in doubt it is perhaps a comfort to meet men who have no uncertainty as to the cause and the remedy. Such a body of men met in a back room off Soho Square. "We are waiting for you, Bradley," said the chairman, as the carpenter

took his place and the doors were locked. He looked better than he had done a year before on the Thames em-I know I'm late, but I couldn't help it. They are rushing things at the ex-

hibition grounds. The time is short

now, and they are beginning to be anxious for fear every thing will not be ready in time." "That's it," said one of the small group, "we are slaves and must be late or early as the so-called masters

"Oh, there is extra pay," said Bradley, with a smile, as he took a seat. "Gentlemen," said the chairman, rapping on the desk, "we will now proceed to business. The secret committee has met and made a resolution. After the lots are drawn it will be my task to inform the man chosen what the job is. It is desirable that as few as possible, even among ourselves, should know who the man is who has drawn the marked paper. Perhaps it may be my

own good fortune to be the chosen man. These are some of the things that a boy can do One of the papers is marked with a cross. Whoever draws that paper is to communicate with me at my room within two days. He is to come alone. It is commanded by the committee that As well as a rooster, hen or duck. He can bark like a dog, he can loo like a cow, no man is to look at his paper until he

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped and tell no one at any time whether or not he is the chosen man." The papers were put into a hat and each man in the room drew one. The He has all of his powers in such command chairman put his in his pocket as did le can turn right into a full brass band, the others. The doors were unlocked With all of the instruments every played, and each man made his way to his As he makes of himself a street parade.

> Next evening Bradley called at the room of the chairman and said: "There is the marked paper which I drew last The exposition building was gay with

bunting and was sonorous with the sounds of a band. The machinery that would not stop for six months was still motionless, for it was to be started in an hour's time by his Highness. His Highness and suite had not yet arrived, but the building was crowded by a well-dressed throng of invited gueststhe best in the land as far as fame and money went. Underneath the grand stand where his Highness and the distinguished guests were to make speeches and where the finger of nobility was to press the electric button, Bradley walked anxiously about with the same haggard look on his face that was there the night he thought of slipping into the Thames. The place underneath was a wilderness of beams and braces. Bradley's wooden tool chest stood on the ground against one of the timbers. The foreman came through and struck a beam or a brace here and there.

Bradley. "There will be no trouble, wonder if he hesitated? I'm a coward, even if it was put up in a hurry and in spite of the strain that will be on it to-After a moment's hesitation the man slowly climbed on the top of the stone Bradley was not so sure of that, but wall and then paused again. He looked he said nothing. When the foreman 'I'll do it," he cried aloud, amd was lid of his tool chest and removed the carpenter's apron which covered something in the bottom. This something In the light of the gas-lamp Bradley was a small box with a clock work

acrangement and a small miniature up-

lifted hammer that bung like the sword

"Every thing is all right," he said to

of Damoeles over a little copper cap. "Where have I seen that man before?" He threw the apron over it again, closed the lid of the chest, leaned "Nothing," answered Bradley, sulagainst one of the timbers, folded his "That's right," was the answer. "I'd arms and wanted. Presently there was a tremendous do nothing of that kind if I were you." theer and the band struck up. "He is "Of course you wouldn't. You have coming," said Bradley to himself and every thing that I haven't-food, clothes. closed his lips tighter, "Carpenter," nelter. Certainly you wouldn't. Why cried the policeman, putting in his head through the little wooden door at "Why should you, if it comes to the foot of the stage; "come here. quick. You can get a splendid sight of "Because ten shillings stands between his Hignness as he comes up the pasme and a job. That's why, if you want Bradley walked to the opening There's eight shillings rail-

and gazed at the distinguished procession coming toward him. Suddenly he grasped the arm of the policeman like a "Who is that man in the robes-at the head of the procession?"

"Don't you know? That is his High-

Bradley gazed for breath. He recognized his Highness as the man as he had met on the embankment. ound if you will take it, so if unfortun-"Thank you," he said to the policenan, who looked at him curlously. Then he went under the grand stand among the beams and braces and

leaned up against one of the timbers with knitted brows. After a few moments he stepped to his chest, pulled out the apron and carefully lifted out the machine. With a quick jerk he wrench off the little By this time Bradley had come down hammer and flung it from him. The machinery juside whirred for a moment with a soft purr like a clock running down. He opened the box and shook out into his apron a substance like damp sawdust. He seemed puzzled for awhile what to do with it. Finally be took it out and scattered it along the grash-grown slope of a rallway entiling.

Then he returned to his tool chest, took

out a chisel and grimly felt its edge

onesty. If I had not I would not offer with his thumb. the money. I can not give you my ad-It was admitted on all hands that his Highness never made a better speech dress, or, rather, I will not. If you will pay the pound to some charity or in his life than on the occasion of the | a day. will give it to some one who is in opening of that exhibition. He touched need I will be satisfied. If you give it lightly on the country's unexampled to the right man and tell him to do the prosperity, of which the marvelous colsame, the pound will do more good than lection within those walls was an indiever it will in my pocketor in my usual cation. He alluded to the general contentment that reigned among the classes to whose handiwork was due the marvelous collections there exhibited. "I am considered rather a good judge His Highness was thankful that the unof men. I am certain you will do what fortunate state of affairs that was uncappily prevalent in other countries "I will take the money. I doubt if could hardly be said to affect our own land. Then there was a good many there is any one in London to-night who light touches of humor in the discourse that is so pleasing when they come from people in high places. In fact, the chairman said at the club afterwards (confidentially, of course) that

the man who wrote his Highness speeches had in that case quite outdone The papers had very full accounts of he opening of the show next morning, and perhaps because they occupied so much space there was such little room or the announcement about the man who committed suicide. The papers in not say where the body was found. except that it was near the exhibition buildings, and his Highness never knew that he made that excellent speech directly over the body of a dead an. - Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free

The Height of Crouds.

Press.

Prof. Moller, of Carlsruhe, has made some interesting observations on clouds. The highest clouds, cirrus and cirrous, rise on an average to a height of nearly 30,000 feet. The middle clouds keep at from about 10,000 feet to 23,000 feet in height, while the lower louds reach to between 3,000 feet and 7,000 feet. The cumulus clouds float with their lower surface at a height of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, while their summits rise to 16,000 feet. The tops of the Alps are often hidden by clouds of the pird class, but the bottom of the glouds of the second class, and especially of the thunder clouds, often enfold them. The vertical dimensions of a cloud observed by Prof. Moller on the Netleberg was over 1,200 feet; he stepped out of it at a height of about 3,700 feet, and high above the mountain floated clouds of the middle class, while vails of mist lay loved. in the ravines and clefts. The upper clouds were growing thicker, while the lower ones were dissolving, and soon it

A MISUNDERSTANDING. Why Sylvia Told Her Escort She

Loved Another. "Going to the literary to-night?" Bob Benham nodded. leave this room and then to examine it in secret. He is bound by his oath to 'Who are you taking?" "Sylvia Merigold."

"Oh!" said Reuben Bassett. The single word was uttered so despondently that Benham looked up as his cousin in a manner half questioning, half ouiszical. Blushing like a girl Reuben met the

"You seem to have all the luck, Bob!" "I don't think it's so much luck as pluck," averred young Benham with a

The mirth of Christmas was over. The milder exhibaration of New Year's Day was also a thing of the past. January was contemplating abdication in favor of February. The day was bitter and brilliant. The glitter of the frozen snow and the intense and cloudless blue of the sky made one's eyes ache. It was Saturday, and the main street of the little country town was crowded with teams, saddle-horses and ponderous farm wagons

Just outside the post-office-which was also a general store—Benham and Bassett had met. They were typical young Western farmers, high-booted. slouch-hatted, roughly-clad. But their attire belied their prosperity. They were singularly alike in appearance. Both were tall and heavily built. Both were beardless, and had the same regular, if rather heavy features. And both spoke in the same deep, quiet voice. But while Benham's whole manner and expression indicated jaunty self-confidence. Bassett's were gentle to the verge of timidity.

denly, "are you in earnest in that quar-"Only this: I had an idea you were engaged to Lillie Dix, that presty little choolmarm back in Illinois."

squarely, "I am." "Then why," demanded Reuben, in uick exasperation, "are you taking ylvin Merigold around?" "For several reasons," avowed Benham, promptly. "In the first place she is a nice little girl; in the second, the Merigolds are our nearest neighbors: in the third, she has no one but me to take her anywhere. Her folks don't want her o go out with the Correy boys, and she

ikes amusement. So I take her. But I'm not in love with her and she's not in love with me. Reuben looked relieved, but not convinced. "Does she know about Lillie?" "No, but I'd just as soon she did. I'm

to be married in the spring." "That so?" cried Reuben, with a deighted smile. They shook hands heartily. "So you needn't trouble yourself to be calous of me!" declared Bob, nodding pleasantly. "Why in the world don't ou ask her to go to meeting and to the

literary with you? I shan't stand in your way." "Oh, she wouldn't!" "How do you know?" "She never has a word to say to me." "As far as I've seen, you never have a word to say to her! You are dumb as an syster when you meet her. And I notice you hardly ever ask her to dance. What

you need, Rube, is nerve!" Reuben laughed, thrusting his hands deep down in his overcoat pockets. "Perhaps so!" "Tell you what." said Bob, suddenly struck with an inspiration, "you go to the literary to-night and take Sylvia!"

"I" with a gasp. "You! We can fix it in this way: I'll call and tell her that I have to go to Grossland to-night, and that you will take her in my stead. How's that?" Reuben had grown radiant. "Grand-for me. But she," stammer-

ing sadly, "she wouldn't like it." "Try," suggested Benham, dryly. Some further conversation they had on the subject. Then they separated. And Reuben's heart was lighter and more hopeful than it had been for many

The crowd melted away. The town street was deserted. Dark and cold the night closed in. When capped, coated and muffled Reuben Bassett jumped into his cutter and drove off in the direction of the Merigolds his pulses were beating rapidly. How would she receive him! Would she be angry and refuse to go?

But Sylvia, calmly dressing in her own little nest of a room up under the eaves of the old farm-house, had no thought of being angry and no intention of refus-

Jingle! jangle! jingle! She was just completing her toilet when she heard the cheery sound. She stood on tip-toe and glanced at herself in the mirror, a black-bound and ancient piece of furniture, which, truth to tell. gave back a rather distorted reflection of the pretty young face consulting it. But Sylvia was acquainted with its poculiarities and never unreservedly accepted its verdict. Now she nodded gayly to the wavy countenance confront-

"You look very nice, Sylvia," she snid. She was trim and slim and darkhaired, with short curls clustering around the white forehead, and a bright, sweet, brune little face. And in her aress of crimson cashmere, all rimmed with silver braid, she certainly did look quite picturesque and charm-

"Sylvia!" called her mother

"Coming!" she cried

She pulled on her jacket, tied on her white zephyr hood, and catching up her mittens ran down the steep stairway to he kitchen. Ten minutes later she was out beside the sleigh, where, in an gony of diffidence and delight, Reuben Bassett warted. He sprang out, helped her in. Then the team trotted briskly Jingle! jangle! jingle There was no other sound for awhile. Rouben felt himself relapsing into his

sual nervous silence. He made a eroic attempt at conversation. "It is a beautiful night," he said His voice sounded husky and strange o himself. This was his first drive, first real tete-a-tete with the girl he

"Is it?" she cried, with a silvery laugh. "Now I think it's rather cold and began to rain and snow. - London Daily | This was rather discouraging. What,

His heart sank like lead. There was no hope for him, then. In silence they drove on. The moon had risen and was swinging up the sky, a globe of pearl. "Look here, Bob," said the latter, sud-Evidently they were late. When they reached the small wooden school-house where the reunions were held they saw several teams hitched without. From the windows of the structure the light

d. They could catch a pleasant murmur of voices. "Yes," answered Bob, simply and Brighter the moonlight had grown. As Bassett assisted Sylvia to alight she started, cried out. "What is it?" he asked.

His face was pale, and, she fancied, rather stern. "Is it you?" she panted, "Reuben Bas-"Who," he asked, a quiver in his grave voice, "did you think it was?" She had not withdrawn the hand she had given him when about to descend.

Now it fluttered in his like a captured "I thought," she faltered, "I was with "Bob Benham?" He went a step nearer.

"Sylvia," he questioned, a queer, wild

hope tugging at his sorrowful soul and making him desperately brave, "did you He could hardly hear her low assent. "And the-the man you cared for-" He broke off. She leaned towards him. She held out her little mittened hands to him. Blushing and tearful in the radiant winter moonlight, her tender young face smiled down upon him. Never a word she said. He needed none.

"Darling!" he said, and sprang into

the sleigh. "You don't care to go in?" "No-oh, no!"

Just then the door of the school-house was opened. Light billowed mellowly forth. Those within called to them to hurry, that a debate was in progress. But Reuben snatched up the reins, shouted out a laughing refusal and turned his horses homeward. He was not at all timid now. Indeed, it was astonishing how assertive and masterful

he had suddenly become. "Why did you Ignore me so? You never were civil to me, dearest." "The idea of reproaching me, when you used hardly to notice mel" "That was because I loved you so!"

"Well, perhaps I was afraid you would think that I liked you!" And then they both laughed out happily like the blissful and ridiculous young people they were. Such a splendld ride as that was! Surely never the stars shone so superb-

ly, or was the air so sweet! The following day Reuben went to see 'Hello," he cried. "Why didn't you tell Sylvia that you couldn't go last 'Had no chance. Got stuck in a snow-

> For Reuben was beaming. "Congratulate mel" He held out his han "You don't mean," cried Bob, thunderstruck, "that you're engaged to Sylvia?" "Oh, yes, I do." "Well," declared Bob, with a vigorous handshake and a friendly grin, "I must say that you have done famously-for

Detroit Free Press.

Score Better Than Dozen. Any person who will be at the trouble of a little observation, can hardly fail of being surprised at the amount of delay, and often the positive inconvenience, arising from the adherence to the use of the dozen and the half-dozen in small transactions, as though people were restrained by high and occult reasons from buying four, five, eight or ten of any thing. Plainly, therefore, the dozen should have taken its departure long ago with the old shilling-andpence system of which it was a constituent part, and of which at present it is only a relic. Now, a proper unit of count is a convenience in some kinds of retail trade; and, fortunately, we have measure which is as old as the English language. The score possesses, for us Americans, certain obvious advantages over the dozen, for easy reckoning, be-

cause, like the dollar, it has a half, a

quarter, a fifth and a tenth, in whole

numbers.—Boston Transcript. The Life of Trees. Recent information gathered by the the German Forestry Commission assigns to the pine tree 500 and 700 years as the maximum, 425 years to the silver fir, 275 years to the larch, 245 years to the red beech, 210 to the aspen, 200 to the birch, 170 to the ash, 145 to the alder and 130 to the clm. The heart of the oak begins to rot at about the age 300 years. The holly oak alone escapes this law, it is said, and there is a specimen of this aged 410 years in existence near Aschaffenburg in Germany.-Chi-

cago Times.

THE OLD CLERK. moneyed man, and- Well, Madanas As he bends o'er the ledger that shining old Rumor did assert that he cared a very great deal for money. The girl was unquestionably lovely, and- No matter; she would show Ross Wilde that his ettentions were disagreeable to bor. So she forgot her mother's warning and flirted outrageously with Bob Lester,

> through a chasm of jagged, sharptoothed rocks, and sat down on a moss-

terrored bowider to rest. The play of the rool water, the sighag of the wint among the jungles of tall brakes, soothed her. She partially

She started to her feet, a startled ex-

vals, never believing it would fall and- No, no; both of the gentlemen were honorable, and would not try to pry into another's affairs. Still, reason as she would, she did not feel quite easy about Mr. Lester. He might not,

A heavy footstep crunching the pine cones that littered the ground fell upon her ear, and raising her eyes she encentered the malignant glance of Rob Lester. What had brought that angry. frown to his face? Had be found the pocket, extracted from its depths the diary, which she had not been wisetruth of her feelings for him? He had, indeed. Some perverse fate

gleaming in its brown bed like some illiantly tinted bird of paradise. He recognized it at once, and, stooping down, he picked it up, with the intention of restoring it to its owner, when from its mouth the tiny blue-and-gold "Lory's diary, by Jove?" he ejacu-

like caligraphy, and then read the items

accuse her of her treachery. Lucy's face blanched white as death

us Bob Lester, like some raging demon. "Not quite, mamma; you forget my | found you out. You flirted with me, led "Nonsense, Lucy! I would not wear | you vowed you loved Rose William it if I were you. It is absurd for a young | So uncless creature, I scorn you! Thate lady to have one of those useless ap- | you! I've half a mind to tess you down But Ludy persistently shook her head. deserve such a fate. No. You need not "Sorry, but I really can't relinguish shrink from me; I'll not lay bands on

He was gone, and Lucy sank shivering to the earth. Lucy began to fasten her pocket by its | wailed. "It was heartless, I know, but tasseled cord to the rose-colored belt at | I never meant him any barm. Full never to quette again with any man."

began to hate it.

"And was there Paul Pry enough about you to make yourself master of the contents of this journal?" He regarded her haughtily. "You are unjust, Miss Sherwood; I am an honorable man. But," lowering his voice, "let me congratulate you. met Mr. Lester, who informed me that you had just consented to be his wife. I wish you all possible happiness. I trust he will be as kind to you

He started to leave, but Lucy called him back. "Mr. Lester spoke falsely, Ross. If you had read the diary, as he was mean snough to do, you would have learned hat I love you-only you."

Did you ever see a spider change his









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