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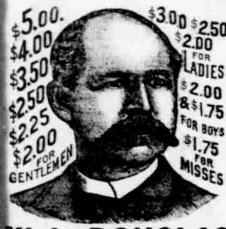
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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1891.

NUMBER 13.



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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. BELVEDNON, Pa., Nov. 27, '90.

Da. B. J. Ruspall. Co.:
Gents-I would like to make known to those who are almost persuaded to use Kendall's Spavin Cure the fact that Ithiak ities most excellent Limitmot. I have used from a Blood Spavin. The horse went on three logs for three years when I commenced to use your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used ton bottles on the horse and have worked him for three years since any has not been large.

Yours truly.

WM. A. CURL. GERMANTOWN, N. Y., May. 2, 1995.

Du. 1: J. RENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, VI.
Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spacin Cure I will say, that a year ago I had a valuable young home become very lame, look enlarged and swellen. The horsemen about here (we have be Veterinary Surgeon here) presentioned by lameness Blook Sparin or Thorougham, they all told me there was no tipe for it, he became about useless, and I considered him almost worthess. A friend told me of the morths of your Rendall's Sparin Core, so I hought a bettle, and I could see very plainly great improvements immediately from the sea and before the bottle was used up I was satisfied that it was doing him a great deal of good. I bought a second bottle and before it was used up my horse was curred and has been in the team daing heavy work all the season since last Apell, showing no more signs of it. I consider your Kentall's Spavin Cure a valuable medicine, and it should be in every stable in the land. Respectfully yours.

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Horse shoes the more worn-will-the brighter."
Busy wives who use SAPOLIO

A complete wreck of domestic happiness has often resulted from badly washed dishes, from an unclean kitchen, or from trifles which seemed light as air. But by these things a man often judges of his wir's devotion to her family, and charges her with general neglect when he finds her careless in these particulars. Many a home owes a large part of its thrifty neatness and its consequent happiness to

42 Crocers often substitute cheaper goods for saPoLio, to make a better profit. Send back such articles and insist on having just what

They're as bright and as fresh in my memory

Though really the days have passed on into Since I was a school-boy-and shouls of the songs and the laughter still ring in my

Oh, the days they were long then, the days they Like a beautiful song! Like a beautiful song! The grass then was greener, the sky was more The birds they sang sweeter high up on the Dony hi

than now. And my dreams of the future, ah, how you Did you know all the castles I built in the

No tamp of Aladdin could ever beguite Into being such castles, so grand and so Ob, the future I planned then, the future I Indeed it was grand | Indeed it was grand;

Oh! could I but meet them sgain in the morn, could I but greet them again as of yore. They have taken their places as women and In the battle of life they are not in the rear; And one who was dearer than life to me then, I shall never see here: I shall never see

My heart it was lighter, much lighter 'twas Thun it's since ever been than its since ever

we won The problems we mastered, 'twas really sub-You could tell very easy how well we had done, By the way we marched up to recite every Twas much that I knew then of Profit and

Twas much that I knew then of Grammar But 'twas little I knew of life's labor and cares.
'Twas little I knew of life's trouble and toll. And songs any sweeter never fell from the tongue.
Than the songs that we sung then, the songs

Or whose words were repeated and treasured To the culprit who trembled in front of his By the urchin whose efforts he greeted with mber them all and I think with a smile Of the punishment cruel inflicted by one. The scated me on the girl side of the aisle.

I have not forgot him, nor will I forget, And I think if I met him I'd punish him yet.

And the very same bell gives a warning so sweet, With the same raft of urchins surrounding it With little bare feet! With little bare feet!

But they're not the same faces, they're not the

They're not the same voices that ring in my and I throw down my pen with a feeling for Nearly blinded with tears! Nearly blinded But pernaps I will meet them, God willing.

n a far better clime, in a far better clime. A. E. Van Velsan, in Good Houseke eping.

Jack's room, with Jack in it. He is amping up and down, hands in pockjacket half off his shoulders, fu ously smoking a perfectly empty

what do I want to do that for? Haven't any strength of mind? (Tears off acket.) Or firmness? (Puts on coat.) Or resolution? (Bathes face and hands, rushes hair.) Or determination? Hurries into ulster and arctics.) Or a

and tremendously agitated; to whom onscious)-Why, dear!

afternoon, Miss-Ethel! Ethel (instantly comprehending)-0 Jack! what a foolish, good, blind, quick-tempered stupid you are! You're the most ridiculous being that ever was; and sometimes you try me almost to death, and sometimes you're too funny for any thing. This time you're

funny! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Jack (attempting dignity)-May ask-but whether I can get breath

ha, ha, ha, ha! Jack (with a sort of shame-faced haughtiness)-If you can do nothing but jeer at me, I'd better-(movee

Ethel (pulling him down into the chair)-Don't be silly, Jack. You know you don't mean to go-you're only pretending-and you wouldn't be able to, if you meant it-goose!

Jack (helplessly) -- Yes; I know, Ethel, it's because I love-Ethel (delighted at this victory)-Of course it is. That's what you intended to tell me at the very first, wasn't it? (Jack confused.) Well, now, you've told me; I'll tell you something. It was my uncle!

Ethel - Yes; Uncle Joe, just from California. He's papa's younger brother, whom you've never seen-as was quite evident from your behavior-ha, ha, ha, ha! If you'd waited one second.

com'd have learned all about it and-Jack-O Ethel! what a donkey I am' Seizes her.)

Ethel (unresisting)-Not quite that, but possibly some other kind of big, strong, unreasoning animal-from your actions, I should say a bear. Good old jeulous Jack! (Peace breaks out with great violence.)

Servant (entering later)-Th' letters, Miss. (Exit Servant.)

Jack (suddenly recollecting)-Great Heavens Ethel (examining letters)-Only one for me. Why, Jack, what ails you? You're absolutely white! Are you ill? You're not? But why do you look so? Giances at address on envelope). Ah! Jack (apart)-I'd forgotten all about

Ethel (with very piquant air of being mistress of the situation) - Now, whom can this be from? The hand is a man's very much like yours. Jack. The resemblance is quite strong.

Jack (apart) - What a horrible scrape? Ethel (leisurely opening letter) -And the envelope's like yours, too-and the paper. (Reads.) "Miss Far;" Must be from some shop-keeper on business. (Reads.) "When you read these lines I shall be outside of Sandy Hook " Well, well! What do you think of that, Jack?

Jack (perspiring with agony)-I don't Ethel (thoughtfully)-Do you sup-

pose this person is really where he said e should be when I read these lines? Jack (wineing)-Merciful powers! Ethel (resuming)-"-outside of Sandy Hook, never to see you again." At any rate, this isn't from a shopkeeper. (Reads.) "You have tired me out-" I don't know but that it may be. though-(Reads.) "-and I leave you forever-" (Jack groans.) You don't appear interested, and it is stuff, I acknowledge. (Jack groans again.) Let's go on, though, just for fun. (Reads.) "-forever, not to remorse-" lear me, I should hope not. (Reads.) '-which you are incapable of feel-

Jack (apart)-I wish I were dead! Ethel (looking hard at him)-My corespondent seems rather severe, doesn't he, Jack? (Reads.) "-but I do leave you to one who is far my superior, no oubt-" No doubt, truly. Any sane person would be. (Renewed groans from Jack. Ethel continues.) **---in merit as he is in good fortune-" how very Johnsonian and prize-essayish my correspondent is, Jack! (Reads.) "-and who is, I trust, worthy of your love." Why, he means you, Jack! Now, are you really worthy of my love?

Jack (desperate)-O Ethel! Stop! I-Ethel (putting her hand on his mouth) -Quiet, Jack! I've not finished reading my letter! (Reads.) "-He can not love you more than I -" can't you, Jack?-(reads) "loved you once" - ah, past tense-(reads) "nor less than I love you

Jack (wildly)-Ethel! Please don't! Ethel (quietly)-My correspondent is just a little wee grain brutal, isn't he, Jack? (Reads.) "-but you will not care.-" What is your opinion about that, Jack? (Reads.) "Farewell, cruel girl-" do hear my correspondent spout, Jack! "and never think more of-" Jack (trying to snatch the letter)-I

must have it! Ethel (holding him off and reading)-Yours -" Jack-Don't read-oh, don't read the

Ethel-"-most -" Jack-Don't, oh, don't!

Ethel-"-sincerely"-(tears up letter and throws in grate)-I can't imagine whomy correspondent may be-can you

Jack (in grateful adoration) - You larling girl! (Second and this time lasting reconciliation. Only, some min-Ethel (dreamily) - I'm afraid I'm sorry I destroyed that letter!-Manley

H. Pike, in Puck.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Boston has a school the object of which is to teach models how to pose. It is reported that the Pope intends to renovate Michael Angelo's celebrated fresco, "The Last Judgment," which is the glory of the Sistine chapel. THE venerable James Parton works six hours a day at his home in Newburyport. His desk is his place of rest and recreation, for that is what literary

occupation means to him. W. CLARKE RUSSELL, whose sea stories have such remarkable dash, breeziness and out-of-door freedom, has long been a hopeless and well-nigh helpless invalid, chained to an in-door existence in an inland town.

MISS K. T. MUMFORD, of Detroit, at one time George Bancroft's amanuensis, says that the historian, though deluged with letters and telegrams of congratulation on every birthday, scrupulously replied to every solitary one by letter. A MONTREAL citizen has purchased for \$400 a landscape painting that he would be willing to sell at a discount. The chief value of the picture was in the signature, "D. Tennant," in one corner, but Mrs. Stanley pronounces it a

forgery. THE Russian press unanimously laments the death of Gregory Petrovitch Danilefsky, editor of the official Russian Gazette, which he converted from a dry and uninteresting record of official acts into a journal of distinct literary attraction.

THE royal Saxon collection of china, the finest lot of Dresden china in the world, has just been greatly increased by the addition to it of the 14,000 pieces of Dr. Gustav Spitzner. The museum now contains about 34,000 pieces from the Meissen factory.

FRANKLIN W. SMITH, of Boston, is the projector of an ambitious scheme to build an immense temple of the arts at Washington. It is to cost \$5,000,000 and occupy 150 acres of ground. Mr. Smith has had the plans drawn, it is said, and hopes to raise enough money | cruel to her that the men who wrote in the next five years to begin the work.

Libble Did Well. A woman whose daughter had recently married was asked how she liked her new son-in-law.

"Oh, he's splendid!" was the hearty reply. "Libbie couldn't of done better. Why, that man gets up of a morning, gets his own breakfast, does up the dishes, sweeps and dusts, and makes Libbie a nice cup of coffee and takes it | to take a great many of his dinners up to her room before he goes to his down-town and stay out late at night, work ev'ry morning. I tell you, Libbie | telling Alice and her mother that his did well to get a man like Frank. | business worried him terribly and There ain't many like him nowadays." needed his constant attention. He -Detroit Free Press. - didn't lose any flesh over these business

JUST THE MAN FOR THE PLACE. The wealthy man is often the most burdened. emetimes I wish I could find a man to take

the responsibility and duties of my fortune off my hands. - Passeil Sage, in a recent interview. if you sought a warrior, a son of Mars, Who should come turough the glare of the carson's Hume With a viorious name that should shine like

the stars On the exure field of a doubless fame; f you wished me to find him, weil, I'd confess That I felt my-cit unprepared for the charge. My acquaintance with men of this measure, I

if you sought a man who could found a state, And grow an empire out of a brain.
Who would steer the rudder of stebborn fate

f you wished me to find and to introduce This camp to the gublic to make his bow, would like to oblige, but would have to refuse For he's not very numerous just now, "

That would echo on through the years sub-That would cheer men's souls like the resonant gong That tells to the toller it's dinner time;

If you wished me to find him, why, I should de cline
To bunt so clusive a fellow as he, for in this age of the world. I opine, He's the stubbornest kind of an absentee.

Of your countless wealth, my go d million know him, I know him, and hasten to state He is ready to take all your burden and care. Do you want uim at once? You will find him at

He'll accept and won't take a day to decide: He will tell you a mon who is qualified.

S. W. Foss, in Yankee Binds.

The Pathetic Tale of a Victim of an Old Joke.

Jack's mother-in-law was coming to make them a visit. Jack had married Alice down in the country, where he had gone one summer for the fishing He had been so much in love with Alice that he had not paid much attention to her mother during their courtship; and, to tell the truth, he had almost forgotten about her since. She seemed to Jack a good old soul, but rather tiresome and poky. Now, there was nothing poky about Jack's set. Even the old women whom he knew were "up-and-a-coming," as he used to say, so Alice's mother with her quiet ways and almost slavish devotion to her pretty daughter had impressed him more as an adjunct to Alice than any thing else. And now she was coming to visit them. He had not thought of her since five months before, when he had made some excuse to get out of ac-

companying Alice down to see her. Alice was one of those selfish little women who often make the most devoted of wives. Just as her mother had worshiped and waited upon her she adored and petted Jack, but there was no room in her heart for any one cise except her baby. They had been married a year now, and a little Jack randmother to come and see him.

very differently from these simple country people. Sometimes he was a little bored even by Alice, although he loved her dearly; but her mother! he was sure he could not stand that, and so he planned to be at home as little as possible during her stay.

The gentle old lady felt strange and out of place in Alice's home. The busy city doctor, the pompous nurse, the servants were all so different from the people she had known, and Jack-she was terribly in awe of Jack. Alice was full of plans and projects for the baby, and her mother was left a great deal to herself. The poor old lady strayed about lonely and homesick in the great rooms, feeling that they all, even Alice, seemed like strangers to her-all but little Jack. Babies are babies, rich r poor, city or country-and she had sursed a good many of them in her day and she did not feel shy with little Jack. And he was part hers -her little grandson. She wished that they would send the nurse away and let her care for him. She held him in her arms and rocked him and crooned an old song in cracked little voice, quite forgetting that the dignified nurse was in the room. And the nurse's heart softened toward the dear old lady as she heard the song-for her own mother had sung just such songs over her years before. It happened to be at this time a sort of between seasons for the funny men on the newspapers—that is, too late for the annual ice jokes, and a little early for the ones about the coal-dealer-so they ran in all the old mother-in-law stories of the last decade. Alice's mother read the daily papers from end to end. There was much in them that she neither liked nor understood, but reading helped to pass the time, and she had so much time. She had always subscribed for the little sheet that had come out at "Green's Corners" every Satur lay for forty years, but that was purely local. Another man had once bid for trade there, but old Johnson, the "Ed.," had told him that he had furnished the brains for that town and had set his own type for forty years and that neither his brains nor his fingers showed any signs of giving out for some time yet. So the Bulletin went on in the old way, giving the deaths and marriages and town topics, and the mother-in-law joke had never penetrated to its columns; and thus it

came that to one reader these paragraphs were a novelty. She pondered much over them, poor woman. She knew that there were such women-Andy Clumm's vife down at the "Corners" was a terror; and the report was that Joe James' mother-inlaw made it so hot for Joe that he had to leave. But then Andy was shiftless and Joe was a drunkard. It seemed the papers rated all mothers-in-law with such as they, and she grew so sensitive about her own relation to him

he think her a meddler. Jack read these funny stories too and the fellows joked him, and he began to pose to them as a man with a motherin-law, for men usually like to pose as something and he was tired of being simply a "good fellow." So he began

troubles, but he talked about them a great deal and got a lot of sympathy at

Steeman.

One day Alice's mother went down to her home on a business errand. It was rather a mysterious affair, but Alice was too much taken up with baby to notice her mother's nervousness, and nobody else paid any attention to her. At night she returned, pale and tired, with a little oilskin bag pinned securely

in her pocket. Jack did not come home that night; he telephoned Alice that business was pressing, and then he went to the thea-

ter with some of his friends. The next day the old lady prepared for another expedition. She hated to bother Alice, so she set off alone without telling her plans. She was not used to the city and after many mistakes and much walking she reached Jack's office. She was shown into his private room. It did not look as though he were suffering for want of money. There were soft rugs and luxurious chairs, and the box of eigars on the table was of the very best. Two of his friends were with him and the air was dense with smoke. A bottle of wine stood open and it must have been that the fumes of that had made him a little dull, for he could scarcely comprehend that his mother-in-law stood before

When at last he did understand it and she had whispered her errand a flush of shame went from his forehead to his very toes. She was sorry for him. he, whose name he had made a jest with these friends of his; she was afraid that she had been a burden an extra expense to him. She knew his business worried him, and she had mortgaged her little home and had brought him the money to help him out of his embarrassment; and she was planning to live carefully enough to lift the mortgage so that in time little Jack should

have a home whatever happened. One by one her words worked themselves into his muddled brain; and a dim vision of the little one-story-and-a-half cottage, where he had courted Alice, ame before him. He put his arms around her and led her to a chair, tellng her that he could not talk of it just then, but that she had saved him. He didn't say from what, and if she thought it was from financial ruin it

Then he put on his hat and coat, and, calling a carriage, said he would go home with her. He helped her gently into the carriage, and then excused himself for a moment and went back to tell the "boys" that the baby was sick and that Alice was worried and had sent for him to come home. - Chicago Tribune.

NEW DEMANDS OF SCIENCE. Larger Opportunities for Scientific R

search Needed.

the development of modern science and

mathematics is compelled to add new

Every large university which follows

courses of study continually to the curriculum in order that the special investigator shall have the means of pursuing research. In spite of the activity in large universities, thought of modern scientists is even more progressive, and it is possible for the complaint to come that universities do not yet offer wide enough opportunities for study. Such a charge is made by Cleveland Abbe in the Atlantic Monthly. His plea is for a greater recognition of the claims of terrestrial physics, which embrace the problems "in which we consider the land, the ocean and the atmosphere, respectively, as units, or as parts of the greater unit which astronomers call 'the earth.'" The branches of the subject comprise many interesting fields of modern scientific research. Already the conditions of the interior of the earth and the reaction of that upon the surface are the subjects of experimental work. The crust of the earth forms an important branch of study. Geology may observe phenomena, but it has not yet been explained whether the general locations of the features of the continents and ocean leds have always been as now, and what the mechanism is of the rise and fall of mountain chains. The subject of earthquakes or seismology has not yet been satisfactorily studied. Nutation and rotation of the earth and the mysterious forces of terrestial magnetism are still secrets held fast by nature. The relation between the ocean and the land, and the probems of the ocean, which forms the branch of oceanography, offer a series of particularly interesting problems. The atmosphere is a part of the earth, and great progress will be made in the future in the prediction of daily weather, of extensive climatic changes and droughts and floods. Our signal service and State weather service would undoubtedly be improved by collegiate support. In this rapid review of the suggestions made in an important article it may be seen that quick and lively scientific demands are pressing the universities to recognition of great fields of study. The day of exclusive devotion to ancient literature and the classics has passed, and it is already a question whether the universities will maintain an equilibrium between science and the arts. Modern curiosity is unbounded, and the world holds great Journal

secrets for the earnest student. - Boston A Dog Goes to the Almshouse. Wide Awake is responsible for the following: A family in Salem, Mass., owned a dog that had become quite old and troublesome. He was cross, and would take the best place in the room and no one could make him leave it willingly. At last grandma, much troubled, said: "Sir, this dog is so troublesome we must send him away." The dog got up and looked at her in sorrow and went out of the room. In a few days they heard that this dog, whom everybody knew, had gone to the poor-house. where the town's poor people were taken care of, and stranger still, on Saturdays, when many of the inmates went to see friends, this dog also went awhile and then went back again and lived there ever after.

A Georgia Rogue's Device. Some sly rogue who had learned the exact location of the boxes and barrels in a store at Woodstock, Ga., crawled under the store and bored auger holes through the floor into the coffee and sugar barrels, and then, by holding a sack under them, succeeded in getting a

Oliver Wendelt Holmes' Pen. Oliver Wendell Holmes has written with the same pen for twenty-five years. It is gold and in perfect condition.

WORDS. Arrow of flame or blow of might: Keen sword, or wonpon went and trite Viewiess, while winged with burdened trust, More potent than this arm of dust, They woke to like in earlier Groope They shook Rome's Forum with their might, Till deaf she fell in darkest night. Words: lighter than the floating down That crests the ripened thistle's erown! Words' dendlier in their scattering stroke Than the thunderbolt that rends the oak

Sung by the siren Hope-too long? Spoke words that stilled wild Gaillee

Seeming to truth and honor lost, They burn on many an immortal page, Indimmed by the corroding dust of age: Inscribed by sage or poet old, Whose spell the hearts of men yet hold. Oh! deathless words that live and glow, That thrilled men's venus in the long ago.

The spirit flame their page inspires Were caught from deathless altar fires. -Sarah D. P. Jones, in Inter Ocean.

ward tenement, and each had a couple practiced by char-women.

Jerry and Pete were hard workers; they worked far into the night, and occasionally the thin mists of dawn had begun to break on the narrow city pavements before their labors would cease Nobody would say that theirs was not

that this horny-handed pair planned the burglar, of a certain safe in the establishment of a furniture concern on the West Side. On the evening in question the book-keeper had had a wrangle with his accounts.

"I can't make head or tail of this, he said to the senior member of the firm, "but I know every thing is all right. An error of several hundred dollars has been carried over from each daily footing but where the error be

been extraordinarily large, and a page of the balance had been mislaid. The head book-keeper spent an hour in again casting up both the entries of simself and his subordinates after the establishment closed its doors for the

letermined to locate the deficit if he tidn't get a wink of sleep that night. Book-keepers, it must be remem bered, have singularly sensitive organisms, susceptible to the slightest atom of any thing which reflects upon their probity or skill.

commenced anew his critical calcula-

tions. He worked precisely two hours, at the end of which time he suddenly slapped his forehead and exclaimed:

the upper left-hand corner was wanting. In all likelihood one page, or perhaps two, had slipped in some remote

corner of the safe. The safe was a large one, partially receding into the wall, and containing all the papers documents and several days' receipts in eash and drafts of the

The book-keeper, in his efforts to unearth the lost page was obliged to intrude his entire body into the safe. Fearful lest the candle he held should attract attention from the street, showing out as it did in glaring relief against the black recesses of the safe, before entering he drew the door slightly ajar. As he stepped in the tail of his coat

massive gate swung to as if it weighed no more than a single pound and the book-keeper was a prisoner. He heard a resonant click, that was all, and his candle went out.

There is nothing especially remarkable about the incident-tragic as it certainly must have been to the unfortunate wretch inside. Many men have been imprisoned in safes before. But this reflection would hardly soothe

the agony of that horrible moment. The book-keeper at the outset lost his presence of mind. He fought like a caged demon, after first exerting almost superhuman strength against the four sides of the iron tomb. Then his body gave out, and without for an instant losing consciousness he found himself sitting in a partially upright

At that instant, when hours seemed to have elapsed, the drum of his ear, now abnormally sensitive, was almost split into fragments. A frightful mo notonous clangor rent the interior of the safe.

The book-keeper used to say after-

gone mad. ately crash his first into the woodwork with which the interior of the safe was fitted, in secretaire fashion, one drawer

being built above another. As may have been conjectured, the noise which smote the book-keeper's ear was that of a drill. Although keenly distinguished from the inside, the sound was practically smothered on the outside of the vault.

At one end of the drill was a cavity rapidly growing larger in one of the steel panels. At its other end was a heavy, warty fist, part of the anatomy of Pete, the industrious mechanic. Pete held the drill while his friend

Jerry pounded it in. Pretty soon the two burglars became

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Sinches Counths

Burbarne IRrun, Stret Invention, 18c. por 4 aent insertions, in per less

exercising excepted at the lowest prices dan't you longer it.

certainly very much startled. Jerry was for throwing up the job. but his companion rejected the propose al with seven recovering of the superstitions. Pere had a farge family to support, be arread. He spoke frankly to his friend and co-laborer. The burden of his remarks was in these

words: "You make me tired with yer ghosts and things, and I don't want may more darn for ling-see? Do blamed job in

most t'rough, may way." Pete and Jerry went back to work At the first cruck of the drill Jerry said: "Pete, there's a man or something in that sufe!" Both men grew as pale as ghosts at

the mere suggestion. Pete intrepidly applied his ear, first to the lock and then to the drill-hole. "Hey, in there?" he shouted, not so loud, however, as to be heard out on the sidewalk. There came the faint responsive, very faint indeed:

"For God's sake, give me air! I am locked in here. Try and burst open the The two burglars did not stop to talk. but went at once to work as if their own lives depended on the result of their labors, instead of the unfortunate book-keeper's. In less than three minutes they had a hole somewhat smaller than the business end of a collar button knocked into that safe.

Then they stopped to rest, and the man inside, who had come so near todeath, breathed. It was now that the two burglars became aware of their predicament. In all probability this was a member of the firm or an employe. This fact knocked the success of the night's adventure sky-high, unless, when they let

the man out, they gagged and bound him into silence. But this course would have an ugly look. It might mean murder in the end. wherens, if they did not let him out, the chances were he would full back exhausted before morning, and they would still be murderers and responsible for his taking off.

Those were highly comforting re-

flections, but there was still one more powerful. What it was remains to be "Hey in there," cried Pete, "what's

"3-15-73," came back in an almost sepulchral tone. It was evidently hard work to draw breath through that hole. In exactly fifteen seconds the look of the safe gave forth the same resonant eliels it had given a half-hour previously. Thanks to the advent of the burglars, it opened as lightly and airlly as it had closed just thirty minutes before on the

unhappy accountant. The latter gasped once or twice, and without any assistance stepped out into the free air.

Now comes the interesting part.

much torn and disordered when he depped to the floor, but the policy cave. vay to red thish at perceiving the two They stood stock still as if they had seen a phost.

He was very pule and his dress was

ing or any attempt at bravado the b keeper walked straight to his desk and rang a call for police. Almost simultaneously, so quick and quiet was the action, he opened a drawer, took out a pistol and covered

the two burglars with a fatal precision. As he did so he uttered these "Gentlemen, I would be the basest of men if I did not feel professedly grateful for what you have just done. I shall always regard you as any man should regard those who have says his life with peril to themselves. Any thing you wish of me I shall make an effort to perform. I have accumulated a little money, and with it I shall see that the best counsel are engaged for

Here the officers entered, having

SUGAR-COATED PILLS. THE well employed man comes nearest being the happiest man. REASON can not show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on

WHEN there is no hawk flying around the biggest thing in the barn-yard is the strut of the smallest rooster. - Atchison Globe.

The man who spends much time in

trying to please his enemies hous of the most foolish of spendthrifts .- Somerville Journal. The world may owe you a living, young man, but the account can not be

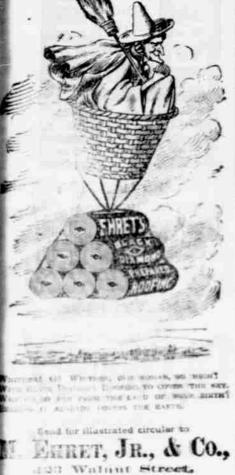
speaks good of any one it uses a long distance trumpet.-St. Joseph News. Some men receive impressions after

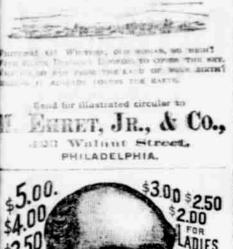
things directly opposite from what they were originally.-Boston Transcript. Some men can be coaxed, some must be driven, and once in a long, long while we meet a man amenable to

the manner of a blotter. They get

he has been anticipated by some only who was willing to take a few chances.

arresting or retarding the progress of a disease apparently fatal is one of the most wonderful of all mental phenomena. A person of feeble frame, but of a determined and hopeful spirit, sometimes keeps death at bay for weeks. months, even years, and finally, in defiance of the physicians who have at in judgment on his case and pronounced it utterly hopeless, recovers and returns to his customary vocations. Or. the other hand a man of strong physique not unfrequently wilts and die. under a comparatively controllable all ment simply from a lack of the meat energy which enables the strong-willed







THE REAL PROPERTY AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE PERSON AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF T

PA tall line of Caskets always on hand. To

NOT DEAD YET

espectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still arrying on business at the old stand opposite the Lountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to apply from a large stock, or manufacturing to or any article in his line, from the emailest t

MOUNTAIN HOUSE

DAY SERK !

SAPOLIO. you ordered. we

MY SCHOOLDAYS. can not forget them, I can not forget, Though for ages to come I am doomed to As the rose blushing red that the sun has just

3.1

Cambria &

kissed. It seems like a day past, it seems like a day.

And I do not know why, yet indeed it is true. I believe that the stars then were brighter

And the forms of my schoolmates the happy and lorn-I see in their places around me once more;

Oh, the battles we fought then, the battles we

Ob, that very same school house new stands on

HER CORRESPONDENT. She Makes Running Comments as She Reads.

Jack (savagely soliloquizing between uffs) -Glad I wrote it. Glad I sent it. lad I've broken with her. Only sorry idn't do it sooner. Flirt. Thorough flirt. Went to see her. Found her going out. With man. Young man. lood-looking. Also stylish. She says she's extremely sorry. But unexpected arrival, and— I flare up. Interrupt. Wish her very good evening. Which neans very bad one. Fling off. Lie wake all night. Morning, write letter nding engagement: Post it. Meant go to Europe instantly. This noon. But thought I'd wait for answer. Wonder if letter's reached her yet? Hope it ms. No; I don't. Hope it hasn't. Ethel! (Dashes down pipe, looks at vatch.) 3:45, and she'll get it by the ive o'clock delivery. Even now I've ime to go up there and see her before it comes-time enough. But

ecent amount of self-respecting pride? Snatches hat.) No; by Jove, I haven't! Exit, running.) [Ethel's parlor. Jack, slightly heated

Ethel (fondly smiling and not at all Jack (awkwardly)-Ah!-hem!-good

Ethel (laughing)-Oh, yes; you may enough to answer is another matter-

For obvious reasons, is not very large. Through the whiripeol swash of an untried

ton wanted a man who could write a song

But you seek a man who'll assume the weight

est write to the fellow who wrote this pome-JACK'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

had recently come to them-a red-faced, bald-headed baby-but Alice was very proud of him, and she wrote for his Tack was the best-hearted fellow in the world, but he had been brought up

that she hardly dared address Jack lest supply of these articles.

Who has not wept in proud despair O'er wrecks made by these things of air? Who has not distented to the song -

As the "Son of Peace" on the raging sea, gentle words have shown their power breathed low in some tempesthous hour. They have sounded like a trumpet's call To build for right one mighty wall,

Moving like fate some mighty host

DID HE DO RIGHT?

A Nice Question of Ethics for Read-

ers to Decide. Jerry and Pete were two industrious mechanics. They lived in a fourth of children to support, besides their wives, who, albeit, were not unacquainted with a noble art frequently

a hard-earned pillow. Sometimes they did not toil in vain. It depended largely upon the police. It was a chilly night in November

gins or ends I haven't found out." The fact was the monthly sales had

Then he went home for his supper, At half past eight he returned and

"Great Scott! Why haven't I looked through the safe for a missing sheet? Ten to one Weeks forgot to number He turned over the pages of the balance in his hand and, sure enough, the usual numerical mark of designation in

probably caught on an angle of the huge riveted hinges of the lock. The

posture unable to stir hand or foot.

ward that a second's deviation of characteristic thought and he would have Stronger minds in a parallel situation would have collapsed. But a weaker personality clings more strongly to hope. Only weak individuals while in the act of drowning catch at straws. As the book-keeper felt himself gradually growing faint from want of air his revivified hope led him to deliber-

aware that a terrible commotion was going on within the safe. It nearly drove them into fits. They were | weakling to repel the destroyer.

Without any kind of speech or warn-

your defense. If you are convicted, broken in the door with a crash.-N. Y.

things above reason. THE great difficulty about common sense is that it is so tremendously scarce that it isn't common.

turned over to an attorney for collection.-Jamestown News. It is strange how a man will himself admit that he is a fool, yet if any one else tells him so he will get hopping mad right away. - Boston Herald. WHEN society whispers, you can bet it's whispering ill of some one; when it

plain, cold reasoning.-Indianapoli-Journal. In the present progressive age the man who waits to be sure he's right and then goes ahead usually finds that

Power of Will. The influence of a powerful will in

never seem to grow old. Try a cake ...