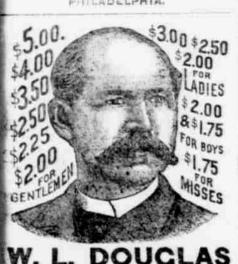
"HE IS A PRESMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 31, 1891.

RESOURCE TO COVER THE SEC. COVICE THE BUNCH MRET, JR., & Co.,



W. L. DOUCLAS \$3 SHOE and other special the for Centlemen. Ladies, and so stamped on bottom. Address W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by T. ROBERTS. Agent, Epensburg, Pa. jant,6m

ROBERT EVANS.



UNDERTAKER. AND MANUFACTURER OF

and dealer in all kinds of FUKNITUKE, Ebensburg, Fa.

A tull line of Caskels slways on hand, "Go Bodies Embalmed WHEN REQUIRED.

NOT DEAD YET VALLIE LUTTRINGER. MANUFACTURES OF

N, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING. House Ebensture, and I prepared to om a large whick, or manufacturing to or-cricie in his line, from the smallest to in the best manuar and at the laws-

ROOFING a SPECIALTY not a fail and entially converted as to property V LATITED SECTION OF A STREET SECTION

: IR HOUSE

Barber :-: Shop !

eticulars for home cure. FREE of charge. A should medical work; should be read by every an who is nervous and debilitated. Address of. P. C. POWLER, Moodus, Conn.



TLAND, MAINE

ONANZA IOSETTS SAMPLES FREE

SP Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

EBRNSBURG. PENS'A.

SP Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty.

Of a good house-wife, who uses

your house clean+All grocers keep it-

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

## THE MILKMAN.

The millionan is coming, a merry tune hum-He stops at the gate, and he jingles his bell; se wicket, to give him a ticket, And get the white treasure my babe loves so

His merry "Goot morning" rings out as a warn-To frowns from all faces which meet him to For Fritz is so jolly it sooms to be fally

For any who greet him sad visaged to be. His merry votce singing, his merry bell ringing. Are sounds which the folks of the town love to hear. le gives them good measure, and wishes

Puifilling his wish by his own words of choor, And still be goes ringing, and still be goes sing-Till down yonder street, at a bouse small and brown, His greating is lower, his hand becomes slower in filling the measure than elsewhere in

For there, after ringing, he ceases his singing, As diretchen comes out with a pitcher for Her round face is rosy and sweet as a posy. Her blue eyes are goatle, her hair soft as

He lingers unduly for business, but, truly, He cannot be occurred for lingering there, or Gretchen is smiling, and coyly beguining And tangling his heart in her soft yellow

Tis whitesered, in springtime-by poets called A harpy event will occur in the town; and there in the Great then no longer will fetch in The mills from the gate at the house small

Martha Gion Sperbeck, in Good Housekeep

ing. BRANSCOME'S BURGLAR. A Night's Experience Which Mr. B. Never Relates.

Branscome sat in his cozy parlor with the seles of his slippered feet turned up to the fire and his hands clasped behind his head. His eyes were shut, and, but for the wreaths of smoke curling from the fragrant eigur between his lips, he night have been supposed asleep. transcome, however, was not napping, but was in that beatific state that is superinduced in a man with a clear road dinner. It is a stood hing, really to contemplate the influence that the physical nature of a man exerts upon his moral and spiritual part. If a person who is wet, hungry and cold can feel any spark of love for his fellowman and show any consideration for him, warmed and fed that man agust be decelor branca un

Branscome always felt at peace with the world after dinner, and upon this particular night bis post-prandial content was angmented by the contrast of the choery room, bright with lampight and the glow of the fire, with the form that raged eithers. The day quent occurrence in March in this latitude. In the morning the weather had been damp and claramy and of a particular disagreeable quality for mortal sugs to inhale. At noon a thaw had set in and the snow-covered streets be-

come a mass of slush, and now, at night, the rain was beating against the windows and the wind shricking as if the concentrated spite of the elements was to be at once poured out upon the Branscome was a Christian man, but he smiled softly to himself as he pictured the discomfort of the pedestrains who were wading through the slush, sattling with the wind which turned ir umbrellas wrong side out and

pped their garments about them, and

rs. Brunscome, who sat opposite her dand and was gazing lovingly at nr. smiled also. Mrs. Branscome's mind, too, had been calcing an excursion into the darkness and storm. She thought of the homeess creatures who might be abroad ivering and wretched, for whom waited no warm fireside and good heer, and her tender heart grew sad. then she pictured some brutal, halfstarved wanderer gazing in upon them, as they sat surrounded by luxury and warmth, and being goaded to some rime or to madness by the contrast. he shuddered, and laying down the right worsted with which she had been orking, smiled as we have before related, and arose to draw the curtain. Branscome opened his eyes lazily.

staring meditatively into the fire when he returned to her chair. "Dave," said Mrs. Branscome. "Eh, well, my dear," answered her 'Martin's house was robbed Tuesday ight, and burgiars entered Mr. Smith's suse last night, and, had they not en frightened away by Mr. Smith shing the gas to investigate a noise heard in the basement, would, no subt, have secured a large quantity

watched his wife's movements and was

f plunder. As it was they took all the lver in the house." "Smith was a fool to light the gas," uswered Branscome. "But, my dear, he could not investi-

gate without a light." Nonsense! Mrs. B. Smith is a coward. Now if burglars should get into my house, what do you think I would

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Mrs. Branscome, with a shudder, "but I hope you would do as Mr. Smith did, strike light and frighten them away." "Yes, or make a target of myself. I think that I'm a match for an ordinary burglar, and I think I should try and

surprise him." Branscome was indeed a match, even nore than a match in physical strength or any common maurauder, and may therefore be pardoned for making the statement. Of magnificent proportions, he was a trained athlete and had been the crack oarsman of the college crew, could run, box and fence like a

professional.

When Branscome's after-dinner eigar was naught but a fragrant , the hands of the clock pointed to ten the gas was turned out in the parlor and, after Mrs. B. had inspected the fastenings of the windows and doors of the rooms upon the basement floor, the dining-room, kitchen and store-room, she ascended with her husband to their bed-chamber. The sound of the rain fulled them to sleep and for two or three hours the silence of the house was

Suddenly Mrs. Branscome awoke out of a sound sleep with every sense alert. The door leading from the bedchamber into the ball was open. Surely she heard a stealthy step in the parlor below, then a slight noise, as though

### some one unfamiliar with the room had, in the darkness, stumbled against some article of furniture.

"Dave!" she cried, in a terrified whisper, at the same time seizing him by the shoulder. "Wake up, Dave, there is some one in the house. Branscome sat up in bod, sleepily rubbing his eyes. The sound was ropeated and he was wide-awake in an

He placed his hand over his wife's mouth and said in a whisper: "Lie perfectly still, and whatever happens do not strike a light or make a sound

until I call to you." "Oh, Dave," began his trembling wife.

"Be silent," he whispered, sternly, and obey." Branscome arose softly and groped als way to the corner of the room where he knew he would find a pair of Indian clubs. He seized one firmly and softly entered the hall. Again he heard the sound of a footstep. He stole to the end of the hall and listened at the door of the room where Bridget, their one servant, slept. A heavy snore proclaimed to him that she was within and sound asleep. Softly descending the stairs he entered the parlor-all was dark and silent. The storm had ceased and the night was still, the darkness in-

Branscome stood several minutes listening; then came the sound again, and this time he was able to locate it in the dining-room, directly below where he tood. It was evident that the burglars felt themselves safe, knowing that the entire parlor-floor intervened between them and the sleeping-rooms of the family, and they went about their work with no little noise. Branscome heard a chair overturned and then the clink of

Now Branscome was an enthusiast in regard to antique silver. His sideboard was laden with choice early Italian and old English plate, which he used every day upon his table and never locked in the safe at night. The thought that he was about to be robbed of these roused him to a grim fury against the vandals who had invaded his home to despoil him of his possessions. He set his ! firely and made his way toward the

The door creaked loudly as he opened it, and for ten or fifteen seconds there was silence, then directly below him, apparently approaching the foot of the stairs, he heard a sound like muffled footsteps. The burglars were frightened, he thought, and were about to escape.

The basement hall was enwrapped in inky blackness. Branscome had desconded the stairs when he heard again an approaching sound. The miscreant seemed about to ascend. Raising his Indian club, Branscome sprang forward, striking at the same time a blow that would have killed an ox. The blow fell-on empty air, and Branscome fell, face first, into ice-cold

water, which dripped from his single garment as he rose, sputtering and cursing and called to Mrs. Branscome to bring a light. What Mrs. Branscome had suffered, lying silent in the darkness, expecting any moment to hear the sound of a struggle and the cries of the wounded, may be imagined. At the call of her

husband she sprang from the bed, lit the lamp and with trembling limbs meried downstairs. Bridget, too, had been aroused, and in a picture sque com bination of red flannel and green plaid shawl followed her mistress. At the head of the basement stairs Branscome, shivering and swearing,

with streams of dirty clay-colored water streaking his features and drip-

ping from his robe du nuit, dawned upon I grieve to relate it, but those two heartless women laughed long and loud at the sight, while Branscome in offended dignity sought the seclusion of a iry nightgown, and the spare room, and was seen no more that night.

The heavy rain had so overflushed the sewer that the water had "backed up" and laid the basement floor fourcen inches under water. The movenent of this minuature flood had proneed the sounds resembling footsteps, ad the overturned chairs and light bles, floating on the surface of the ter, bumping against each other and ning in contact with the walls had en mistaken for the movements of a

Branscome likes to tell a good story. at he never relates this night's experiand I venture to say that when it he goes on a still hunt for a burr he will take Mrs. B.'s advice and irat strike a light.-Lou V. Chapin, in hicago Graphic.

## LITTLE CONFIDENCES.

Tak trousseau for the infant son of Emmons Blaine cost \$1,700. THE personal estate of the Duc de Montpensier has been sworn at nearly £11,000,000.

MES. CHANDLER, the widow of Zachariah Chandler, is erecting a beautiful house in Washington. THE Czar is the largest of all living landed proprietors, owning an estate which is nearly equal in area to the

whole of France. THE White House children are not so old as they are usually thought to be. "Baby McKee" is three years old, and his sister Mary is only two. MISS FLORENCE WINDOM, the daughter

of the Secretary, is more than an amateur artist. She has been studying in Boston for some time and has done work which critical judges have pronounced more than ordinary. MRS. GARFIELD is said to be overwhelmed by her correspondence. Letters come to her from every part of

the country and on every conceivable

topic. Every communication she re-

ceives is given careful attention and frequently a pleasant letter of some length is sent in answer. MRS. MAY FRENCH SHELDON, who is to lead an expedition to the Congo in Stanley's footsteps, is a physician of no mean ability, and has also won a reputation as an author and sculptor. She has an enviable position in literary and scientific circles in London, where her husband is the manager of an American

banking house. THE Maharajah of Baroda owns a carpet about 10 feet by 6, made entirely of strings of pearls, with center and corner pieces of diamonds. This carpet took three years to weave and . cost £200,000. It was made by the order of Khande Rao, who designed it bring this woman face to face with to be a present for a Mohamedan lady | your wife." who had fascinated him.

# BABY'S MISSION.

Everybody has a mission, Missions great and missions small, But I think the budy's mission

Is the sweetest one of all. To us he comes a missionary From the land where Jesus went, To gently teach the truth of loving.

In the homes where he is sent. How very and and lonely, dreary, Would be each high and lowly home, If for years and years no haby To this world would ever come.

Yet he comes and takes the homage Loving hearts and hands do give; An I while loving him we're learning What It is for love to live. We would grow so cold and selfish

If no practing votes would hear, And no chabby face would greet us, Month after month, year after year. Then thank Heaven for the babies, Even if they're not your own, For this would is much the better -Luella M. Distantin in Western Rural.

## QUEER ILLUSIONS.

Something of Interest Concernin a Peculiar Malady.

Startling and Singular Forms of Insanit Developed in People Otherwise Apparatly Sane-It is flurd to Detect and Difficult to Cure.

Not long ago an old man, looking ilie a rich, retired merchant or banker, walked into the office of one of the premost publishing houses of New York and asked to see the bend of the irm. That gentleman recognized his caller as a man who twenty years ago and been the junior mumber of a great Wall street firm. He also remembered but the senior member had been one of Lincoln's most trusted advisers in inancial matters. The ex-banker said You will remember that my partner who died about six months ago, was very prominent during the civil war. Everyone in New York knows that Lincoln many times followed his counsel. Now, I have in my possession papers and memoranda showing how very much Lincoln was indebted to teeth hard, grasped the Indian club | him. This information is of a deeply interesting, and, I might say, of a haps, we might make some arrange ment to write a memoir. I feel certain that it would pay, besides being a fair

tribute to my triend and throwing much light on history." The ex-banker went on to tell that he had proof that his partner drew the original draft of the emancipation proclamation, besides doing many other things of vital importance. The publisher was delighted, and made arrangements for a writer to call at the exsanker's house on a c rtain day and begia work. The publisher talked with the ex-banker for an hour or more, and they separated, equally well pleased. At the appointed time the writer called and began to discuss the forthcoming book. After some time the ex-banker

-nid: "There is one thing I have not yet told you, and it is the most important of all." His voice sank to a mysterious whisper: "My partner assassinated Mr.

"No." said the writer, drawing back and looking at the ex-banker in an astonished way. "Yes," said the ex-banker, "he killed h m." And then he proceeded to relate a wild and rambling story. The writer

mestioned him, and was soon satisfied hat he was stark mad. On all other abjects he was perfectly same. On this me of his partner's connection with the Lincoln administration he was instanc-Instances of this kind are not uncomnon, and yet it is a form of insanity hat is almost incurable, and is liable to become dangerous at any time. It was this form of mania that possessed Dougherty, who mursered Dr. Lloyd. denorally, however, it is content will aunufacturing a great hoax and stirring up an excitement.

A few years ago the police of Newark had an experience of this kind, about which they decline to talk ever cet. One day a man of respectable appearance walked into police headquarters at Newarit a. d said: "I am a dry goods merchant from Chicago. was passing through here and stoppes off at the station. I had a value with twenty-seven thousand dollars in bills in it. I left the valise on a seat in the waiting room while I stepped out for moment. When I came back it we gone. I am fortunately not entirely without money, as I happened to have a few hundred dollars in my pocket." The police were at first inclined to

doubt, but when the man told of two men who had followed him from Chicago and acted suspiciously, the chief was interested. He ordered diligent search for the robbers. Circumstances came up which verified the man's story, and the result was a great hue and cry. The man went to a hotel to await developments. He spent his own money freely, and encouraged the police in every way. Several days passed. The story and the descriptions of the sup-posed robbers were telegraphed all over the country. Would-be detectives in small towns made arrests. The newspapers were full of it and the mystery grew each day. Finally the man from Chicago took one of the detectives aside and said to him:

"Perhaps I should have explained one feature of this case sooner. It may have an important bearing. The fact s I am Jeous Christ. I think these robbers may have been the devil in dis-

The detectives stared at him and then called in other detectives, who put the man under arrest. At first it was thought that the loss of the money had turned his head. But it at last came out that aside from the fact that he was a Chicago merchant the story was false in every particular. The police were enraged, and locked the hoaxer in an asylum as soon as possible. They still remember the great laugh that arose all over the country.

Inspector Byrnes tells a story of the same nature. A merchant who lives here and is reputed as same as anyone could be came to him one day and said that his wife was being annoyed by annonymous letters from a woman who was trying to blackmail him. He went on to tell all about the contents of the letters, and the inspector began to feel greatly interested in the case, which he realized was difficult. At length he

"I can see only one way. We must "No, no," said the merchant, "that

would never do. You see my wife is a wonderful woman. She can read people's thoughts. She can look right into my mind and see what is going on there. All she has to do is to take hold of my great toe. Then she reads my

The inspector caught on at once and remarked that this was a strong objection. He got rid of the man as soon as possible and never saw him again. As he is still doing business, it is supposed that he keeps his craze to himself and carefully guards his feet from his wife. One day a man rushed into police headquarters much excited. He was deaf and dumb. He seemed almost prostrated with terror. After they had almed him a little, he explained that he had been robbed of four thousand lollars by some men, who had thrown him down and nearly choked him to death. The inspector had a searching examination made, and after a day or two proved conclusively by the man's friends that he had not been robbed and that he was not even deaf and dumb. The inspector was not pleased at having this sort of a trick played upon him. So he sat the man down in a chair and engaged him in conversation. One of the detective sergeants alpped up behind him and jabbed a pin into his back about two inches. The

deaf and dumb man rose straight up and yelled: "Great God, inspector, what was that?" "That," said the inspector, "is my

cure for dumbness. Git!" He was gone, and seems to have been permanently cured. Captain Reilly tells of a man who called on him a short time ago with an odd complaint. He was a quiet, gentlemanly person, well advanced in years. He said: "I am much troubled with large steamboats plowing up and down near my house at night. They make a great whistling and blowing. and I cannot sleep for them."

Captain Reilly supposed the man lived near the water front, and said: "Where Is your home?"

"I live on Seventecenth street. tween Seventh and Eighth avenues," said he. "The steamboats go up and down Seventeenth street. It is very annoying." st be," said Captain Rellly

"I'll bave it stopped." The next day he sent around and told the man that he had had the steam boats stopped. A few days afterward the man called and thanked him. "They have stopped entirely," said he, "and I can never repay you."

"That's all right," said the police officer. "Seventeenth street is not a water thoroughfare and we never could allow it. You will not be disturbed

Dr. Douglas, of the insane board at the Bellevue hospital, says that these cases are generally difficult to detect. A few days ago a young German woman was brought to the asylum to be examined as to her smity. They watched her night and day fee five days, and she neither said nor did anything out of the way. The sixth day she told the nurse confidentially that God had appeared to her in a vision, and bad told her to go and marry a certain white-haired old man who would meet her in a certain place. She complained bitterly of the hardness of a lot which would compel her to waste her youthful charms, but she said she must do as the Lord bade her.

## -N. Y. Sun. THE ART OF SPINNING. Beginning of One of the Most Important

Industries of To-Day. A traveler gives an interesting acount, in the latter part of the sevensenth century, of German schools for planing for little malds of six and ver, where they were taught to make a fine thread that they could never make if the learning were delayed, the teacher sitting in the center of the room, a long white wand in hand, with hich she tapped the idlers, and a seach hild could spin a fine and finer thread he was raised to a higher form, splaning being the education, and all the promoions and chastisements of schools in eneral being observed. It was at bout the same date that the laird's daughter of Barganan-Christian Shaw -herself commenced the spinning of fine linen thread in Dundee, selling i to the lace-makers, and so brought about what with subsequent improvements proved to be a great industry, for which good work we may forgive her for having been the cause of the burning of five witches. It was not long afterward that the wife of Fletcher of Saltoun took a journey over seas with two experts disguised as servants, and brought back to her parish the secrets connected with the weaving of hollands, "to the great enrichment of the inhabitants." It was a woman, too, who in 1725 brought into Scotland from Holland, where almost all such ideas seem to have been in a very forward state, the art of spinning white sewing thread, and we can picture to ourselve the need she had of it before she went a fearsome journey, and watched and waited, like a spy, among foreign people, in order to bring it into use-a great business now, giving support to thousands, giving comfort to millions. -Harper's Bazar. THE NOTE PAPER THEY USE.

MRS. HARRISON fluctuates between white and a pearl gray in her choice of

note paper. MRS. CLEVELAND invariably uses either a-pure white or a pale gray paper for use in her correspondence. MRS. Aston finds a white woven

parchment finish more to her taste than any thing else for letter paper. THE Marquise de Lanza invariably uses a pale azure-lined paper with a small red crown in the left-hand corner. Mas. James G. Blaine's dinner card

is a white card with tiny border of silver and a small "B" in silver at the top. MRS. AUGUSTE BELMONT'S dinner cards are of plain white cardboard, bookshaped, with the Belmont crest in colors on the outside corner. Mns. Levi P. Monron has for years

used a smooth linen note paper in pure

white, with her monogram, H. M., in dark-blue at the top of the page. MRS. CHARLES COOMBS is an ardent admirer of rose color, and every particle of note paper or cards in her quaint writing-desk bears a faint tinge of old rose color.

PRETTY MAREL WRIGHT was formerly very fond of heavy white etching note paper, but since she has become Mrs. Ferdinand Yznaga she uses cream linen paper with Edgecliff court in fine red lettering.

# HER TYRANT MASTER.

With cheeks aglow from blesses of the frost, Blue lengthing eyes, and shiring bair, wind She comes in breathfess, betelst a firthe late, Fuir as a dream, but pitilets as Pate. She struggles with her ribbers on the mat.

Lays by her jacket and hangs up her hat. Pulls off her gloves, and weedly thoughtful Beside the register, to warm her hunds. flook up, at her soft "good moralism" them I musable "morning," and my down my pen. And then her task besides, and, tilte a Turk, I knop her-how removeries by-at work

She's my typewriter yet, and I'm her "hoss." Thear her tell the bookkeeper I'm "cross" And "hard to please." Great Scott: that isn't If she could only know how hard I'm hit! Oh, yes, I seed you donn I may and yell; Only because you please on for the well; Also, because I'd like to knock in two

The tell young fellow who walks beme with \$ DM. -Madeline S. Bridges, in Puck.

## THE TEST.

Locating the Traitor in a Russian Conspiracy.

One bitterly cold winter's evening five men were scuted together in a small room in a horse situated in the Jewish quarter of a busy and largely populated Russian city. The appearance of the room was as wretched as the external aspect of the house itself. The solitary window was totally concealed by a heavy faded curtain, depending from the roof, and as the wind mouned dismally through the broken panes of glass its somber folds swayed to and fro. The lamates of this mouraful den were sented pround the table. smoking their pipes and talking as if. furtively, in whispers. As the feeble rays of the candle fell fatally upon the company they revealed the youthful faces of four students. The chief spokesman, however, was a much older man, apparently about fifty, with a short, pointed beard, shaggy brows and keen, penetrating eyes of the darkest hue. The others deferentially addressed the speaker as "professor," and such, indeed, he was at that time at a well-known school of medicine in

On the present occasion, however, he was speaking, not of science, but of the terrible doctrine of as assisation. Prof. V--- was a nibilist, a reputed Colossus of craft in the dissemination of revolutionary doctrines, and on the particular evening in question he was engaged in advocating with flery cloquence the assassination of a certain colonel who had lately been promoted to the rank of chief commissioner of the secret police. As the night were on their whispered cenversation was anddenly interconted by a low knocking at the outer door. In a point the complextors sprang and alogaly their feet cart listened with inbreath. The normal was repeated prenting the normal was repeated a prenting whichle was beard from with our, and the lateness exchanged sig-nificant glances and quietle resumes door was opened, and a young man hastily entered. His face was pale, als manner agitated, and as he returned his companions' salutations he

regarded them with a fixed and ungry "You have forst us walting, comrade," exclaimed the professor, pulling most frozen, for thenie of this wretched. apariment is quite Siberian. But now to business. We will warm ourselves

with talk, and fire our minds with the prospect of revenge." There was a muraur of approval. It was noticed, however, that the young man who had just appeared upon the seene took his seat in silence, and, resting his elbows upon the table, slowly scrutinized the faces of his comrades. "My dear professor," he said at length, "we cannot possibly proceed at present with this business."

"Why not?" was ununimously asked. "Because," replied the latest comer, as he quietly snuffed the candle-"because one of us is a traitor." "A traitor!" exclaimed the men, starting to their feet.

"Yes, comrades, we are betrayed: and as no one knows of this plot of ours except ourselves, it is plain, I think, that one of us has turned informant." "You are mad to say so," bearsely exclaimed the profession: "but in heav-en's name, what has happened?" Come.

tell us quickly. This is no jesting mat-"Listen, then. On my way hither, comrades, I entered a cafe de Paris to sip a cup of tea and smoke a cigarette. I happened to sit beside two officers of the secret police, and as one of them was somewhat tipsy, I could distinctly hear his conversation. I found it rathor interesting. He told his companion. that he was under orders to surround this old, descried house at midnight -it was near cleven now - and to arrest all persons found within. He mentioned, moreover, all our names, and added, with a maudlin laugh, that a

c rtain person, to whom the minimistra-

tion is eternally indebted, would be

found in our midst playing the part of

conspirator. Now, comrades, I have done. What shall we do?" The men looked at each other in dismay. A dead silence filled the room. for the mere suspicion of treachery among the men who had solonelly dedfeeted their lives to the sacred cause of bloody seemed to hold them dumb, Such villainy in their very midst among men banded together in sucred brotherhood-was a greater crime than the merciless acts of a despot and his minions.

"If this is true," said the professor, in a voice of suppressed rage, "then I will no hower believe in human fidelity, or the future of our cause. But-death! ery is true. A high of ma is the er?" added the speaker, staring at the pule faces of his com-

d it is trackers to ask that, my dear professor," exclaimed Ivan-such was the name of the youth who had brought the strange intelligence-as he advanced to the door of the room, locked it, and placed the key in his pocket. "Every one will assert his innocence-of course. But, comrades, suppose we endeavor to find him out? Let us search each other. The traitor, whoever he may be, must doubtless have in his possession some proof of his guilt. At least, the experiment is worth trying. What say you? "Agreed! agreed!" exclaimed the

# The large and relanic circulation of the Cam-nua Francis commends is to the favorable consideration of edvertisers whose favors will be injected at the following few rates:

Advertising Rates.

inch frainte.

2 tooks 6 months.

2 tooks 1 year

8 inches 6 months

1 tooks 1 year

4 column 6 cooks olumn, 6 months .. I polumo, f months... 1 column, 6 months... Business Isoms, first theories, As per line absoquent invertions 5: per line Administrative and Economic Notice \$150 Auditor's Notices 200 Strag and singler Notices

NUMBER 17. nihilists, as with one accord they sprang convulsively to their fact. One of the students-a tali, bank youlle with a somewhat foppish appearance-

> "But why?" hotly domanded the "?" ferser, who seemed all engages - 1 begin the investigation. "Because," was the hesita for jointer, whomor could to be Be idea there is something dealin the idea of searching offernot f. Indexil to were a lot of plon; so let us break up the insertie excitement is abourd, and reallers t discussion of our plot imposition. for the story told by the drunker as n the cafe, I don't believe a word

objected, however, to the properat.

These words produced an angry mar among the excited cons, but The protest seemed so ridiculared an as the clamor increased Ivan torn Jan the speaker and warmly endired Very well; we shall abstran from searching you, since you wish it; but remember this, that if we fall to diad a sless to the informant among these will willingly submit to the examination shall then know upon whom to suspicions. Now, comrades, scar-

first: 1 am ready. In a moment the speaker's posterts vere emptied of their contents, an ven the liming of his clothes was corfully searched, but beyond a few of love-letters, some political pample and an English newspaper with a pavagraph obliterated with lampblack mails ng of an incriminating character so found. A second student readily so mitted to the test-if test it was-w similar results. Then a third steps: forward and placed himself in the baof his companions. But at that more 1 curious incident occurred. An main ole hand suddenly extinguished the of the candle, and in a second the room was plunged in atter darkness.

What did it mean? Who had query by he Bout? For a moment the wildliremained motioniess as if rooted to spot. As they listened in alarm the seard a stronge, evenlying sound in th lirection of the curtained window. Suddenly the voice of Ivan exn the darkness: "Commiss, the La rick! Listen! Some one is underng to escape by the window! It is setrays his guilt. Stand oncal I have

low to deal with him?" In an instant the reports of the " rolver shots rang threst but to were followed by an agonisms of some one fell heavily upon the hour.

A profound silence the neasured. It was no awful altoution. At length Ivan upolic to his terriffsompaulous.

"Strike a light now," he saidtrembling voice, "and let as I be a the face of a traiter. Will mean, by Arm you all arrant to man aron : dead books of it inhorested tries has traced note our enumest. Care a hope of escape. Follow me." Greping hand in hand in the la eris directions, and after some to

nonome alyss. None too noon another instant the door of the : was buffered to pleen, and a conhad escaped. The officer swore long and deep, and only men to search the house from bottom. Then, advancing town window, he stumbled over a ... "What's this?" he exclaimed as

mining the dead man's feature . luntern. "Har so they have cause at last, my friend, have they you played the spy long and w t always come to this in the cost." And tearing down the window en tain the officer threw it. over the ribody of the professor. -Pall Mall Eu-

## THE CHILD-KINGS.

A Quaint Old Religious Procession on th Spotoinh Count. One of the most charming feet of a religious character to Europe is that of the Three Kin hard, established every wint a nisio dates at St. Jean de Lu

The church of St. Jean de Lysaid to possess some relieu of the land men of the east who followed the until it lay over Bethlehom, and them to the manger where the child lay. In the old days this festival general in the country round of

but it is now confined to a prein the town, in which all the recivil and military authorities jobs. The chief feature of the prois the trio of kings, represethree beautiful boys in fine or costumes, their long trains h pages in costumes of the time of Fra-

The chronology is a little palvethe intentions are excellent p affect of the whole is like ti looking into some illuminated to of the middle ages -N. Y. Jourana

The postilence new russig it is a would part of Asiotic-Russia bears of "Hindr Death" so familiar ! ries as describing one of the m ful of those plagues which. at irregular actervals. have the globe. Presumably, sugar York Times, it was this same inscourge that, starting also from sprend over that continent and about the middle of the fourcentury, and is reputed to have millions of victims. It is don't the same that made another and terrible devastation in it-1065, and of relices sweaper in Defor gave so vivid an account it was oftenest called shipt but the name "Elack Deutias may be remembered. blotches accompanying the is believed that its visita made as often as once or twins century in ancient times, and it around Naples as tate as 1813. 15. appearance new in West Sheets marked by a terrible mortality w. recalls the stories of some of its time ravages; but this is largely no doubt, to the sack of medical aid in that region.



BELVERSON, Pa., Nov. 27, 70. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

donts—I would like to make known to those who
are almost persuaded to use Kendall's Spavin Cure
the fact that I think it is a most excellent Liniment,
t have used it on a Bloost Spavin. The horse went on
three logs for three years when I commenced to
use your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used ten bottles on the barse and have worked him for three
years since and have to been laine.

Yours truly. GERMANTOWN, N. Y., NOV. 2, 1893. pa. H. J. Kundall Co., Encohurgh Palls, Vi.

Da. B. J. Kaspall. Co.,
Ensburgh Palls, Vi.
Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spavin Cure I will
some very lame, book enlarged and swollen. The
horsemen about here (we have no Vetermary Surgeon here) pronounced his lameness ribool Spavin
or Thoroughpin, they all fold me there was no
rive for it, he became about necless, and I conadered him almost worthless. A friend told me of
the merits of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, so I
hought a bottle, and I could see very plainle great
improvements immediately from insue, and before
the bottle was used up I was satisfied that it was
foling him a great deal of good. I bought a second
bottle and before it was used up no horse was
cured and has been in the toats doing heavy work
all the season since last April, slowing no more THE LAND OF YOUR SIXTE! improvements immediately results less that it was the bottle was used up I was allied that it was the bottle and before it was used up my horse was cured and has been in the teau doing heavy work all the season since last April, skewing no more signs of it. I consider your Konfall's Spavin Cure a valuable medicine, and it should be in every stable in the land. Respectfully yours, A Walnut Street PHILADELPHIA.

Price \$1 per bottle, or stx bottles for \$5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprie-DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.



"SOMESTED" RODGE SO Call for the "Catchester" ADMESIVE COUNTERS'

STEEL FENCE!

CET PROMETERS SOMETHING NEW. POT RESIDENCES, CHURCHES, CEMETERIES, FARMS GARDENIE Gatte, Arboen, Window Guards, Trollises, Flre-proof PLASTIEING LATH, DOOR MATS, Ac. Write for Hustrated Catalogue: mailed free



tics and Friction, Clean in everydepartment. Grand premiums to getters up of clubs. Act at once and show your wisdom. Address plainly. No need to register letter. The WEEKLY BEE, Toledo, O. DETROIT SECT TACKLE Block Balle frie COST of hoisting saved to Storekeepers, Builders, Contractors and Offic RS. Admitted to be the greatest improvements EVER mase in tackle blocks. Freight prepaid. Write to established 1852. ma30.00.ly

SCLP-PEED BRAS SAWS PICKET MILLS to finne sail factory use. MARSH STEAM PUMP tor Scationary and B. C. MACHINERY CO.
301 Levi Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

SAPOLIO. it is well said-The mouse is muzzled in her house." Try it and keep

Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it at home, he will seek elsewhere for it. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO makes a house clear and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a comfortable home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and happiness? Try SAPOLIO and you will be surprised at your success.