JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. 

AT EVENING.

Eastward the hittops show Still where his wheels have run,

All golden in the glow

Of the departing sun;

In the last erimson light-

Blooms in the night.

Fades-and, above, one star

As 'twere a jewel flower

Telling the twilight hour

Set in this gurden blue,

When falls the short dew; As 'tween a lentern there

Lighting Diena's way

With its pale ray.

Over you purple line See, her white face appears!

Steeped in her fragrant tours:

Out of this silver bath Flowers shall emerge at dawn

Across the inwn.

Breathe once the air divine

Grueing the narrow path

Far in the tranquil deep

Tremble a intilieneres, Guarding the world asteep Uniter the summer sides.

Night, like a mother mild,

And gives it rest.

-Frank Dempster Sherman, in Youths' Com

FIGHTING THE D'JMPS.

The Old Settler Tells of a Doyhood

Experience.

Twenty-Nine Wolves and Pour Bears,

Two Alive, a Pretty Good Haul for a

Boy-He Modestly Disclaims All

Credit, However.

"How many boys d'ye s'pose tha is

h'arthstun luggin' with 'em twenty-nine

wolfs 'n' four b'ar, two on 'em alive?

How many twelve-year-old boys d'ye

think tha is nowadays ez k'd do that?"

"'Bout ez many ez tha ever were."

replied the squire, " 'n' that's not a dum

"Squire," exclaimed the old settler,

"D'ye mean to siniwate, then, th't

"Wull, major, le's see," said the

"Gosht'imighty!" exclaimed the old

"Thar I be ag'in!" said the squire.

Seems ez if I can't see the pint to

othin' no more. 'Course! I mowt ha

now'd it if I'd unly thunk! But seems

to me, major, th't I alluz heerd you

was unly nine year of wen y' made

hat bir getherin' o' wolfs 'n' b'ar.

"I hain't so consarned sure, now th"

' mention it," said the old settler, mol-

fled, "th't I wa'n't nine year ol' 'stid

twelve. But I said I were a twelve-

ar-of 'n' I'll at a stait. But it wa'n't

keered for, or th't I'm a braggin' of

now. The were sumpin' else went

not more'n a miled away, but if y

anted to git thar y' had to go around

ore'n nine miled, 'cause that side o'

quawkee were so durn steep y'

ouldn't git down it 'less y' jumped

down 'n' rolled, 'n' fetched up at the

bottom like sassage meat? Y' member

"Wall, the winter I were twelve year

pap were way down in the dumps. I

day, 'n' I usety hef to spen' most o' my

time in the woods to keep my own

sperrits up. So this particler day l

the fur side o' the big hill 'n' clim to

some wolfs, w'en the spow begun to

fall ez if it were bein' dumped all in a

heap outen more'n fifty thous'n' four-

forse wagons. I started back fer

home, but I badn't fit my way ag'in

that tumblin' snow more'n fifteen minutes 'fore I lost my bearin's, 'n

didn't know no more whar I were th'n

if I'd ben trampin' 'crost kentry on the

moon. Wile I were flounderin' about,

I run up again a ledge o' rock, 'n' right

at the foot of it I see a hole. Inter the

hole I crep', 'n' I foun' myself, ez nigh

ez I k'd figger out, the place bein'

darker'n a tar bucket, ockypyin'

pooty tol'able roomy quarters in the

bosom o' that wall o' stun. I hadn't

ben in thar more'n five minutes,

though, 'fore I diskivered th't I

wasn't the only lodger in the hole.

The openin' whar I'd crep' in wa'n't

more'n two foot squar', 'n consekently

the light th't kim in were skeerce, but

bimeby I got used to the dark, 'n

off on one side o' the hole I

see one big b'ar, 'n off on

t'other side I see another big b'ar.

They was both snoozin' away fer the

wa'n't much danger o' the b'ars wakin'

up fer a few weeks yit, 'nless sumpin'

more'n common kim along to 'sturb

'em, 'n' so I stretched out fer to take a

nap till the snow quit a-dumpin', 'n' 1

suldered the gun 'n' struck fer ol

that don't ye?"

The squire nodded.

Sure y' hain't put it too old, major?"

I'm a dar, consurn ye?" roared the old

squire, provokingly. "Did you know

"No," replied the squire.

this here twelve-year-ol' boy?"

settler. "Wa'n't I him?"

said the old settler.

settler.

Tenderiv to her breast Takes up her wear; child

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

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that the becse and have worked him for three
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Yours truly,

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any thata year ago I had a valuable would have tocome very lame, book enterped and avoided. The
borsemen about here two have no becomes the
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page hard proposited by linear as Based Sparin goon here) processed his lives of Thoroughpin, they all told to refer it, he became should be lidered him almost worthers. Attended to your Kondall's bought's bottle, and I could be improvements immediate. improvements insuediale? I in the bottle was used up I was a foing him a great dealed good bottle man before it was need curred and has been in the best all the scason since loss Autiliars of it. I consider your has a valuable medicine and it is stable in the land. Bespect [1]

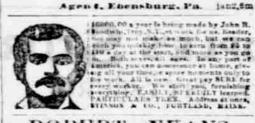
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PERCENTAGE OF THE O

k'd crawl out 'n' dig my way home. "I d'know how long I slept, but w'en I woke up I see the sun a shinin' a little in the openin'. I crep' outen the hole, 'n' the sight I see were amnain'. Right in front o' the ledge were a bare spot 'bout twenty foot squar'. On the right o' it 'n' on the left o' it the snow were drifted up more'n thirty foot.
From the fur edge o' the spot
the snow shot down in one straight stritch more'n a mile. It must have been fifty foot deep, 'n' had a pitch to it like the roof o' a barn. The hull long 'n' short of it were, squire, I were standin on the steep side o' ol' Squawkee, with one eend o' that long snowkank at my feet 'n' t'other eend lyin' right 'mong the clearin's o' Sugar swamp! 1 were unly a mile fum home, but I

mowt jist ez well ha' ben four hundred. I stood 'n' looked down inter Sugar swamp with s wishful eye. "'Home o' my merry childhood!" says

I. "pless the comes a rain soon 'n' melts these onpitying banks o' snow,' says I, 'these here two slumberin' b'ars 'll chaw my bones w'en the spring time

comes, says I, 'n' nobody won't never hef to put flowers on my grave,' says I. "Sayin' w'ich, the weather bein' colder 'n Greenlan', I crep' back in the rocks 'n' snuggled down 'twixt the snorin' b'ars to git warm. A week passed away. I hadn't had nothin' to eat, 'n' natur' were gettin' her dander up. The two b'ars hadn't never winked nor moved sence I j'ined 'em. I hated to disturb either of 'em, but I had to hev meat, 'n' so, on the seventh day I took

out my knife, felt ez gentle as a passin' zephyr fer the biggest b'ar's wizzen, 'n' with one gouge slit it from chin to gullet. The b'ar opened his eyes, looked un ez if he'd a notion to see w'at were gain' on, then closed 'em 'n' winched 'n' shivered a little, then gave an all-pervadin' sigh, 'n' his companion on t'other side were a widder 'n' didn't know it. Slicin'a ch'ice cut from the dead b'ar, I took it out in front o' the ledge, built a fire, cooked the b'ar meat, 'n' soon put natur in a

good humor wunst mg'e. "Goin' back inter the hole I noticed th't fer the fust time t'other bar seemed to be gettin' oneasy. She kinder moved about 'n' grunted, 'n' seemed disturbed

in her dreams. "Smelt her ol' man a cookin," mebbe,' says I, turnin' over 'n' going to

"I'd know how long I were asleep, but I were woke up kinder suddent like, 'n' openin' my eyes I see t'other b'ar standin' over me, her eves a-glarin 'n' the giner'l expression o' her count'nance givin' me the idee th't she were consid able het up. Furn w'at I could gather fum the looks o' things I sh'd think th't the old lady had been takin' in the hull sitiwation, 'n'th't she hed concluded not to wait till the spring time kim 'fore she chawed my bones. I begun to reach fer my knife, w'en I heard the howl o' wolfs on the outside. The b'ar heerd it, too, 'n' jumped fer the openin'. Setch a yoopin' 'n' yellin' 'n' a gnashin' 'n' a smashin', 'n' a munchin' 'n' a crunchin' ez follered I never heerd afore or sence. I crep' to the open 'n' peeked out. The of b'ar stood with sternly. "Y" for it th't I were a twelve-year-ol' wunst, don't y'?" her back agin the ledge, w'tle a pack o' ga'nt 'n' hungry wolfs was pitchin' inter her tryin' to gether her in. She hed swotted 'em right 'n' left till the open space were kivered with dead volfs, 'n' still they piled up agin her. I fo nil my gun 'n' took a hand in to

> ev'ry one o' the pack stretched dead in front o' the ledge. Then the old b'ar 'membered her grudge agin me, 'n' turned to end up the fight by finishin' me; but I put a load o' buckshot through her head, 'n' she tumbled on top o' the "I counted the wolfs. Tha was twenty-nine of 'em. I figgered it up quiek,

'n' found th't they was worth jist two

help the b'ar. 'Twixt us we soon had

hundred and thirty-two dollars, the bounty on 'em bein' eight dollars a wolf. " 'That's enough!' I hollers, jumpin' fer joy. 'It's enough 'n' thirty-two dollars over, 'sides the two b'ar!' I hollers, the luggin' in o' the twenty-nine wolfs umpin' fer more joy. I hollers, jump-'n' the four b'ar, two of 'em nlive, th't I in' fer joy ag'in. Jis then I heerd ise ahind me, 'n' lookin' 'round, w'at sh'd come tumblin' outen the along with them wolfs 'n' b'ars th't hole but two b'ar cubs, th't I hadn't made the mere getherin of 'em in a see at all! 'Jeewhizz!' I hollers, jumpsmall 'n' triflin' sarcumstance. Y' in' fer some more joy. 'Sides two live b'ar that I didn't see!' I hollers. member, squire, how y' k'd stan' on

one side o' ol' Squawkee an' look right 'No more dumps fer pap!' says I. down inter the sugar swamp clearin's, "I took off my moc'sins 'n' cut 'em up inter thongs. 'N' I cut my powder horn straps inter thongs. Fer w'ile me'n the old b'ar was fightin' the wolfs I had noticed sumpin'. I had noticed th't that snowbank th't pitched off twixt me 'n' Sugar swamp was kivered with a thick crust of glarin' ice. I tied the two dead b'ars and the twenty-nine dead wolfs together by the legs, stiff 'n' snug. I drug 'em to the edge o' the ol', or nine year, jist ez ver min' ter glarin' 'n' flarin' field o' snow. I took hey it," continued the old settler, "my the two b'ar cubs one under each arm. Then I laid down amongst the b'ars 'n' know'd w'at were the matter, 'n' the the wolf, 'n' pushed 'em onter the futur' looked blue. The prospec's was pitchin' glare o' snow. I 'member tha setch th't pap got lower 'n' lower ev'y was a whizz 'n' a whoo 'n' a skwush. The nex' thing I know'd I were settin' in our kitchen in Sugar swamp. They had found me in the back yard, mixed up with the b'ars 'n' the wolfs. The quawkee. I tramped 'way around to house were full o' neighbors, 'n' my pap, low in the dumps ez he were, were the top. I got to the edge o' Skull braggin' on me a standin' up 'n' gether-Swamp, whar I spected to run again

in' in twenty-nine big wolfs 'n' four b'ar, two on 'em alive. " 'Pap,' I says, 'I never thort nothin' bout wolfs or b'ars,' says I. 'Wolfs 'n' b'ars wa'n't nuthin' to me,' I says. 'I wa'n't fightin' wolfs 'n' b'ars,' I says. 'I were fightin' your dumps.' I says. 'I were fightin' the mortgage,' I says. 'N' thar she lays, b'gosh!' I says. 'She's riz,' I says, ''n' thirty-two dollars over, 'sides the four b'ar,' I says, 'two

on 'em alive!' "Savin' w'ich I went out to chop wood, leavin' pap 'n' mam to rej'ice 'cause the mortgage were riz, 'n' the lumps was druv outen that corner o' the Sugar swamp deestrie'."-Ed Mott,

### in N. Y. Sun. SAPIENT SAYINGS.

Some men are like blotting-paper; they may bear the impress of a hunhed good things and yet they are worth-

Ir is oftener the case, that what a man forgets educates him more than what he remembers. Ir a man could live a thousand years winter, 'n suckin' their paws. I was he would probably spend the last fifty right betwixt the two. I know'd tha

fretting over what he might have done in the previous wasted time. DIRECTLY one enters a room there is a sense either of cheer or the reverse. After leaving the apartment, one may ot be able to tell how it was furnished. but everyone knows the effect pro-

duced. THERE is no happiness in the world equal to that of blessing others. Not nly by giving money to the needy, help to the sick, food to the hungry, is this blessing compassed; we gain it as we give it, by sympathy, by affection, by seeing that which is best in our friends, and shutting our eyes to that which is worst, by taking joy in their good things even when our own portion is

scant and poor. Too MANY children never accomplish anything because they fear both their parents and their teachers; too many never succeed because they are made to feel they never can. Many a child who is full of animation and life and fun and happiness is made to hate his school and school books because his teacher does not take the time and trouble to study his disposition, and thus learn how to govern him.

# JOHNNIE AND TEENIE.

Story of a Little Coquette and How She Was Conquered.

My latest experience is to be caught in the delicate filaments of a genuine I had heard of my heroine long before saw her, as undisputed belle of the whole Dry Fork country, where she held regal state, like the cruel princess in the fairy tale, sending away suitor after suitor and champion after cham-

pion despoiled, not of his head, but of

his heart, and with several inches taken off the stature of his conceit. The family name was Drake; Teenie was affectionately known among her admirers as "the duck;" the ranch was "the duck pond," and whenever another unfortunate went down to worship at her shrine, he was facetiously referred to as having gone duck-hunt-

She was as a rule engaged to three or four of the best-looking and most promising young sheepmen of the region, and carried things in general with a high hand. All this had predisposed me to think slightly of the girl as a poor, shallow creature, trifling with and rejecting men who were too good for her only to gratify her vanity and

love of conquest. But perhaps the thing that prejudiced me most against her was her failure to fall a victim to the charms of Johnnie

Sherwood. Johnnie and I are great friends. met him at balls, where he was the best dancer; at round-ups, where he was the finest rider and roper, and he camped with our party many a night. A handsome, black-eyed boy of twenty-four, just six feet, with fine, square shoulders and well-knit figure, beautiful black hair, curling flat against his round, comely head, glowing eyes, a satiny cheek, fresh and warm; a nice, well-cut chin, with a dimple set a little to one side of it: a good mouth, with a youthful mustache above it, and the finest white teeth pos-

Face and figure were quite handsome ordinarily; but when the eyes the dimple deepened, and the white teeth flashed in the bubbling. mellow, spontaneous laugh that came so naturally from the fine deep chest you hastily laid aside all judgment and surrendered your heart.

I never heard so captivating a laugh There was virtue, there was picty in it. It was sweeter than reason, better than wisdom. You felt a sense of personal and affectionate gratitude to him as though he had made you a special

And these two were sweethearts once; indeed, Johnnie had been engaged to Teenie, "all by himself," when no one else was, and the matter was regarded as quite serious.

There was, as might have been expected between two such heart-breakers, a smash; mutual receiminations were indulged in. At the hottest of the quarrel, smarting beneath a sense of injustice, tingling at remembrances of the affronts she had put upon him. Johnnie came one day upon a maverick and made so innocent a thing as a yearling calf the vehicle of his resentment. It was a delicate bit of cowboy repartee, an example of pure Texas wit, to eatch it up and brand it all over its helpless bovine side in great, sprawling

letters: "DUCK." When the carering bonmot presented itself before Teenie's indignant eyes she waxed very wroth indeed, and told her big brothers, but on the ready offer to "wipe up the ground" with the author she weakened, and advised the whole family that they treat him with silent contempt-which they were doing when I went there.

When I came to spend a week at the Three Cedars ranch and see her daily with her mother and her little brothers and sisters. I found her quite different from what I had imagined, and was constrained to like the girl despite my disapproval of some of her methods. She was a good daughter, a kind sister, and the blithest, most irrepressibly joyous creature, with a frank, engaging boyishness of manner that I never found in any other girl, and I soon came to the conclusion that if she was vain and fickle it was the fault of the foolish men who hung about her and ministered to her vanity. She rode finely, and was as passion

ately fond of it as I. She appeared unaware of the six or eight years' difference in our ages, the wide dissimilarity of our history, training, environments, and probable aims and ambitions, and made of me a regular chum and confidante, seeming to think it no fault of mine that I had been city born and bred: that at heart, and given a fair show, I was "as good a man" as herself.

I used to talk to Teenie a good deal about Johnnie, dwelling warmly on his good qualities and his winning ways. She was always ready to argue with me on the subject, professing to find him the most hideons and disagreeable of mortals. When I ceased she would go on at some length herself, applying to him all her small feminine epithets of derogation, sneering especially at his

conceit. Perhaps a more masculine bat might have been deceived by the appearance of frank sincerity with which she "slanged" him, but, as Sister Pencock says. I am a female myself, and will at the proper time acknowledge it: and it convinced me-if it convinced me of anything-that Teenie was no more indifferent to Johnnie than he was to her: that, indeed, she carried as sore a heart as he did.

"Let's go and get some of those resurrection plants you want. Miss Alice.' she said to me one day. "I know where it grows by the bushel, over on the Escondido arroyo, near the Pecos."

Two of her slaves were about the house at the time. They immediately rushed out, saddled our ponies, and humbly petitioned to be allowed to "go along;" but she refused with the utmost asperity and we went alone.

"I just despise 'em all, sometimes," said she, as we cantered westward. "I like to play 'em awhile, just for fun. but when they got so they hang around all the time there's no more fun in 'em. Now, ain't this a heap nicer, just us girls, than to have a lot of fool fellows ' Can the Leopard Change His Spots? taggin' along in the way?" I assured her it was and we rode

ahead, whistling and singing by turns, for very lightness of heart. She began whistling an air and I struck in with the alto. She stopped dissatisfied with my performance. A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

### HE DREW HER ON HIS SLED. you lead, I'll trail," and when I took Of all the dear divinities the air she made of it a mere frame, upon which she hung and

the most beautiful and draped fanciful minor accompaniment then turned to me and said: I drew upon my sied. "Pretty, ain't it? I wouldn't have a fellow that couldn't whistle nice and ride anything that goes-would you?" She had a rich, pathetic contralto,

with a note of hearse tenderness in it that went right to your heart, and so flexible that she could follow freely any air I sang with her own irregular, sobbing alto. After we had ridden ten or twelve miles, across divides and through draws

and hollows that all looked slike to my eyes, she turned abruptly to me, on the heels of a closing minor cadence, checked her pony, pushed back her hat and exclaimed: "By George, I'm lost." Here was a bad state of affairs. I was utterly helpless, and she had only been over to the place on the Escondido

arroyo once before, she admitted. But it was only three o'clock by my watch; our ponies were good ones and we were not more than two or three hours from the ranch; so we kept moving ahead, she scanning the surrounding country anxiously from the top of

every divide. Suddenly, as we were loping across a level, she laughed out loud and pointed

in front of us. "Why, here's the arroyo; we've come to it further north than I was before. All we've got to do is to follow down." We followed down, got our saddle pockets full of resurrection plants, and then started homeward.

"We can cross Turkey Roost and go down Lost Mule and it'll only be eighteen miles," said Tennie. "It's a sort of blind trail, but I can find it, and we want to get mighty near home before It was 4:30; there remained but an hour of daylight, and our ponies

had already come some twenty-four or twenty-live miles at a brisk guit We went ahead at an easy lope, checking up every mile or so to walk for a treathing space. As the sun declined saw Teenie look anxious. Finally she said: "We crossed Turkey Roost all rient and I was sure we struck into

Lost Mule on this side, but I declare it con t look like it now." We rode up on the divide beside which we had been traveling and looked around. "Good land!" said Teenie, "I don't see a thing I know. We're lost sure enough this time-and night com-

ing. We'll freeze." While we looked and hesitated the day visibly withdrew and night dropped down upon us like a presence. All landmarks by which to steer our course were obliterated, but we pushed ahead

with feverish haste. On and on we sped through the darkness, while over us wheeled the constelintions.

Presently Teenie pulled up and said: "It's no use; we're like as not going away from home instead of toward it. We got down, staked the ponies, wrapped corselves as best we could and sat down to face the situation. Have you never been alone on the penirie at night? Then you have never known how small a mote you are. As we sat hushed under the great, white stars, amid the boundless darkness, I fameled we could hear the moving of the vast machinery of the universe, the hum of the planets as they spun through the void, and the creaking of

the earth as it turned on its axis and shot forward into vacancy. Our surroundings were obliterated; nothing was present but a great, soft darkness and an immensity of stargemmed space. And we ourselves-infinity of littleness amid this spacious gloom-we seemed but unremembered

atoms. I had resolved myself to my original components, doffed this gross corporeal body, and was wandering about in my spir.t, seeking to blend once more with the oversoul; too ignorant and inexperienced to realize any danger in our positions, I reveled only in its beauty and

Suddenly the little prefatory whimpering giggle of a coyote sounded out of the night, and Teenie, who had been huddled beside me in a dismayed heap, clutched my arm.

"Oh, Miss Alice! Can't you holler? Listen to that coyote! There's timber wolves and panthers out there, too. We an't got a match, nor a thing to shoot with. I never wanted to see a man so bad in my life-do holler!"

I took one moment to say: "Would you even like to see Johnnie Sherwood?" and then gathered up my forces and sent forth a powerful soprano yell that was the effort of my life. But no answer came back, and then ensued a bad quarter of an hour for

Tennie and me. The coyotes snickered on the hillside and howled fearfully in the nearer valley. All at once our ponies neighed out joyfully. I gave a last scream; there was an answering shout, a clatter of hoofs, and somebody rode down the slope and

almost over us. How should I know it was Johnnie Sherwood? But Teenie rose up, and crying: "Oh, Johnnie! Johnnie! Johnniel 'east herself at him anyway as he jumped off his horse.

I could see nothing of them but two moving shadows-then one, stationary; but presently a big voice that tried to whisper murmured in an abandon of tenderness: "I'll shoot that fool calf, darling, quick as I can find him?"-Alice Mac-

Gowan, in St. Louis Republic. Compliment to His Dog.

A very delicate compliment was lately bestowed by a dog-lover upon the intelligence of his Skye terrier. The owner of the dog was sitting in his office, app: rently alone, when an acquaintance entered. "Glad to find you alone," said the visitor, "because I have a confidentinl communication to make to you, which no one else must hear." "Hold on a minute, ' said theother, checking him; and then he called out: "Here, Spot!" A small terrier crawled out from under the table, wagging his tail. 'Go out, Spot," raid his master. The dog went out, "Now, then," said the owner, "you may go on with your confidential com-

A few months ago a colored woman in Hayti began to grow white, and now it is said that there is not a trace of the original black color left in her skin, the texture and general hue of which is soft, creamy white, much more delicate

Whose altar fires I've fed, Before whose shrines, both first and last, Love's incensed bave shed, I funcy most the nucle maid

That little maid who quomed it so O'er all the boys: who led Them such a dance—coquetting now With Dick and Tora and Toft; Who gave each one in turn to hope He'd draw her on his sied.

She curered it, oh, right royally O'er Frank and Phil and Fre And all the rest. An empress born, Worship was but as broad: She knew a throne awaited ber

On every subject's sled. That little school room was her realm; Who cared what "Teacher" said? The constite of ev'ry eye Was o'er that colden head, Whose ev'ry hair-drew each to long

To draw her on his sled. Can I forcet-though years since then Both gind and sad, have sp Can I forget the day she deigned, My delty so dread,

To let me tuck my goddess up And draw her on my sled? What though my goddes; now is gray? Though time, with stealthy tread,

Has left his snows on sunny locks-'Tis long since we were we's-She's still the same divinity

## A MODERN FAIRY TALE.

The Talented Young Man and the Beautiful Maiden. Once there lived a young Man who started out to seek his fortune. His people were poor and had nothing more tangible to give him than their love

and blessing, so he set out with only a pen, a blotter and a bottle of ink. The pen was a coarse thing-steelwith a clumsy wooden handle which he himself had whittled when a lad. But there was really something won derful about this ordinary-looking pen the Fairles had tipped the steel point with a magic diamond, so that all worth

that it wrote were pure, and bright, and It so happened that the young Man was so lucky as to find the road to his fortune at once, and soon he was making a fine lot of money, so that he was

octh comfortable and happy. Now, there also lived a beautiful vegng Maiden, very awest and good, but poor-so poor, indeed, that she was obliged to work all day at a queer ma thine, upon the lays of which ber white fingers went plunkety-plunk, and lo! there appeared arrayed in all nextness and order the words which the magic pen had written.

And as the Maiden sat at her work she comprehended the thoughts which were behind the words, which, alast many of those who work upon like mahines fail to discover; and, moreover, when the pen had burried over a word to the dire confusion of the letters therein she did not substitute in its place a word from her own vocabulary r one of her own coining, but went traightway to the young Man and asked him if it should be thus and thus.

Everybody knows that a man's chiography becomes more and more bealdering as his fame or his success in life increases. Now it may have been from that reason or it may have beenbut why speculate-the fact was that the illegible words became more and more frequent and the Man's dark locks often brushed the blonde braids of the Maiden as they puzzled long over some word which seemed hopelessly in-

volved. And since she was sweet and good and true, and he was young and handsome, and romantic, they fell deeply in ove with one another, and they plighted their faith over the plunkety-plunk machine; and he was very, very happy, and the magic pen wrote more wonder-

fully than ever before. Soon his name was in every one's mouth, and his verses and stories brought him more of money and fame than he had ever dared dream of. And now that he had reached what is vulgarly known as the "top notch" that omething which is called Society reached out its many arms to welcome him, and it embraced him and petted

him until he was dazzled by its flattery and intoxicated by its praise. And he grew half ashamed of his love for the Maiden and dissatisfied because she, poor thing, had neither position nor wealth to bring him-nothing but

her pure, beautiful self. And so he told her one day that he feared that they had been too hasty in becoming betrothed, and that he felt that he was doing her an injustice in keeping her bound to him by her promise, when she might meet some one far more worthy of her love than he, and he said that perhaps it had been all a mistake-their little castle in the airand he hoped she would always con-

sider him her best friend, etc., etc. And the Maiden looked into his face, at first with a startled, hurt expression in her beautiful gray eyes; then as he went on, her glance turn to scorn and when he had done speaking she said quite calmly that he was right, and that it had been only a mistake which hey need think no more about, and

then she shut her machine and went Now the Fairies have a way of finding out things that happen among mortals which is a great deal quicker than our telephone or telegraph or even our messenger-boy system, and it was not many moments after the Maiden left her work before a Fairy stole unseen into the Man's desk and took the magie point from his pen, leaving only the blunt and rusty tip; so that when the Man took it up to write his daily task the words which he wrote were no longer bright, but were

very dull and stupid. All the sparkle was gone from his verses, and all the wit and life from his paragraphs. So poor were they, in net, that the Man swore roundly to himself as he read them and tore them

Now, the maiden did not return to her work the next day because she was ill-so ill that the people in the house went about softly and spoke in whispers as they asked each other if she were still unconscious and if the doctors said that there was any hope. And it so happened that upon the night of this very day the Man attended

trasted them with the frank, sweet words of the Maiden; and he wone home slek at heart and swore that Eo-

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ciety could be blanked for all of him. The next morning the Man, with his heart filled with shame and repeatance, went to the home of the Maiden that he might humble himself before her; and when he found that she was ill, it was as though a terrible blow had

But when at last the Maiden, by dist on the way to recovery, to his great wenderment she necepted his tender devotion with the same sweet trust that she had ever shown, and by no word or sign did she refer to what had

And the Man pondered much-and be was sorely puzzled, and he wrete to a very learned doctor to know if a serious brain illness would sometimes been from the mind an occurrence will a had happened upon the eve of that illness. And the doctor should be letter to a friend and pr That's the way these writer-men a the name of knowing so much. The get the pointers from us and then They go and work them into their stor .and people think they know it all But he sat down and wrote to the Mathat the happenings of a day or even week before an illness with cortain brain complications were often blotted

thanked God that the Maiden world never know. And so they were married, and "1; Fairies, knowing that the Man hadoffered much and repented sore, crave him back the marie pen for a wedding gift, and he never wrote a dull word after-and if you think that there a possibly be a happier ending than this to a story, why, you may write it poorself .- Marie More Marsh, in Chicago

Pheir Manufact tre Degan with the Feudal hystem of Society. "The ecramic art, according to car has been practiced in Jopan from pr historic times. But the earliest ware were probably only rough ungine a pottery. The use of the wheel a said to have been introduced by a price; named Givoki as late as the year 714 at the present era, and the first glazed toneware is said to have been taxais at ieto in Owarl, in 1227, by Kato Sherezayernon, usually called Toshiro, who brought the art from China. The first

practiced his art in flizen about 1516.

"So that there is no poresinin of extremely remote antiquity?" "I think you may say that even of Chinese and Corean wores, as to " earliest dates of which, however, that is great uncertainty. It is as certain as mything in history that Japanese porcelsin does not antedate Chonou a return from his apprenticeship in Pas-Choo and Kingtest hing. He isarned only the manufacture of porachin desirated with blue under the glaze, and was forced to look to China for the taaterials, for porcelain clay was not sho covered in Japan until long after his time. Specimens still exist which are ascribed to him. Their principal manis in the glaze, which is very toft mid lustrous. Manyand them are decorated with a variety of the so-called havethorn,' in reality plum-blossom puttern, and his decent, as are said to show already the naturalizing tendency of Japanese design as opposed to it. more conventional treatment of matur I forms by the Chinese. Toward the co.1 of the same century our great general, Taiko, ordered the leaders of his army of the famous Corean expedition to bring back with them some of the best potters of the country, at the time farther advanced in the arts thous was Japan. This included many of the best potters, who were established ig-

their new masters in their provinces. "Thus, porcelain making may be so in to have been born in Japan with the birth of the fendal system of societ The most celebrated factories Lave always, until recently, been under the patronage of the daimio, or great lords. who claimed the finest pieces for thanselves. There was much rivalry among these aristocratic manufacturers. we doubtless owe to the condiof things instituted by Talko and Li successors the great variety of unique and beautiful objects manufactures n

Cigars. Those who find tobacco smolre of fensive but are compelled to be in t presence of smokers should read water "Brunswick" says in a letter to L. Boston Transcript: "A gentleman of my acquaintance, whose lungs are no night to a friend's house a little land eigars were lighted. Over the flame of this little lamp was a ring of platinute. which became red hot in a very fow econds, and which consumed the sancke f a dozen cigars as fast as it was made, that the atmosphere of the room was as clear as it would have been had there been no smoking going on at all. These little platinum lamps are imported, and cost about two dellars and fifty centor three dollars each. They are cortainly worth a good deal more, for the only unpleasant part of smoking is the atmosphere of the room in which the moking is done, and if that can be cleared by burning a lamp of platinum, there can be no objections made to tan make the foul atmosphere the excusfor relegating the ladies to the draw-

To Every Bride a Diamond Ring. It was one of Emma Abbott's Ellosyncracies to make a present of a dismond glowingly of the Abbott babies, and she always encouraged matrimony among the members of her company,

in which, it is said, there was never a

scandal.

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fallen upon him. of much skill and tender pursing, ... passed upon that fateful day.

entirely from the patient's mind.

And when the Man read the doc tor's letter he bowed his head and

JAPANESE PORCELAINS.

porcelain was also made by a peril of he Chinese, Gorodayu Showasi, was

Japan during two centuries and a halt. -The Art Amateur.

USED PLATINUM. How a Boston Man Burned the Smoke of

strong enough for him to enjoy the fumes of tobacco smoke after a dimuparty, brought with him the out which he set down on a tuble when the ing-room while they are still enjoying themselves around the dining-room

ring to every bride in her company. Every baby born in the troupe (and there were nine children when the company went on the road last fall) received a check for \$100, which was deposited in some bank, at interest, for the little one. Miss Abbott often spoke

munication. We are alone." quite the swellest function that had been given in society that season. But somehow the honeyed words and the flattery which he heard were like Apples of Sodom as he mentally conthan the skin of most white persons.

Time. For St. [6] will always find us at our place I of a sinces in business hours. Everytting k-pr nest and cosy. A bath poon has been con-

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