BY JAMES G. HASSON, Guaranteed Circulation, - 1200.

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part no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don t consult their parted from, and those who don t consult their parted from the same footing acthose who pect to be placed on the same footing acthose who pect to be placed on the same footing acthose who

Pay for your paper before you stop it, if step must frome but calewage to otherwise, be a scalewag—life is too short.

Cambria

Weary, oh! so weary!

Dark the day and dreary.

Must lose its dross in the hottest glow,

-Captain R. K. Carter, in N. Y. Observer.

AUNT ABIGAIL'S WILL.

What She Bequeathed to Cous-

ins Roger and Dick.

It was Abigaii Varley's three-score

and-tenth birthday. She was a rich

widow, childless, and with no known

relations save two gentlemen cousins.

beautifully illustrated, or consinly jeal-

ousy less amiably exemplified, than in

the daily walk and conversation of

bestowed so much affection on their

common relative that they had none

Both were several years younger

than the lady, with a fair prospect, ac-

cording to the course of nature, of sur-

viving her; and how to supplant each

other in her will, which she had at last

begun seriously to talk of making, was

glancing suspiciously at Coasin Dick,

"Not so good latterly as has been.

whom he devoutly wished at Jericho.

The fact is," the old lady continued, "I

have been thinking seriously of send-

ing for Mr. Parker, with a view to

settling my worldly affairs without de-

"Oh, there is no need of haste, cous-

years before you yet:" mentally add-

broke in Dick; "you have many

"What has possessed the old lady

Well, well. I suppose there's no hur-

"And yet," Cousin Roger ventured to

left to waste between themselves.

these two collateral kinsmen. They

Never was consinly attachment more





JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE"

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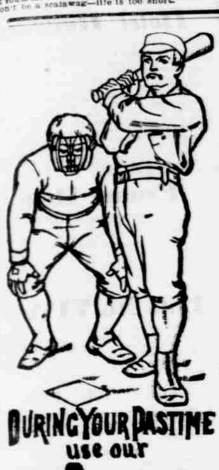
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VOLUME XXV.

NUMBER 20.



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will give every attention to cust

BONANZA WASELIS AND SOLE





To clean dishes. EVERYBODY USES IT.

to me to possel their freder whence to brighten take some.

Regimeers to clean parts of machines. Housemaids to scrub marile floors. Ministers to removate old chapels. Sextons to clean the tembstones. Chemists to remove some status, others on brasses and white horses. Strewd ones to scour old arraw hats Arrists to clean their palattes. Printers to cloud off surfaces. Soldiers to brighten their arms. Renovators to clean carpets. Wheelman to clean bicycles. EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

KENDALL'S

gred, as it is certain in its effects and closs not blister. Rend proof below:

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OTTO L. HOSPMAN.



Agent, Ebensburg, Pa. janz,6m hint, "it is always well to be prepared:

none of us can tell the minute or the hour, you know." "And, after all, calling in a lawyer is not so serious a matter as calling in a doctor," said Cousin Dick, facetiously. The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a young and beautiful girl, at whom Cousin Dick stared with a surprised and troubled look.

ry about it," said Cousin Abigail.

"Pardon me, ma'am," she said, in a roice remarkably sweet and gentle; 'not knowing you were engaged, I came to see if you wished me, as usual, to read to you to-day." "Presently, dear," Mrs. Varley answered in a tone that plainly hinted her

visitors would not be pressed to stay if they offered to go. After an awkward pause the two cousins took their departure together. "Who is that girl?" inquired Roger,

as soon as they reached the street. "You may well ask," said Cousin Dick; and, stooping, he whispered something in his companion's ear, at which the latter started suddenly. "Good heaven! the resemblance is

certainly striking. But what is to be done? Do you think the old-Cousin Abigail, I mean, suspects any thing?" "Not yet, I think; but no time is to be lost. I have a plan which it would be well for us to talk over together." And the two hurried rapidly along.

Mrs. Varley had occasionally found the time hang heavy on her hands, and so had advertised for a person to fill the post of "companion" to an aged lady. It was thus that Hester Darling had become an inmate of the

At as early an hour as was seemly on the morning following that on which we introduced them to the reader, Roger and Dick again presented themselves before their cousin "We have thought it our duty, cousin'

- began Dick. "Our bounden duty," put in Roger. "As painful as it is imperative," Dick

continued. "To put you on your guard, ma'am," Roger added. "Against a deceitful and designing person," exclaimed Dick.

'Who is no better than she should be!" shouted Roger, indignantly. "Upon my word, cousins, I do not comprehend a syllable you have uttered," said Mrs. Varley; "nor shall I be likely to if you both keep talking at once. Come, Dick, you seem least excited. What is the meaning of all this?" "What means, may I venture to ask," said Dick, "did you take to ascertain the character and antecedents of the

young woman at present sheltered bemeath your roof?" "Why, none," replied the good lady.
"Her young and truthful face were

recommendation enough on which to give her a trial." "We have ascertained her to be a most abandoned creature," proceeded Dick, "and have deemed it proper at apprise you of the discovery. And the two cousins took their leave,

with an air of exalted virtue. Mrs. Varley was a lady of the strictest propriety and severest morals. Much as she pitied and befriended the poor and friendless girl, she must be promptly freed from this foul and dreadful charge, or cross her threshold never to

She went directly to Hester's cham-"You must tell me your past history. child," said Mrs. Varley, in a determined but not unkindly tone.

"Oh, madam, I pray you pardon me,

but I can not, can not tell it!" "Then it has been one of sharne and

"For a time, of shame, madam," answered the young girl, with flushed cheek, "but never of guilt" What was it that caused Mrs. Varley to start so suddenly and stagger half fainting to a seat at Hester's dressing-

table? "Who-whose likeness is that?" she exclaimed, in a scarce articulate voice, pointing to an open miniature on the table

"My mother's," Hester answered. "Then you are Florence Marvin's "That was, indeed, my mother's

name.

"More, you are the daughter of my only brother, George Haywood, for Florence Marvin was his wife." With a stifled cry, she who had believed herself alone and friendless in the world fell on her kinswoman's neck and wept tears of mingled gladness and

Her story, which Hester had refused to confide to a stranger's ears, she now willingly imparted to one from whom she felt she had no longer any right to withhold it.

That her brother had married in opposition to her father's wishes, and had been disinherited in consequence. was already known to Abigail Varley but what distant spot he had selected for his home, and what had befallen him there she had never learned.

py, years-for they were spent in the dire calamity had fallen upon George Haywood. He came under suspicion of a fearful crime. A network of circumstances too intricate for man's wit to disentangle environed him, and he was condemned to die. The stern judgment was carried into effect, and the executed murderer's despised widow sought concealment for herself and child in a change of place and name. Long, long years afterwards the truth was discovered; but the judicial murder had passed among the things irrevocable. The poor widow died at last -died broken-hearted, but with one consolation: She had lived to see her "And this, my poor child, is the

"My life has known no other." Not many days after, Hester was sent to one of the first seminaries in the land, for she had yet time enough to avail herself of opportunities of culture hitherto beyond her reach. Her aunt and she kept their own counsel. Cousins Rogers and Dick only knew that the object of their solicitude had disappeared, and probably congratulated themselves on the success of their vir-

tuous stratagem. After a time, Mr. Parker, Cousin Abi-July summoned to attend the reading of Abigail Varley's will.

sight of their old enemy, the strange Poor Tabby, as if seeking consolation in her bereavement, leaped upon the knee of her old friend Dick, who stroked her back pathetically, but a little nervously. Pompey, who took things more philosophically, stretched himself out for a snooze at the feet of

Roger. Mr. Parker, drawing from his pocket the document, proce ded to read it.

The introduction was long and formal. But, hark! there's something coming

"To my cousin, Richard Figgins"-Richard looked at Roger in triumph -"I give and bequeath"-

You could have heard both their nearts beat. -"In consideration of the natural love and affection which I have long

Dick looked puzzled. "'I'v favorite cat Tabby"wrong way.

"And no more of my estate." With a fling that betokened a most emphatic renunciation of the legacy, Tabby was sent mewing and spitting to the furthest corner of the room.

"To my cousin, Roger Smith"-It was Roger's turn to triumph. -"In consideration of the like natural love and affection"-

Roger began to feel suspicious. bey, and no more of my estate.' spinning after the cat; and the fear of tween them being no longer before their eyes, the pent-up enmity of years found vent in an uproarious fight, in the noise of which the voice of the old lawyer was almost drowned; but the words: rest and residue of my estate-niece, Hester, Haywood," were sufficiently andible, and Cousins Dick and Roger

THE revelations of the microscope are far more important to humanity than telescopic discoveries.-Inventive Age. NAUTHUS shells are being picked up on the coast at Portland, Victoria. They live in the shallow Pacific seas about coral reefs

THE size of an adult Englishman's head is said to average No. 7. The heads of Portuguese average from 634 to 7; those of Spaniards are a little larger; and those of Japanese exceed the English average. Germans have the finer furs has never been properly

ALTHOUGH the thickness of the fiber of gaged, it will be a source of some satisfaction to know that "the diameter of the human hair varies from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch, while the fiber of the coarsest wool is about the 500th, and the finest about the 1,500th part of an inch."

DR. CARL EIGENMANN has been collecting fish in San Diego for some years. In making up a collection recently for the British Museum he found a new specimen of herring that has pocket membranes for slipping in the dorsal, pectoral and vental fins. The scales are large, the eyes have a glassy covering and most of the head is transparent.

THE STARS. What are their years? The night's unfathomed

Brings back no answer, gives no glimmering key; And still unknown and beautiful they keep The silent courses of eternity. What are their memories of creation's days, When startled classs, from its kingdon First know its master, and, with glad amaze

They sang the birth-seng of our trembling What have they looked on since with patient While million years uncounted rolled away Who claims antiquity for man that dies Before such records of the past as they?

Can that to man the mystery explain. The why, the whence of his uncertain state? Unlock the riddle that he reads in vain. And clear the tangled problems of his fate? Can they fashion to the future give, And tell the whither of man's anxious, quest?

Make life a less than weariness to live, Or stay the hazard of his wild unrest? Oh, stars! what midnight message do ve bear To minds grown weary with the year's in The wistful eyes that watch you shining there Look out of troubled hearts that know not

A CURIOUS MANIA. John Rhett's Harrowing Experi-

ence in a Barber's Chair. John Rhett, the handsomest young man in the county, he of the raven locks and with the beautiful black mustache that the women adored-

John Rhett walked into the barbershop in Yorkville for a shave. It was a cold day and there were three or four of his friends, besides several tonsorial artists, standing around the stove at the time; but the man who always did his work being idle, she

walked directly over and threw himself into the comfortable chair. The barber was a tall, well-built young fellow by the name of Henry Casey, whom Rhett had known for a long time. The usual preparatory process was gone through with and then he sharpened his razor and went to work, but he started off in a manner that made Rhett uncomfortable from the first. This was due to the unusual and seemingly reckless way in which he handled the razor. There was ontirely too much flourish about it to nake one feel easy. He would whirl it round in one or two circles before it touched the face, and then take it off again in the same artistic style. This may have looked very pretty to a spectator, but to the person who formed the center of these concentric circles, Rhett thought it was any thing but pleasant. At first he was inclined to think the fellow was drinking. But he soon dismissed this idea, for the work was being done well and skillfully and as no drunken man could do it. Finally he told Casey that he didn't like any

such flourishes around his head, and to But the only reply he received was the press of the barber's finger against throat, and a short hissing "keep

This made Rhett mad and he started to express himself very foreibly, but when he looked up at the man who stood drawing the sharp razor over his face, his anger gave way to a far more fearful feeling. The words died on his lips and a sudden chill crept over his body. He had looked into the wild, excited

eyes of a maniac. "Don't you move or say a word; if you do I'll cut your throat," came again in a suppressed whisper, as that sharp,

cunning face bent near to his. "Do you know," said the barber, as he kept on with the work; "do you know that this will be your last shave—that I intend to kill you with this same razor

the moment I have finished? "I have long wanted to make the experiment," he continued, as he went rapidly on, "just to see how quickly it could be done. Perhaps you think I am crazy, but you are wrong. I only want to do this work in the interest of science. I believe it will prove to be the most painless and quickest of all deaths. If I succeed to-day, as I expect to do, my method may become the public mode of execution in this country, supplanting the gallows. You see what an honor it will be to have started such a reform in capital punishment. My name will become immortal. There will be none of the suspense attending executions now; none of the terrible scenes at the gallows. You simply take the condemned man in for a shave

and before he knows it he is in eterni-He kept on talking in this rapid, excited way, and kept on shaving. Rhett heard his friends conversing on the other side of the room and he turned his head to see if he could tell them of his danger. But it was quickly jerked back in position and the barber told him if he did that again or tried to get out of the chair it would be the signal for his death. And the wicked gleam of his eye, more than his words, showed that he was in terrible earnest. Under the circumstances, the intended victim thought it best not to move again, and so he laid there as still

as death. But his brain was not idle. It was working with the rapidity of lightning -and well it might. Rhett had always been regarded as a cool and brave young man; he had proved it on more than one trying occasion. And he determined in this last extremity to be himself and to meet the sharp cunning of the maniae with an

Then commenced a fierce and hidden game between those two, a game in which one knew the prize for him was life, and, if he lost, the profit death. "Henry," said the young man, and he smiled, though his heart was beating fast, "you shouldn't try to frighten a good customer in that way. You know you wouldn't kill an old friend like

equal cunning.

"I'll show you, Mr. Rhett," half shricked the barber, and the gleaming eye grew fiercer and the voice trembled with passion. Rhett saw that this had only added fuel to the flame, and he began to despair

of conciliating the mad man. "Yes," said Casey, and his wild hand grew wilder, and the razor pressed harder upon his victim's face; "yes, you must die this very hour for the sake of science. Why, it will be a noble death. You ought to feel honored to perish in such a cause."

The young man was now thoroughly frightened, and he watched for an opportunity to spring from the chair and

escape. But he looked in vain. Though the barber occasionally relaxed the stern grip upon his throat, yet he still held him with his glittering eye.

"You see, the criminal will not know that his hour is at hand. The barber will be taken into the jail to give him a shave, and without a fear or tremor. without a single thought of death, he will be hurled into another world. Talk about executing by electricity, but my method will not only be quicker, but more painless.

"Just a stroke like this, and it's all over," and Rhett's heart gave a wild leap, for he thought his end had come. Casey, however, had only drawn the back of his razor across his throat, but with such force and rapidity that it

burned like fire. The situation was growing desperate. In a minute the barber would be through with his work. With one hand he had Rhett by the hair and with the other was finishing up the job, while his lips kept muttering and his body swayed with excitement. Rhett knew with the next sweep of that infuriated arm he would meet his doom. Whatever he did must be done instantly.

"Well, Henry," he said, as lightly as he could, "sharpen up your razor well before you start, for I don't want any bungling job." For he thought when the barber turned to do this he could leap from the chair and get away. "It's sharp enough for you, Mr. Rhett," and the madman grew madder

as he spoke, "it's sharp enough for you. He had already finished shaving. Rhett's heart almost stood still. "Now we'll see if it needs to be sharper," said Casey, with a demoniac laugh, and Rhett felt a sharp sting as the keen blade cut the skin on his

throat. "But, Henry," he rapidly ejaculated, I want you to make a success of this for it will be a blessing to the worldbut if you go on now I tell you it will be a failure."

"You will make a failure," he continued, "because you have told me all about it, and I have already suffered as much suspense as the criminal on the gallows. Besides, when I feel the razor giving me the fatal wound I will shrick out in agony, and the people will say that I suffered a terrible death. They will not believe you then that it would

on the subject of the experiment. Henry, den't say a word to him on the subject, but all at once, in the twinkling of an eye, put him out. And I believe you will become a greater man than the nventor of the guillotine."

"Well, Mr. Rhett, I believe you are right about it," and he began to close the razor.

mischievous humor. 'Ah! Mr. Rhett," he said, "you would look so much better without your mustache. Now, don't you want me to take it off for you?"

Afraid to cross him in his humor, Rhett replied, though it almost broke his heart to say it:

Don't you want me to take it off?"

willing to say or do any thing to get that razor back into its case. So the clippers were brought out, and n less than two minutes he was slicker than a new-born rat. But if his head was light his heart was too, when he arose from the chair,

willing and happy to pay for a shave Of course everybody laughed at him when he went out on the street, and the wind blew cold about his head. To his friends, when they gathered around him, he told his harrowing ex-

perience, and he was still as pale as a A committee forthwith waited on the barber, but they did not find any thing in his words or actions to denote insanity. So some believed the story and

some didn't-and the barber kept on shaving.

upon the face of John Rhett .- W. M. Hobby, in Atlanta Constitution.

A New Kind of Blotting-Paper. By this process blotting can be manufactured from any kind of paper, regardless of the stock or material from which it is made.

Head Hunters Visitor-What is your work? that appear in the paper.

want to write articles for us.-Munsey's Weekly. -It Stood -A dying reporter in Providence wrote his last will on a paper collar with a lead pencil, and it stood to be admitted to probate. Perhaps the reason of it, however, was because he

WHEN TWO TOGETHER WALK. Any long and winding way

Toward the setting sun, Swift of wing will pass the day. And full short will seem the way, For they two are company-Each to the other one When two at a burden lift, Each is twice as strong;

When two can together sing Blither is the song. Here a tear, and there a smile, This is life a little while; But when two together walk, Light the heart and strong Lou Vaieria Willson, in Good Hollsekeeping

NATHAN'S BEAR HUNT.

the Turnip Eater. The Country Old Man Relates Ills Experience as a Solemn Warning to Long

the Bear Himself. It was early in the morning, and, as usual, old man Nathan was hard at work in his garden. He had finished weeding his lettuce, and was just in the act of doing a little chopping to onions when Long Jake stepped over the garden fence and stood in front of

"Mornin', old man."

"Howdy, Jake." "Old man," said Jake, thrusting his ands down deep in his pockets and dropping down on the bean arbor, "bein' as I have been workin' so steady of late I knocked off for to-day-thought I'd like a little rest, you know; every fellow does mostly. S'pose you take a holiday, too, an' we'll go for a hunt. Simmins says b'ar tracks was seen down by the Pint. P'raps we might

tumble crost a b'ar." "Mebby so, Jake," replied Nathan, as he took the quid of tobacco from his mouth, stuck it on his hoc-handle and seatedh imself on a head of cabbage-"mebby so; but more 'an likely the b'ar'd tumble 'ross us. Look here, man, did you ever kill a b'ar?"

"No. sir." "Did you ever see one?"

Jake, slowly. "Then you better not tackle b'ars. You don't know nothin' 'bout 'em. There's as much difference 'tween a show b'ar an' one in the woods as there is 'tween me an' a mule. Them in circuses is made to order, has to be drawed up, you know, to fit the cage. If they won't, why no tent in the country could hold two of 'em. Great day in the mornin' man, if you want to see what a outlandish thing a b'ar is, you mus' see him in the woods; then he's in his element, an' sure's my name's Nathan you'd think he was an elephant.

"Let me tell you something 'bout these creeters, and when I get through if you are still struck on huntin b'ar I'll not say a word agin it. When we was livin' in Miss'sippi I gardened for a livin', just as I do now, an' there wan't a man roun' who made as fine turnups as I did. I remember that in pertic'lar. I hed one bed 'bout eighty foot squar', chuck full of milky-white turnups pretty nigh as big as your head. Well, that bed was the pride of my heart. They was a sight! At first one was 'nough to last us all day, an' after while we just took half of one an' sent other half to Miss Jones, our neighbor, who

was an old maid an' not very good at raisin' things. "Well, one day Cinda came in puffin" an' blowin' like some old steam engine. She drap down in a chair, an' rollin' her eyes 'bout like somethin' was mighty wrong. She said: 'Lord, Nathan, every last turnup's gone. There a'n't a leaf left of none of 'em. I'm tired of that kind of business. Last week that old po' calf of Miss Hannons broke off a picket and stole a turnup fo' I could catch him. Bet 'taint nothin' but him. Git your gun, Nathan, an' I'll take the broom. We'll just go down to that old brier patch, where that beast stays, an' fix him so he won't

pester our crops no more!" "I was mad as a wildcat. So, while Cinda was puttin' on her sun-bonnet an' lookin' for the broom, I loaded up my run. When both of us was ready we started down the road that led to that brier-patch, an' if you had seen us you'd a thought we was out for a week's camp in a woods filled with wolves, for that's just what we looked like. It was right smart of a walk, so long 'fore we got there Cinda got so tired that she had to take her sun-bonnet off.

"We was 'bout an hour gettin' there, an' when we did we didn't see nothin' but ourselves. I looked at Cinda an' began to cuss. I was so mad 'cause there wan't nothin' for me to shoot. Cinda looked at me and said: 'You needn't be oneasy; he's in thar; he has to stay out of sight to keep folks from laughin' at him. He an't only po', but thar an't much hair left on him, so he's sorter shamed, you know. There's a place to go in that thicket somewhere; find it first, then you'll be all right. Have your gun ready.' We went roun' and roun' that place, but blessed if we found where the door was. We was rather tired at first, but now we was tired all over again. Cinda says: 'Never mind. old man; I'll fix him. You git on that side and I'll stay here, and when I call him out you shoot-I can give him a whack with the broom afterward.' 'All right,' says I, 'go ahead.'

"Cinda begun, and said 'Sake, Sake, till I was sick of hearin' it an' she sick of sayin' it. Then she walked up close to the briers, took hold of a vine that was runnin' through it, an' commenced pullin' an' shakin' for all she was worth. There was an awful crackin', an' twice I thought I heard a curus noise. D'reckly Cinda said: 'I see him, the ugly, hateful thing. He don't look like the same po' old brown calf; them turnups is becomin' to him, sure. He's got life in him, too, standin' up there on his hind legs an' grinnin' at me like I was funny lookin'. I'll show him how to grin.' "With that she gived him a mighty

hard punch with the broom, hollered: 'Lord have mussy, look out, Nathan,' an' took to her heels, leavin' the broom an' her sunbonnet in the brier patch. When I looked up the road to see where she was goin' to all I saw was her lef leg as it flew roun' the corner. I was just on the p'int of gettin' 'stonished at her when I heard a noise right in front of me like somethin' was in a bad humor. Lord, I will never forgit that time! Right by me, standin' on his hind legs an' showin' every tooth he had, was a

an' skeered bad. My hair walked about over my head, 'twas so briss' felt mighty creepy all down my back No wonder Cinda had run: bot what in the name of goodnusdid she punch a b'ar with a broom for? That's what got me Do nobody knows what a woman is getn' to do; they has curus idees sometimes. That they has, an' you don't have to married long to find 'em out, neithet. That punchin' had done the work; he was mad, bad mad, an' I thought he'd eat me sure. I lifted up my gun an fired, but didn't hit him. I shot ngain, but was lookin' so hard at him that I

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1 year...

didn't aim straight. If he was mad to fore he was ravin' now. He dropped down on all fours, riz up tall an' accadful lookin', then come down an' were for me. Both barrels of my gon was empty; there wan't no time to load ... there wasn't but one thing to do, and that was fight like man to man for life. I went at him an' hit him so hard that my gun fell in two, an' then I thought I was done for. Didn't have a minit to pick up nothin'. I was just standing there, big-eyed as a mule, parisis. blowin', dodgin', bowin' and scrapin, tryin' to keep out of that fellow's class "He was gittin' closer na' close:

seemed to me, every minit, but I see fit an' fit. First thing I knowed paw struck my pants-leg, an' open it went clear down to the bottom. The was close quarters, let me teli yo .--close that I took to my heels, too went roun' an' roun' that brier paled till I was drunk, an' he after me libe a whirlwin'. Lordy, Lordy! My lat was all gone, an' I was, too. off was a tree. It wan't much himber me, an' had limbs close to the but that wa'nt nothin'. I was " to git somewhere where I could : for I was plum wored out. I water my chance an' made a break. Up over feet.

tree I went, hand over hand an' ject "But up come the b'ar just like he was a race horse. I went higher, up to a little twig, an' off it broke, sott flat down on the groun'. I though sure I was in purgatory, an' was just goin' to say my prayers when i the b'ar couldn't see me on account the brush, an' I cut down the road home. But no use to think I could get away from that fellow; he in a second; and such a race! was a big ditch that I had forgot a so down I went to the very boltone he on top of me. Well, sir, he feel the he weighed seven thousand pound though I don't know as he did. neacly smothered me 'fore he bestir 'roun'. He struck me on my an' pulled off half my scalp, then to chewed off these two fingers, sz time he had bit a hole clear th my leg I scrambled out of the dite. with him close on behind. We was both so full of mud that if it bades been for the stingin' of them bases I wouldn't have known the b'ar from

"I had a good half mile to goyet : didn't have much idee of gettin' they for I was bout as weak as a balay put my best foot from an started, an didn't make such bad time after all. just got over my yard fence in time to keep him from takin' off the other of my scalp, as his havin' to climb hand of stopped him. I thought my race was over then; but Cinda had all the doors an' winders shet so tight I couldn't get in to save my soul. didn't have a minit to spar, so I flow 'roun' to the back of the house, here. to find somethin' was open 'roan' but no, everything was tight. I --was in a fix. There was a lander or far from the back door, an' I were it. It was hard to climb, au' was four feet from the groun that he caught holt of my ragged pants an

pulled me down again. "Well, sir, I flew 'roun' that ladd r like a kite an' yellin' to Cinda at the top of my voice to open the back door for me. After I'd been callin' an' flyin' for it seems to me half a day, tho 'twan't mor'n ten minits, Cinda opened the door a crack an' I bounced in, fell on the floor in a fit an' didn't come ttill next day. "Tom Biers an' seven other men

shakin' yet. The whole neighborhout pulled up stakes an' left, an' now that place ain't nothin' but pines an' ber Look here, young un, you's too fresh Next time you git such a notion you gofishin'. Is you b'ar struck yit?" "Nope," answered Long Jake, pulling up a bunch of shallots and stepp.

managed to kill the b'ar that night but

weigh him. I couldn't talk for a weet.

couldn't walk for six an' my leg 1

couldn't find nothin' big 'nough

back over the fence. "I'm goin' image to work." "A riglar soft he is," said Natha timself. "I've saf-soaped him He's off, way off, if he thinks he' to git that b'ar: he's my meat. i killed dozens an' dozens of 'em never got a scratch from none of ' I'll git that un to-night, an' lay off morry, so I can eat b'ar meat all day

Dinged if I don't." Nathan "riz up" from the head or cabbage, picked up his hoc, took is chew from the handle, put it back i his mouth and proceeded to work his

onions.—Philadelphia Times. A Most Felicitous Farewell.

There lived a certain cantankerous old clorgyman who did not exactly hit off by long chalks with his congregation, and so at last he applied for and received the appointment of "chaplain to a large penitentiary." He determined to have his revenge on sundry of his parishioners who had aroused his ire, so he preached a farewell sermon, not a word of which could any one object to, except the singularly inapprepriate text, which gave great offense. It was: "I go to prepare a place for you, so that where I am ye may be also."

In the early wars with French and Innever have been carried on but for the snow-shoes, which alone made marching possible. In the winter attacks of the savages upon the settlements in Northern New England and inthe expeditions of English and French troops snow-shoes were a necessary part of their equipment, their baggage being hauled on sleds or toboggans.-N. Y.

Snow-Shoes in War.

Star. Where the Request Came From. Manager (to leader of orchestra)-I inderstand that that figure of yours was played "by request." Leader-Yes, sir.

Manager-At whose request, may I

DONT FAIL TO TRY IT

of manufacturing for the domes- C.

Naphrina and Gasofine That can be MADE FROM PETROLEUN

Most Uniformly : Satisfactory : Oils

Chas. S. Gill, Prop'r.

PREPUBLIC will always find us at our place d business to business hours. Everything kept wand bosy. A bath room has been con-ted with the shop wherethe public can be ac-moduled with a hot or cold bath. Bath sub-d scars:

BLAIR HOUSE

he shop is in the hands of skille thing kept in good order. Your lighted. FRANK FEES, Proprietor.



CLOUD AND SUNSHINE Waiting in gloom and pain: Steadily falls the rain, The bitterest winds are walling loud, And the funeral sky is clothed in cloud;

The Most Successful Remedy ever discov

BROOKLYN, CORE., Eny 5, '32.

DR. R. J. KENDALL Co.:

Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated K.mfall's SpavitsCure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I there a dozen empty bottles, having used it wish perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asteed me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in fast three weeks. Yours respectfully.
Wellcorr Witten.

Dn. B. J. KENDALA Co., Dear Sirs -I have used reveral bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare that was quite lame from lameness and shows such make the foint.

Respectfully, F. H. Horchina.

Du. B. J. KENDERL CO...
Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far fassed kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very-severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.

I remain yours. MARION DOWDEN. Price \$1 per bottle er six bottles for \$5. All drug-gists have it or can get \$1 for you, or it will be sent



\$3 SHOE and other special-ties for Gentlemen, Ladies, ctg, are war-ranted, and so stamped on bottom. Address W. L. DOUGLAS, Breckten, Mass. Sold by ROBERTS

start you, fernishing AMERICULARS FILLE. Address at once. ROBERT EVANS.

Ebensburg, Pa. A tell line of Caskets always on hand. Tel **Bodies Embalmed**

and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE,

NOT DEAD YET VALLIE LUTTRINGER. MANUPACTURES OF TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARR

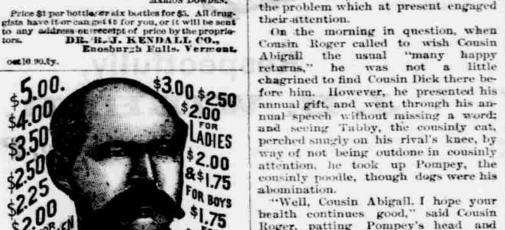
and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest No penitentiary work either made or sold TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

For 1, 2, 4 and 10 H. P. PICKET MILLS B. C. MACHINERY CO.

When Visiting the Passburgh Exposition, call on the IANOS AND RGANS,

Will the sun ne'er shine again? Courage! in heart and brain, Though the day be dark ning: Waiting is not in vain, If for God thou'rt heark'ning. The dreariest weather will change some day, and never a cloud but will pass away, And the sun must shipe again. Be still, sad heart, nor mind The heat of nery trying, The mystery entwined With sorrow and with crying The costlicst gold, by a method slow

MONROE, La., May 8, 70.



W. L. DOUGLAS

UNDERTAKER, AND MANUFACTURER OF

AND TIN ROOFING. epectfully invites the attention of his friend

Should she deny the accusation, we are prepared with abundant proofs."

SOTTOW.

The story was sad enough: After a few toilsome, but not unhapoved society of his wife and child-a

shame of which you spoke?"

gail's lawyer, was sent for, and after that the good lady seemed wonderfully revived in health and spirits. At her next birthday the prospect of "many happy returns" produced any thing but a happy effect on the two expectant cousins, who began to think that, after all, the life tables might not be infallible. But her time came at last; and, within a decent period after the sad event, Cousins Roger and Dick were

They were a good deal startled at the

observed between them"-Dies gave Tabby a furious stroke the

-"I give and bequeath my dog Pom-With a violent kick Pompey was sent er who had so long kept the peace be-

stayed to hear no more.-N. Y. Evening IN SCIENTIFIC FIELDS.

Lonely is to one; But when two together walk

How He and His Wife Went After Jake, and Then Goes After

The razor stopped. "Why?" asked Casey. The maniac was interested. Rhett saw that he had gained a point and he knew his life depended upon how he used it. He had touched upon the man's pet mania. It seemed strange to him now that he had not thought of

be the most painless mode of execution. So you see, Henry, you will defeat the very object you are trying to accomp-The barber withdrew the razor and held it motionless in his hand. Rhett breathed easier and became cloquent "Now, the next man you shave,

The mania was wearing off, and in its stead there came a playful and Patting his customer under the chin.

"Why, certainly, Henry, if you think it will look better." On went the lather and in another minute the beautiful silken strands were no more than the withered leaves of the "Now, Mr. Rhett, if you had your hair clipped you would look splendid. "Of course, Henry, clip it," came from those anguished lips. He was

and never in all his life did he feel so and hair cut.

But never again did he put hi razor

A new process for manufacturing blotting-paper consists in taking unsized paper as it comes from the papermachine and exposing one or both of the sides to the disturbing action of mechanical means for opening up its surface; for instance, to the grinding or abrasive action of sand-paper, emery wheels, wire brushes or to the action of cards or scrapers. Such action separates and lifts the surface fibers. This process is said to produce a highly absorbent or bibulous paper, especially adapted for use as commercial blottingpaper and for other purposes where an absorbent paper is required, and having its fibers separated and raised, and presenting a velvety surface as distinguished from ordinary blotting-paper.

Editor-1 put heads on the articles Visitor-And what does that stout fellow over there do? Editor-He puts heads on the men who

b'ar nigh onto big as a horse. had only a pair of boots to will away. "For once in my life I was skeered,

Leader-At mine, sir.-Puek.