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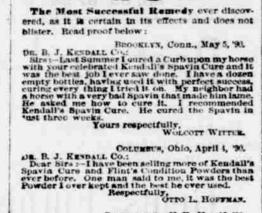
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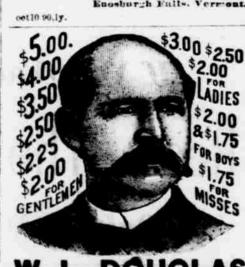
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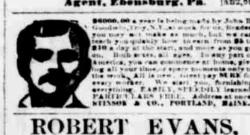
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THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.

THE GRAVE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

Where in summer the grass grows green; Where, beneath a rustling eim tree's shade, A moss covered stone is seen. Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,

Tis the grave of a little child. n winter, alas! that mossy stone Is hid 'neath a shroud of snow,

The daisies and violets grow. and o'er it the summer breezes blow With a fragrance seft and wild, nd the autumn's dend leaves thickly strew That grave of a little child. And every year there's a redbreast comes, When the month of May is nigh,

With her melody sweet by the hour she trills As if by the scene beguiled; erhaps, who knows, 'tis an angel comes To the grave of that little child. Yes, somebody's hopes lie buried there; Some mother is weeping in vain, For though years may come and years may go

The pure and the undesied, ome roads to Heaven perhaps run through That grave of a little child.
-Walter Frees, in N. Y. Weekly.

TO CATCH THE UNWARY.

Tests for the Wits of Your Friends-Bright Problems That Are Puzzling Yet Easy to Soive-An Old Rule

After the eigars had been lighted at a mall dinner party one evening not tion to the mind. No claim to ber of questions which they have never before heard. Who has not at some period of his existence puzzled his brain over this query:

If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?

Many persons have undoubtedly been mpted to answer fifteen pounds, when he correct answer, of course, is twenty bounds, as they discover after giving he problem a Ettle thought. An exceedingly wise man has sometimes been eaught by a very simple question, of his sort. The following for example How many days would it take to cut ap a piece of cloth afty yards long, one ard being cut off every day?

A snail climbing up a post twenty feet high ascends five feet every day and slips down four feet every night. How long will it take the snail to reach the

top of the post? These are simple questions in arithmetic, and yet, how many persons would answer fifty days, instead of forty-nine to the first one, and twenty instead of sixteen to the last ne. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to point out that the snail would gain one foot a day for fifteen days, and on the sixteenth day reach the top of the pole, and there, of course, remain. Here is one of a different sort, but

none the less puzzling: top of which is a monkey. As the man moves, the monkey turns round on the top of the pole, so as still to keep face to face with the man. When the man has gone round the pole, has he or has he not, gone round the monkey? As either answer to this question may

be upheld with strong and logical arguments, the reader is left to decide the question for himself. Which, at any given moment, is mov-

ng forward faster, the top of a coach wheel, or the bottom? The answer to this question seems

simple enough, but probably nine persons out of ten, asked at random, would give the wrong reply. It would appear at first sight that the top and bottom must be moving at the same rate; that is, the speed of the carriage. But by a little thought it will be discovered that the bottom of the wheel is, in fact, by the direction of its motion around its axis, moving backward, in an opposite direction to that which the carriage is advancing, and is consequently stationary in space, while the point on top of the wheel is moving forward with the doubled velocity of its own motion around the axis and the speed at which

the carriage moves. paradox of Zeno, by which he sought either in a place where it is or in place where it is not. Now, a body in the place where it is is stationary and annot be in motion, nor, obviously, can it be in metion in the place where it is not. Therefore it cannot move at

Bodies do move, however, and that is a sufficient answer to the ingenious philosopher. Another paradox which has been inherited from the Greeksthat of Achilles and the tortoise-is

Achilles (the swift-footed) allows the tortoise a hundred yards start, and runs ten yards while the tortoise runs one. Now, when Achilles has run a hundred yards the tortoise has run ten yards, and is therefore still that distance ahead. When Achilles has run these ten yards, the tortoise has run one yard. When Achilles has run the one yard, the tortoise has run one-tenth of a yard. And when Achilles has run the one-tenth of a yard the tertoise has run one-hundredth. It is only necessary to continue the same process of reasoning to prove that Achilles can never overtake the tortoise.

Of course, it is a fact that Achilles does overtake the tortoise, notwithstanding this apparently logical reasoning to the contrary. The conclusion of that paradox is somewhat different from the following, although in some ways simllar to it:

A man owes four cents. He pays two cents one day, one cent the next, onehalf cent the next, and so on, one-half each day of the debt. Now, although

on the fourth day he only owes onequarter of a cent, if he should be endued with the gift of immortality, and he should continue to pay the debt at the same ratio, he could never pay all of it. There would always remain that half of the former day's payment, providing he had counters small enough

to make the payments. . however, to solve it.

ground than on an acre of slanting ground. The stalks of corn are supposed to grow perpendicularly in both cases, and all other particulars, such as the same.

without assistance. Philosophers, according to the latest devices, have not been able to decide what would be the fate of a donkey

son why he should choose one rick rather than the other, it is presumed that, logically, he would starve to death. The cynic's reply to this proposition may, perhaps, be as good as any that could be found: that is, that the philos-

question ought to solve it by actual experience. Probably every reader has quoted the proverb: "There is an exception to every rule," several hundred thousand times during his or her life and never thought that the proverb contradicted itself. For, clearly, if there is an exception to every rule, there is an exception to this proverb; therefore, there is a rule without an exception.

runs as follows: A man standing before a portrait says of it: Sisters and brothers have I none Yet that man's father is my father's son.' What relation is the speaker to the person depicted in the portrait? The answer is often given that the portrai

It is seldem, indeed, that the following question is answered correctly off

A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York and one daily from New York to San Francisco, the journey lasting five days. How many trains will a traveler meet in journeying from New York to San Francisco? About ninety-nine persons out of one

hundred would say five trains as a matter of course. The fact is overlooked that every day during the journey a fresh train is starting from the other end, while there are five trains on the way to begin with. Consequently the traveler will meet not five trains, but ten. The following proposition is left for the reader to think about:

If there are more people in the world than any one person has hairs upon his head, then there must exist at least two persons who possess identically the same number of bairs, to a bair.

This same proposition may be applied to the faces of human beings in the world. If the number of perceptible differences between two faces be not greater than the total number of the human race, then there must exist at least two persons who are to all appearances exactly alike. When it is considered that there are about 1,500,-000,000 persons in the world and that the human countenance does not vary, except within comparatively narrow limits, the truth of the proposition becomes obvious, without applying the logical reasoning of it. - N. Y. Tribune.

ABOUT OUR SUN AND MOON. A NEW theory in relation to the moon has lately been advanced, to the effect

that the lights and shadows of the moon are incompatible with the theory of its spherical shape. A GERMAN capitalist has offered a reward of \$25,000 to any astronomer who can satisfactorily prove to him that the sun, the moon, or any one of the stars

is inhabited, or that it contains any solid matter whatever. very much greater than the brightness of the same area of sky. The total light of the full moon can be compared with the total light of the sun, though it is a very difficult problem, and the re-

sult will be that the sun is as bright as 680,000 full moons. By a comparison of records extending over a number of years it has been concluded that the moon has an influence in lowering the height of the barometer in the months from September to January at the time of full moon, and in raising it during the first quarter. No

of the sun filled with gases. They are generally distributed in groups, principally in two zones which cover the surface of the sun lying between ten degrees and thirty-five degrees north and south of its equator. Their size varies from those just visible with the most powerful telescope to those 100,000 miles

An Automatic Cashler. An ingenious system of registration is said to have been applied for the purpose of making telephone pay stations automatic. The principle adopted is the familiar nickel-in-the-slot. person wishing to use the telephone drops in a coin of any denomination from a nickel to a dollar, and the machine immediately indicates to the central office the value of the coin deposited, so that the operator there is able to tell the exact time for which payment has been made, and to control the circuit accordingly. This communication with the operator at the exchange is effected by the closure of a local circuit when the coin is introduced, which rings an by the bell act upon the transmitter, the central office. To guard against ment so that the bell can only be rung by the closure of the circuit after the coin has passed through the chute. The

STORY OF A WRECK.

"You will be playing Juliet before con are twenty, little one," I said, as Dot came running into the greenroom

"By Jove! she is great," said another. Best actress in the company and minds her own business, too," said the crusty old stage manager. The exclamations, mingled with caresses, were showered upon the head of one of the brightest and eleverest child prodigies who are playing upon the stage to-day. Little Dot had just come off the scene. She was a great success in the play that was running at the Amphion at that time, and her performance that evening seemed even better than usual. appreciation of the audience, and when she came into the greenrom to kiss papa good-night before going home by every one there, for we all loved the dear little girl as well as admired her

A big roun l of applause attested the with her nurse she was warmly greeted genius. Dot's father was Gus Mervin, the low comedian of the theater. They made a strange contrast, these two. Gus was short and very stout. His beardless face, lined and wrinkled by the contortions that had amused the public for twenty-five years, loose, ugly mouth and sandy hair, could never have possessed any claims to beauty. while the child was very lovely with her big, hazel eyes and golden brown

"Good night, my little one," Gus said, running his red fingers through Dot's erisp curls; "sleep soundly, and don't dream of new parts."

"I love to dream of new parts," said the child. "Papa, shall I really play Juliet when I am twenty?" "You won't if you don't grow," replied Gus, laughing, "and if you don't sleep, you won't grow, so run along with Susan." So Dot after kissing us all good night was wrapped up in her for coat and carried away by her care-

"All ready for the third act,"

for "props" and places began. Neither Gus nor I were on again until the last act and we usually indulged in a little smoke and chat during our wait. He came in my dressing-room to-night as usual, but sat silently smoking his pipe and gazing abstractedly at the dingy ceiling. Gus and I were old friends and I was used to his long fits of silence, so I said nothing and busied myself at my dressing table, putting things to rights and touching up a refractory eyebrow or so.

"Frank, old man," he said at last, "I want to talk to you about Dot." "So, it's Dot you've been thinking about all this time," I replied. "Well. I don't blame you. Gus. She is the sweetest little tot I ever knew, on or off, and by far the eleverest child in the business. Why, it is perfectly wenderful the knowledge that child has of stage business," I continued, warming to my subject. "Last night old Davy missed an important one and got completely rattled-couldn't think of a word. Dot was up back-business with the flowers you know-but she walked down stage, spoke the line for himwhich happened to be my cue-whispered the next line in the old fellow's ear, and then turned up stage for her business with me. I don't believe a soul in front noticed anything wrong but Dot saved that seene and perhaps old Davy's position for him. You would

think she had been playing ten years instead of ten months." "That is true," said Gus, "she needs but little teaching." "There's where blood tells," I continued; "she has got your twenty-five

years of hard work behind her, and I remember your wife before Dot was born. Poor Alice was one of the prettiest and neatest soubrettes in the business. She was a great loss to the stage, old man. as well as to you, but she has given us Dot in ber place." "Frank, old friend, I am going to tel

you something. Dot is not my own child or poor Alice's either, for that matter. It isn't a very long story and I will tell it to you to-night if you've time to listen. "Go ahead," said I, closing the door. "The act isn't half through yet."

"You remember my wife you say, a weet, delicate, little creature, too fragile by half for such a life as ours. I don't know what she ever saw in me, but she loved me, and married me, and I tried hard to make the rough path a little smoother for her tender feet to

"Money didn't come as easily then as it does now, but we got along very well. We were playing in the Orleans the winter Dot was born, not this Dot, but our little Dot, Frank," looking up with tears in his honest eyes. "That was the happiest year of my

ife," he continued. "I was making enough to run the little home and take care of Alice and the baby. "I tell you this life of ours teaches a man to prize a home if he ever has one, and if he has a wife and baby in it and money enough to keep things going, he

doesn't want much else in this world. "Our season closed in April and Alice was anxious to get back to New York. Summer was coming on, and she thought the baby would be better north, so about the first of May we started by rail for New York.

"I remember now the strange feeling of depression I had when leaving New Orleans, but I tried to throw it aside as a foolish fancy. True, we had been very happy there, but I had my happiness, my life, my everything as I believed with me. It took nearly a week then to make the trip and the accommodations were not what they are now, very comfortable. Alice was a perfect genius at that. "There was a sad-faced woman in

black, occupying the berth next to us. She was a widow, we understood, not in very good circumstances, and going to New York with her baby, a little girl about as old as our Dot. The two babies were a bond of sympathy between the two women and in a few days she and Alice were chatting to-"One night, after Alice and baby were

soundly sleeping in their berth, I went forward into the smoker before going to bed. I had been smoking and engressed with my thoughts ward and then, leaving the track, turned

over on one side. You perhaps remember that terrible accident that occurred in West Virginia about ten years ago. It was the old story. Some one had blundered. We were running behind

time and a local express had smashed into the rear car. "No one in the smoker was seriously injured, and, after a little. I managed one evening

to make my way out and go in search of my wife. "The sleeper was a wreck. Willing hands were already tearing away the wrecked ear and rescuing the poor wretches within. The air seemed filled with moans and grouns. Around me they were laying down the victims, some living, many dead-but Alice was not among them. I joined the band of workers and we tolled with the strength that God only gives to men at a time like that, tugging away at broken timbers and releasing many a poor

soul from torture. "'A woman and child both dead." I heard a have near me exclaim. 1 sprang to his side. There lay my darling wife, her white face turned up to mine, but fixed, unmeaning, unrecognizing. Our little one lay in her arms, but the tiny head was crushed and the child's blood had stained the mother's hair and face. "Little Dot was dead, but as I placed

my cheek close to the mother's lips, I fancied I felt a faint touch of her the open air and laid them on a rude

couch. Gently I took the child from

the unconscious mother's arms and laid her, wrapped in my coat, on the soft "By that time the work of rescuing was about over. Help had begun to arrive, and yet the scene if anything was more heartrending than before. Men were seeking for lost wives or striving, like myself, to rescue living

babies, and little children vainty asking for their parents. "Even in my own despair, my heart felt another pang when I saw them bring forward a black-robed figure with a little child at her breast, and lay them near us. The baby gave a screamed the call boy and the scramble | little frightened cry and then seemed

Mothers were calling for their

to sleep in the dead mother's arms. It was Alice's friend and her little one. "A relief car and doctors arriving, Alice was made more comfortable and a physician came to examine her. I lived years in those few moments. He turned to me and said softly: 'She is injured internally, I fear. If she is conscious before the end, it is all we can hope for.'

"O, my God! how I did hope for it. How I prayed for it! Both to be taken from me, wife and child, without a farewell word or caress. "Alice lay breathing faintly for a long time, and then the white lids lifted and I saw once more and for the

last time in this world the violet eyes I " 'Gus. dear,' she whispered, trying to raise one poor maimed hand to her neart. Where is little Dot? Why have on taken my baby away from me?" What should I say? What could I do? The sweet voice grew fainter and the blue eyes almost closed. 'Gus, she whispered 'am I going

to leave you? Am I going to die?" "She must have read the answer in my face, for a faint sigh broke the fluttering breath. 'Bring me Dot," she murmured. Give me my baby before I die.' 'In utter despair I bid my face in my hands, when a faint cry came to my

ears. It came from the little mother-

less babe lying near us. I lifted the child and laid her in Alice's arms. "The child nestled its little head contendedly into the dying woman's neck and one little hand was laid on her lips. Alice was very weak now, and I had to bend over to eatch the few last words. 'My little Dot,' she murmured. Our little child, Gus, dear. She will stay with you and love you in my

"She kissed the little hand and said: "Love your father. Dot. Love him divays.

"She weakly motioned me to take the child, and with the baby on one arm and my dying wife in the other, I lay until the gray light came into the astern sky and stole over Alice's face. But the light of life was fading from her eyes. I kissed her lips and felt her ast breath on my face.

"My wife and child were together in Heaven and there was nothing left for me on earth but-I looked at the little child sleeping in my arms. Alice had given her to me, and she, like I. was alone in the world, and so she beearne my little daughter, and you know, Frank, how very dear she is to me." Gus had finished his story. There were tears in my eyes as well as in his

Noble old Gus, how I admired his honest, generous, loving heart. But men say little to each other when the tears begin to fall, and so, with a silent hand shake we left the room. The curtain was down and the last act ready to begin. - Ethelyn i riend, in

Chicago Saturday Evening Heraid.

A Burning Time Card. Behind the desk at the Auditorium hotel in Chicago is a group of three inandescent lamps. At night it has been noticed that one, two, or all of these lights would burn for a short time and then go out. The lamps were connected with the three stations located on the upper floors of the hotel, and these stations are connected with the annunciators in the rooms. Each station is applied with ice water, etc. When a guest presses a button in his room, it rings the bell at one of the stations, the light in the office is turned on and a 'front' from the station answers the call. The light burns while the boy is making the run, and is turned out as soon as he returns to the station. The clerks but we managed to make ourselves | are then able to tell just how long the boys are in making the run. Then itaffords an opportunity to bet on how long the light will burn.

Held on to His Wheat. An eccentric old bachelor died the other day at Atchison, Kan. He was originally a brewer, but embarked in the grain business long before Atchison had an elevator. He had a large warehouse and lived in his office. Among his assets were three thousand bushels of wheat which he had in his warehouse five years, refusing to sell because the price never reached his mark of value. The care of this wheat was his fondest occupation, and he constantly turned it with a wooden shovel until the kernels have become as glossy as the surface of a china nest egg."

THE OAK'S SECRET.

Private Brashwell Makes Restora-

It was when Sherman was "marching through Georgia." A house which seemed, from its outward appearance, to have been closed and barricaded for defense, or deserted altogether, was surrounded by perhaps a dozen soldiers. "Get an ax," cried one, "and we'll

break in the doors." He had scarcely ceased speaking before a dozen blows shivered the panels of the oaken door and made an entrance for the crowd and one after

another they filed in The house had indeed been deserted by its former occupants. Much of the furniture had been removed-certainly all the silver plate and other valuables, for nothing of that character was visible. The men searched every room in the house, but found nothing to interest them until they reached the cellar. "Here we are!" cried one, "wine in abundance; the rarest brands, I'll

If wine was their object, they had accomplished it with little trouble. The cellar was stocked with it; there was enough and to spare. Bottle after bottle was handed out, until at last the cellar was rifled of its store.

The men held high carousal in the spacious dining hall. They drank long and deeply, and what they could not consume or take away with them they destroyed on the spot. Then they went recling on their way.

It had been proposed to burn the house, but this proposition, for some reason, was overruled by one of the party—the youngest of them all.

No." he said, "why should we burn

it? It has afforded us pleasant enter-

tainment, and besides it may be some poor fellow's home who has lost everything else." It was a little strange that this young man slipped away from his rechniceompanions on the way to camp and returned to the house they had deserted.

But they would not have thought it strange could they have divined his ob-He retraced his steps. In through the shattered door he passed and descended to the cellar. A light dislosed the fact that in one corner a block of the stone floor had been removed and replaced again, evidently in hurry, for at one end it protraded above the level of the floor. His keen eye had detected this, while his companions were making merry over the

wine, and it had excited his curiosity and suspicion. With the assistance of an ax be succeeded in removing the stone. The earth beneath it bore evidence of having been recently disturbed it was soft and fresh. There was a spade in the cellar. He seized it and went to

He did not work long before he discovered a small iron box - small, but hency. It required some strength to lift it-but once out in the light with it there was no doubt in the young man's mind that it contained valuable treasure, for did not the gold rattie as he

Would be open it there? No! His companions might miss him and return. He resolved to be more secret. With some difficulty he lifted the box and placed it on his shoulder, then, taking the ax also, he passed out of the house and into the wood beyond.

Twilight was coming on, and with it the heralds of a storm-low, rumbling thunder and dark clouds glooming in the north. Into the wood the thick staggered with his heavy burden-into the shadow and the silence, where he and his secret would be safe.

"Thief." it is a bitter, burning word. He seemed to hear it at every step. The wind seemed to hiss it in his ear; the thunder roared it to the world; the sky scowled at him through the trees and sent its blackest shadows to hide his crime from sight. "Thief!

At the base of a great, towering oak he threw his burden down. "It is a lie" he cried, looking around the place as if expecting an audience and in answer to an accusation. "It's a lie. I never was a thief! All's fair in war!" Then he knelt down and pried the

iron lid open with an ax. Gold, sure enough-gold and silver that amounted to thousands of dollars! Into the glittering mass he thrust his hand-the hand of a thief!

"A curse upon it." he cried, throwing back the coin and spurning the box with his foot. "I'll bury it here," In the gloom, which was fast deepen ing into darkest night, he dug a grave for the ill-gotten gold and buried it deep. He dared not touch it then-his conscience, his honor, his honesty

gained the mastery for the time. He turned to go, but he had not retreated twenty yards when his eyes were blinded by a keen flash of light followed by a deafening peal of thunder. A limb from the oak, where he had hid the treasure, came crashing down. He turned and saw that lightning had struck the tree and ringed a

track around it. "I shall know that tree again," he said, "and remember this scene-this incident, forever!" And then he passed out of the wood.

Out of the wood and out of Georgiapassed on with the victorious army, fighting the battles of the union, until peace was declared and victors and vanquished laid down their arms and sought their long-forsaken homes. But the secret of that treasure, hidlen in the Georgia woods, weighed heavily upon the soldier's mind. Nearly two years had passed since he had seen that thunder-blasted tree where he had left a fortune. Had anyone dis-

covered it? It was possible. But perhaps they had not. The oak might still be guarding its secret faithfully. He resolved to return to Georgia. the gold was there, and the rightful owner could be found, he would return it to him. If no one could prove clear title to it, why-it would be his. So, with these thoughts he returned to the scenes he remembered so well-

returned to find the old house standing, as on the day when his reckless companions forced an entrance and caroused within its walls. In the neighborhood he obtained the information that the house was owned by Col. Broadwell, a veteran of the Mexican was, a widower, who lived there with his only daughter; that he had also lived there during the war, and was now greatly reduced in circumstances. He formed the colonel's acquaintance | America

and that of his levely daughter. Methan this-he made his abode at the

tion and Wins a Prize. He saw that the little family was in straitened circumstances, and believ ing that he had contributed to their poverty, the thought cut him to the heart. An old man who had, perhans, known want: a young and lovely girl who had suffered, and through him' "Colonel," he said, one afternoon, as

they sat together in the hall, "did you lose much by the war?" "Everything, sir!" said the colonel,

column 6 months.

Business Homs, first I

Stray and similar Notices.

except this house, which they inadvertently overlooked. My greatest loss was in money. I had an iron box full of gold and silver buried in my cellar, but they found it." "Thier!

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house, for the old colonel took a famcy

ertion, 10s. per Hus

The echoes came back to him from the past. But he resolved that if that box could be found, the wronged and

rightful owner should have it. The next day he set out alone to that well-remembered wood. The scarred oal: was still standing. He knew that very spot where he had buried the gold, though it was now greatly evergrown with foliage.

He returned to the house. The colonel was walking in the garden with his daughter. "Colonel," he said, "I want you and Miss Hattie to come with me and est

no questions. I had a strange dream last night, and I want you to humor me in it. Here's a spade. Now, where will we find an ax?" The colonel laughed and his daughter looked amused.

how," he said, "so we'll humor you and ask no questions, unless Hatile there-"Oh. I have all a woman's curiosity," said that young lady, laughing, "but I'll obey orders for once, and keep

"We were going for a walk any-

silent. With an ax and spade upon his shoulder. Brashwell-for such was his name-led the way into the wood, the colonel and his daughter fellowing in amused stience.

Arrived at the oak, Brashwell said, throwing off his coat: "Now, not a They stood by in silence, the daughter aning on her father's arm Brashwell cleared away the underbrush and then he began to dig.

He was greatly excited. His whole frame trembled as he worked. Presently the spade struck a hard, unielding substance, and the next moment the iron box was revealed! "Look!" eried the excited man, "your

gold! your gold! The iron box, with all ts glittering wealth!" The colonel and his daughter drew near. They were excited now. "Surely," eried the old man, "surely, It is the very same! And yet-we must be dreaming. Can you litt it to the

'Aye, that I can!" cried Broshwell, as with a great effort he ruised the heavy Then he lifted the lid. "See!" he shouted, repterously,

'your gold! Safe as on the day when on buried it in your cellar! Safe and not a farthing gome!" The girl uttered a glad cry of delight. But her father was affected differently. His hand trembled, his face assumed a deathly pallor, he reeled and would have fallen, had not his daughter thrown her arms around him and Brash-

well hastened to his side. "God bless con!" was all he could say. "God bless you!" echoed the girl, lasping and kissing Brashwell's hand in the fervor of her gratitude. "God grant that it may be so!" cried Brashwell, as the colonel became more

composed, "and that He may forgive "Col. Broadwell," he continued, his oice trembling with emotion, "it was I who took your gold from the house up yonder and buried it here. I did not have the heart to touch it-my honor forbade it! I returned to Georgia with but one purpose-to make restoration. I did not know you in those days of war and desolation: I did not know you r-or your daughter-

He came near breaking down, but allied and went on: "But I know you now, and I know er-thank God! It was I who saved your dwelling from the flames, and now give you back your gold!" "God bless you! God bless you!"

cried the colonel, shaking his hand

heartily. "And let me say the same," cried Hattie, laying her hand upon his arm, 'and thank you from my heart!" "That is more than all to me," said Brashwell, and he felt his eyes grow moist. "I am a happier man to-day than

have ever been before!" "And so um I," the colonel said, taking him by the hand. "And I am a happier woman," cried Hawie. "We are all so happy!" Greater happiness was still in store for Private William Brashwell. But he did not gain it until the "rebel" colonel gave his daughter to the "yankee"

soldier.-Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution. PURELY STATISTICAL.

THE estimated population of the world 1,450,000,000. Seven hundred million oranges are xported every year from Europe to this country.

Last year Germany produced 5,202,-

073,000 quarts of beer, or over 106 quarts for each of its population. THE Statistical institute of Rome announces that sixty-three per cent. of all Italians are unable to read and write. THE imports of Victoria, Australia, last year were £22,952,000, against £84,-

ports were £13,227,000, against £12,734,-000 in 1889. NEARLY 2.500 persons commit suicide in Russia every year; the violent deaths of all kinds annually reach 45,000; while 16,000 die of typhus fever, the most destructive disease in the country.

402,000 in the previous year, and the ex-

AFRICA has an area of 11,000,000 square miles: it is larger than any other continent except Asia, and is 934 times the size of the state of New York; it presents a unique field for the geographical distribution of animals, as out of its total of 523 species, 472 are peculiar to that country.

-Alonzo-"I say, of chap: I just dwopped in to sec if you would go for a spin on the boulevard with me." Adelphus - Can't, deah boy. I'm deucidly afwaid of going into the air so soon after being markumen dencherlense."

if not paid within 5 months. 1.75
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if not paid within the year., 7 45 tional har year will be charged to to no event those who don t consult their terests by paying in advance must not ex-be placed on the same footing as those who The for your paper before you step it, if st. p. you must. None but scalawage do sterwise. I gt be a scalawage—life is too short.



ered, as it is certain in its effects and does not

Converse, Obio, April 4, '90.

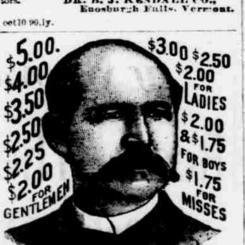
Chittenasgo, N. Y., May 19, '90.

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A solitude long and wild; Yet somebody's hopes are buried there—

And builds her nest in this quiet spot, 'Mid the clim tree's branches high;

'Twill never come back again. Yes, blessed are those who die in youth,

Many Old and New Paradoxes That Are Interesting.

with No Exception. long ago, the subject of paradoxes was introduced. It was a matter of considerable comment to those present what a large number of propositions, or queries, there are floating about the world in one form or another, which are intended to puzzle the wits of the unwary. Some of them are extremely ancient, having been handed down from the works of the Greek philosophers, and some are of recent origin. All of them form excellent mental exercise. as they sharpen the wits, besides being originality is made to the examples given here, most of which were brought out at the dinner mentioned, but unfoubtedly some readers will find a num-

A man walks round a pole, on the

Many persons will recall the famous o prove that all motion is impossible. "A body," he argued, "must move

Here is a puzzle in geometry. It does not require a skilled mathematician, It is required to demonstrate (geometrically) that a larger crop of corn can be grown on an acre of level

fertility of the soil and the like, to be The ingenious reader will probably have no trouble in solving the problem

hayricks. As there is clearly no reaopher who wastes time over such a

placed exactly midway between two

The familiar query: "If Dick's father s Tom's son, what relation is Dick to Tom?" is easier of solution than the other one closely allied to it, which

represents the speaker himself, when, as a matter of fact, it represents the speaker's son.

THE brightness of the moon is not so

effect has been perceived in the other SUN spots are cavities in the surface

alarm bell. The wave sounds created and are thus passed through the line to tampering and to insure the fact that the coin has passed sufficiently far to be beyond the possibility of recovery by gether like old friends. dishonest persons, a spring trough is supported at the bottom of the instrucentral office operator thus knows that ever an hour when there came an awful the money has been paid and that the crash. The car suddenly pitched forcustomer is entitled to service.

His Little Dot and Yet Not His Own Child.