JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY. AUGUST 21, 1891.

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

NUMBER 32.

VOLUME XXV.

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Yours truly. GERHANTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1839. DE. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

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Gents: In probes of Kendall's Souvin Core I will
say, that a year and limit a valuable source because once very lates, book enlarged and twoden. The
horomen about here two laves in Vererinary Surgron here prominered his lamentees. Blass Spavin
at Thorography, they all took one there was no
effor it, he became about an lower and I conminered him almost wormbess. A frequencied me of

Price \$1 per hottle, or six bottles for \$3. All drugrists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent DR. B. J. KENBALL CO., Enuslaugh Falls Verment.

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MANUFACTURES OF

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

AND TIN ROOFING.

sectfully invites the attention of his friends

The state of the second second second

in the forenoon, in the afternoon, and in the evening, six days in the week. I confess I'm tired of piquet." self discharged, Mr. Middles."

toward the door. "Mr. Middles!" and faced about. and, toying with the cards, inquired:

"Then go!" He bowed and disappeared.

'You do not!" His frozen calmn ess cowed her.

owe my education to him, and-and-"All that you are." and the publicin 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 "Which is not much, Mrs. Vincent." No penitentlary work either made or sold

"I do. Gratitude has its limits." "Evidently. You will not humor an old woman's weakness and lighten the burden of her loneliness?" "I will not. Besides, it is not a weakness, but a disease, this insanity for piquet. Moreover, you are not old. On the contrary, Mrs. Vincent, you are still a charming woman, and by with-drawing yourself from the world, and

has the life of a nun."

Vincent." "Pooh! You know very well that I'll give anything you ask. I can't do

"Yourself." "Eh? You mean -" "That neither as secretary, protege,

"God bless my soul!"

I know he likes me; not by shy And tender smiles or looks caressing I know it, yes, By his unpleasant manners; by His new-found, dreadfully distressing

He who was tranquil, debonair, Was dexterous-tongued, carelessly cheerful, Was blithe and bold, Sits with a dull and vacant stare; Smiles in a gloomy fashion fearful To behold.

Utters-he who was frolicsome-Such heavy, vapid things as never Spake he before; Stammers and blunders; or is dumb Long periods. He who was cleves Is a bore.

Thinks not of what he wears, although Dapper of yore; is all but dowdy; Seeks no excuse For hair too long, collar too low,

Dismal he is, and sad and meck: One triffing word. Nor does he-can he-

I know he loves me. And some day Tenderly, too; I shall avow the simple way-Tell him how easily I guessed it-

Husband or Son-in-Law, the Widow Must Have Her Piquet.

looked haughty and fierce. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun took the liberty to intrude through the window into the library, complete rest for the ten years that the late Vincent had been in his grave.

Mrs. Vincent sat and glared. Her dark, prominent and wrathfullyastonished eyes had for their target a young man, in whose bearing appeared a singular mixture of deference and de-

eyebrows held their color and emphasized the air of command to which the Roman contour of the nose most con-

"Well, I never!" she cried, slapping down a pack of cards on the table.

The man smiled slightly. A young man, with curly brown hair, cheerful, blue eyes, up-twisted mustache and a firm chin-a fresh. alert, compact, healthy young man, whose loose, elegant costume proved that he understood how to achieve that careless grace which so charms women. An intelligent young man with cynical

confidence in his smile. He stood unfrightened, just the sort of young man who should not be what he was-secretary to a mature California street widow of spotless reputation and large means.

The young man spoke resolutely: piquet with you no more. Piquet is a good enough game, and I am not averse to it in reason. But I object to piquet

"In that case, and because of your insaid Mrs. Vincent, with cold eliberation, "you may consider your-'Very well, ma'am." And he turned

He halted, his hand on the portiere, She placed her glasses on her modified Roman nose, viewed him steadily,

inducement, sir?"

He hand sought the bell. Jeames, in "Hoggins, Mr. Middles is in the hall.

The secretary returned, overcoat on

Mrs. Vincent threw herself back in the conciliatory tone of the negotiator: "Mr. Middles, let us not act hastily. I acknowledge that I cannot well spare you. Next to myself you are the best piquet-p layer this side of New York." I know it, Mrs. Vincent. Indeed, I play better than you."

"He was your benefactor, and you loved him, yet you refuse so little a thing as to play piquet with your benefactor's widow.

giving yourself over to cards, you wrong yourself. Worse than that, you

without you. What is it you want?"

nor friend shall I play piquet with you again. As your husband, I will."

ble. It was with warmed cheeks and softened eyes that the widow said:

"Do I understand that-that youyou love me, Ernst?" Mr. Middles bowed, but averted his zlance. Sho sighed and murmured: "Ah, I am rich."

"Precisely, Mrs. Vincent. You are rich, you love to play piquet, and I am the best player on the Pacific coast. If you will marry me, I will play; if not, not." "Well?"

"Under the circumstances, I do not see that more can rationally be said." "Cut the cards." Eighteen, golden-haired, slim, supple, adorable, Adele Vincent flashed her

scornful eyes on the visage of Mr. Middles, who, undisturbed, sat at ease in the conservatory. Mrs. Vincent played solitaire in the adjoining library, awaiting her affianced

"Why, mamma is old enough to be your mother, Ernst Middles." "I know it." "Your motive in making this monstrous engagement must be purely

and piquet.

mercenary." "Strictly." "And you feel no shame in making the admission?"

"None." "Faugh!" "Thanks." "For what?" "For so well expressing my feel-

ings." She sank upon a lounge, her pretty feet crossed, covered her face with her little hands, and her lovely young body was shaken with sobs. "Don't cry," said Mr. Middles.

"I can't help it. Oh, it is infamous!" "Yes. Still I congratulate myself." "Congratulate yourself!" "Enthusiastically. I have neither the brains nor energy to conquer a fortune,

therefore I marry one." "You can descend to that?" "I rejoice to find that I can. I am not the fool that I might be. Many men quarrel with their luck. I discover that I am too wise for such folly. pose vourself, my dear Adele. I'll be a father to you."

"A father! You are but eight years older than I. Oh, Ernst, consider. You have been a son to mamma and a brother to me. We have grown from childhood together. Papa loved you. Don't, I beg of you, don't make us all ridiculous!

"My word is given, Adele. As a gentleman, I must keep it." "A gentleman, indeed! I thought you a man, with a man's courage, a man's honor. Oh!" "Calm yourself."

"Caim myself! You put me to umiliation and sell yourself and your talents for-" "The prizes that talent gives take years of conflict to win. I get the prizes

without the conflict." "The brave young man who was to face the world and achieve!" "I have outgrown the illusions of youth, Adele." "And you will marry a woman in

whose crazed sight your chief merit is your skill at piquet?" "You have said." "At least you have the decency not o pretend that you love mamma." "Love is a luxury, and luxury is not

for the poor. No: I do not love your mother. I love you."

"I have for years." "You-you-never-" "Never told you. Why should I?

Would you share poverty with me, Adele? Would I, loving you, permit you? You speak of my talents. I have tried to use them. They do not exist." "And you-"

"Yes, with my whole heart and soul. Love you! God! It is not in me to express how much!" "I'm very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Vincent, wholly opening the library

"Mamma!" "Hem!" "One word, Ernst Middles, Would on as Adele's husband, and provided or, play piquet with me?"

"With pleasure."

"You'd better marry him, Adele, my "Oh, mamma! after what has happened?" "Come, Mr. Middles, the cards are

waiting." "But I'm neither your husband nor your son-in-law, Mrs. Vincent."

"So. Adele make up your mind; yes or no. Evidently it must be one or the other of us. Now, Mr. Middles; piquet, if you please." "Not until after the ceremony, madam." - Arthur McEwen, in Am gonant

LOQUACITY OF BARBERS.

talkativeness of barbers," said a veteran gram man, "but if those who try to be funny on that subject were better posted they would find a reason for it

wielder of razors to a New York Telebarber. We discovered long ago that it was infinitely easier to handle a customer when we could get him interested in conversation. This is particularly true of a nervous or fidgety man, who, if the operation goes on in silence, becomes restless and growls at the razor, or objects to the way in which he is being shaved. The talk takes his mind away from his face, so that he is often surprised to find the work finished when he thought it had scarcely begun.

"Of course there are a few younger members of the tonsorial fraternity who use little judgment in talking to customers, and no one is more amused than their fellow-barbers when they get a set-back from some irascible-tempered victim of their gabble. The facetious young man who used to put small corks in his ears or put on a pair of ear muffs when he climbed into the barber's chair

BEING A SWELL

How It Is Possible to Manage It on Small Salary. How do I manage to be a howling swell on a salary of \$1,200 a year? repeated young Trotter, of the treasury department, to a Washington Star reporter. Why, my dear boy, it's the simplest thing in the world. I economize on the necessaries of life so as to devote my income as far as possible to luxuries. I can go without a meal with entire philosophy, but to forego a cigar when I want one would make me feel poor and

occasion me corresponding distress. I pay \$2.50 a week for a comfortable hall bedroom. I am never there except for sleeping and dressing purposes, and it serves me as well as if it were a palatial apartment. Why should I squander money in that way? For my meals I go to restaurants. Washington has the cheapest eating houses in the United States, and I do the thing frugally, without starving myself in the least. My annual expenditure for food and lodging is certainly not more than

That leaves me a clear \$523 for clothing, incidentals and amusements. In the last category the most expensive item is a horse. That costs me 320 a month. It is well worth the money, because a horse is not only a source of enjoyment, but an appurtenance most essential to what you call swellness. I go to a cash establishment—such as are to be found in every city-where, by paying the money down, I can get my garments made to order for little more than half the fashionable tailors' prices. By practicing this method I can dress like a lord, including all underclothing, collars and cuffs, and so forth, on \$200 a year. Washing is an extra. For my neckties I get 14 yards of some thick, handsome silk, white or blue, and induce one of my young lady acquaintances to cut the stuff in two lengthwise, and hem the cut edges, so as to make two four-in-hands, which I tie myself, of course. If you know where to go for them you can buy the handsomest possible patent leather shoes-"ties"-for summer use, at \$3.50 a pair. White gaiters do not cost much, and there are few additions to the dress that contribute more to a generally swell effect. The spring overcoat I have on cost only \$26, and you will not

find a more stylish one in Washington. Subtract \$225 for clothing and really necessary incidentals from \$825, and you find that I have \$600-half of my entire income-to throw away upon nothing in particular, that is of importance. In summer I have one month's vacation, which I always spend with friends in one place or another, so that

the outing costs me very little. Here it is taken for granted that youthful beaux are poor, and that very little is expected of them. Men are so scarce that they only have to be polite and presentable in order to find themselves acceptable in fashionable draw-

If a man would be well dressed, how ever, it is all important that he should take care of his clothes. Let him take off his best things when he gets home, hang up his coat and fold up his tronsers on a shelf, with the creases together. It costs very little to dress well-much less, in fact, than many persons spend in dressing badly. The thing is well worth studying. In another way also it pays to be well dressed. A man who is so is better received everywhere. His attire is a letter of recommendation to strangers, and even his friends cannot help according him more consideration

on the strength of it. SPOONS OF BREAD.

How the Beyrout Stuff of Life Serves Two Purposes. Here comes the bread-seller. He is one of a large class, and the flat, pan-

able, but when old, much like shavings, says a traveler writing in St. Nicholas. At some towns in Mount Lebanon the loaves are baked in circular form, about two feet across, and almost as thin as paper. It is related that once a foreigner, on eating his first meal in the mountains, took one of these loaves and spread it on his lap, thinking it was some new style of napkin. Strange as hardly be surprised at the mistake, for

sheet looks far more like cloth than bread. Now, this kind of bread has one great advantage, in that it does away with the necessity of using spoons. Those sitting at dinner tear off a piece from the loaf, fold it as a cup, and then dip a portion of food from the general dish in the center of the table, devouring thus with each mouthful both spoon and con-

The housewives of Beyrout enjoy a touch of that convenient cooperation that is proposed by certain reformers of

the various and interesting processes of bread making as they are practiced in the villages of Lebanon or in the Bedouin camp. Other things close at hand crowd upon our attention. ___. Don't Like Dish Washing.

Of the tens of thousands of indigent Italian women who have come to New keeping in the American way or of kitchen work and cookery in the few months they will very likely find them to be unsurpassed in the performance of the duties of domestic service.

THE HEART'S QUESTION.

"Shall I love, or shall I not?"

I have seen a mother's hair Whiten as the early frost, All for love; as yet her child, Was not 'mong the dead, or lost.

Was this drop of fretting gall. I have known a tender wife

For the warm and loving tie Seemed not as it once had been; Jeniousy—the skeleton, Slowly mixed the worm wood in. Then I know two maidens sweet.

In some subtle drug of grief Ere it plunges in the heart. Question doeply. O my heart! And the answer—weigh it well; What the cup of love contains

Slyly dips its two edged-dart

A PEACH-STONE CLEW.

It Brought the Murderer of Horace Templeton to Justice.

"Five Thousand Dollars Reward!" This heading of a poster attracted my attention as I was "wheeling" toward the place where I purposed enjoying a needed and hard-carned vacation, and I stopped to read the poster in its entirety as follows: "The above sum will be paid to anyone who will furnish information that shall lead to the

apprehension of the person or persons respon sible for the murder of Horace Templeton, of "SELECTMEN OF STANDISH. "Standish, August 8, 1881."

things in the regular routine of duty. reward, and, changing my course, wheeled my way to Standish, about twenty miles distant. I reached Standish late in the after-

of selectmen, to whom I said: credentials, "and wish to work on the

Templeton case." "Two detectives are already at work upon it, and I do not think it necessary to employ another one," he replied, "at least not until they have proved themselves unable to ferret out the crime,"

reward if the two in your employ base their operations upon the same clew." "Under those conditions I see no objection to allowing you to do as you

"Where are your detectives from?" I

asked. "Albany." "And their names are-" "Thomas Burns and James Perrin." competing with them. I will assume

the name of William Dean." So far our conversation had been carried on while I was standing outdoors. Now he invited me into the house, and when we were seated I "Please acquaint me with all the

place-universally esteemed by all who knew him, without a known enemy in the world. "Last Sunday evening his wife, on her return from a prayer meeting, entered the library, to find him on the floor dead, his head in a pool of blood. "The physician declared that his

window while Mr. Templeton was dozing, as he was wont to do when alone."

"Will anyone be pecuniarily benefited by his death?" I inquired. widow."

"It does not." "I presume that I should be permitted to visit the library?" "Certainly. Many from far and near have visited the scene of the tragedy out of mere curiosity, and your visit thereto would be attributed to the same motive. I will accompany you there to-morrow morning, where, at the request of the detectives, everything is exactly as it was when the crime was

perpetrated." "Thank you," I said, and, bidding him "good evening," I went to the hotel.

The following morning Mr. Ames, the chairman of the board of selectmen. and I went to the library of the late Mr. Templeton, where, doubtless owing to the earliness of the hour, there were no other visitors, and I prosecuted a vigorous examination.

"hopeless," I went to Mr. Ames and "About how much is Mr. Ralston, the cashier of the local bank, estimated to be worth?"

of ready money?" "I think not. "Mr. Templeton was very methodical in his business habits, I under-

stand." "He was." "He would not have been likely to issue checks without making a note of them on the stubs in his check-book?"

"Within the last month Mr. Ralston

has paid out between \$9,000 and \$10,000

for stocks and for margins; in the local bank to-day are checks to a similar amount bearing the signature of Horace Templeton-genuine or forgednone of which are recorded on the stubs in his check-book." "What!" fairly screamed Mr. Ames. "On the morning of the 11th, in Mr.

Templeton's library," I began giving no heed to Mr. Ames' exclamation, "I found what escaped the notice of my brother detectives -a peach stone in a stove, so moist as to indicate that the peach from which it came had been eaten not long before.

"I suspected that poison had been administered to Mr. Templeton through the medium of this fruit and resolved to base my investigation upon the supposition that this was the case. "The physician to whom I stated my suspicions reluctantly and secretly re-

moved the stomach from Mr. Templeton's entombed body. An analysis revealed undigested pieces of a peach and enough prussic acid to kill half a dozen "I learned that when Mrs. Templeton, that fatal evening, left her home to attend the prayer meeting Mr. Ralston was chatting with her husband; that the day before he had received a

basket of peaches by express; that at the time of his death Mr. Templeton, though extremely fond of them, had no peaches in his house. "These circumstances led me to investigate Mr. Ralston's pecuniary affairs and I discovered the facts which I

"That is all I have to say." "It is enough," returned Mr. Ames, trembling like a leaf. Cashier Raiston was charged with the murder of Mr. Templeton, arrested and guilt. At first he protested his innosence, but his manner, intonation, and

have given to you

the expression of his countenance belied Finally he confessed that he had caused Mr. Templeton's death, as I had surmised, refusing to tell where he had obtained the poison; that he had inflieted the blows upon the dead man's head and made the mud tracks on the carpet to induce the belief that resulted from them; that he threw the peachstone into the stove and had no idea that, if seen, it would be given any consideration; that, owing to disastrous speculations, he was on the verge of financial ruin and had forged Mr. Templeton's name to a large amount of paper which he had used as "collateral;' that he had committed the murder o prevent the discovery of his forgeries.

He was sentenced to be hanged, but committed suicide before the day set for his execution. I received the "85,000 reward."-Fred

F. Foster, in Chicago News. SENTIMENT ON WHEELS.

Pretty and Peculiar Name for a New York Truck. "My Darling." These endearing words, in bright golden letters, stood out in bold relief on the dashboard of a huge four-horse truck in a Broadway blockade of vehicles. They aroused tender memories. The driver looked as unsentimental as possible in his coarse raiment and with his rough manners, but he was not profane or brutal toward his horses. Patiently he awaited the loosening of the jam, while his neighbors filled the air with curses. Finally, his horses becoming restive, he climbed down from his box and soothed them with gentle words and caresses. Then a bystander

asked why he called his truck "My Darling. "Why," he said, "because it keeps green the memory of my daughter, little Nellie. She's dead now, but before she joined the angels she clasped her hands around my neck and said: "'Papa, I'm going to die, and I want you to promise me one thing, because it will make me so happy. Will you

promise? "'Yes," I said, 'I'll promise anything; what is it?" "Then fixing her eyes upon mine she said: 'Oh, papa, don't be angry, but promise me you'll never swear any more nor whip your horses hard, and

be kind to mamma.' "That's all there is about it, mister. for I promised my little girl I'd grant her last request, and, sir, I've kept my word. Then the blockade was lifted, the big

truckman resumed his seat, dashed a tear from his eye and was soon lost in the muddy tide of travel.-N. Y. Herald.

Marriage in Heligoland. The facilities for marriage in Heligoland have been greatly curtailed since it has become a German possession Among other conditions both parties must produce certificates of birth in order to prevent Jews being married there. All who are under twenty-five must produce a legally attested written consent of parents, or, if these are dead, a certificate of their death. Widows or widowers must produce the death certificate of the deceased wife or husband, and, if they have children, prove that the property willed to those children is securely settled upon them. The entire expense of a marriage in the island is about two hundred marks. In

An Hilarious Inventor. A man in Seneca, Mo., invented a

spite of these conditions marriage in

Heligoland is a much simpler and easier

affair than in Germany.

steam catapult which would throw a five-pound missile a mile. He got together a pile of eight hundred missiles. put one of them into the slot and touched the thing off. It landed on the roof of a hotel and the guests thereof looked out of the windows in dismay, They thought for a moment that the clouds were pelting them with huge hailstones. Then came another shot, which struck a poor fellow in the abdomen and doubled him up instanter, and a moment later another. The excited people armed themselves with pistols, shotguns and various other "weepins" and started for the old mill. The man was having quite a pienie, but was at last captured, extinguished and exterminated.

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Book and Job Printing of all kinds neatly and exediously executed at the lowest prices. And don't you lorget it.

NOT HIS WILLIAM.

But He Didn't Find It Out Until the Lad

Was Spanked. There were eighteen men and one small boy in the Indiana avenue car as it swung around Lake street on to State yesterday afternoon. As it turned on Madison street the ladies, most of them fatigued by chasing after spring dress bargains in the stores, began to file in, and one by one the men rose and gave up their seats, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. At Twelfth street there were twenty-six ladies, one large old gentleman and the small boy seated, while a row of able-bodied citizens developed their muscles by dangling from the

ends of the straps. The large old gentleman seemed to be watching the small boy, but the small boy was not watching the large old gentleman. He sat with his hands in his pockets, fidgeting upon his seat, and anon whistling in a penetrating undertone. As each lady got in he favored her with a penetrating stare, which performance caused the large old gentle-

man to scowl ominously. At Eighteenth street two more ladies entered the car, and reached for straps. The old gentleman instantly rose, and with a courtly bow surrendered his seat to the first of the ladies. Then he looked around for a seat for the other, and suddenly his eye fell upon the small boy still seated and contentedly whistling softly to himself. A pained expression spread over the old gentleman's face, and a startled gaze quickened on the boy's features as a hand, a large, firm hand reached his arm and a pained voice said: "William, get up this instant and give your seat to the lady. Great goodness! That I should live to see a boy of mine sitting and whistling while a lady is standing! What will your poor old mother say when I tell her this? William, I am going to teach you here and now never to disgrace my

name again." The small boy listened open mouthed to the gentle tirade and ineffectually trying to wriggle out of that firm grasp now suddenly found himself elevated, face down, over a large, broad knee. He had just time to gasp: "I ain't no boy of yours," when there ensued what is described as one of the grandest and most symmetrical whackings ever administered in this or any other age. Ouring the performance the small boy and repeated his original statement hree times, in three different keys,

and then he was set upon the floor. The conductor, a man of deliberation, evidently, here thought it his duty to interfere. "Here!" he said, "you shouldn't lick

that boy if he's no relation to you." "I never seen him before," whined "What? What?" said the old gentle-

own father?" Then he put on his glasses and his expression of astonishment was beautiful "Why, bless me," he exclaimed, "why, I thought it was my youngest boy. Wil-

liam. Dear me! I hope I haven't in-

man: "does the young rascal deny his

convenienced you, young sir; you'll excuse me, won't you?" PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

An Old Story That Has a Moral Even in These Days. "It happened at Athens, during a public presentation of a play in honor of the commonwealth, that an old man came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality," relates a writer in the Lutheran. "Some of the young men, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The old man bustled through the crowd accordingly for the seat proffered him. But when he came to the seats to which he was invited the jest was to close and expose him as he stood out of countenance before the audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on these occasions there were also particular places assigned to foreigners. So, when the old man skulked toward the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose all to a man and, with the greatest respect, received him amongst them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a loud applause of admiration. Then the old man, as soon as the noise subsided, cried out: "The Athen-

ians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practice it." "Look at that man," said a Bowery restaurant waiter to a New York Sur reporter, as he pointed to a customer. 'lle has ordered three boiled eggs. Watch how he cats them." The person referred to dropped his eggs into a cup, mashed them with his spoon, seasoned them liberally with salt, pepper and vinegar, and devoured them with every appearance of relish. The singular part of the performance was that he ate them shells and all. "Two other customers come here for breakfast and supper," said the waiter, "who cat their eggs that way. They order three eggs at every meal; so, you see, each man eats the shells of half a dozen eggs in a day. It's a queer custom, isn't it? I

them, but they all say it aids digestion

have asked them why they do it, and if

they are not afraid the shells will hurt

Famous Names Extinct. There is not now living a single deseendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Byron or Moore; not one of Sir Philip Sidney, nor of Sir Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Petersborough or Nelson; not one of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan or Canning; not one of Baeon, Locke, Newton or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon or Macaulay: not one of Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Thomas Lawrence; not one of David Garrick, John Kemble or Ed-

Nature's Work.

ward Kean.

There is a curious freak of nature to be seen along the road leading from Atglen to Cochranville. Pa. Two goodsized streams of water meet at right angles on almost level ground, each having a heavy fall in reaching the point. The water of both streams meet. but neither is impeded in its course. They cross like two roads and continue in their respective beds.

To wash out sinks. To accour noth-tube To whiten marble. To remove rust. EVERYBODY USES IT. Housemaids to scrub mapping doors. Chamists to you, to some scaling. A CALL SECTION AND ADDRESS. Curvers to sharpen their knores. Road rever case a and white horses. Surged ones to scour old array hate Friedman two-in thycles EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

INDICATIONS

Awkwardness.

Hat too antique—he who was proud, he Who was spruce!

Timidly lets his plain, his many Chances slip by: He who was dauntless dare not speak

-Emma A. Opper, in Judge. WHICH TOOK HIM?

Mrs. Vincent, widowed and wealthy, furnished in purple leather and walled with books, which had had a pretty

He, on his part, saw before him a lady under fifty, but not far. The lips were yet full and red, and her figure, though simple, still retained agreeable lines. If her hair was white, the black

"Well, I never!" the lady exclaimed. 'No, Mrs. Vincent; I shall play

"Would an increase of salary be any

livery, both imported from London, re-Say to him that I wish to see him." arm, hat in hand. her chair, and, clasping her plump, white hands above her head, said, in

There was feeling in her words that followed: "You loved my husband, did you "I did. He was a father to me.

"That is nothing to you, sir!" Again he moved toward the door. "Will nothing," asked the lady, in alarm, "induce you to sit down to a zame with me-just one?" "Nothing that you would give, Mrs.

To no woman unburied can an offer be either long surprising or disagreea- | seems to have become extinct."

The Conversation Dodge Merely One of the Tricks of the Trade. "A great deal has been said about the other than the mere loquacity of the

"You have probably noticed that a barber never gets into an argument fail in your duty to your daughter, who | with his customer, but that his opinions veer around like a weather vane to suit those of the particular man upon whom he may be operating at the time. The conversation dodge is merely one of the tricks of the trade. Customers who show by their manner that they prefer to be alone with their thoughts while under the razor are never annoyed more than once by the talkative barber.

cake-like loaves that he has in his basket show how the Beyrout people make bread. The same flat cake, of varying size and thinness, is everywhere the form of bread in Palestine and Syria. When fresh it is very sweet and palat-

this seemed to the Syrian host, we can to our western eyes this thin, pliable

to-day; not that they take their meals in palatial public dining-rooms; but they do have public ovens, thus doing away with some of the household's "private The dough is flattened out into disks of the proper size, and the boys or girls of the family put these on trays and carry them to the nearest oven, where they are soon baked on the smooth hot slabs. We cannot stop here to describe

York within the last few years few have sought to get a living by domestic service. The fact that they cannot speak our language makes them undesirable in households; and, besides that, they are untrained in such duties as are needed by American families and know nothing of the art of house-American style. Several New York families, however, who have procured Italian domestics, give satisfactory accounts of their experiences with them. They say that the Italian young women are quick to learn, anxious to please and very sure to be extremely polite, and that if the mistresses who hire them will only be patient with them for a

Mused a maid perplexed with care; "O, to taste this mystic cup, Shall I venture, or beware? "Is there any human love

With unmingled joy replete! Or is it not inter-mixed With the bitter and the sweet?"

> 'Twas the care-worm gnawed her heart, Lest some danger might befall; In her cup of mother-bliss

Smile and eigh, be calm and start, As anxiety's hot hand Held or loosed her aching heart.

One with heart all bruised and torn, While the other wild with love. Laughs the gaping world to soorn And if all were pure and good, Pulses beating calm and slow Still there comes a time-alas! Either one must surely go. Ah! methinks this human love

Only itself can tell, -Hannah More Kohaus, in Inter Ocean,

It was the first that I had known of the crime, as those in my vocation seldom care to read the criminal news in papers, having enough to do with such I resolved, however, to strive for the

noon and in the evening I went to the residence of the chairman of the board "I am a detective," showing him my

"I will pay my own expenses and charge you nothing for my services unless they are successful, in which event the reward of five thousand dollars shall be given me," I rejoined. "And," I continued, "I will not even claim the

"I am not acquainted with any detectives thus named, and, probably they do not know of me. So I can prosecute my investigation without arousing their suspicions that I am

facts in the case." "Mr. Templeton," he began, "was about forty-five years of age, the wealthiest man in the town-his native

death resulted from blows inflicted upon his head with a blunt implement in the hands of some unknown "There had been a heavy shower early in the evening, and as there were mud tracks on the carpet in the library from a window-which was unfastened-to the easy-chair which Mr. Templeton occupied when in the library, the theory is that the murderer gained an entrance to and made an exit from the room by way of this

"The sole heir to his property is his "Suspicion attaches to no one?"

Ten days later, when the other detectives had given up the case as

"Some \$10,000, I should say," was the rply.
"He could not easily raise that amount