"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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CRADLE SONG.

In the garden of Dreumland a flower ever grows, In form like a lily, in bue like a rose, With odor like jessamine sprinkled with dew.

And it bourgeons and blossoms, my darling, for

Then travel, my baby, to Dreamland. Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby; Steadily, readily rock, and it may be, Ere she shall know it, the baby will go, Happily smiling, to Dreamland,

In the garden of Dreamland in summer is Trilling there in the moonlight, a beautiful And it sings, and it sings all the pleasant night through, And its music, my darling, is only for you.

Then travel, my baby, to Dramland. Slowly rock, eradle, to carry the baby, Steadily, readily rock, and it may be Ere she shall know it, the buby will go, Happily smiling, to Dreamland. To-morrow my darling, refreshed by her rest,

With the bird in her hand, and the flower on

Shall return to her mother, and frolic and

But to-night on her journey to Dreamland must

Then travel, dear baby, to Dreamland, Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby, Steadily, readily rock, and it may be, Ere she shall know it, the baby will go, -Thomas Dunn English, in Youth's Compan-

CURIOUS PETS.

From Feroclous Leopards Down to the Cunning 'Coon.

A Wolf That Guarded the Poultry Yard-Domesticated Coyotes, Foxes, Bears, Raccoons, Chectahs, and Every

species of Monkey. The Russian humorist Pushkin tells a pretty story about a widow who had survived four husbands, and was going

to ratify the preliminaries of a fifth al-

liance with a Crim Tartar.

"Do you know that your admirer carries six pistols and a bandit's knife?" inquired an anxious friend. "Yes, I have seen them," said the woman, calmly, "but, judging from experience, I do not believe that there is

any such thing as an untamable creature." Zoological experts incline to a similar opinion. The most perfect embodiment reckless fury is a trap-caught leopard during his first week's experience of prison life. He will rush to and fro with a persistency worthy of better success: his ever place defiance at every visitor; every now and then he will at-tack the iron bars of his cage with absolute disregard of consequences, or roll about the floor, biting his own paws in ais frenzy of despair. Yet in Hindustan, a near relative of that four-footed lemon, the cheetah, or hunting leopard. has been so perfectly domesticated that he can be trusted to run at large and

cturn from a night expedition to share

he proceeds of his enterprise with his Wolves terrorized our pastoral forefathers in a way that has made the name of the canis lunus a synonym of fierce hostility, yet that adversary of stock-raising mankind is more than probably the ancestor of the faithful shepherd dog. On a stock farm near Zacatecas, in northern Mexico, I saw a tame wolf that seemed to get along on the best terms with his canine relatives, and in the morning was always on hand to greet his master with romps and caresses, and if kicked away would cringe in a manner suggesting the deprecatory maneuvers of a fawning span-He could not be trained to find his way home from an extensive hunting

farm-yard poultry, and, to the best of his owner's knowledge, had never be-The Aztec peasants of Hernan Cortez' time used to domesticate the covote, or jackal-like prairie wolf; and in the upand districts of southern Poland tame specimens of the common gray wolf could be seen in almost every larger village, till the frequency of hydrophobia panies induced the authorities to discourage the popularity of the per-

ilous pets, whose conduct, from a moral

point of view, seems to have been un-

trip, but was often left to guard the

exceptionable. Foxes, too, can be trained to restrain their predatory instincts; and a Tennessee neighbor of mine raised a litter of fox-whelps with his puppies, and induced them to stay about the house by treating them to an occasional dish of their favorite delicacy-fresh milk sweetened with sorghum treacle. Young bears can dispense with such premiums. After a few weeks' petting they will stick to a farmhouse with the tenacity of loyalist officeholders, and never leave the premises after dark. A half-grown specimen on a Georgia highland farm would now and then take a stroll in huckleberry time and stray a few hundred yards beyond the clearing of his protector, but any unusual noise, a shout or the distant report of firearms was sufficient to send him back racing to the shelter of the old homestead. Like a cat, he seemed indeed to concentrate his affection upon the dwellng-house, rather than on its proprietors, and could never be coaxed to follow the family more than half a mile

from headquarters, unless they contrive to counteract his homesickness by liberal slices of pumpkin pie. Bruin's little cousin, the plantigrade raccoon, is far more capable of personal attachments. His propensity for gadding is hard to control, but even out in the woods he will emerge from his hiding-place at the call of his master. and trot home with him like a dutiful dog. At the approach of a stranger, "coony" often bristles up with every symptom of hostile intent, as if trying

to do his best in the way of seconding the functions of the mastiff. The pet monkeys of the East Indian country towns manifest a similar disposition in an even more demonstrative fashion. Ten or twelve of them will congregate on the roof of a Hindu farmhouse, waiting for lunch or util-izing the palm-leaf thatch for a rainshelter, but, on the whole, pay for their board and lodging by making a watch-dog wholly superfluous. At the first glimpse of a suspicious biped they will give the alarm by a chorus of coughing barks, and often actually attack an intruder with all the pluck of a resolute bull-terrier. Their personal safety remains a secondary consideration in emergencies of undoubted risk. The proprietor of the Agra, "Planter's hotel," boasts the friendship of a tame copard that shares the comforts of his hammock and trots after its master for hours together; but one day exceeded its privilege by following him to

the freight-depot of the railway sta-

tion. The shady platform at the north end of that depot is a favorite resort for baboons and loafers; and while the colonel was talking to the receivingclerk his leopard strolled out to the platform, where a little street-Arab had fallen asleep upon a pile of gunnybags. The moment he approached that pile a troop of rhesus-monkeys leaned from the roof, and, instantly surrounding the boy, faced the intruder with bristling manes and menacing growls, evidently determined to defend their little relative at the peril of their own lives. The Hindus, indeed, reciprocate such demonstrations of good-will. According to the precepts of the popular creed three, at least, of the twenty or thirty different species of monkeys have to be honored as the special favorites of Brahma and enjoy all the privileges of mendicant friars.

"Elara Chur!" ("Mercy! Mercy!") is a frequent cry in the streets of Benares when a European domestic rushes out of a house in hot pursuit of a longtailed saint. "Mercy! Mercy, Sahib! We will make restitution!" if it appears that the sacred four-hander has got away with something. "Hold! Spare him for the sake of Mahadeo! For Saki-yam-Deva's sake!" and so on, till the long-legged marauder is safe around the corner.

In ancient Egypt the dog-faced baboon appears to have enjoyed a s.... lar veneration, for reasons more unknowable than the rationale of crocodile worship. The ugly saurians were at least useful scavengers, and the mousing propensity of the domestic cat might explain its sanctity in a land of huge granaries; but the hideous appearance of the Hamadryas baboon is unredeemed by a single discoverable merit, and the only plausible theory is the conjecture that the homage paid to his ancestors must have been a sort of devil worship. His peer in ugliness, the sacred Hanuman ape of southern India, combines the appetite of an Arkansas book agent with the morals of a Mormon elder; yet that remarkable pet not only arrogates the freedom of every Hindu township, but enjoys the protection of numerous saint wardens, who feed his squealing youngsters and intrust decrepit speci-

FACTS FOR VENTRILOQUISTS. A Few Suggestions for Those Desirous of

N. Y. Ledger.

mens to the care of special charity

hospitals.-Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in

Acquiring the Art. Here are a few practical hints as to the modes of procedure to be followed by would be ventriloquists, although half a dozen lessons from a good professional would do infinitely more for them than all the books that have been vritten upon the subject, and which, the way, are usually a mass of theoretical phraseology.

Before any attempt is made with the voice, the student must be prepared to devote some time and attention to the breath, which he must get entirely under control, so as to be able to hold it for a considerable time without straining. This, of course, must be a gradual

Before commencing to practice, a strong inspiration should be taken, as the lungs require to be furnished with a plentiful supply of air, which has to be well controlled and allowed to escape gradually. He must endeavor to breathe through his nose and keep his mouth shut. This is a hint which it would be as well for every one to remember, and so save a great deal of cold catching and illness. The learner must study at all times

to imitate sounds, not as they are heard at their source, but as they fall upon the car after traveling from a distance. That is the golden rule of ventriloquism, and if it is continually kept in mind success is certain. As conjurers endeavor to deceive the eye, so ventriloquists endeavor to deceive

The "distant voice" originates at that spot in the throat where the "cluck" takes place when drinking, so, without any facial contortions or movement of the lips, the words must be forced against the back part of the palate one by one, with a series of short, quick breaths, at the same time strengthening the sounds by using the muscles of the stomach, which will give them increased power, so that they will reach the audience clear and distinct. The farther off the sound is supposed to be, the smaller the quantity of breath must be

The great fault with beginners is straining after effect. No sooner do they make a little headway and begin to feel their feet than they want to run, a proceeding which will bring their endeavors to a dismal failure .-Chicago Journal.

FIGHTING SEAMEN.

Rows Between American and British Men of War's Men.

"It is a curious thing, and one which I could never satisfactorily account for," said an old navy man the other day to a New York Times writer, "but if the crews of an American and British man of war are given leave at the same time in a foreign port the result of broken heads and noses is no more a matter of speculation than the calculation of the next eclipse. As soon as they meet a row is started, which generally ends with all hands being disabled or arrested, and sometimes both. It frequently happens that the police interfere with the contestants. The unwritten law in this case is for the belligerents to join forces against the common enemy. I have often seen them come out victorious in their contests with the officers of the law, and, after adjourning to a neighboring saloon for refreshments, begin again their interrupted hostilities. But it is only on neutral ground that these general engagements take place. If they meet on English or American soil each tries to outvie the

Negroes Not Spiteful. An official at Albany, Ga., who has had much experience with criminals, both black and white, says that to lock a negro up establishes a feeling of kindness and friendship in his breast for the officer that arrests him that makes him ever afterward the officer's friend. As a rule there is less of the spirit of vindictiveness and spite in the negro's composition than in any other race. If you arrest a white man, he will, however fair-minded he may be, entertain a spiteful feeling against you, but a negro becomes more respectful and polite than ever.

WHIMS OF LOCOMOTIVES. An Engineer Tells of Their Many

Strange Actions.

They Become Deranged and Maniacal, Suffer from Nervous Prostration, and Are Generally Like Human Beings-One That Had the Grip.

"Locomotives become deranged and maniacal, like human beings," said John Bowcher, the oldest express engineer on the Big Four. Bowcher has the superstitions common to nearly all men in his business.

"I assure you," Bowcher continued, 'that locomotives require regular rest, constant attention, even nursing when they don't feel right. An engine will take spells when nothing you can do will make it act properly. Then the shop is the only place for it, and there my machine has got to go, or I quit the service of the road." "Do certain engines get bad charac

ters-develop some unexpected taint in the blood, so to speak, after being in use for awhile?" was asked by a reporter who met Mr. Bowcher at a reunion of locomotive engineers. "They certainly do grow unmanage-

able sometimes. Generally this is from overwork. Engines are like a thoroughbred horse in that particular respect. They will get 'off their feed' -by which I mean that they will not pump up right the furnace will clog and the efficiency of the fuel will not be obtained. They suffer from a lack of energy. You are liable to stall on an upgrade. They will act badly on the curves, manifesting a decided inclination to mount the rails or to take sudden starts that will endanger the

"Old No. 6 that I used to make the best time with when she was 'right,' had an annoying habit of starting witl an awful jerk. It didn't matter how carefully I opened the throttle, how thoroughly I understood the condition of the steam, away we jumped every time. It seemed as if the steam gathered itself somewhere and, after it got ready, let itself go. The old monster has been broken up, and I am glad of it. She was the last of the 'seven-footers.' The number of sevenfoot drive-wheels now in use are very few. I do not personally know of any. "Six feet seems to be about right.

But, recurring to the temper of the locomotives, they are affected by the weather, which is readily understood, but a dull, heavy sky or a dense atmosphere has a like effect. This I cannot explain in any way whatever. Why, Mart Smith, who was a strict churchman, couldn't do anything with one of his engines during Lent. After Easter day the disinclination to make time disappeared.

"She would 'hustle' whenever called upon. Sounds very absurd, doesn't it? But it's true. The grip is the only distemper to which I can liken a locomotive such as Mart's was. When a machine gets so. I tell you, she must have treatment-the best scientific overhauling. She needs a masseur -needs galvanism." "When once a locomotive has lost

force of character or self-respect, does she ever regain it?" was asked. "Generally not," said Bowcher, meditatively. "I know a recent case in

which an engine recovered from a stroke of this paralysis and became, as she is to-day, the best on the road. When engine No. 71, on the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago road, came out of the shop brand new, a little more than a year ago, she was successively put in the hands of a half dozen of the best engineers on the road to make the run from Lafayette to New Albany.

"After a fair trial every man, without exception, pronounced No. 71 an utterly worthless piece of machinery. The general superintendent heard of he engine and ordered her condemned, out the master mechanic blurted out to

"'She doesn't like the run. It's a ighty mean run, and she knows it as vell as you do.'

"You see the master mechanic wanted the locomotive to have another chance. Well, she got it, and I tell you it was to have been her last one. She'd have been sold for scrap iron or run off the track into a forest and converted into the motive power for a sawmill. No. 71 was sent up to Indianapolis and put on the run to Monon. I went to the round house and looked her over, for I'd heard of her and am very curious. I was asked what 1 thought was the matter. I spent an nour over her and everything appeared to be right. I took an off day and ran down fifty miles on her.

"She made great time. To-day she is the fastest on the road and the most reliable. She can pull a vestibule train of five cars a mile a minute. Now she's the pet, the 'banner' engine of the road. A month ago she was in a fair way to be turned out to die, but now nothing is too rich for her blood. She has the best engineer and fireman and the best attention in the shop." "You speak of the need of rest, Mr. Bowcher. Must it be regular? I mean

at regular times?" "Most assuredly," was the prompt reply. "A locomotive must be allowed to recover her resilience. That's the word, you have it spelled correctly only one l. Remember a locomotive that pulls out its breath in the roundhouse (where it has been in a state of quiet and rest), backs up to a big train, and, at the sound of the conductor's bell, rushes off on a hundred-mile run, at fifty or sixty miles an hour, is under a heavy nervous strain. Don't smile. I mean exactly what I say.

"Every atom in the molecular strucare of the steel and iron composing it s at the highest tension. The engine literally is out to do or die! To fail in making the run on schedule time once or twice arouses suspicion. The trustworthy her decadence has begun. Unless she has a friend at court, as No. 71 had, her doom is fixed.

"This brings me to another point. Some engineers have a way of punishing engines that are refractory. Yes, indeed. They can abuse a locomotive worse than the most brutal driver can maltreat his horse. How? Twenty ways. For instance, they can give the engine less coal while exacting the same speed, less oil on the bearing by pulling the throttle wide open on the slightest pretext. Of course such men are always in trouble. "They burst a cylinder head by leav-

ing the water-cocks closed to spite the

engine, or they allow the bearings to heat, swell and jam. The element or danger is largely increased when such a man is in the cab. Anything is liable to happen if he has a cranky engine that can get just as stubborn as her master. I often am impressed with the idea that some engines are mortal.

Speaking of mortals, did you ever hear of a haunted engine?" "No. Are there such beliefs among

engineers? "Exactly the same superstitions that sailors have about ships. Take the case of the Matt Morgan, belonging to the Shore line and running from New Haven to Boston by way of Providence. I never have seen the beast but I'd go to New Haven to see her. She began her career with a homicide. Ten years ago she blew up while standing in the track near the station in Providence, killing her engineer. She was promptly rebuilt and sent back to service. On the first trip that she made after being rebuilt she went tearing into Providence in the night with the train swinging behind

shrill whistle. On approaching the station the engineer leaned forward to shut off the steam, but to his horror a ghostly form appeared at his side and a ghostly hand grasped his wrist and held him fast. When the station was reached the ghost lisappeared and the engineer stopped the train some distance beyond. At least, this is what the engineer tells. He says the same thing still happens at intervals."

and the sleeping town echoing to the

"I have heard that most engineers have a superstition regarding a certain switch somewhere on their run. What do you know about that?" was the next

"It is true of nearly every express engineer I know. Yes, among the best of them. Did you ever hear of dear old John Brunton, of the Cleveland, Columbus & Indianapolis? He made the same run I'm now doing for over fifteen years. He was a thoroughly religious man, respected by everybody. He was as brave as a lion, but whenever he approached the switch, two miles east of Silver Lake, he'd get right down on his knees and pray for the safety of the train-the human lives committed to

"The switch was at the head of a very long and heavy 'fill,' and to run off the embankment thirty or forty feet high meant death to nearly everybody. I don't think he ever prayed personally for himself, but he certainly felt the awful responsibility for the hundreds of travelers behind him. Strange as it may seem, I never heard even an oiler in the shops, much less any of the many firemen who had been in the cab with John, refer slightingly to his "What other curious facts have you

observed about engines?"

"I am almost afraid to tell you this; but in my forty years' experience I have detected, on several occasions, evidences of something like nervous prostration in a locomotive after a prolonged responsibility has been put upon it-such as hauling the paymaster, or the president of the United States, or a bridal party, in which the bride was the daughter of the owner of the road. Why, the story is still told in Chicago about the famous George Cates, one of the most fearless men who ever sat in a cab.

"Old Commodore Vanderbilt liked to travel fast, and when he went out on a special train the track was kept clear, and the engineer knew that the quicker he got over the ground the better his chief would be pleased. Cates was brought east to take the train from Cleveland to Chicago. He knew every inch of the road, and got through to Toledo in great shape. Another engine had been ordered to be ready, but by some misunderstanding the right one was not fired up. The one he was offered was a machine that Cates was afraid of.

"Or it may have been that a freight ngine was offered through the blunder of the roundhouse men. Whatever the reason was Cates refused to take the new engine, and decided to run his own through to Chicago. He knew the risk and took the precaution to get the division superintendent to order the best locomotive in the shops fired and to follow the special train as a relief. The trouble came at a little village about forty miles from Toledo. Suddealy the engine quit working: The train came to a stop.

George sprang out of the cab, looked the engine over and through, nothing appeared to be wrong; he couldn't get her to start. He told me she trembled like a horse that had been overridden. How properly an engine s called the iron horse. When the relief engine arrived the Osceola was pulled on a siding, and the new engine took the train into Chicago. Now, I understood this utter collapse. A full week's rest was necessary to restore the engine."-N. Y. World.

Gen. Fournier was an apostic of the unique in ducling. The mayor of Perigueux was his bitter enemy, but as they moved in widely different social circles the general found some difficulty in picking a quarrel. His opportunity came one day as he was showing off be fore some ladies his expertness with the pistol. The mayor passed, with a rose in his mouth. It was a considerable distance from the general's balcony to the mayor on the other side of the street, but the old fighter knew his skill. "Just notice, ladies," he said. "how I pick the mayor's rose." He raised his pistol. The women shrieked that he should desist, but too late. The hammer fell, and the rose and the mayor dropped-the latter, however, only from fright. The general's expertness defeated his purpose. The sureness of his aim terrified the mayor out of sending the desired challenge.

The little republic of Uruguay has more newspapers in proportion to its people than any country on the globe. The city of Montevideo, its capital, has more daily newspapers than Londonnearly twice as many-and three times as many as the city of New York. In Buenos Ayres there are fourteen or fifteen daily papers, a large number of weeklies and several monthly periodicals of high literary character and large circulation. There is scarcely a town of any size in Brazil, Chili or the Argentine Republic without its daily paper, and the same may be said of Central America and the countries along the Spanish main.-Inter Ocean.

KISSING GOOD-BY A kiss he took and a backward look.

And her heart grew suddenly lighter, A trifle you say, to color a day, Yet the dull gray morn scomed brighter For hear's are such that a tender touch May banish a look of sadness; A small, slight thing can make us sing. But a frown will check our gladness

The cheeriest ray along our way Is the little act of kindness.

And the keenest sting some careless thing.

That was done in a moment of blindness.

We can bravely face life in a home where strife And be lovers still if we only will, Though youth's bright days are over.

Ah, sharp as swords cut the unkind words That are far beyond recalling. When a face lies hid 'neath a comm-lift,

And bitter tears are falling, We fain would give half the lives we live To undo our idle scorning; Then let us not miss the smile and kiss When we part in the light of me -Lillian Plunkett, in San Francisco Call.

MANY TRIALS.

Those of a Railway Ticket Agent Are Especially Hard.

It has been the custom ever since the invention of railways to inveigh against the officials who conduct the running of trains.

It is a privilege granted the traveling public, by their American birth and the constitution. Free speech, whether it be just or not.

Conductors, baggage masters, freight agents, ticket sellers, all come in for their share of condemnation.

Every individual who patronizes a railway line has some particular grievance. He is not treated courteously by somebody. Some one of the officials is "hoggish," or "snappish,"

"short," or something equally as bad. We are not prepared to say that because a man is a railway officer he is free from the faults bestowed upon the rest of mankind-not by any means; but we do feel like saying it few words for the much abused class of ticket

masters and railway conductors. Did ever anybody who finds fault with a ticket seller stop to consider what it is to stand twelve hours out of twenty-four in the little cell where tickets are dispensed, and answer quesions at the rate of a dozen a minut questions so silly and irrelevant that we fear the reader who scans this article will think we exaggerate, which we certainly do not: for in our somewhat extensive traveling experience we have heard all these inquiries made, and a host of others equally as incon-

sistent. Early in the morning Mr. Smith, the ticket seller on the B. & J. railroad, takes his station behind the little windows of the office. Very likely his head aches, and he feels out of sorts generally, for he was disturbed last night by his colicky baby, and his wife got up cross to breakfast and told him to "shut up" when he ventured to suggest that his beefsteak resembled the sole of an ancient boot fried in soap grease.

Smith comes to the office devoutly wishing that babies, and cross wives, and colic had never been invented, and takes his place with his patience at a low ebb. Oldish lady, laden down with bundles

and baskets, enters. "Say, mister, is this where they sell tickets to go onto the railroad?" "Yes, madam."

"Got any tickets for Mowbray's Crossing? Ain't it Mowbray's, or is it Zebray's? There's a bray to it, anyhow! And it's where Cousin Tom Hodgkins lives. You know Tom, 1 s'pose?"

"Can't say I do, ma'am." . "Do tell! Why, I thought everybody knowed Tom. He mends kerridges and things. Heern tell of him, ain't ve?"

"No. ma'am." "Law! Now, that's curus. I shouldn't have thought it!

"Do you wish a ticket?" "Wall, I danno! P'raps I'd better. Less see: how fur is it?"

"To where?" "To where Tom lives."

"How the deuce should I know?" "Why, hain't I jest told ye? And you needn't git mad and swear about it,

either. Hain't you paid for staying here and answering questions?" "Yes, civil ones. "Wall, this is a civil one. What's the fare?"

"Where to?" "To where Cousin Tom lives."

"What place?"

"Why, Mowbray's Crossing." "Fifty cents." "Fifty cents! Land of the living! Fifty

cents to go there! Can't you take thirty-"We make no reductions." "Oh, you don't? Well, you needn't be

so snappish about it. I'll give you forty cents. "I said we made no reductions," with emphasis.

"Law's sake! Well, you needn't take my head off." And grumblingly she produces the money, and gives way to the next comer, only to find that the train for Mowbray's has been gone five minutes,

for which she gives the ticket seller a thorough "going over" in that he allowed that train to leave before she got her ticket. And after she had "freed her mind" she retires sullenly to a corner of the depot, where, surrounded by her varied

and numerous bags and bundles, she resigns berself to wait four hours for the next train to Mowbray's. And it will be a story to tell her grandchildren, and all her acquaint-

ances, how that impudent ticket seller "sassed her," and made her miss the A tall man in spectacles comes in, all

forgetful of the fact that this is the ladies' room. There is a time-table of the trains

right before his eyes by the side of the office window, but he doesn't see it. Oh, no. He is an independent man, and he knows that men are hired to stay in ticket offices to answer questions, and he is not going to put himself out to hunt over a time-table. No, sir!

the train leave?" "Where for? "Groton, of course-through train."

"Say!-here, you! what time does

"Ten o'clock." "Ten o'clock!" with an accent of ineredulity. "Are you sure? I was teld it was 10:05."

"Ten o'e'ock, sir." "What, the train for Groton?" "Yes, sir," "Does it run right through?" "It does."

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Cam-eria Freeman commends it to the invorable consideration of advertisers whosefavors will be inserted at the following low rates: 1 inch, 3 times...
1 inch, 3 months...
1 inch, 5 months...
1 inch, 1 year...
2 inches, 6 months...
5 inches, 1 year...
5 inches, 6 months. Business Items, first insertion, 10c, per line; absequent insertions, 5c. per line Administrator's and Executor's Notices, 92.59 Auditor's Notices 2.00
Stray and similar Notices 1.50
Stray and similar Notices 1.50
To Resolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or indi

vidual interest must be paid for an advertisement
Book and Job Printing of all kinds nearly and
executously executed at the lowest prices. And
don't you lorget it.

"Without change of cars?"

"Without change." "Palace cars?" "Yes, sir."

Here a voice from the other room and at the gentlemen's window bursts in impatiently, not to say angrily: "Say-herel you fellow! Why don't you attend to business? How long does anybody have to wait to get a ticket for Bloomville? I'll report you to the su-

differently." When the passenger for Bloomville and a half dozen others on that side are attended to the spectacled man who has been waiting with visible imputience

perintendent if things ain't managed

returns to the charge. "Say!-here, you! are you sure that the next train goes to Groton? "The ten o'clock train goes there."

"Ain't that the next one?" "No, there are three before that." "Oh, there is! and the ten o'clock

train goes right through?" "Yes, sir. Have a ticket?" "Well, no. I guess not. I hain't agoing till to-morrow, and I've got a ticket over the other road, but I thought I'd just step in and inquire about this route, just to pass away the time. Hadn't anything else in particu-

lar on band." But the ticket master mustn't swear or say anything emphatic; if he should he would be reported to the company. Enter stout and important male personage with a hat-box and umbrella.

"Look here, mister! where's my "How the dickens should I know?"

demanded Mr. Smith, beginning to feel "None of your impertinence to me, if you please. I'll have that trunk or I'll sue the company. It was checked at

Chicago three weeks ago. I want to know where it is. That's what I want to know "Apply to the baggage master. I have nothing to do with trunks." "Oh, you hain't! Wall, can't you an-

swer a civil question? I'll report you before the sun goes down," and off he goes in high dudgeon. Another customer takes the place vacated before the little window. "Do you calculate that the clock in

this room is right?" Yes, sir. "Oh, you do! Wall, I don't see how that can be, for it's five minutes slower than my watch, and that is to the dot with the Pawdunk steam whistle."

"We don't run trains by the Pawdunk steam whistle," snaps the ticket seller, and turns to another customer, perhaps equally as annoying. Conductors are subject to the same

class of inquiries. Timid female passengers are anxious about the bridges, and wonder if the boiler is likery to burst, and want to know if the conductor is sure that the engineer isn't drunk and liable to run 'em off the Thinking over the trials to which

these men are subject, we only wonder that there are so many ticket sellers and conductors who manage to keep their temper, and who are polite and conrecous under all circumstances.-Kets Thorn, in N. Y. Weekly.

PRISON WITHOUT TERRORS.

How a Thief, Though Caught, Made a Profit and the Sequel of It. "About the most desperate thing I ever heard of in the way of moneyraising came to my professional notice

ome years ago," said a detective. "Complaint was made at the office that a diamond stud, valued at over a thousand dollars, had been stolen from a certain uptown house. I was detailed on the case and after a few hours I found the stone, which had been pawned for eight hundred dollars.

"When stolen property is found at a pawnbroker's the amount advanced on it is returned to him, either by the owner or the thief, if his resources will allow of such a thing. The law protects the broker, and it is proper that it should, but the capture and conviction of the thief is a necessary factor in such cases.

"This time no trace of the burglar could be found. "The owners proved property and the brilliant was returned to them. It represented at this stage a clear gain for the rascal and a dead loss for the pawnbroker.

"It was not long before we had our man, though, and then there was prompt conviction, a sentence of one year in the Elmira reformatory and a vain search for the owners of the prop-

The matter dropped from my mind in the rush of other business, until one day I learned the secret of the whole operation. The theft had been the deed of the son of the 'robbed' family. They were sorely in need of money, and had resorted to this way of getting it. When called on to reimburse the luckless pawnbroker they were apparently penniless. The thief had then gone free, and all the parties interested had dropped from sight.

"That fellow was paid, or rather paid himself at the rate of three dollars per day during his stay in Elmira."-N. Y.

ABOUT IMAGINATION. Practical and Opportune Settlement of a

Sitting in a cafe last evening I heard two men discussing the philosophy of imagination, says a writer in the New York Continent. Each was an imaginary master of his own peculiar theory. "I tell you," said one, a venerable-looking gentleman with refined and intelligent features, "imagination is a myth. The word has no basis. It deals in intangible things. It is a monstrosity. The word 'imagination' should be climinated from the dictionary; it means nothing." "Imagination is ideality," remarked his companion. "It deals in images of the mind. These images are distinct mental shapes; therefore they are things. The world would be a barren place if there were no imagination. Therefore, I say, 'imagination' is a good word. It must remain in any com-

plete dictionary." The dispute began to wax noisy. Just then the proprietor happened along. His imagination began to work. "I imagine," said he, "that you two have

talked enough. Now skip." The contentions pair moved out. And the champion of imagination, as a significant Anglo-Saxon word, was heard whispering to his companion:

"I tell you, imagination is a fact. That man's remark proves it." And his companion simply remarked:

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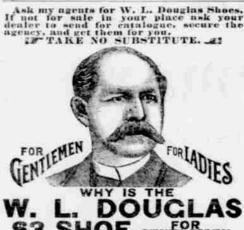
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