JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

Or scurry under shelt'ring steds;

Gleam from the shawls about their heads.

And schoolgiri faces, pale and aweet

The thunder grim reverberates,

Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The cattle bawl and cow bells clank; And into town comes galloping

The swallow dips beneath the caves,

The caterpillar curls and clings.

The wet stem of the bollybooks

The cricket leaps the garden walk

Without, beneath the resebush stands

A dripping roaster on one leg.

James Whiteomb Riley, in Savannah News.

LONDON TO NEW YORK.

The Joke Played on an American

Photographer in England.

This is a story of the Camera club.

The Camera club in London, as every-

body may not know, has now fine new

premises near Charing Cross, ever so

many stories high, of red brick outside

and filled with dark rooms and all sorts

of luxuries inside. Among other things

which the new building has which the

old had not, is a telephone, which stands

in the lower hall for the use of the

When a London club attains the lux-

ury of a telephone it at once takes rank

among the leading institutions of the

This story is the narrative of the

fraudulent use of that telephone by one

of the members, Mr. Pyrogellic IL

Kinone, and as I have brought the mat-

ter to the attention of the committee,

and as they have done nothing to pun-

ish Mr. Kinone, I think it only right to

make the whole thing public. I do not

think that a telephone is put in a club

hall for deceiving an innocent New

Pyro, as we call him for short, is a

very popular member of the Camera

club. Perhaps that is why they do not

deal with him as he deserves. He was

over in America a year or so ago and

the Camera club of New York treated

him very nicely indeed. It seemed,

however, that Mr. Hiram Waddell, of

New York, played some sort of a joke

on Kinone, a sell of some kind, and so

Not long ago he met Waddell on the

Strand and took him up to the club,

where they had a long talk over New

York matters in general, and he in-

vited Waddell to lunch with him at the

club the next day at a certain hour.

Mr. Kinone asked about all the pho

tographic boys in New York, and among

others of John L. Vain. Pyro lead liked

Vain very much and he asked Waddell

if there was any chance of his being

Waddell said there wasn't the slight-

est. John V. was interested in some

big thing out west; he had seen him

just before sailing and Vain had said

he wished he could get over to London

Shortly after this conversation Pyro

was down at the Hotel Metropole, when

who should he run against but John L.

is full of Americans. I was just talk-

ing about you yesterday. I met Wad-

dell on the Strand and took him up to

the club, and I was asking if there was

any chance of you coming over, and he

said there wasn't; that you were going

"Oh," said Vain jauntily, "I fixed

that out west business all right and

I've come over to syndicate it if I can.

Just got in to-day. Where's Waddell

"He is staying down at the Royal,"

"So he said. Look here, Vain, I

want to fix up a sell on Waddell. You

remember the one he got off on me in

New York. We are going to have a

lunch at the Camera club to-morrow.

"I will be most happy," said Vain.

"Well, then, I'll get him up there

about one o'clock. Can you be at the

telephone here at the Metropole at one

"Weil, I'll call you up and turn you

on to Waddell, and make him believe

we have got a telephone line from here

to New York. Do you understand

You think over it and fill him up. I

will be a good story to tell the boy

"I'll do it," said Vain, heartily, and

Kinone was to meet Waddell at Low'

exchange, and they walked together t

Paris," said Kinone. "Have you see:

"Oh, yes, I read about it. Still, w

"Ah, yes! but this Paris line, you

"Well, I don't see that that matter

"Yes, I presume you do. Still, of

course, that's all nothing to the At-

lantic telephone from here to New

"Thunder! I never heard of a tele-

been out of America for a week. You

are not up to the latest snap in elec-

tricity. Didn't you hear anything of

Edison's new telephone before you left

old thing, but I never heard of any at-tempt to telephone across the At-

"Oh! Edison's new telephone is an

"Attempt! Great heavens! You are

not so far behind the lighthouse as all

that, are you, Waddell? Why, bless

me, you can ring up New York from

"Oh, you can't expect me to believe

"Believe It or not, as you like. I sup-

pose if seeing is believing, hearing is

any telephone in the city!"

that," said Waddell.

"Telephone? Cable, you mean."

much, does it? I believe that we tele-

phone from New York to Chicago

understand, goes under the channel."

do longer distance telephoning that

about the Paris telephone?"

that in America, you know,"

"No, I mean telephone."

"Oh, you're behind the age.

phone under the ocean."

sometimes."

York."

America?"

lantic.

"I've just been over telephoning t

"Well, I must call in and see him.

saw him just before he sailed."

"Bless my soul!" he said; "London

over this summer.

out west."

this summer, but couldn't.

staying, do you know?"

Couldn't you join us?"

o'clock to-morrow?"

when you get back."

"Certainly."

answered Pyro.

Kinone swore to be even with him.

members.

Yorker.

kind in the metropolis.

The bumblebec is pelted down

And sullenly in spattered brown

Within, the baby claps his hands

The highway smokes; sharp echoes ring;

The farmer's horse with steaming flank.

And fiirts his pleanes and folds his wings; And under the catastia leaves

And crows with rapture strange and vague;

VOLUME XXV.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1891.

NUMBER 36.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.,

Encoloured Falls, Vt.

Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spavin Cure I will say, that a year ago I had a valuable young horse hecome very lame, hock enlarged and swoiden. The horsemen about here (we have no Veterinary Surgeon here) pronounced his lameness Blood Spavin in Thoroughpin, they all told not there was no have for it. He became about useless, and I considered him almost warthless. A friend told me of the merits of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, so I bought a bottle, and I could see very plainly great improvements immediate. From those, and before the tottle was used up I was safe her it is was Joing him a great deep of good. I bought a second bottle and before it was used up my horse was curred and has been in the teat, daing heavy work all the season since less Anril, showing no more signs of it. I consider your Kendall's Spavin Cure valuable medicine, and it should be in every stable in the land. Respectfully yours.

EUGENE DEWITT. Have you tried GERNANTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1889.

gists have it or ena get it for you, or it will be sent

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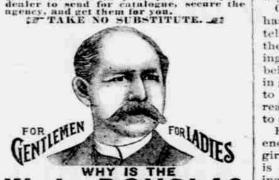
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thes on the horse and have worked him for three
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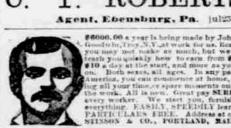
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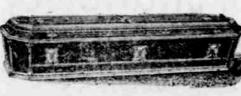
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iving prices.

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THE FREEMAN is the largest paper in North-

If we only knew in the early morn, What we know each close of day, If we only knew of the battles fiere That we must wage, by the way, If we only knew, Ah! only knew-

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

I think we'd pray, ere day begun, That many vict ries might be won. If we only knew that some hungry sou. By our kindly words was fed, If we only knew that our Lord can give

Sweet draughts from the Fountain head-If we only knew, I think we'd pray, ere day begun, For grace to help some weary one.

If we only knew that the written page, Depends on the letters there: If we only knew that the smallest blot Must e'er make the page less fair, If we only knew,

Ah! only knew-I think we'd ask, ere the day begun, For perfect lotters, one by one. If we only knew in the early days

What we'll know at the bar of God If we only knew of the perfect ways Our feet might oft have trod, If we only knew, Ah! only knew

I think we'd pray, as life begun. For strength to do as we'll wish we'd done -Bertha Packard Englet, in Housekeeper.

AS FROM THE DEAD.

A Late Millionaire Tries to Cir cumvent His Widow.

Scene-Retired corner in the reading room of an aristocratic up-town club. Two elegantly dressed gentlemen are discussing wines, eigars and other local

Mr. Charley Knickerbocker (a rising young lawyer)-Where do you keep yourself after dark, nowadays? I never see you at the theaters or in the club-

Mr. Frank Courtland (a society man) -Between ourselves, in the strictest confidence. I devote five evenings of the week in calling on a lady whom I hope to lead to the altar one of these fine-

Charley (with the air of a man who has been there many a time)-You don't tell me so? Ain't you rather overdoing the courting business? Now, I am paying addresses to Miss Bondelipper, and, in good form, but it never occurs to me to call more than twice a week. I really think that's as often as she cares to see me.

Frank (earnestly) - That's often enough when you are courting a young girl, but the object of my aspirations is a widow. When it comes to courting a widow, like advertising, you can't overdo it. I know what I am doing. Charley-So she is a widow? If it not a leading question I should like to ask what is the name of the discon-

solate female whose bereavement you are trying to mitigate. Frank-The lady in the case is Mrs. an Slyck, on Fifth avenue. Charley (very much surprised)-I ion't wonder at the frequency of your visits. Old Van Slyck must have left her over half a million. She is a charming lady, and deserves a good husband after all she went through with that old graven image. I always heard she was badgered into marrying him by

her mother, who was after his money. Frank-Were you acquainted with my late predecessor-that is, if the vidow does not change her mind? Charlie-I knew him only by sight, but my old chum, Tommy Vanderclaim, knew the family very well, and he told me all about their married life. Old Van Slyck was more than double his wife's age, and as ugly as a crazy quilt. He had a falsetto voice and a false set of teeth, no hair on his head and was bow legged besides. He was insanely and absurdly jealous of his handsome young wife, and made her miserable. During the last few months of his wretched life he became morbid and morose, shut himself up in his study

and refused to allow anybody except his English valet, Thomas, to come near him. If his widow was glad when he died and wants to marry again nobody can blame her. Has the happy day been fixed? Frank (with a deep sigh) -No, it has not, and that is what worries me Carrie loves me dearly and has consented to become my wife, but v henever I ask her to fix the date she hedges for

some mysterious reason that I cannot quite comprehend. She seems to have some secret trouble on her mind. Charlie-Haven't you got any idea what it is? Frank-I have a vague idea that she

is superstitions and that she imagines that her late husband visits the premises. He threatened to haunt the house if she ever married again. Do you believe in spirits?

Charlie (sipping his wine)-Yes, if they are old and of the right brand; but, putting jesting aside, the fact that ghosts never show themselves except by a dim light and only to one person at a time completely gives them away. What shape does old Van Slyck take? Frank-I can't find out. Carriethat is, Mrs. Van Slyck-does not care to talk much about it. All I know is that the dread of being haunted by old Van Slyck's ghost prevents her fixing the date for our marriage. Perhaps she is preparing to fire me out of her affections

Charlie-I don't think you need entertain any apprehensions. She is probably enjoying the sport of playing her fish before she lands him. Some day she will rope you in as the widow Chadizah did Mohammed. The victim may struggle against fate, but all at once he sinks into the matrimonial sea with a bubbling groan and all is over.

Frank (fervently)-I hope so. Charlie-If I were in your place I'd investigate any spiritualistic manifestations that materialize. Some rival of yours may be putting up a little game on you. Put Inspector Byrnes on his track. Well, I have an engagement. (Exit Mr. Charles Knicker-

bocker.) Scene II (interior of the parlor of the Van Slyck mansion)-Mr. Frank Courtland and Mrs. Van Slyck are seen

in earnest conversation. Frank (despairingly)-Will you not tell me, Carrie, why you treat me so cruelly? Why did you encourage me as you have done, when now you tell me we must part forever? Carrie (tearfully but firmly)-I can-

not marry you, Mr. Courtland. A voice from the tomb forbids it. Frank-A voice, did you say?

Carrie-Not precisely a voice, but a letter. I receive letters continually from my late husband. Frank (laughing grimly)- I suppose

come from the dead letter of ice

So he writes you letters and you are correspondingly uphappy. What wretched nonsense! Why trifle with

me in this way? Carrie-1 am not triffing, Frank. Here is a letter in his handwriting posted yesterday from the spirit world. I have received them regularly ever since you began visiting here. I have had them examined by the best experts in handwriting and compared with letters of my late husband, and they say these ghostly letters are written by the same hand. Besides, in some of the letters are secrets known only by my late husband and myself. Frunk takes the letter and reads: "I write these lines from the spirit world to let you know, faithless woman, that everything you do, say or think is known to me. You want to marry

pen. Beware! Your late husband, "PELEG VAN SLYCK." Carrie-So you see 1 dare not marry again. There is no mistake about the letter. There is the envelope with the New York postmark, station D. I dare say he is in the room right now. Frank (with clinched teeth)-I wish. he was. I'd make him wish he was not. Carrie, is this the only obstacle to our

again. If you do something dreadful will hap-

Carrie (blushing, with averted face) -Y-e-s. Frank-Then I'll clear this mystery up in short order. Just let me have that letter and envelope. And now

farewell. (Exit Frank, after prolonged osculation.) Scene III (private office of Inspector Byrnes)-There are present the inspector, Frank Courtland and an English-looking servant in liveries with

mutton chop whiskers. The latter is on his knees and weeps bitterly. Inspector Byrnes (fixing his engle eyes on the wretched culprit)-Now make a clean breast of it or it will be the worse for you.

Mutton Chops (wringing his hands)-Indeed, sir, I'm hinnocent as a babe hunborn. I never saw old Shakespeare at hall. I ham no Frenchy No. 2 but an Englishman. I never butchered hanybody. Inspector (sternly) - I've learned

enough about that. Nobody accuses you of murder, but you had better tell being in society, I understand what's all about this letter from your late master, Mr. Van Slyck, which was put in the letter box by yourself. Did you write it yourself? Mutton Chops-Mr. Van Slyck wrote those letter hisself, sir-hindeed he did

Inspector (still more sternly) -- When? Mutton Chops-Before he died, sir. Frank-Ah! I suspected as much. Inspector (soothingly)-Come, now, just tell us all about it.

Mutton Chops (in a confidential whisper)-Well, sir, tor a month before he died, Mr. Van Slyck did nothing but write letters to his wife, threatening her hif she married again. He said to me that he believed his widdy would try to marry some young fool, who is after her money. (Frank squirms). Says he to me, if you see hany of them ong eared doods 'ere courtin' my widdy hafter I ham dead and gone, just you keep hon postin' these letters till she gets hafraid and tells 'im to stay away. As soon as this young gentleman came to the 'ouse I began postin' the letters. I was hafraid if my mistress married this young gent-and I seed for myself she was hawfully gone on 'im-I might be discharged and lose my place. I've got 'arf a bushel more of the hold gen-

tleman's letters in a box, sir. (Frank becomes delirious with joy, shakes the inspector's hand and even embraces Mutton Chops, after which

he dacts out of the office and is lost to The following item has since appeared in the society column of a lead-

ng New York paper: "The rumor that the beautiful and wealthy Mrs. Van Siyek has broken her engagement with that dashing society man, Mr. Frank Courtland, is now authoritatively denied. In fact, it is generally understood that the wedding will take place within a short time, and will be one of the most magnificent affairs of the kind New York has ever witnessed. The newly-married couple will spend their honey--Alex E. Sweet, in N. Y. fferald.

COUNTRY GIRLS IN THE CITY. They Look for Social Life Which They Can Best Enjoy at Home.

"I have heard country girls talk of oming to the city for employment," says a lady writer in the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, "and they have given as one reason that they wanted more social life. Well, that is just what they will not get. The woman of business is not a woman of leisure, and she has no time for society. She will find more social life in her own home, even if she be a worker, than she could ever have in the city, and there is no loneomeness more absolute than the loneliness of a stranger in a crowd. Salaries are not large enough to permit of such relaxation in the way of recreation, and after the day's work is over one is too tired to go in search of enjoy-

"In the country home, in these days, the daily papers and magazines come, so that one may keep in touch with the world, even if she be at one side of the bustle and confusion of city life. The fashion article tells her how to dress her hair and make her gown; gives her the latest notion in small toilet details. Few towns are so small that they have no public library, where all the new books come; and the lecture and concert are not infrequent in visits. Railways and telegraphs have brought the corners of the earth together, so that one is never far from the center of things. There is occupation, too, for the girls who stay at home, and particularly those who stay in the country. Do not throng to the cities in search of employment, for you will be doomed to disap-

A German horticultural journal says that one of the latest inventions in medicine is the use of cold greenhouses bating yellow fever. This disease, it states, can be conquered if one removes to those elevated regions in which oaks will grow. This fact, says Garden and Forest, recently inspired a celebrated Cuban physician with the idea of reducing the temperature of sick rooms by artificial means, and wonderful cures resulted. Now it is proposed that, in districts liable to the epidemic, each town shall erect a great glass house in which plants of cold and temperate regions may be grown, the temperature being artificially cooled instead of heated, as in our greenhouses, and that they shall be devoted to the treatment of patients suffering from the fever.

TWO WERE MISSING.

A Clever Thief's Work and How He Was Captured.

CHAPTER L One morning about ten o'clock a St. Petersburg money lender and merchant was seated in his shop trying to devise some means of investing a considerable surplus which a creditor had just paid him. At that time the money market was dull and it was with great difficulty that capitalists could keep their funds profitably employed. As he was meditating upon various projects and becoming more and more discontented with the thought of his idle money the carriage of Gen. Gorgoli, driven by his coachman in livery, stopped in front of the shop. The general, one of the handsomest men in St. Petersburg and one of the bravest soldiers in the army, alighted and huried into the presence of the money

"Can I have a few words with you in private?" asked the general. "Certainly," said the banker. "This way, if you please."

They stepped into the private office of the banker, whereupon the general, without further preliminaries, said: "I suppose you know who I am-Gen. Gorgoli and superintendent of police.' "Certainly, your excellency," re-

plied the banker. "Well, I need immediately, for a very important affair, the sum of 25,-000 roubles. I am too far from the minister of the exchequer to procure it; for a delay will ruin everything. Give me the 25,000 roubles I beg of you; come to-morrow morning to my residence and I will give you the security

for them." "I am delighted for the favor," replied the banker. "I shall be only too happy to accommodate you with this sum, or even more." "Very well, then loan me thirty

"Here they are, my lord," he said, counting them out. "Thanks! To-morrow, then, at nine

o'clock, at nine o'clock." The next morning, according to appointment, the banker presented himself at the house of Gen. Gorgoli, who received him with his usual affability The banker, exchanging the compliments of the day, waited for the gene ral to open up the business on which the visitor had come. But instead of doing so, the general was silent and stood in an expectant attitude, now gazing at his caller, now looking out of the window. But hearing nothing from the visitor, he finally said:

"What can I do for you?" The question greatly embarrassed the banker, but he managed to stammer: "I have come, sir-"

"I see you have," coldly replied the general. This intimidated and alarmed the sanker. He began to fear that the general was a secondrel who had levied this large amount of money upon him and which he did not intend to repay. He began to fear the knout, or imprisonment, or banishment to Siberia for his presumption in demanding his own. Nevertheless he could not afford to lose uch a sum. He might as well be exled as lose his fortune. So he boldly

"I have come for the money you bor rowed yesterday." "And pray, sir, who are you that

lares to accuse me of borrowing money" "I am Anton Truvouski, merchant and money-lender, No. - Grand Million street. You came to my place of business yesterday morning. You said that an important official affair called for an immediate loan of 25,000 roubles. I handed you 30,000, which you took away, telling me to call on you this morning for your acknowledgment and ample securities for the loan. I have lone so. I do not understand the motive of your denial. You surely do not

wish to rain me." The general said nothing, but looked hard and cold and stern. The banker grew pale, for he saw in the determined ook of the police officer a purpose not to acknowledge the debt, but rather, perhaps, to use his arbitrary power to put his claimant and accuser out of the way. Suddenly the official turned and

rang for his servant. "Order my carriage!" he said. He put on the familiar gray coat with big collar by which he was so well known in St. Petersburg. "What was the color of the horse that was in the carriage yesterday?" he asked the merchant.

"It was a chestnut, my lord." "Have the chestnut harnessed." he aid to the servant. "Repeat your story, if you please omitting no detail whatever." The merchant went carefully over it

"Your carriage is ready, your excelency," said the servant, entering. "I will ask you to remain here until return," said the general to the merchant. Quitting the room, descending the stairs to the street and getting into

his drowsky he drove away. The suspense of the merchant was terrible. He sat down but in half a minute rose again; walked the room; looked out the window; sat in another chair; once more got up; went to the door; looked out; saw no one, heard no one; but kept hoping, wishing for a solution to this mysterious affair. Should the police officer keep the money and not even accuse the banker of blackmail or attempted extortionthere was only a life of toil, poverty and disgrace before him.

In his desperation he began even to contemplate it. He involuntarily ooked around the room to see if there was anything valuable or a place for concealing anything valuable which he might lay hands on by way of restiution. It was a bare official apart ment with ordinary chairs, a long table and a writing cabinet furnished with drawers and pigeon holes. He stealthily approached it and carefully opened the drawers. Two of the twelve were locked. The rest contained only official papers and documents. He had several of his own keys in his pockets. He tried them one after another in the drawers. One of them turned the lock in the upper drawer. It too was full of papers. He took two or three of them up and looked at them. They were reports of various cases that had come under the supervision of the police general. On one of them was indorsed the name of the I richest nobleman in the empire. A

sudden but base thought struck the desperate merchant; he would read it and by means of the information extort money from the nabob compromised in it. But he hesitated; he fumbled the little package, began opening it, then stopped and tried to peer into

its folds. Suddenly the stopping of a carriage in the street below arrested him. It might be the general. A door below jarred. He thrust the papers into the drawer, and had barely time to lock it again and seat himself at the window when the police general, striding at a hot pace, entered the

CHAPTER IL. In those days a line of sentinels was established at the corners of all the principal streets, who formed a part of the police force of the city. On leaving his house Gorgoli ordered himself driven to the block in which the jeweler's shop was situated. Stopping at the nearest sentinel's box, he said to him: "I passed here yesterday morning

"Where did I go?" "Over to the Troitski (Trinity)

bridge." The general was driven to the bridge. At its entrance he said to the sentinel: "I passed here at twenty minutes to eleven yesterday morning. Did you see us?

"I did, your excellency."

"Your excellency drove across the bridge. He drove across the bridge and Peter the Great. The sentinel at once

"I passed here yesterday morning at a little before eleven o'clock. Did you notice the way I took?"

your excellency." street to street, neighborhood to neighborhood, across bridges and along the wide avenues. At the last of the row of shops on the Grand Perspective he

"You saw me pass here at half past eleven yesterday morning. Did you stice where I drove?" "Yes, your excellency, to No. 18 on

"Did I go in there?" "Yes." "And come out again?" "I did not see you."

"Very well. Have yourself relieved

soldiers from the nearest barracks." "Yes, your excellency." sented himself at No. 18, closed all the outside doors, cross-examined the por ter, ascended the stairs and without ceremony burst open the door of the front room. As he entered he came face to face with the inmate who, but for his hair, which was dark, might have been the twin brother of the police general. After one glance around

the room, he said to the lodger: "Your name is ---?"

"Yes," stammered the man, "Yesterday at ten o'clock you entered the shop, No. - Grand Million. You wore a yellow curled wig resembling my hair; you had on a gray coat with a heavy collar like mine; you drove up in a carriage like mine, with a chestnut colored horse like mine. In fact, you pretended to be Gorgoli. chief of police, and in my name to borrow 30,000 roubles for which I was to give security. You drove away, through many streets, across several oridges, back and forth until you arrived at this house. You are a notorious thief and pickpocket, who cunningly took advantage of your accidental resemblance to me, to rob the banker of a good portion of his for tune. You have it here. Hand it over! Give me that vellow wig which I see sticking out from under the gray coat

which vesterday formed a part of your Perceiving that he had been effectually entrapped the thief went to a closet behind the chimney and took down the bug of gold, which he handed to the

chief of police, saying: "I have spent Gorgoli counted them, found them correct, handed the cu'prit over to the police, who carried him off to prison, while the general hastened back to his house. To the immense and natural delight of the banker, who had himself just come so near being tempted by his losses into the commission of a crime, he passed out to him the familiar canvass bag. With a cry of joy and as tonishment at its restoration the banker seized it, but was so overcome by his feelings that he stared helplessly

at the police official, asking for an explanation. "Count them?" said the general, turning to his table and beginning to write.

strings of the bag and feverishly emp-

tied its contents upon the table. He began counting them, putting them back into the bag as he did so. At last he said: "Two roubles are missing." "That is strange." "What is strange? That there should

be so few gone?"

tell the exact truth. They seldom do. He said he had spent two." "Then you have captured him?" "He is now in prison."

The Willing Patient. Mudge (who has sworn off) -Doctor, I stepped on a banana peel and re-ceived a pretty hard fall. I am afraid I have broken my wrist. day and you will be all right

juries, too?-Indianapolis Journal. Too Much Activity. Real Estate Dealer-So you've been

A SUDDEN SHOWER. Barefooted boys scud up the street,

Doors bang; and mother voices call From alien homes; and rusty gates Are slammed, and high above it all And then, abrupt, the rain, the rain! Beitind the streaming window pane

at 10:30 o'clock. Did you see me?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"Where did I go from here?"

stopped in front of the "Hermitage" of stepped out of his box.

"You went to the Viborg quarter, Gen. Gorgoli continued his catechizing of the sentinels from point to point,

said to one of them:

the corner of the Canal Catherine."

by one of your comrades and bring two The sentinel nurried away and in ten minutes returned with the soldiers. Accompanied by them the general pre-

The merchant eagerly undid the

"How did you get him so quickly? It is hardly an hour since you de-

The general told him.-Detroit Free

"Neither. But that the thief should

Dr. Bowless-Let me see. No, there is nothing broken. Just bathe your wrist in whisky four or five times a Mudge-Er-doctor, hadu't I better be carefully examined for internal in-

in Gautemala, have you? Is there any activity in real estate down there? Returned Traveler-You bet there is. The day before I sailed there was an earthquake that made the

country skip around.

Business items, first insertion, 10c, per line subsequent insertions, 5c, per line Administrator's and Executor's Notices. \$2.50 Auditor's Notices. Stray and similar Notices. 1.50 Auditor's Notices or proceedings of any corporation or society and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or Individual interest must be paid for as advertisement Book and Job Frinting of all kinds healty and executed at the lowest prices. And don't you lorget it.

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believing as well. Here we are at the club. I will ring up New York and you can tell me the names of any of your friends you want to communicate with."

"Oh, this is ridiculous," said Waddell. Pyro made no answer but he rung up the telephone, "Give me No. 15768."

That was given him. "Hello; switch me on to New York. will you? Using the line? Well, I'll wait a moment-Yes-yes-all rightgive me New York-New York City. Is that New York?-I say, is that New

"Now, then, whom shall I call up?" he said, turning to Waddell. Waddell was speechless. "Tell me any of your friends;

York? All right."

where's-who's your partner, by the Waddell gave the name of his partner. And then he shouted: "Give me Waddell & Co., Waddell & Co. Is Martin there? * * * Oh, not come down

yet; all right." "Not come down, nonsense," said Waddell. "This is after one o'clock." "Ah, but you must remember it is a great deal earlier in New York. Say, what is Vain's address? Where's his

place of business?" "On Broadway. Harrison & Vain, you know." 'Say, give me Harrison & Vain * * * Harrison & Vain. Broadway-I don't know the number-Yes, is that Harrison & Vain? . . This is London. * * * Yes. * * England, of course. * * * Is Mr. Vain there? -Well, would you just ask him to step to the telephone for a moment? * * * Well, tell him Mr. Waddell, in London, wants to speak with him. * * * Tell him he'll only keep him a moment. * * * At his letters? Well, never mind that. You tell him that we can't hold the line here all day. Ask him to come to the phone. * * Oh, is that you, Mr. Vain? . . . This is Pyro Kinone, of London. * * Yes, Waddell's here. . . . Will you speak to him? * * * Certainly. "Here you are, Mr. Waddell," and the astonished Waddell put the receiver

"Hello, Waddell, is that you?" said the voice over the wire. "How did you get over? Have a nice passage?" "Great heavens, Vain!" he said "You don't mean to tell me that that's

'Yes, can't you recognize the voice?"

"Yes, by Jove I do. Say, I wouldn't

"Oh, we've had this going for a week.

Just started it after you left. Didn't von hear about it?" "No, I heard nothing about it. How did that western speculation of yours turn out?" "Oh, all right. I was out west just

believe this was possible.

money out of that."

street." "Yes, it seems to work first-ratethat invention of Edison's is a great thing. I met Edison this morning, he

after you left and fixed things up most

satisfactorily. Going to make some

I were talking from your office on Wall

"Why I can hear you as plainly as if

was in town early, and he tells me that he believes he is going to knock out telegraphing altogether." "Well, I believe he will, if it's as successful as all this comes to." Then Vain pumped him full to his horror about a great number of fallures in New York, of men that he

knew and men that he was in intimate association with. His jaw dropped as he "By gosh," he said to Pyro, "New York's going to smash. I'll have to Well, not before lunch, anyhow.

Ring 'em off and we'll come up and have lunch." So they went up together into the dining-room. "Well, I can't get over that," said Waddell, "that beats the old Harry." "Oh, American invention is a wonderful thing, you know," answered Pyro.

"Oh, yes, ask him to come in," said Pyro-and in walked John L. Vain. "Hello, Waddell," he said. "how about transatlantic telephoning? I guess I rather set you up on failures, didn't 19" "You two villains," cried Waddell; "but hang it, I'm relieved to find that

things are not so bad as I thought. I

guess, Kinone, this is my treat. It's

an English invention that is the won-

Just at that moment the waiter said:

"There is a gentleman here asking for

derful thing this time."-Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press. MEN WHO WEAR CORSETS.

A good-looking young man who dropped his cane on Sixth avenue a few evenings since, evidently experienced great difficulty in stooping to pick it up. "That fellow wears corsets," remarked a gentleman. Inquiry at a store where such things are sold, says the New York News, showed that the gentleman's remark was probably true. "A large number of young men in this city wear corsets," said the clerk in charge of that department. "Indeed, you have not the slightest idea how many wear them. They are worn for various purposes. Stout men wear them to reduce corpuleney, stoop-shouldered men so that they will walk erect and widen their chests, and other men in the hope that they will thus gain a handsome figure. 'Men's corsets can be had from three

to twenty-five dollars, according to the means and inclination of the purchaser. They are made of the same material, except that whalebone is substituted for steel, as a woman's corset, but are somewhat different in shape, being like a ten-inch belt curved to fit over the hips. They lace in the back and are tightened in front by means of elastic bands. They are much easier than braces, and hence are more popular. Indeed, I believe, it is only a question of a few years when corsets will be commonly worn by men.

A Pathetic Record. The ex-Empress Eugenie, during her

recent visit to France, was called upon to fill up a census paper. She made the entries in her own handwriting, made tremulous by rheumatism, and there is a great deal of history and no little pathos in the brief record: "Countesse de Pierrefond (Marie Eugenie), age 64; born at Grenada, Spain; naturalized French; a widow, had one child-a son; lives on her income; of no profession or business; a sojonmer in France; lives usually in England; is traveling with two friends and four servants."

WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make of cleths clever housekeeper and try it. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.