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VOLUME XXV.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1891.

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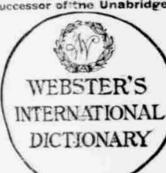
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## KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Bellykinson, Pa., Nov. 25, 30.

Del B. J. Kendall. Co.:

dents—I would like to make known to those who are almost persuaded to use Kendall's Spavin Cure the fact that I think it is a most excellent Limment have used it on a Blood Spavin. The horse went on three legs for three years when I commenced to use your Kendall's Spavin Cerc. I used ten bottles on the horse and have worked him for three years since and has not been lime.

Yours Eully, WM. A. CURL. GERMANTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1888.

DE. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

Roosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spayin Cure I will say, that a year ased had a valuable young horse become very lame, book enlarged and swolden. The horsemen about here (we have no Veterinary Surgeon here) pronounced his lameness Blood Spayin or Thoroughpin, they all told me there was no lare for it, he became about needess, and I considered him almost worthess. A friend told me of the merits of your Kendall's Spayin Cure, so I bought a bottle, and I condition that it was joing him a great deal of good. I bought as second bottle was used up I was satisfied that it was joing him a great deal of good. I bought a second bottle and before it was used up my horse was curred and has been in the least doing heavy work all the season since last April, showing no more signs of it. I consider your Kendall's Spayin Cure a valuable needleine, and it should be in overy stable in the least. Respectfully yours.

EUGENE DEWITT.

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Enosburgh Falls. Vermont LIDEBY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes. If not for sale in your place ask your dealer to send for catalogue, secure the agency, and get them for you.

27 TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. 41



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AND THEN ROOFING.

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iving prices.

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53. 50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriersall wear them; fine calf, scamless, smooth inside, heavy three sides, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

52. 50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those was a state for comfort and service. tion, fell asleep. S2 25 and S2.00 Workingman's shoet \$2, are very strong and durable. Those who

Boys' \$2.00 and \$1.75 school shoes are with by with both by with by the boys everywhere; they sell Ladies \$3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, bes bongola, very stylish; equals Frenci preceive their Indian blood. imported shoes costing from \$1.0 to \$6.0t.
Laddies' 2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 shoe for
Sisses are the best fine Bongola. Stylish and durable.
Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and
price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.
W. L. Boutlelas, Brockton, Mass.

of the men, as he bent on his knee beside the sleeper. "No, there is a twitching of the evelids," said the other. "He is pale and sick. I will take him home, and

Mimosa will care for him." The conversation, carried on in low tone, awakened the miner. "Come with us, and you shall have

Scarcely able to bear his weight, Martin leaned upon the arms of the two men, and soon found himself in the humble Indian cabin.

which only a woman's hands can do.

will come back and reward you." shall be happy because you are well

again and happy." "I shall yet find gold, Mimosa. I used to think I should be rich, and then became poor and sick and lost heart. You wear a ring on your finger and sometimes a chain about your neck. both of beaten gold. Did the metal come from mines near here?"

"My father gave them to me," she replied, and nothing more could be carned from her on the subject. "Would you care, Mimosa, if I wore the ring until I went away? Perhaps I can find the place where the gold came

rich," she said, smiling,

drew near for the miner to say good-by to the girl who had become his comrade as well as deliverer. Tears filled her eyes as they parted. "You will forget Mimosa," she said. "No, I will bring back the ring, and

Cloud nor his daughter." Strong and hopeful again, Martin lieved once more that he should find gold. So sweet and blessed a thing is hope, giving luster to the eyes, and quickening the flow of blood along the

But he missed the Indian girl. The pines on the snowy mountain peaks whispered of her. The evenings seemed longer than formerly; the conversation of the miners less interesting. He was lonely. He was earning a fair living, but of what use was money to him, if he was to feel desolate in heart? Mimosa was not of his race, but she had a toyable nature. He remembered that she looked sad at his going away. He wondered if she ever

#### Longot about him. If she had some Indian suitor, would she not wish for the ring again? He would like at least to see the man and his daughter who had saved his life. He would carry back the ring. Ah! if

he knew where the gold in it came

from, perhaps he would indeed become

rich, and then who could make him so

"What ails Martin?" said one miner

to another. "He must be in love-no

fun in him as in the old days. Going

After Martin had decided to go to

see Red Clond, his heart seemed light-

er. If Mimesa were married, he could

at least show her his gratitude. And

if she were not? Well, it would be

He started on his journey. The full

moon was rising as he neared the old

tree, where Red Cloud had found him.

As he approached, he was startled by

a white figure. He turned aside for a

moment, and then went cautiously up

to the great trunk. Two dark eyes full

of tears gazed up into his eyes, at first

with a startled look, and then with a

"Mimosa," he exclaimed, and elasped

"Why are you here, child, at this

"I came here to think of you, Martin,

and the moonlight is so sweet and com-

forting. The green trees and the moun-

"I have brought you back the ring,

"And are you rich yet? You were to

"No, but I would be rich, perhaps, if

you would tell me where the gold in

"My father gave it to me," she re-

"Mimosa, would you love me if

"Perhaps I should be afraid of you if

"Would you love me if I remained

"And if I became sick and could not

"I have brought back the ring,

"And would you like to keep the

They went back to the home of Red

After a quiet wedding, Mimosa sald

one day: "Come with me, Martin, and

I will show you where the gold in the

Not very far from the tree where the

miner had lain down discouraged,

Mimosa pointed out the shining ore,

the spot known only to the few In-

"Mimosa, there is a mine here! This

gold is the outeropping of the veins. I

"Would you surely love me as much,

"I would give you everything your

"And not go to an eastern country,

educated, gentle as their mother, and

energetic as their father, are in a hand-

some house. Love in the home has

kept as bright as the gold in the moun-

tain.-Sarah K. Bolton, in N. Y. 19-

A TELEGRAPHER AS KING.

Mademba I. of Segou Promo ed to the

Throne from the Key.

loes not always alienate the lucky in-

lividual from his habitual occupations.

This more or less wise saw is applica-

Segon, who was put on the throne of

troller of telegraphs at Senegal. Be

tinue to be inscribed on the list of tele-

as king should be considered as sub-

servient to that of his original employ-

Mademba must have learnt, either

wiintuition or from acute observation.

that the lot of a monarch is less certain.

in these days, than the position of an

officer in the service of the "postes et

telegraphes," and so preferred to keep

be a happy issue out of all his afflic-

memory on the office of his former tel-

which is in the modern order of things,

he may return to the tie-tie of his

his title of preference that of "ex-king

Politeness in telegraphic offices, al-

though once seriously complained of by

M. Guy de Maupassant, is generally

the rule, even with the ordinary em-

bureau, his clients may expect to be

treated in right royal fashion by a man

who never lost sight of business, even

when promoted to the honors of an

in reserve what might one day prove to

took to flight for his safety.

A sudden favorable turn of fortune

nd be great, and forget Mimosa?"

shall yet be rich, my darling."

Martin, if you were rich?"

eart desired.

dependent.

ring and the necklace was found."

Cloud, happy, because promised to

Mimosa, that you may give it to the

man who shall make you his bride."

"I would care for you, Martin."

very restful to see her once more!

happy as Mimosa?

Red Cloud had found him.

to quit camp, he says."

gleam of joy and trust.

tains tell me of you."

the ring was found."

poor as I am now?"

"Yes, always."

care for you, what then?"

ring, yourself, Martin?"

each other in marriage.

"Yes dearest."

plied, quietly.

were rich?"

you were.

time of night?"

the Indian girl in his arms.

keep it till you were rich."

And climbed the hills of mirth: Strong storms have broken on our calm And gusts blown wild and drear, But I have clung to Hiram's arm And never felt a fear; And never gave a frown or scoff, Till Hiram shaved his whiskers off Till Hiram shaved his whiskers.

HIRAM'S WHISKERS.

I've lived with Hiram thirty years

Upon this veried earth, And walked with him the vales of tears,

Months only increased the loneliness in Martin's heart. He was becoming Those corgeous whiskers were my pridediscouraged again. He even began to What wondrous power to please As they did wave from side to side, fear that Mimosa was married, and his And floated on the breeze; You have not loved me since the day soul awakened to a sense of loss. He would go back just once, and see her, Old Whiskers left," said Hiand on his journey back he would sit For when Ola Whiskers moved away for a half hour under the tree where My husband left," said I.

My good, old husband disappeared, The day that Hiram shaved his beard— When Hiram shaved his whiskers," You loved Old Whiskers, Mary Ann, Far more than you love me.

Old Whiskers was a handsome man As you will often see. He had a shaggy, manly air, But you are small and thin, Your mouth is large, your cheeks are spare, You have a peak-ed chin-And I will always rue the day That good Old Whiskers moved away-

When Hiram shaved his whiskers." You feel so bad, my Mary Ann, And mourn Old Whiskers so, I'll bring you back that grizzly man, I'll let my whiskers grow!" Alt, those words sound like Hiram's words,"

Said I. "no more I'll mourn, I'll sing as gay as singing birds, Till Whiskers shall return; deantime I'll bear with sluggard fate, In lov ul patience sit and wait, Tillfliram grows his whiskers."

-S. W. Foss, in Yankee Biade,

### THE RING OF GOLD.

It Brought Love and Wealth to Martin Daly.

Martin Daly had become discouraged. Like many another miner in the far west he had made money and lost it, had prospected for mines, found ore and been cheated out of his rights, had grown poor and ill, and had thrown himself under a tree, careless whether

he lived or died. The great snowy mountain peaks and the rich verdure had lost their attraction for him. He had hoped and been disappointed so many times that he had come to believe himself unucky: that he should never possess dollar; that there was neither happiness nor home for him.

He had seen better days. His large, dark eyes, his broad brow, his wellshaped mouth and chin bespoke refine ment in the years that were gone. He had been well educated, had tried many things and failed in them, not from ack of energy nor from lack of judgment, but his fate seemed to be an ad-

cerse one He had done many good acts, had always helped his brother miners, had tried to look on the bright side of life, had fought manfully and been defeated in the battle. He had imagined sometimes that the clouds had a silver lining, but the storms always came sooner or later. He meditated thus as he lay under the tree, and finally, more dead than alive from want and exhaus-

Two men passed along under the brow of the mountain, by the tree. They were tall and straight, and from their dark hair and skin it was easy to

"The white man is dead," said one

"Never!" With a happy heart Martin Daly took his pick to the mountains. The

shining ore opened under his touch. His claim each day showed more value. He had, indeed, become rich through food and shelter," said the friendly Inthe ring of Mimosa. Years have passed. Two thousand dollars are taken each day from the mine. The children of the Indian girl,

"Mimosa, here is a stranger. Take care of him. Red Cloud never left a human being to die. He will get well, and then we will send him back to his

A shy, pale Indian girl came forward and did as she was bidden. She did not speak, but looked very pityingly out of her fawu-like, dark eyes. When Martin had been placed in the simple bed, she prepared food for him and ted him as though he were a child. Day by day she came and went, speaking little, but doing gently the things After a time the miner, still a young man, gained in strength and began once more to hope for a successful

future. "Mimosa," he said one day, "I owe my life to you, and if I am ever rich I "I shall miss you," said the guil, shyly. "But I want no money. I

"You may wear it till you come back Days grew into weeks, and the time

you shall give it to the man who makes you his bride. I shall never forget Red

African throne.-Galignani Messenger. The Right Kind of Woman-A Massachusetts woman suggests, as a way to make one kind of cruelty to horses unpopular, that all women in the United States who are interested in the cause should sign a pledge not to ride behind a horse whose tail has been docked. But how many women are sufficiently interested to undergo the humiliation of being out of fashion in so conspicuous a matter?

#### THE ADVICE SOCIAL.

A Novel Way of Replenishing an Empty Treasury.

As Santa Ynez was a small town, a small matter produced a great sensation. Real estate speculations, auction sales and late arrivals, all paled into insignificance, when compared with the doings of a certain Thursday evening. The affair was carefully credited to a pair of New England maidens, usually known as "those Pinckney girls." The girls in question had the invention and quick wittedness which characterize the natives of Yankee land, but which never attains its full height until it is transplanted to California soil. Helen and Bertha Pinckney had long ago exhausted the social resources of Santa Ynez. They walked, they drove, they joined Span sh conversation classes and took lessons on the guitar. They wrote glowing letters to the home papers about the climate and scenery around Santa Ynez. They did their best to cheer up poor Mrs. Pinckney, who pined for the bleak and chilling air of dear Massachusetts.

"I have made a discovery," announced Bertha one morning when she returned from her walk. "Another?" remarked her sister, not

ooking up from her book. "Now do show some interest, Helen. There is the nicest little free kindergarten in the lower part of Olive avenue. I have just been visiting it. and I know all about the teacher and everything. It's nominally supported by the Santa Ynez Free Kindergarten association, but there are almost no funds in the treasury. There, now, you're beginning to look enthused. What are you thinking about!"

"My dream last night, and I was wondering if it wouldn't make an original entertainment."

"For what? Oh, I see, the kindergarten benefit. I hope it wasn't a popeorn social, or a necktie and apron performance, or a donkey party." "No, indeed, this was something new, and with a few changes will do very well for our grand benefit."

There was a box in the Santa Ynez drugstore. It had a slit in its top, and "ADVICE BOX."

On its front was pasted the following "Persons who wish to give advice on any topic are invited to make use of this box. Com sications must be unsigned and placed in envelopes, which must be addressed to the persons for whom the advice is intended. The box will be opened and advice distributed at the 'Advice Social.' Proceeds of entertain-ment for the free kindergarten. Notice of time

nd place given later." The young drug clerk smiled to himself when he saw how cautiously the box was approached. Though he apseared to be looking another way, he enew when the envelopes were slipped into the narrow opening. Helen and Bertha spent their spare time in writing letters of advice. They were at this moment scribbling for dear life, Helen at her desk and Bertha at the round table. Finally Helen looked

over to her sister. "We must make this a success, Bertha, if we write every bit of it. I spoke to Leoni Everett this morning. and she agreed to 'typewrite' them and burn the originals. She is Millbank's confidential secretary, you know, and as silent as the grave.

"Yes, she's just the one to do that part of it. You ought to hear my last piece of advice. It's for Frank Kit-

"You are advised not to wear such gorgeous ties. You have good taste in other matters, but your vivid ties spoil the general effect. You are also too fond of making yourself the topic of conversation. Your likes and dislikes, your experiences and your relatives, are more interesting to you than to

other people." "Why, Bertha Pinckney, how could you say such things to Mr. Kittredge? "I couldn't, that's the point. Nobody wants to tell a handsome, good-natured young man such unpleasant truths. But nobody can dispute two factsthose flaming ties and his everlasting I's. Well, I didn't expect to fall into

rhyming unawares." "I am going to disguise the style of my advice letters as much as possible," said Helen. "Take this, for instance, to Anna Pedi:

"Friend of my heart, there is but ble to the case of the present king of one flaw in the beautiful jewel of your being, in your melodious lute one tiny his black kingdom by Col. Archinard, rift. Your voice is music and your when his royal predecessor, Ahmadon, smile enchantment, but your laugh-'tis like sweet bells out of tune, and Mademba, the present monarch, is a jars upon the ear. Would you be free native of the country over which he at from defects? Modify that laugh or present rules, but was formerly condispense with it altogether. These words come from one who admires you fore accepting his regal state, he made sincerely.' There, will anyone accuse it a condition that his name should conme of writing that?" said Helen, laughing in spite of herself. graph servitors, and that his situation

"I think not. Now I have thought of something. We must write ourselves some advice letters, more severe than any that we send away. Then we can show them to others, and they won't feel that we have escaped."

The town hall in Santa Wnez was decorated for the Advice Social. On the wall back of the platform, the following appropriate words were placed "O wad some power the giftle gie us,

To see ourselves as ithers see as" He has no doubt, constantly one eye The friends of the Free Kindergarten on his throne and the other one of were all there. They sat back comfortably, with the placidity which only egraphic exploits. Should the future follows a large sale of tickets. As one bring about for Mademba that change whispered to another, it made no difference whether the hall was full or not, the money was virtually in the former days with the right to add to treasury. But the hall began to fill at an early hour, and by eight o'clock there was not a vacant seat to be seen. Bertha and Helen Pinckney played a brilliant four-hand piece on the grand piano, which received little attention and less applause. A few huployes; but should Mademba 1. of Segon ever return to his Senegalian morous songs and readings followed. but for some reason or other they seemed dull or silly.

"They act just like children at a Christmas entertainment," whispered Bertha to her sister: "they can't wait to see their present." The last number on the programme was called, "Distribution of Advice." Name after name was read by the young drug clerk, and the envelopes were carried by pages. The young man dispensed some of his most bitter pills that evening, though he did not compound the mixture. The expressions on the faces of the audience were worth the study of an artist.

One young fellow tore open his envel- is that "the earth came out of the ope, glanced at its contents and stuffed | depths by means of white ants."

#### it into his pocket.

"Here, I want to see that," said his

ompanion. "I'll show you mine: come now, Jack, what ails you, anyway?" Jack turned an angry red and stubbornly refused to display his piece of

by their discoveries. "Oh, I just know who wrote this," whispered the prettiest one to her next

advice. Some girls in front were amused

neighbor. "It was old Miss Smith. I know it just as well as if she had signed her name at the bottom. It sounds just exactly like her: 'You are too pert and forward for a young woman; your elders have learned wisdom by experience, and it would be much better if you were guided by their judgment. You are too bold and noisy when you are in company with young men. Though they may laugh and joke with you, they respect modesty and reserve. There, I suppose because I do have lots of attention, she thinks I must encourage them, but I don't, do I, Maud?"

"Of course you don't," the faithful Maud answered, her big, round face vainly trying to express her indignation. After reading her own bit of advice, she turned to her friend for sym-

pathy. "Isn't this great? Just listen, will you: 'You are one of the kindest and best of girls, and you must not mind it if a true friend speaks plainly to you. If you wear dark colors and simple styles, your size is not noticeable. but you are too fond of large plaids and conspicuous effects.' There, that's what mother is always telling me, but I do love bright scarlet and blue or yellow; my new dress is one of those big plaids, all bias, you know. Well, I'll have to make the best of it, now I've

got it." A few feet away sat Maurice Henderson and his pretty young wife. They were the only children of admiring parents, were handsome, rich and lately married. The little wife looked up into her husband's face as he read his letter of advice. His dark eyes flashed for a moment as he read: 'You hide behind a mask, but your real inclinations are known to one at least. You may deceive your wife, that would certainly be an easy matter, but you cannot deceive the author of these words. There are glances which cannot be controlled, gestures and expressions which betray your secret." Maurice crumpled his paper carelessly and feigned to drop it on the floor, but in reality he kept it for a second reading. In the seat behind them sat Mrs. Estabrooke, the leader in church socials, bazars and festivals. She was reading the following words: "You are a good housekeeper, a good mother and a great worker in public affairs. You deserve to be commended for all these, but there is one thing in which you fail. It is in the treatment of your husband It is your habit to make fun of his peculiarities and contradict his opinions This is carried on to such an extent that it annovs your visitors or friends who happen to be present. Your children

imitate your spirit, and have little or no respect for their father. Though he is not self-assertive or arbitrary, he is listened to by men of intelligence and judgment, who are able to appreciate his qualities." Mrs. Estabrooke looked around the hall to see if she could discover the person who would dare to address such advice to her, but each seemed occupied with the mysterious messages. Helen and Bertha Pinck-

ney received a joint letter, and read it together: "This advice is intended for you both; for one just as much as for the other. I suppose you originated this affair, but it seems almost as if the evil one must have suggested it. You have come to Santa Ynez from some little country town in New England, where they have more brains than sense, but you are always careful to speak of yourselves as coming right from 'Boston.' Probably you think that will give you some advantage over western people, who are 'so uncultured.' No, I never heard you use those words, but your manner showed that you thought them. You easterners are used to living in a little, cramped-up corner of the universe, that you may get small in all your ways. You study everything you see through your glasses, and look at it critically. The great country of the west is something more than a

be revised or edited by you or your advice, and we are glad of a chance to say so." "Oh, oh," said Helen and Bertha at the same time.

great show for you to be amused by

watching. We are not so refined that

we can't enjoy life, and I hope we

never shall be. But we don'trexpect to

"It must be a joke." "No, somebody-"Some woman. "Yes, probably, some woman is paying off old scores.

"But who could it be?" "Oh, I don't know. It's time to go home now, and if you think best, I'll play a march for a postlude."

The consequences of that evening could not have been prophesied. Those who were formerly the best of friends regarded each other with unconcealed suspicion. Members of the same family made accusations and received de nials. Each one felt as if his neighbor were untrustworthy, and as if an unguarded moment would be paid-for by a nome thrust. The only person in santa Ynez who did not regret the afair was the cheery little kindergarten

"It's made our school a certainty for his year and a part of next. anyway. ly that time somebody may be able to hink of something which will be as nancially successful as the famous Advice Social." -- Mary Peabody Sawer, in Boston Budget. Beliefs of the Shans.

A report of the manners and customs

of the Shan states show that when a

account drive pigs, carry the dead, bore

Shan becomes a father he must on n

holes, fill in holes in the ground or indulge in mockery. If one of either sex dies without marrying, the body, before burial, is banged against a stump, which is considered as representing the husband or wife. This is supposed to guard against the danger of unrequited love in the next life. Divorce is easy, the man merely giving his wife a letter permitting her to remarry, and the wife merely being required to pay an unwilling husband thirty rupees for re-

lease. Only the high Shans can be can-

nibals. Their theory of the cosmogony

#### NUMBER 37.

A SUMMER THOUGHT. Dazzling the landscape lies; Blue, gold, and green-

Even to tear stained eyes Beauteous, I ween, Blue sky, widespreading trees. Green, still, and tail: Sunshine in golden case

Happy hearts wandering Streamlets meandering

Fair meadows through Presently sinks the sun Crimson to rest; After his work is done, Seeks he the west.

Homeward the happy hearts Stroll o'er the lear Silent the stream departs Bound for the sea.

Hushed stand the lordly trees Sentinels strong: Whispers the evening breeze Gently along.

Gray-tinted shadows creep Over the sky;

Deep in a dreamless sleep Soon all things lie. Sorrow seems lost in rest

Care in repose— Wrapt in oblivion blest Earth and her woes

Loth to depart From these calm scenes that kill Pain at my heart!
—Ethel Ireland, in Chicago Journal

#### WITHOUT CAPITAL. How the Refusal of a Loan Led to Success.

"In spite of everything I cando, I am still penniless," and Ralph Gorden buried his face in his hands.

Ralph had sense, but he lacked capital. Capital and he would have been an assured success. For this purpose he would consult Mr. Horten, the banker.

"Good evening, Ralph," said the elderly gentleman, looking over his gold bowed glasses and exhibiting a very cordial and patronizing manner. Ralph was always respectful, and if you will study his career you will readily perceive how important a part po-

liteness played in his social and busi-"I wish to engage in business."

"Have you capital?" "No, sir; but-" "Ah!"

"If I could secure a loan from you I could amass a for-' "I beg your pardon. I never lend money without real estate security."

The answer was decisive. "First failures have been the successes of many, Ralph. Go try." Ralph was not discouraged. But on the following morning, when the sun rose in his old time glory, the birds sang their wild familiar songs and business resumed its wonted clamor, he took little note as he harried along

the leading thoroughfare of the city. "Will you lend me one thousand dollars to set myself up in business?" he inquired of Mr. Simpson, one of the prominent men of the place.

"What security?" "None. I want it as a favor. "Would be glad to accommodate you. Mr. Gorden, but business men don't do business in that way. Receiving this all kindly, he sallied

out and entered the private family of an esteemed friend.

"Mr. Garten, can I negotiate a loan of one thousand dollars?" "For your sake I must refuse." Ralph was turning; yet, notice that the placid equanimity of his temper remained inviolate. If he possessed no capital, he had snavly and forbear-

ance in happy abundance. "Be seated, Ralph," continued this practical man, "and I will endeavor to show you how I am your friend in not being your friend. That sounds a trifle paradoxical. But, listen, for you are in no hurry. If you are in a hurry you will not succeed anyway. From what I have heard and seen myself you appear to have an abnormal feeling that you cannot succeed unless you have capital. Now, if you will investigate the matter statistically you will find that nine hundred and ninety men out of every thousand who have made a success of business had absolutely nothing to start with."

"Yes, sir." "And if you will take the trouble to pursue your investigation you will find that a large percentage of business failures are directly traceable to too much assistance at the start."

Ralph Gorden was meeting new surprises. "Now for your own benefit, I will not lend you a red cent."

Ralph's countenance fell. And yet he had sufficient sense to understand that all the advice received emanated from the kindest business motives. "But, Ralph, I'll tell you what I will do. You strike right out in some direc-

tion, and if you fail, after an honest

trial, you will not be compelled to repay an old debt." By George, that's so!" "And, furthermore, I will make this proposition. If you will succeed without capital, I will give you one thousand

dollars!" Ralph was dumfounded. "I believe you are right," and Ralph returned to the street. On his way through the chief places of business, he said to himself: "Wonder how all these men became so rich!" He hesitated. "I will ask

He knew Bangs, Barton & Co. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen; may ask you how you became so rich?" "By being penniless at the start!" He also knew the firm of Aldrich, Page & Co., by reputation.
"What made you so rich, gentle-

"By being poor at the start, and not a cent's worth of credit." Walker & Co. had just failed; and for the matter of that they had been partial failures all along. They had

had plenty of money to start with. "So, so," and Ralph walked thoughtfully along. "Then I am the capital! I!" and returning home, he rolled up his sleeves, so to speak, and went to People always said that Ralph was a

worker and industrious. "But, ah!" exclaimed the old heads, "he can earn money, but he cannot keep it!" These same people were soon surprised, however, to see a little, unpre-

tentious corner grocery started, with Ralph as sole proprietor. "It wasn't much," some said, "but

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it was a beginning, a beginning." Curious people came in. Men with "inquiring eyes." Men with their arms thrust in cadaverous pockets. Some sat on the cracker barrels and looked on. They hadn't ever tried to succeed, and dropped in to see how such an attempt was supposed to work.

A lad came in. "A penny's worth o' figs." The article was handled as if it had been twenty pounds of sugar for

"Five cents worth of peanuts. These were neatly done up in a little saw-edged paper bag. Ralph was a model of neatness and politeness, and his white apron and square paper hat gave him a sort of dashy appearance.

"A half dozen eggs." The orders were slight. "Two pounds of butter. Ralph was encouraged.

"One barrel of Haxall flour!" This was quite a leap. "Will deliver it after dinner." Yet his visitors were still far in excess of his sales. But one thing had been demonstrated. He had got the people to coming that way! Could he

hold them. "A new broom sweeps clean," he reflected. "But time will tell." "Well, Ralph's hasn't much in his store, to be sure," said the skeptical, "yit he's er risin', er risin', an' that's

somethin'. Ralph's horse and wagon consisted of himself and a wheelbarrow! He delivered his few goods in this unpretentions manner. The boys called it

Ralph's "one hoss express." The "new grocer" said little, thereby showing tact, but kept his sleeves rolled up and attended strictly to business. He had no capital, but earning a few dollars, he secured a little merchandisc on thirty days' credit. He had one thing, he had manners, he had sociability, he had accommodation. He was just as sociable with the man that bought a jackknife as the one that bought a shovel. With these as leading elements of success, he met his first bills, paid each for his second order of

Two months had gone. Six. Now he had a clerk. But no horse. Six months more. He had a second clerk. Enlph began to receive congratulaions from all sides. The friend who would not lend him a red cent, and who was to give him one thousand dollars, came sauntering in.

"You don't seem to need borrowed money now, Ralph." "No, thank you. I have a thousand to lend," he laughed. "Ralph, you have won the first thousand dollars. The rest will come easy

enough. It is the first thousand that decides the fate of millions." Ralph was very nappy. His business increased. His friends multiplied, and young men came to him to borrow their first thousand dollars. Time wore on. The light corner grocery store became too smail. In more commodious quarters they were soon established. For it was "R. Gorden & Co., Greeers" now. And the young man who had no

capital was the leading grocery firm of the city. "So you could succeed without capital. Ralph," said his practical friend.

"Yes; and it has been a good lesson

"Which you couldn't have learned if I had loaned you a thousand dollars," interrupted the other. "No, sir. And to-day I am saying to the young men of my community:

And Ralph's face glowed. He had been an assured success. And he still superintended his own business.-Horace Walker, in Yankee Blade.

'You can succeed without capital

#### THE NAPOLEON CAT HOAX.

A Popular Riot Caused By a Jester Who Was Never Discovered. In 1815, when the vessel containing Napoleon was about to sail for St. Helena, some waggish person in Chester, England, caused to be distributed in the town and surrounding country handbills stating that the island of St. Helena was so overrun by rats that without relief it would be impossible for the captive emperor and his guards to live there. This being the case, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the government had determined to send out a shipload of cats, the ship to sail from Chester. On a certain appointed day the king's officer would be in the city and would pay sixteen shillings, about four dollars, for fullgrown toms, ten shillings for female cats and and two shillings and sixpence for kittens old enough to feed

themselves. The people of the surrounding country took the matter seriously, and on the day appointed thousands of cats were brought into Chester. The owners, finding they had been tricked, became angry, threw away their cats and started to sack the city hall. The police were unable to deter them and a riot ensued, in which a number of the townspeople were injured by the infuriated country folk, who relished neither the jest nor the laughter at their expense. In the three weeks after the mot over four thousand cats were killed in Chester and the vicinity. The jester was never discovered, though a reward was offered for his detection and punishment.

#### BIDDY AND HER NEST. It Blew Away, but She Picked It Up and Returned It.

"I have seen one or two good hen

stories in the New York Tribune,"

writes a correspondent of that paper. "but I think this one beats them. One day last fall it happened that not far from my house a board was resting on two barrels, which were about ten feet apart, and somebody had laid an old discarded straw hat on it, the crown lying on the board. An old hen, which was a great pet with the family, saw this arrangement and evidently decided that the old hat was just the thing for a nest. So she carefully hopped into it and laid an egg. We decided to humor her whim, and therefore fastened the hat to the board. She continued to lay in this queer nest for some time. But one day the hat became unfastened in some way and blew off the board. When biddy saw this she began to sing disconsolately, and we thought she would give up the hat and seek another nest. But we were mistaken. In a little while she seized the hat in her bil and flew with it on to the board, where, after a great deal of fussing, she adjusted it so that she could lay in it. After that we fastened it so that it could not blow off."