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The For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. If your per does not keep it you should insist upon his doing so, as it Trays gives satisfaction and its immense sale all over the United States takes it an almost necessary article to any well supplied store. Everyaling shines after its use, and even the children delight in using it in attempts to help around the house.

Our hearers to convince Of some one's quality that he's An equine beats the record while She's foaming us the sort, And then she is the reigning queen Of all the Yaukee turf. In speaking of the lion wild That on the human leasts,

We often say with joy and pride,

DEMOCRATIC TITLES.

We all admit, neimlancis, That he's the king of beas's, It strikes me as remarkable, And hard to understand, How rotal titles shine in this Most demogratic fand.

Methinks in speaking of a prince Whom we with favor scan, We should preclaim him for and wide A blooming abterman. The fastest ricer on the track,

To fame should ever be The lady of the white house of The turf, it seems to me. The lien, while he caracoles Should be the president.

A "real bonn fide" duke In whom some good we see, A senator we should proclaim In our unbounded giee. Our playing cards we e'en should take

Supplant the kings and queens. These names that smack of royalty We should be far above If but to be consistent with

The principles we love.

FACING THE AMEER.

A Cool Head and a Clear Brain Win in a Bold Enterprise.

"The thing that earned me my first promotion," said Col. B-, of the Seventy-eighth Russian infantry, as we sat in the balcony of the little posthouse at Tchinaz (in one of the drearest parts of central Asia) watching the red glow of sunset fading over the broad, shining curves of the Syr-Daria and the great plain beyond, "was rather a queer affair altogether." I give this story, which is perfectly true, as nearly as possible in the words

"It was certainly one of those things

which are a good deal pleasanter to talk about afterwards than to go through at the time, and I don't much hink that I should care to try it again, This was how it happened: When I

first came out here the Khokandese still held all the country that we Rusdans have taken since, and it would have been no easy matter to get even as far as this. "As for the country on the other side I the river we knew no more about it than if it had been in the moon.

"Now, this tract beyond the river (which belonged to the ameer of Bokmra in those days) was just the very place that our colonel. Tchernaieff, particularly wanted to know about. "We were pretty certain to have to invade Bokhara sooner or later, and it was specially important to know if we should find any water and forage on the way and what sort of country we should have to cross.

"So when I got down here with one of our flying columns, which was making a raid through the Khokandese territory to give the 'coffee-faces' a lesson, I bethought myself that it might be long enough before I was so close to the border again, and that, as I knew the native language pretty well and wasn't afraid of a rough ride, I'd just go over into Bokhara and see what it was

"Didn't the old colonel look pleased when I volunteered? And I hadn't to ask twice for leave to go, I can promise

"'I don't think you'll ever come back, my boy,' said he, 'but if you do you'll see that I know how to reward good "With this consolation I set off, ac-

companied only by two Cossacks. "I remember well how queer I fel when I stood for the first time on -th opposite bank and looked back at the campfires of our soldiers and then for ward at the great wide waste of des ert; but the bright sunshine kept my spirits up-it's wonderful what a differ-ence it makes sometimes whether the day's fine or gloomy-and away I went, merrily enough.

"As for my two Cossacks, they looked as comfortable as if they were going to

"We kept a bright lookout as we went along; and well we might, in a country where we might all have our throats cut at any moment. But for the first two hours we didn't see a living thing. However, I had already made up my mind what to do in case we did fall in with any of the Bokhariotes; and it was well I had, for all at once I caught sight of a cloud of dust, far in the distance, with a sort of glitter running through it every now and then, coming right down upon us.

"I saw my Cossacks looking at me to see how I took it, and so, of course, I had to put on as bold a face as I could; but I don't mind confessing now that I would have given all my chances of promotion to find myself safe across the

border again. "However, it was too late to think of that, for by this time we were so near that we could see we had in front of us a body of at least fifty horsemen, every man with a gun at his back and a sword at his side. "I tied my white handkerchief to the point of my sword, by way of a flag of truce, and, bidding the Cossaeks stay

where they were, I rode forward to meet the Bokhariotes, who slackened speed as I came up and looked at each other in a puzzled kind of way, as if they didn't quite know what to make

" 'Peace be with you, brothers,' said I. You have doubtless been sent to meet me by the great ameer, under the shadow of whose throne the whole earth rests. May he live a hundred and twenty years! I bring h'm gifts from the ezar of the Oorooss (Russians). Let our horses be swift to reach Samareand. that I may make the dust upon the threshold of Hazret (his majesty) into ointment for my eyelids.' "The fellows looked more puzzled than ever, but no one thought of doubting what I said; for, indeed, it could never have entered into their heads that

ness there.

any Russian could be riding through their deserts with only two men at his back, unless he had really some busi-"So the leader of the band saluted

me very politely, and said that he 'laid his forehead in the dust before the messenger of the great ezar,' with a lot more rigmarole of the some sort: and then the whole party turned and rode back toward Samarcand, with me and my Cossacks in the center.

"We slept at Djizak that night, just where the desert ends and the mountain begins. The governor pitched a tent in the garden behind his house and entertained the messenger of the great ezar' most sumptuously. My Cossacks-who, like true Russian soldiers, felt quite safe so long as their commanding officer showed no sign of anxiety-ate two pounds of pilaff (a mess of rice and mutton) apiece, and then fell asleep quite comfortably.

"My slumbers, however, were not so quiet by any means. I had heard enough of the ameer to be sure that he wouldn't be easily taken in; and if he found me out, it would be only being tortured to death by inches, instead of getting cut down at once.

"Once or twice I thought of waking up my Cossaeks and making a run for it; but every time I looked out of the tent, there were two or three Bokhariotes strolling about with guns on their shoulders, and I soon saw that there was nothing for it but to go right through with it to the end.

"We started again a little before sunrise, and got to Samarcand about noon. The view of the Tehepan-Ata hills, standing out over the rush and foaming of the river, was very fine; but to my great disgust, as soon as we got to the on - sirts of the town, they blindfoided me with a silken searf, so I missed seeing just the very thing that I especially wanted to see.

"We passed through several streets, seemingly crowded, to judge by their noise. Then I felt myself led up a winding path and through a gate; and then, all at once, the bandage was taken away from my eyes, and I found myself in a large paved court, in the midst of which, on a pile of enshions, sat a shor! fat, heavy-looking old man. with small harrow black eyes. "The moment the Bokhariotes who were with me came near him they all

fell upon their faces; and then I guessed

that this old rogue must be the ameer himself. asked the ameer, looking keenly at me. "So then I plucked up courage and told him as steadily as I could (for the unsheathed swords all around were rather unpleasantly suggestive) that I had brought him gifts from the ezar, giving him at the same time my gold watch and my revolver. "He was quite delighted with the re-

volver, and must need fire it off at once, nearly shooting some of his own attendants. But just as all seemed to be going well, he snot a piercing giance at me and said: " 'Surely my brother, the ezar, would not send such gifts without sending a

letter with them?" "For a moment I felt cold all over, for then it seemed as if we were fairly caught at last; and I knew what mercy we might expect from these ruffians if once the trick were found out. "I could seek my Cossacks looking as blank as I did, but just then a bright

thought struck me. "About a week before, my brother in St. Petersburg had sent me a playbill of the Alexander theater, with the programme of my favorite play of Shakes-

"I drew it out of my pocketbook with a flourish, and said: "The king hath spoken wisdom and, lo! the letter of the ezar of Ooroosistan (Russia) is before his sublime eves.

"The ameer looked at it, like a monkey at a Greek inscription; but the huge double eagle and the big 'Alexander' (the only word he could read) quite satisfied him. "He dismissed me with rich presents,

and gave me an escort from his own guard as far as the frontier, where I was mighty glad to find myself again, I can tell you. "As for the precious playbill, it was

laid up with all honor in the archives of | the other night. Bokhara, and when our fellows took Samarcand, seven years later, they must have been rather astonished to find it there."-David Ker, in Golden ALL ABOUT A KISS.

A Girl's Ingenious Tactics on fleeciving the First Salute from Her Lover. This, I am assured, is a true story, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press The gentaman himself told it to me. and the lady, now his wife, sat beside him and admitted it to be true. He had waited on her for several weeks, when one evening he resolved to kiss her, and "You shall do nothing of the kind,"

she said with a good deal of asperity. But he was not to be frightened out of it. He reached for her, but she drew away and indignantly declared that if he undertook any such liberties she would scream. He didn't believe she would so he grabbed up and gave

her a good, rousing smack. Sure enough, she screeched like a steam calliope, and frightened the young man well-nigh out of his senses, for he heard the family rushing toward the parlor. The young lady's mother was the first to enter, and the father

came close behind. "What's the matter?" asked the The young man stood by the piano,

wishing the roof would fall in and bury everybody. The young lady had jumped upon the sofa. "I saw a mouse," she said. The parents went back, and the young man kissed her until she couldn't

have told a mouse from a mountain. The nerviest man in America has been discovered. He is a tramp, and

rant and had ordered an elaborate meal. After eating it with great relish he took | broidered over it. his check, walked to the cashier's desk and coolly informed him that he had no money. The eashier put his hand to a shelf under the desk, produced a pistol and ordered the man to pay. "What's that?" the tramp asked, pointing to the pistol. "That, sir," answered the other, "is a revolver." An expression of relief came over the man's face as he replied: "Oh, I don't care a straw for a revolver; I thought it was a stomach pump. Good afternoon." And he walked out before the astonished cashier could rally from his surprise.

NOT SUITED TO THE PURPOSE. "This pencil is too strong for me."-Lewis Car-

The editor struggled in vain with his pen, In only one way would it willingly move; He made a beginning again and again And then said abruptly: "I must be in

Yes; this must be why one fair face of all Between him and his "copy" continually Presented itself in the smallest of spaces, And ended at him out of the clouds when

he slept. The remody's surely before me-I'll write! He muttered, and seized his reculcitrant alt I may possibly illustrate fright, And girls, as a rule, adore courage in men.

this editor had a clear title to use The letters "B. A" as attached to his And why should so simple a matter confuse A mind so long trained to tirectness of alm? The printers were calling for copy-no time Win his to debute, he must do it at once,

Periode "the would fancy it more done in He marmured: "Oh, why do I feel like a

Well simple directness, it may be, is best; It might be orante should I call ner 'di-If she loves me, her own heart will furnish "I love you," he wrote; "dearest, will you

I have analyzed carefully that which I feel, And I give it substantially in the above; Reply by the messenger to my appeal, And state, if you can, a return of my love. He mused, and then drenmily added: "P. S.

Write plainly on one side of paper, and It need not be published-your name and ad-It is merely a form, for I know where you

The answer came swiftly; he read it between Two yarns, aphs of a discourse upon tanks; And he stole to the shade of a Japanese "It's concluded," he said; "she's declined me -Margaret Vandegrift, in Century.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER. He Got Not Only the Broken Slipper, But a Wife.

Peggy Hildreth was the belle of the fact. There were many girls as pretty as Peggy, but none as bright and sancy. Certainly no young girl of eight-

een had had more suitors or knew bet-

ter how to refuse them and still keep them at her feet. Now, Peggy had a stepmother and no father, and like the traditional stepmother, this one was hard to live with. Perhaps Peggy was a little to blame reelf, for she strongly objected being stated to, even when, as Mrs. Hillreth would inform her, "it was only or her own good;" but as it was only the week before she had been heard to say she "should be glad when that witch was well married and out of the house," we can hardly blame Peggy

for not having unquestioned faith in Mrs. Hildreth's desire for her good. One afternoon, when these two had had a few words of anything but an amiable nature, the servant announced a caller for Miss Feggy, Mr. Jack Leslie, of the Seventh regiment, it appeared from the card, and Peggy hasened to meet him, looking, with her sparkling blue eyes and golden curls, rowned in a short-waisted white musin tied up under the arms with a broad sash, like an animated Kate Greenaway

"Oh. Jack. I am so glad you've come! Mrs. H. and I have been having it again, although I came out ahead," with a laugh.

"As usual, I see. But what were you quarreling over this time?" Well, I'll tell you. I called that roung Bliss a fool or an idiot, I don't emember which, and as he is distantly related to Mrs. H., she naturally obected. We argued the matter to some ength, and then she told me to prove my statement or take it back. I said I could, and that she would agree with me if she had only heard him propose

"It was done in this way," and Peggy stood up at an angle of forty-five de-grees and toyed with an imaginary eyeglass: "Weally, Miss Hildweth, you weally must do me the au-extreme kindness of accepting my name and-nu-estates, doncher know, and then after that she gave in," and Peggy took two waltz turns and sank into an easy chair and said:

"Now, Jack, let's have it. I know you've brought some good news by the disagreeable way the lines in your fore-

head run." "Well, you've guessed aright, so just catch your breath while I relate all I know. The Seventh intend giving a ball on the third of next month, and I've come over to invite you early so there can be no mistake about your going with me."

"Really; honor bright; cut your throat. Oh, how lovely! How nice of you to come over and tell me before the other girls knew anything about "Well, as long as you don't throw me

over at the last minute for Overalle or any of the Wainwright boys, I shall feel repaid." Peggy actually colored, for Howarth

Overalle was one of the few men whom she could not bring to her feet. Not a very handsome man, but tall and distinguished looking, bearing himself like the true, honest soldier that he was. He had often watched Peggy Hildreth from afar, and contrasted her with the pale, tired, invalid sister he had at home in far-away Montana. Jack Leslie had purposely mentioned Overalle just to tease Peggy. He had always known her, and as she pestered him when it suited her mood, he once in awhile retaliated.

It was war to the knife between the two until Jack left, and then Peggy went upstairs to pull over some old trunks of her own mother's to see what around a corner in Topeka, Kan., one | she could find suitable to wear to the day lately. He had entered a restau- ball. She came across a beautiful white brocade with tiny pink rosebuds em-"Now," she soliloquized, "this would

just suit me made up with a little of this honiton lace. Mrs. Hildreth will faint with horror at the idea, and say I'll look like my own grandmother. Then perhaps somebody will fall in love with my own grandmother. Now, I'll put it on and dance the minuet with somebody's grandfather. I wished the somebody's grandfather looked like Howarth Overalle, the hateful old thing. I'd like the fun of refusing him. Now, Peggy, wait a moment. If Mr. Overalle should ask you to ac-

inpany him to Montana and spend a dull existence with an invalid sister and an old mother, would you, after all, refuse? Oh, bother, it's too warm to get into discussions with one's self." And doing the sweet, old-fashioned gown up into a bundle, Peggy sauntered down to the village dressmaker, and, after leaving there, decided she'd

It was a poor little cottage into which Peggy wended her way, and the widow herself looked half-fed. "I don't believe you've had any dinner to-day," thought Peggy, "and as you're too proud to ask for it, I'll have

just run in and see if Widow Tucker's

boy was recovering from slow fever.

"Why don't you take a walk while I sit by Jamie and tell him stories?" she said, aloud. "And, by the way, if you're going by my house just stop in and get my cape and tell Hannah te give you your dinner. It will save you cooking here."

The widow gladly went, and Peggy amused herself and Jamie inventing While in the middle of one she glanced

up and beheld Howarth Overalle standing in the doorway with a look of rapt admiration on his face. "Do you come here often?" was his first remark.

"Never," she replied, while Jamie's eyes dilated to such an extent one would know she was not telling the "What are you here for?" he asked.

"My laundry," was the brief reply, He saw her bome through the twilight, and Peggy after that took more interest than ever in her gown for the "Third."

Leslie for Peggy, and when he saw her he exclaimed: "Why, Peggy Hildreth, you lovely little picture! I'm almost tempted to carry you off by main force, you look

The evening came and with it Jack

so beautiful." "Well, you needn't," serenely remarked Peggy, as she gathered her opera cloak around her and let him put her into the carriage.

Words of admiration could be heard from all sides as she entered the hall with her escort. And she did look lovely. The golden curls were gathered on to the top of her head and the beautiful brocade was modernized Slippers had been made to match the gown, and although Peggy took only a three boot, she had squeezed her foot into a two, the result being before the evening was half over in one giving way when she was dancing with Capt.

Van Leaten. "Now," said Peggy, philosophically, I am finished for dancing. All I can do is to flirt."

"No such thing," said the captain.

"I shall send for more slippers;" and he was as good as his word. When they came Peggy was surrounded by admirers, and hilding up the pretty broken slipper, she said: 'New what do you bid for it?"

"A box of gloves," said Jack Leslie. "Two boxes," said Capt. Van Leaten. "I'll go you one better and offer three boxes and a five-pound box of candy." exclaimed an ardent admirer. Peggy saw Mrs. Hildreth gazing at

per in horror, and with her eyes dance ing with merriment she said: "Come quickly! Bid away! I'll marry "A diamond bracelet.!"

"Two tickets for Patti!" And so the bids rattled on and Peggy found herself the center of a logo and admiring circle and she began to wish she was well out of it all.

"Diamond pin!"

At that moment Mr. Overalle appeared, and stepping forward quickly, "I offer over-all." And Peggy laugh-

ingly called: "Gone!" and started waltzing with the highest bidder. The circle disbanded, murmuring: "Tricked," "Puns not allowed," and similar remarks, but Peggy was happy, and when half an hour later she met the possessor of her slipper in the conservatory, and he asked her if she would confirm her remark and marry the highest bidder, she only said in a half laughing manner, but with a serious look in the blue eyes for once: "I

always keep my word."-Boston Globe. TOLD BY PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A young lady in Lewiston, Me., entered a photographer's gallery and after seating herself in a chair, calmly informed him that she wanted her, "face drawed." The photographer said he would draw it.

A Chicago photographer claims to be doing a good business among the young men of that city by photographing the pictures of their sweethearts on their arms, when finished appearing similar to the tattooing process with the exception of the colors.

As amateur photographer went thirty miles out in the country to take some choice views, filled fifty plates and found when he came to develop them at home that he hadn't opened the shutter of his camera. He had pressed the button, but for some reason it hadn't done the rest.

A PHOTOGRAPHER at the convention in Buffalo told a reporter of the old days in the west, when the man at the camera used to make the subject "look pleasant" by leveling a pistol at him and saying: "Look right in the muzzle o' this yere revolver, my man, and remember that I hain't agoin' to hev this picture spoiled with any o' your

THE INDUSTRIES.

Or 10,757 farms in Utah 9,724 are made fertile by irrigation. THE production of anthracite coal this year is 16,000,000 tons, or 2,300,000 tons over the first half of last year. It is reported that a vein of coal three miles wide and fifty feet thick has been vered in the Flathead country in Montana.

at present is that the supply of cattle from that state will fall short 1,000,000 head as compared with the number last THE honey crop this season will be the lightest California has ever known. The bees can't find nectar enough, and hives that yielded twenty-nine tons

A Texas cattleman says the outlook

last year will not produce a pound this season. THE exports from the city of Charleston, S. C., increased from \$13,788,751 in the year ending June 30, 1899, to \$21,-940,006 for the year ending June 30, 1891. The largest item of increase was that of cotton.

MOTHER'S KISS. When downward I tumble and bump my poor Then hop up quite sure I am pretty near dead, And run to my mamma as quick as a wink, Ah, how does she cure me! Pray, can you not

By klases so sweet, to be sure! Again and again, I may wound myself sore, Then cry out because I have burt me some

more; a matter how busy or tired she may be, She always takes time to attend to poor me-To beni me at once with her give. When I am real good, or when I am real bad.

When I am quits merry, or when I'm quite When I h new of patience so often have tried, Then his me, just his me the same.

Ah, hisses like those here we ever formet The love they expressed? Nay, with cyclashes We'll years for them even in old, grown-up ers, er brimming over with het, blinding

Waite longing for them all in vain, Ains, that her heart and her velce are so dumb, Twotr yearting and erim, and no mether can

And case the been heartache in our after life. When we have got hurt in the world's cease less strife; No kisses can benl us like hers!

-Fannie L. Funcher, in Portland Transcript.

A BAFFLING MYSTERY

Strange, Remarkable Case of Mr.

Mansfield's Wife.

All was excitement at the Mansfield mansion; its mistress, the beautiful and accomprished wife of David Mansfield, had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. They were all ready for an evening ride. Mr. Mansfield was already at the carriage, awaiting his wife's coming. She had appeared at the doorway, but stopped, and, telling her husband that she had forgotten her gloves and would return for them, she reentered the house and started upstairs to her room.

That was the last Mr. Mansfield saw of his wife. He waited fifteen or twenty minutes, and then sent a servant to hurry Mrs. Mansfield. The servant returned and reported that the door to the lady's room was locked, and that there had been no response when al Frightened, Mr. Mansfield hastened

upstairs and tried the door of his wife's room. It was locked, as the servant had said. Mr. Mansfield called his wife's name, but received no reply He was now thoroughly frightened and summoning all his strength, he burst the door open. One hasty glance about the room was sufficient. The room was empty-his wife was

But where, and how, and why? These were the questions that agitated the mind of the busband, and he could find no answer for any one of them. Still, she might be in the house, Mr. Mansfield thought, and he set the servants to scarching for her. High and low, upstairs and down they searched, but no trace of the missing

woman could they find. Then they extended their search to the grounds, with the same results, and Mr. Mansfield was in despair. The disappearance of his wife was so sudden, so unexpected, so mysterious, that he was filled with a kind of nameless. numbing feeling of horror, of fear, of he knew not what.

For hours the search had been kept

up, and at last, disheartened, weary,

anguish-stricken, the bereaved hashand ordered the search discontinued. What to do next he did not know, until it was suggested to him to send for a de-Mr. Mansfield caught at the suggestion at once, and telegraphed to the city for a detective. The next train

brought one of the best detectives in the city of New York, and he lost no time in setting to work. Accompanied by Mr. Mansfield, he entered the room of the missing lady, and began an examination of it. "Is everything just as it was when her absence was discovered?" asken Mr. Ferret, the detective; "has nothing

been moved or changed in any way? "Nothing," replied Mr. Mansfield. "Everything is just as she left it." "Then that window was open," asserted the detective, indicating an open window at one side of the room,

and Mr. Manstield nodded assent. Mr. Ferret crossed the room, and examined the sill and floor beneath the window. Then he looked out. The only possible means of reaching the ground, thirty feet below, was by a lightning rod, which could be reached from the window, and the detective shook his head. It would be a powerful incentive that would induce a woman to descend by means of this rod.

After examining every nook and cranny of the room, the detective sat down and studied the matter from every point of view, as he thought. At last he turned to his companion: "Mr. Mansfield," he said, "I wish to ask you a question. It is of rather a delicate nature, but I hope you will not

be angry. Did you and your wife have any trouble? Do you know any reason why she should wish to get away from "I do not," was the reply. "My wife and I were on the best terms; we never quarreled in our lives."

The detective looked puzzled. "I don't understand it," he said: "the only theory that I can advance is that she has committed suicide, though if you were on good terms there would be no reason for her doing this." The detective spent a week searching for a clew, but could find none. A sys-

tematic search was made for miles

around; advertisements were inserted

in all the papers, but it availed noth-

ing. Nothing could be discovered. The disappearance of the woman was as complete and unfathomable a mystery Mr. Mansfield grew pale and thin. He had loved his beautiful wife as few men do love, and the uncertainty attending the disappearance of his loved one made his sorrow all the harder to bear. It was worse really than it would have been had he known his wife

tective should give up the search, and the week grew into a month. Two, three, four months the detective kept at it. He exhausted every resource, sifted every semblance of a clew, and finally at the end of five months, refused to work longer.

was dead. He was unwilling the de-

"It's a waste of my time and your money," he declared, and Mr. Mansfield reluctantly acquiesced in the detective's Advertising Rates.

The large and rel anie circulation of the Cam-mua Freeway commends it to the invorable consideration of advertisers whose lavou will be inserted at the following low rates: l inch, 3 months...
l inch, 6 months...
l inch | 1 year
l inches, 6 months...
l inches, 1 year
linches, 2 months...
linches, 6 months... column, I year Business items, first insertion, 10c, per line;

Business items, first insertion, ic., per line; subsequent insertions, ic. per line
Administrator's and Executer's Notices. \$2.59
Auditor's Notices. 2.50
Stray and similar Notices. 1.50
EP-Resolutions 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 Printing of all kinds neatly and executions as a first lowest prices. And

an't you lorget it.

"My opinion," said Mr. Ferret, "it that your wife is dead. I think you has better accept that us a fact." "I will not accept that av true until I know it is true," declared Mr. Mansfield, and, unable to produce proof that his theory was the correct one, the de-

rowing man good-by and returned to the city. A couple of months later, as he was sitting at home, turning over in his mind different cases that he had been engaged upon, Mr. Ferret's mind reverted to the Mansfield case and he gave a start, as a sudden idea occured to

tective said no more, but bade the sor-

"I have it!" he exclaimed, aloud. "I'll wager I have fathomed the mystery of Mrs. Mansheld's disappearance! Why didn't I think of it before, I wonder? Let's see," and he looked at his watch, "I have just time enough toeatch the train. I believe I'll run down and put the matter to the test at once,' Two hours later Mr. Ferret stood in the presence of Mr. Mansfield. The detective was shocked at the change in his late employer. He was aged a score of years, and his bair, lately a beautiful brown, was silvered with gray. He had a hopeless expression of countenance that was pitiful to see, but brightened up a little, at sight of

"Have you-do you bring me any news?" he asked, eagerly. "Mr. Mansfield, I wish to ask you a question or two," said the detective, "Do you know anything regarding your

wife's ancestors?" "Only that they were excellent people," quickly, "I never heard aught said against any relative of hers." "Well, answer me this: Did you ever hear of, or know of any relative of

This shot struck home. Mr. Mansfield's face paled, and he reeled back against the wall. "Her uncle," he gasped. "is an occupant of an insane asylum now. My lod! Do you think-do you suspect-

hers being afflieted with insanity?"

"That your wife was insane when she disappeared so mysteriously? Yes, that is what I think, and now I would advise that the different establishments for the care of the insane, that are distributed throughout the country, be looked through for your wife; she might be found. Mind you, I say might he found; my own opinion is that she is

"We'll begin the search to-morrow!" declared Mr. Mansfield. "Name your price to help me and consider yourself The search through the different in-

sane asylums began next day, and in a

private" institution of this kind, nearly a landred miles from her home, Mrs. Mansfield was found. She was sane, too, as anybody, but prematurely old, from confinement in uch a horrible place; but how happy

the two were over their rennion, after being separated for so long. Mrs. Mansfield's story was soon told. She had been taken with a sudden insane notion that her husband hated her and wished to make away with her. She thought that, instead of going to the opera, her husband was going to take her off somewhere and murder her. With this fear to urge her on, she had returned to her room on that evening, two years before, locked the door, climbed out of the window, descended by the lightningrod and made her escape. She had wandered away, through the timber and across the country, to the railroad; boarding a train, she rode to a town nearly a hundred miles distant. Here she left the train, and wandered

again, until picked up by kind people and sent to the asylum for the insane. She came back to her right senses a few weeks after entering the asylum, but when she told them she was sane, and gave her name and address, they laughed at her, and never even thought of writing to the address she gave them. So despairing, and almost heartbroken, the poor woman was forced to remain an inmate of a madhouse, a companion of mad men and women. It was terrible, and her joy at regaining her freedom and being restored to her home and the arms of her loving husband, can be better imag-

ined than described. She never had a second touch of the dread malady, and among all their many friends, there was never one who was a more welcome visitor than the man who, sitting at his home thinking, had figured out the cause of Mrs. Munsfield's mysterious disappearance -Mr. Ferret, the detective. -S. A. D. Cox, in Yankee Blade.

MECHANICAL NEWS.

THERE are nearly six thousand pieces in a modern locomotive. Compressed paper is now used as a substitute for wood in the manufacture

of shuttles and their wheels for looms. A RESIDENT of Evart, Mich., has invented a device whereby brakes applied to a locomotive will operate every brake on the train. A SEAMLESS steel boat made from one piece of metal by hydraulic pressure promises to be very desirable. It will

last a great while and cannot leak.

THE steam-hammer used in forging the armor plates at Bethlehem has a plunge equal in weight to 125 tons; the anvil that receives this blow weighs ARTIFICIAL grindstones, made of a mixture of pulverized quartz, pewdered flint, powdered emery or corundum

and rubber dissolved by a suitable solvent, are now made for sharpenlag tools which outwear by years any actual stone known. THEY break up jams of logs in the Androscoggin with dynamite. The charge is lashed to a long pole and forced through the boiling water. The jam leaves at once. Formerly men went out on a jam, but it was very dan-

erous. Sometimes eight cartridges

The Very Worst Smell. An odor has been found so frightful

are exploded at once.

that the discoverers have been obliged to abandon its preparation. MM. Banman and Fromm, in experimenting at Freiburg, in Brisgau, upon the organic sulphur derivatives, caused hydrogen sulphide to act upon acctone, and obtained besides trithioacetone small quantities of a definite compound, nonvolatile and crystaline, C15 H28 S4. At the same time there is found a vere volatile body, having such a horribly odor that ethylmercaptan, ethlene-mercaptan and other volatile sulphur compounds are perfumes compared with it. -Pharmaceutical Era.

ELL BRED SAPOLIO is one of the best known city luxuries and each time a cake used an hour is saved. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like