JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1891.

\$1.50 and postage per year in Jvance.

The lapeard teleple circuition of a l inch a conting a line by the conting a lin column a months..... 1 column, 1 yest...... Business Items, first insection 16r. per ubsequent insertions, 5r per l'inc Administrator and Executar's Notices 5 Au illor's Notices stray and spaniar Nations Stray and spatter Nations

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Advertising Rat

# 118 Eleventh Ave. GANSMAN'S 1118 Eleventh Ave.

VOLUME XXV.

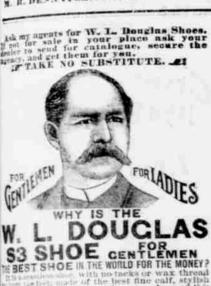
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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovery alister. Read proof below: KENDALL'S SPAVIN GURE.

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Gents—I would like to unske known to those who are almost perstanted to use Kendall's Spavin Cure the fact that I think it is a mester sedicut Limitent thave used it on Blood Spavin. The horse went on three legs for three years when I assumenced to gas your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used ten hot ties on the horse and have worked him for three years since and has not been lame.

Yours truly.

WM. A. CURL

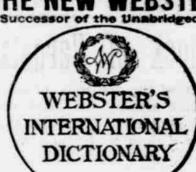
GERHANDOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1893. Dn. ls. J. Kespall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

merits of your Kends, bottle was used up 1 v towing no more all's Spavin Cure ald to in every EUGENE DEWITT. Price \$1 per battle, or six bottles for \$5. All drug-

giats have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

LD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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OT DEAD YET

VALLIE LUTTRINCER. MANUFACTURES OF

IN COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING.

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on Susiness at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large took, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest

ing prices. FIN ROOFING & SPECIALTY.

Bodies Embalmed thre me a call and sati a courselves as to my burg, April 13, 1885-11

TOWEAK MEN

but F t. FOALFR, Moodus, Cons.

Horse shoes
the more worn-villethe brighter.

Busy wives who use SAPOLIO never seem to grow old. Try a cake ...

A complete wreck of domestic happiness has often resulted from belly washed dishes, from an unclean kitchen, or from trifles which besied light as air. But by these things a man often judges of his wife's devotion to her family, and charges her with general neglect then he finds her careless in these particulars. Many a home owes Alarge part of its thrifty neatness and its consequent happiness to

to Grocers often substitute cheaper goods for SAPOLIO, to make a buler pront. Send back such articles and insist on having just what

REMEMBER. [From the French of Alfred De Musset.] ember, when the Dawn sets open wide Her bright, enchanted palace to the Sun; Remember, when the Night the pensive eyed Comes dreaming under veils all silver spun; When thy bosom beats high with a pleasure

When the twilight allures thee to brood and to dream: Hark! the forest profound Has a voice in its sound— "Remember!"

Afar, for evermore afar apart; When sorrow, exile and the flight of days Have withered like a flower this breaking O forget not our parting, my love and its tears:

Love laughs at the malice of space and of While my bosom shall beat With its pulses repeat-"Remember!"

Remember me, when, nevermore distrest, This heart of mine shall slumber in the Remember, when above its house of rest Softly a solitary flower shall bloom. Thou wilt see me no more, but my spirit shall Like a sister beloved, forever with thee. When the midnight is nigh Thou shalt hear a voice sigh-

shalt hear a "R :member?" — Temple Bar, CARRYING REVOLVERS.

Some Good Advice on a Danger-

ous and Deadly Weapon. The Man Who Carries a Londed Shooting Iron Is a Menace to Himself and

Friends-Rely on Muscle and a Stout Stick. It was midnight. I had just gotten off the late train from the city and was starting to walk four miles across country to the village wherein I lived. I had been detained in town by business until the smaller railroad on which I usually traveled was laid up for the night, compelling me in order to reach home to take this roundabout way of

getting there. It was in the summer time and the country roads were deep with dust. Soon I left the gas lamps of the town behind me and came to the long and lonesome stretch (where for two miles there wasn't a light or a house) which I must pass before reaching my

Here, also, the sidewalks stopped, so, of necessity, I took the middle of the road, plodding through the soft and

unusually thick dust. The sky was black with low lying clouds-so intensely black that it couldn't be distinguished from the carth, and all was as still as death. No footfall sounded in that carpet of dust, not a dog barked, not a frog croaked, not an owl hooted, not a breeze stirred. The awful silence was oppressive and the more than Egyptian darkness was

horrible. Reside the spookiness of that silent, thostly tramp through the dust and over strange roads on such a hideously black night there was cause to apprehend danger from robbers, for several p rsons had lately been waylaid and attacked in the very spot I was ap-

pronching. I possessed a revolver, but it wasn't with me, for, not expecting to be detained, I had left it home.

The feeling of security it would have given might have taken away some of my uncomfortable thoughts as I plodded along on my unpleasant journey. Owing to the darkness and difficulty of keeping a path, I was in the middle of the road, and soon reached the dreariest part of the walk, midway between the two villages, and a good mile and over from a human habita-

Suddenly a man's gruff voice sounded not three feet away.
"Hello, stranger," it spoke, "where yer going?" Then another voice, too, close behind me, said: "What time is

Then both the men, one at my side touching me and the other just behind. walked along with me, for I hadn't stopped when they spoke. The inky darkness was so utterly in-

tense that not even the r shadows could I see, while the soft dust gave no sound from their feet. The silent manner of their waiting for and joining me looked bad. I cer-

tainly should have heard them talking together before accosting me if they were bent on no mischief. Of course I was frightened, and more so because I could not in the pitchy blackness get the slightest idea of

their looks. But I managed to return their salute as carelessly and as fearlessly as I could and then told them to keep "What for?" the fellow at my side

asked, brushing against me, "don't you like company?" "Keep away!" said I, again, "I've got a pistol, and I warn you!" "I've got one, too," he laughed, rub-

bing up nearer, and the fellow behind me stepped on my heels. They seemed slightly the worse for

drink, or, maybe, only pretending, so as to get me off my guard. At any rate they entirely ignored my warning and stuck even closer than before, at the same time trying to start a

conversation with me, which I had no humor to encourage. Being, as I have mentioned, without my pistol, I had no choice but to walk along in their company, every moment expecting to get a blow from the fellow

behind. When it came-if it didn't knock me senseless—I intended to get one hit back and then run for my life, trusting

to escape in the darkness. But to my most agreeable surprise, I was not molested and soon the lights of my native town appeared.. At the first crossroad my unseen and unasked for companions said: "Good night," and vanished, and I do not know yet

who they were or how they looked. The point of my story, which looked like an adventure at first, is this: If I had not fortunately been without my pistol, I should certainly have ordered them off to a good and proper distance. Then the fellows, being foolishly familiar and affectionately disposed by drink, would have done just what they did or they might have put an arm about me to show their friend-

ly feelings or their lack of fear at my threats. Then I'd have shot them, or they me. In either case I should have been punished severely.

One winter I was spending a week with a brother-in-law. I slept on the second floor and he occupied the back parlor on the first

One night I was awakened by a woman's shrieks of "Help! Murder! Thieves!" proceeding, as I imagined,

from below me in the house. As quickly as possible I, again with no weapon, opened my door to the hall (where the light had gone out leaving it as black as my midnight walk was) and groped my way down the stairs to assist the person in danger.

At about the middle of the staircase I ran against a man coming up. We had each other by the throats an instant, and after a short life or death struggle we both, still trying to strangle each other, fell and rolled, locked together, to the bottom. There

in the darkness we fought and choked and only stopped when my sister bravely opened the parlor door and let the lighted gas illuminate the combat. Lucky indeed it was for all concerned that she did so, for had she delayed much longer my poor brother-inlaw, on whom I was sitting and pound-

ing, would have been seriously dam-The servant girl, it afterwards turned out, had an attack of nightmare and her screams had made the trouble. Here again was a case where a revolver in either of our hands would have caused irreparable disaster.

In my mind comes one instance after another of the woes that happen by owning handy pistols. A little boy I know found his father's revolver carelessly left in a bureau drawer. Before he finished playing

brother. A friend fearing burglars was in the habit of sleeping with a pistol under his

with it he shot and killed his smaller

One night while in a vivid, halfawake nightmare, caused by keeping a pistol and thereby dreaming of burglars, he fired at some one moving across his darkened bed chamber. It was his bride, and she died in his arms.

A neighbor had an altercation with his hired man. Stung by his insolence he left the stable, went in his house, got his pistol and returned to enforce his commands. In his fit of passion he murdered the man, and though he escaped hanging he lost his reason. ghbor left his revolver

Another neighbor left his revolver under his pillow one day. His daughter on making up the bed tossed the pistol on the floor, where it exploded and maimed her for life. I knew of several men who carried revolvers for security against imagin-

ary dangers and shot no one but them-Then again I know of more who have walked about with pistols in their pockets and slept with them under their heads for years without ever once

having occasion to use them and never I consider those people as very unsafe and undesirable folks to be near. and sincerely pity their families who are always in danger.

Long ago I discarded the pistol I imagined was so necessary for the preservation of my life and in consequence I live without the slightest thought of burnlars and have peace of mind sleeping or waking.

The average pistol-carrying man is not only liable to kill his family, his friends or himself but is in actual danger of being shot by rogues who, at his first movement toward his 'pistol pocket" will shoot him down in their "self-defense" and not be hung for it

And where there is a single case of a revolver being a protection to its owner there are thousands where it has proved just the opposite. When a woman can alone go around

the world in perfect safety a man certainly need not be afraid. In fact only a coward in these civilized times will go armed, although, we

must confess, that a man must have considerable courage to have about a weapon almost sure to hurt him sooner or later. The old farmer who fixed a gun in his chicken house so when the door was opened it would shoot the chicken

thief found that out. For he forgot the gun was there when he went after the eggs in the morning. May his fate and the fate of others I have mentioned make men sensible enough to rely only on their fists. A pistol is a danger and a nuisance and of no use at all. "Shoot it" before it shoots you.-H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's

## PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

M. MAREY, by arranging his own apnaratus, has succeeded in photographing the flight of insects, the exposure of the plate being necessarily not over 1-25,000th part of a second.

ONE of the most peculiar marine curiosities found at the bottom of the sea is the brain stone, which in many ways resembles the head of a human being, with its many brain-like furrows. THE wearing away of the cliffs on the

shores of England has of late attracted considerable attention and the problem is being attentively studied with the view of preventing the erosive action of the waves as well as the streams that trickle down.

PROF. VAN BENSCHOTEN, of Middletown, Conn., has discovered a new insect which attacks and kills current worms. He proposes to cultivate this useful insect extensively, with the hope of exterininating the currant pest, which all other means have failed to accom-

THE ornithologist of the Death Valley (Cal.) expedition has secured many rare specimens of mammals, some of which are almost unknown. At Pigeon spring some fifty specimens of a very rare mouse were taken. Of this peculiar species but one specimen, taken about fifty years ago, is said to exist.

Women in Russia. Russia, so far behind other countries in Europe in other respects, is at all events in advance as regards its treatment of women, of which there is just now another illustration. By imperial ukase it has been settled that in future women physicians may practice everywhere within the Russian empire, provided they wear a badge supplied by the crown, indicative of their calling. Moreover, women are to enjoy special privileges on practicing in female hospitals, as well as charitable institutions, gymnasia and schools for young women. Finally, the ukase lays down special regulations for the appearance and giving evidence in court of female physicians, so that womanly modesty shall not be outraged by some impertinent cross-examiner.

## A YOUNG MAN SAVED.

Successful Career.

Julius May was a lawyer-that is, he was going to be one-if spending more or less hours every day in Reed & Tappen's offices could produce the arranged-for result. At first the prospect had been pleasant enough to him, but a course of winter amusements in New York must have some effect upon a young man, and the effect in Mr. May's case had not been, in a legal sense satisfactory.

What must be do? He had asked hour lately, and had never got but one

answer-"Marry!" After a careful and honest review, he the rich and splendid girls whom he had habitually spoken of as crazy about him, only two were likely to be erazy enough to entertain the thought of marrying him-pretty little Bessie Bell and the exceedingly clever Nora

Bessie was the only child of a rich widow, who lived in excellent style, and who was perfect mistress of her income. She was a sweet, dainty little blonde, always irreproachably stylish in dress, always ready to dimple into smiles, and never at a loss for just the

most agreeable thing to say. Nora was a close friend of Bessie's, but in all respects a contrast. She was no tenderly nurtured heiress, but a poor, brave girl, who had by the force of intellect, study and hard work gained an enviable position in the literary world. Her income from her writings was very handsome; she visited in the most aristocratic circles; she was charming in person and manners, and dressed like the rest of the fashionable world. But then Julius felt that in every sense she would not only be the "better half," but probably the four-fourths of the house; and that his personality would sink simply into

"Mrs. May's husband."

sirable companion through it.

wharf. The incident scarcely attracted his attention until, upon entering the parlor, he saw pretty Bessle watching the disappearing vehicle with tearful eyes. She glided into her usual beaming, pretty manner; and very soon Mrs. Bell came in, and asked him to remain

to dinner.

casions?

Surely you know that I have been engaged ever since I was eighteen to Prof. Mark Tyler. Everybody knows it-we had a betrothal party-he is just gone to Europe for six months, that is what I was crying for; why, all our set know about it, though he has been away for nearly two years in the Rocky mountains and California. Mamma said we were to wait until I was twenty-one, but I love him just the same-and I am quite sure that I never did anything to make you think I could eare for you in this way, Mr. May,' and Bessie looked just a little bit indignant.

being your escort all winter." "Oh, dear! Did you think I was going to marry you for that? In all our pleasant little dinners and drives and dances, is there matrimonial specula-

She loved her professor too truly; she had been simply pleasant and friendly to him as she had been to all other gentleman friends, who, however, had had too much sense and modesty to misconstrue her kindness. Then she walked to her pretty little aviary and began cooing to her birds. Julius hardly remembered what passed afterward, except that he received a cool, courteous: "Good night, sir," in answer to his "Farewell," and that he found himself walking round Madison square in a very unenviable state of

To this speedily succeeded the thought liking for him. "And yet," he mur-

stances. He found Nora at home, and moreover, she seemed disposed to welcome him with extra cordiality. In a little while he managed to make the converation drift toward Beasie.

#### Would she be married when the professor returned from Europe? "Oh, dear, no; not till she is twenty-

"Is it not rather a mesalliance?"

What Started Julius May on a

Nora's eyes grew dangerously bright. "Certainly not. Prof. Mark Tyler is a wonderful chemist and geologist-a man of world-wide fame. It is a great honor for Bessie to be loved by such a great soul. "Will you be glad when she mar-"Very." "Yet you will lose your friend?" "By no means. She will remain at

Music and the drama, libraries bound in Russia, instead of calf; fine ladies and fancy balls, London tailors and Fifth avenue boarding-housesthese, and many other splendid things, had become very agreeable to the newly-fledged exquisite. But his little fortune was rapidly disappearing, and his little salary was so extremely small that it was searcely worth counting as a means toward these desired results. himself this question almost every

was compelled to admit that among all

St. Clair.

So Bessie won the decision, and he determined, if his new suit came home the next day, to offer Miss Rell the handsome person which it adorned. For, to tell the truth, he was a handsome fellow; and if this work-a-day world had only been a great drawingroom, with theatrical alcoves and musical conservatories, why, then Mr. Julius May would have been no unde-

The new suit came home, and fitted perfectly; the tonsorial department was equally effective in results; every precaution had been taken, and he felt an earnest of success in the very prosperity of these preliminaries. He rang at Mrs. Bell's door; before the footman could open it, a gentleman came quickly out, threw himself into Mrs. Bell's carriage, and, in a voice of authority. ordered the coachman to drive to the

before he offered himself again.

After dinner Mrs. Rell's clergyman called about some of the church's charties, and as the young people were singing, they went into the library to discuss them. Now was the golden moment, and Julius was not afraid to seize it. What do men say on such oc-

Do they ever say what they intended? Do they remember what they say? I don't believe Julius did: for before he had done-right in the middle of a most eloquent sentence-Bessie laid her hand on his with a frightened little movement, saying:

"Mr. May, please, sir, please do stop!

"I have had the honor, Miss Bell, o

tion? That would, indeed, be dread-

of Nora; he must see her to-night; tomorrow Bessie would give her own version of his conduct, and then-well, he would not acknowledge that that could make any difference in Nora's mured, "women are such uncertain creatures." Where his own interests were concerned, Julius was not wanting in a certain strength and decision of character, and in less than an hour after his rejection by Bessie Bell he had so far composed and encouraged himself as to determine upon a visit to Nora, though whether he should offer himself to her or not was a point he left to the development of circum-

home, and the professor and I are very old friends; he knew me when I was a little girl. "Indeed! Perhaps you may marry before Miss Bell." "I may do so. I have no specific

against doing such a thing eventually; but I am quite sure I shall not do so immediately." "Why not?" "Because I cannot afford it. I am just one of those women who would be likely to make a mesaliance-in money matters- and I repeat, I cannot afford it

just yet. I have at present another extravagance before me, a great deal nicer than a husband." "I should like to know what it is." "A long European tour, with, per-

haps, a peep at the Fyramids and a ramble about old Jerusalem." "Oh! dear!" said Julius, in a tone half serious and half mocking. "I should have no chance, I suppose, against such a temptation?" "None at all," she said, positively:

and though she kept up the bantering tone, it was quite evident to Julius that if he asked her in sober enrnest she would answer just the same with a slightly different accent.

But Nora, with a woman's ready tact, turned the conversation, and gradually led it into a very unusual and practical channel—the nobility and the necessity of labor. The glowing thoughts, the plain yet hopeful truths that fair young woman uttered, Julius heard for the first time in his life that night. Never before had he realized the profit and the deep delight which might spring-and only spring-from an honest career, no matter how humble or laborious, if it was steadily pursued until success crowned it. She hid none of her own early mistakes and struggles, and then, alluding to her assured-position and comfort, asked Julius "how he supposed she had won it?"

"By your genius," he said, admiring-"Not so, sir; but by simple, persevering, conscientious labor in the path I had marked out for myself. Therefore," she said, with a bright, imperative face, "go home to-night, Mr. May, choose what particular form of law you will study, throw yourself with all your capacities into that one subject, and success is sure to come. Depend upon it, the world is not far wrong in making success the test of merit.

Miss St. Clair," said Julius, enthusiastically. "When I have proved this, may I come in to see you again?" He had risen to go, and they stood with clasped hands-"Then you may come again." Nothing more was said, but they quite understood each other, and Julius went out into the clear starlit night, determined to make himself worthy of a good woman's acceptance

"You have made a new man of me,

Next evening Bessie and Nora sat in the firelight, sipping their after-dinner coffee: it was an hour for confidence, and Bessie said, rather sadly: "Poor Julius May-he asked me to

marry him last night."

Nora turned quickly, but said noth-"That is, he wanted to marry my money; everybody knows that if he loves anybody really, it is you, Nora." "He called on me, too, last night," said Nora, "and I saw he was in trouble, so I gave him something to do. Nothing like that old, old gospel of work when you're in trouble. When he had done it, I told him he might come and see me again."

"Surely you would never marry him! You will just have him to dress and take care of." "All men need women to care for them; else why were women made? But 1 think Julius will do very well yet. These elegant carpet-knights

sometimes don armor and take the

world by surprise." "Not much-ly," laughed Bessie. "Remember how England's 'curled darlings' stormed the Malakoff and battered down Sebastopol. I am going to trust Julius May for a year or two; I think he'll do."

"We shall see." "Yes, we shall see. Time proves all

things." Time proved in this case what has often been asserted: "That every woman influences every man she comes in contact with, either for good or bad." Julius went steadily to work, used with economy the remains of his patrimony, became known among lav yers as a hard-reading, clear-headed, stendy young man, and in a little more than two years he ventured to call again on Nora St. Clair and ask her a certain

question, to which she answered, with pride and confidence: "Yes." Another evening Bessie and Nora sat sipping their coffee together in the gloaming of an early summer evening. "Bessie," said Nora, "Julius May asked me last night to marry him."

"Going to do so, Nora?" "Yes, dear, I am going to take care of him, and he is going to take care of God grant that in the larger liberty to which woman aspires, she may consider how vast a power is her influence,

and use it only for gracious ends!-Amelia E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger. Taking Chances. Are you not well this morning, Edwin?

He-Never better in my life. She-Is-is your love for me growing cold? you seem so indifferent, so undemonstrative. Has anything-He-Why, no; you foolish little girl. To-morrow, as you know, I take part in the football match game and I am puzzled to decide whether to make a will or run chances on my accident policy.-Arkansaw Traveler.

Successful. Sanso-Where were you last night? Rodd-Out pursuing happiness. Sanso-And did you eatch it? Rodd-Bet your life! I caught it like thunder when I got home.-Munsey's Weekly.

## THE BRAVE FIREMAN.

IA true incident, the lines being sug-gested by the brave set of Firston McAl-letton of No. 11 west-bound accommodation. in rescaing a little child from death, near

Dimmock station, Pa ] With his hand upon the throttle as the train swept round the bend, The engineer shood ready the signal forth to His eye mert and watchful as he scanned the from way.

That between him and the station in the gleam-

ing sand; it lay. All alone he kept his virgil, save for one who, true and tried, With a spirit never falling, shared each danger His figure, brave and dauntless, with his nerver like temperes steel.

But, with hears of gold within him, prompt to

act and quick to feel. Like a flash of summer lightning, onward dustied the flery steed.

Never pausing for a moment in its rush of heading speed.

When suddenly the whistle sounded shrill up-And the engineer grew pailed with a look of

For there betere him standing, not a hundred yacd-away. Was a they blue-eyed baby, from its mother's A fairy little figure, with its bright hair float-

All unconscious of its danger on the curving

raliway track?

From the throttle valve his fingers in a nerveless tremer fell: But only for an Instant-quick as thought he reng the belt. And reversed the flying engine, but alas, in unin, in vuin! For, with terrible momentum, onward sped the

rushing train. "You stay: I'll save the baby!" all at one rang in his car; And, almost below the menning of his comrade's words was clear.

From his cab had leaped the fireman, of the garger thinking caught. Driven onward by an impulse that with gen erous love was fraught.

through the sky. Sped he on his noble mission, the dread mon ster to entyle, While from every door and window of the scurcely sinckened train
Auxious eyes his footsteps followed as he strove the roal to gald. On he dashed, the store of watchers gazing

Like a deer before its hunters, like an arrow

with suspended breath

At the contest so unequal, in the very jaws of denth; Every voice to whispers sinking, direst fear every face.

Lest the brave man, speeding enward, should be conquered in the race. It could fast but little longer, and a breathless

When suddenly, like thunder, rose a wild, tri-

That, econing and reschoing, seemed to pierce

the very skies, For the freeman was the victor, and the buby's inte his prize! Ah! the spiles and tears and praises showered on him everywhere As he placed the tilde-eyed baby in its mother's tendor care; Then, to his post up-springing, as the train

#### he was gone. -Golden Days. HONOR AMONG THIEVES. A Case of Clever Roguery Related

Mid the sound of cheering voices, in a moment

by a Detective. "Have I met with much honor in my career?" replied an old detective to a reporter's question the other day.

"What kind of honor and where?" "Among thieves." "Oh! that kind," said the rogue eatcher, with a laugh. "Yes, I have met with a good deal of that characteristic you mean when you say honor among thieves,' but it's not honor, it's only selfishness, self-interest, self-

preservation, and it wilts whenever it pays better to east it uside. "But I have just heard of a rather remarkable display of this sort of honor, which occurred in this city not "An elderly man, a countryman, who

had come to town to see the sights, necosted a policeman on the Bowery and told him, with tears in his eyes, that he must have been robbed of all his money, eighty dollars, for be could not find it in any of his pockets and he did not know just where or when he had last seen it. "He had been poking about in some of the worst dives and dens of the city. and the wonder was that in his green-

ness he had not met with something rougher than a mere pickpocket. Noth ing could be done, however, so the old fellow was advised to pawn his watch, all he had left, for enough money to buy a return ticket and in future to keep away from the wickedness of the metropolis.

"The old man set out from the police station for the pawnshop in wild despair, but in a few hours' time burst in upon the police sergeant behind the desk with the shout;

"'I've been robbod again!" "'Again,' exclaimed the sergeant augrily. Have you been into the dives again? Did you pawn your watch?" "'No,' cried the countryman, 'just as I was going into the pawn hop a man touched me on the arm and said that he was a detective in plain clothes, sent by the police to help me to get back my money and if I would go with him he

would have it returned to me!" "And were you fool enough to go with him! exclaimed the sergeant. " Of course I went." "Then you deserved to be robbed of

"'My watch?" "Yes, your watch!" " 'My watch is all right!" "'You said you had been robbed ngain.

your watch too!'

steal from you then?"

" 'So I have." "But when you left here a few hours ago you said you had nothing but your watch. L"'Neither I had."

"What in the mischief could they

"'My money!" "'You're drunk, you old idiot: I'll lock you in the cooler for awhile till you can talk sense." "Gosh all fishhooks, I am talking sense, captain! Don't lock me up, but let me tell you the truth, the whole

me George Washington.' "Go on, then, said the sergeant. threateningly, 'but cut it short; I've wasted more than enough time over you already.' "Then the old fellow told how he had

truth and nothing but the truth, so help

followed the bogus detective, by devious ways and dark alleys, into a room on the top floor of a crowded tenement house. There his conductor introduced him to another fictitious detective, who appeared to the old man to | while he cate it."

be of higher rank than his guide, or ing to the bullying way in which I spoke, and the deference paid hin This fellow produced the old man's 88 from a drawer and counted it out slow

ly to him. " There's your money, old man,' be said, and the vigilance of the fines police force on earth is once more at tested. No other power could have recovered it for you. Now tell me, is that every cent you lost? Be partieuher and do not trifle with me, as you value your liberty. Were you robbed

of one cent more than the supp " 'No,' replied the old man, trembling with delight at the recovery of his mon-

cy. 'That is all, captain, "sa.' Take it and go, said the fellow. and be careful to let the same officer who brought you here confict you to the railway station. Speak to no one but him till you are safe again on your way to your country home, and leave the wieled city to city folk and the all-

watchful police. "The old man and his guide bowed themselves out and departed. They had not gone far when a barning thirst seized the conductor, and the overjoyed old fellow was not slow to appease it. More drinks followed, and the way to the railroad station began to grow tortnous. Presently the countryman missed his guide altogether in a crowd and no efforts on his part availed to find him. The old man got on a horse car, and when he put his hand in his pocket to pay his fare he found that

his money was gone again. "He did not understand at all, even then, and it took the police sergeant & long time to make him see that he had been played for a sneker of the rankest. kind. Finally he took it in and then he exclaimed: 'Well, gosh darn it all. I dunno which is the slickest, the rascals that done me or the police that

can see through their tricks. "You see," added the detective, the way of explanation, "one of the organized bands of criminals had spotted the old fellow the minute they set eyes on his toggery and his guildless manner. They set one of their lightfingered members, the one who played the guide afterward, to rob him. The swag, eighty dollars, was much less than they had expected to get and they him of a lack of 'honor among thieves' and necused him of keeping back part of the plunder. He had undertaken to show them that he was 'square' and you have heard of the elever way in which he led his simple old victim to assure the captain of the gang that eighty dollars was all he had lost and 'honor among thieves' was once more exemplified, without costing the thieves anything as the plunder was soon back again in the gang's treas-

#### ury."-N. Y. Tri bune. CLIMATE AND MORALS.

The Influence of the Former Upon the Latter. The world is tolerably well mapped out as to diseases. The colored courtshow as where we may most probably dwell with mularia, with consumption

or with general debility. We study also the adaptability of plants to different climatic conditions. But our knowledge of the relation of man to elimate is still far from scientifiethat is to say, of the influence of elimate upon character and conduct. To come to a detail, what, for instance, do we know of the effect of climate upon veracity? There are portions of the earth's surface where the inhabitants regard truth as a luxury seldom to be indulged in; in others the mind seems rather inclined to truthfulness. Whether the difference is owing to race or climate our observations do not yet enable us to determine. There is a popular notion that the habit of prevariention goes along with warmth or with a debilitating atmosphere, and that cold is a tonic, a sort of stimulant for truthfulness. We indeed have in the phrase "the cold truth" a recognition of this. We say that the northern latitudes nurse the rugged virtue of veracity. It never occurs to us to expect veracity in Egypt or in any part of Africa. We should never think of saying that an inhabitant of Malta was untruthful; we should simply say that he was a Maltese. The name Levantine carries with it the same idea. The Levantine, the African, the oriental habit of indirection is sometimes explained by the amiability of the people, their desire to say that which will be agreeable. Whereas the Englishman prides himself on his blunt honesty and on speaking the truth, especially if it is disagreeable. But plant the Englishman, or any man whose moral fiber s hardened by a frigid climate, in Egypt, and how long will be continue to speak the truth? How is it about the northern travelers in Africa, who never agree with each other about anything and habitually accuse each other of misrepresentation? Is this due to climate or to the contagion of a bad moral example in an atmosphere of du-

## Harper's Magazine

plicity?--Charles Dudley Warner, in

It was the custom of Horacc Greeley, one of the most absent-minded of American journalists, on Sunday forenoon to attend church, after which he would saunter down to the Tribune office and look through the exchanges. One remarkably cold Sunday he came down to the office after church. The janitor had neglected to light any fires. Mr. Greeley went into the editorial rooms and, his feet feeling coid, he took off his shoes and rested his feet upon the stove. Presently the foreman came down on some errand of business. It was freezing, and there was a cold draught rushing through, the register where Mr. Greeley sat immersed in exchanges, wholly oblivious of all sublunary discomforts. "Why, Mr. Greeley," exclaimed the foreman, "what in the world are you doing? There's no fire there, and you'll take your death of cold!" "Confound it!" said the philosopher, pettishly, "why did you tell me? I was warming myself very nicely,"-Once a Week.

## A woman once consulted a seer re-

garding a way to retain the affection of her husband, and this was the advice received: "Get a raw piece of best ar-loin steak, about half an inch that: Rub with a central slice from a wild onion, salt and pepper. Toast over : bright coal fire on a gridlron which handled only by yourself, never by you servants; then put a little sweet buil over the beef. Give him haif a poulse of this each morning and do not speak