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GERMANTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1899.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY. OCTOBER 30, 1891.

BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO.

I met n malaca, fair to see, A maiden fair and dear to me:

How fair she was I countd say,

That some day we would wed, Pollowing where my Cupid led; But that was long ago.

I know not where they went,

Into what other forms were blent-

But all the hopes of youth had flot, And all the lave of youth was dead:

Of all the past by us was said— We each some other one had wed—

T. Thomas Fortune, in Springfield (Mass.)

ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

It Started in a Whirl and Ended

in a Wodding.

"There is no use of talking, Beulah,"

Amy Anstruther said, as she buttoned

up her ulster. "Anything like a matri-

monial negotiation is so districted to

me that I would not marry the king of

"The king of Sinm-well, no!" said

Beulah, smiling, "But Robert Craig

is not a Mongolian, my dear. He is

rich and good looking and clever as can

vail above the finity coil of bloade

hair. "I almost hate him already."

"Bah!" said Amy, as she knotted her

"That is what he said about you!"

"Then he has some sense," Amy re-

plied. "Come, Benjah, let us plone!

There is no use of trying to strike an

Anstruther-Craig alliance just for the

sake of raking up the family arms.

What do we Americans care for the

duke of Anstruther and the earl of

Craig? My grandfather kept a shop,

you know, and Henry Craig was a

wholesale shoe manufacturer. You

might as well let us go on being com-

mon. There! I'm all ready. Where

An infant warwhoop in the hall was

With the small author of that yell

she went to the merry-go-cound pavil-

ion, but the ring of flying animals had

just started, and Aray and Dicky ant

down to wait. Near them was a little

girl, a perfect fairy, in white, with long,

"Please, Uncle Bert, won't you let

me go?" she coaxed a gentieman be-

side her. "I won't get hurt See!

There's Nellie Graham riding a camel

"Charlotte, you mustn't ask me,

dear. Your mother told me to take

care of you and I don't know what

she thinks of merry-ro-rounds. I

couldn't think of letting you go alone,"

great tears rolling down her cheeks,

and said, very quickly: "If you don't

mind, your little girl can go with our

Dicky. Dicky, you'll take eare of her,

won't you, dear? Dichy's an old merry-

"Oh!" cried Charlotte. "May I,

"Do you think it is all right?" the

"Oh, yes; it is perfectly safe. Let

The gong rung, and Dicky held out

out his hands. "The Little Fisher-

maiden" was ground out gayly from

the organ, and Charlotte mounted the

Amy found her companion delight-

ful. It was five o'clock when the

children came back, with their tickets

"Come back to-morrow," said Dicky,

"I am certainly very much obliged

to you, Master Dick," said the gentle-

Amy bowed rather nervously and

The merry-go-round grew more and

more attractive. Dicky spent a child's

fortune on it, and Charlotte rode every

animal in the caravan. Amy and "Uncle Bert," in the meanwhile,

talked and-took care of the children.

"Suppose we try it this time?" he

"Would you like to?" Amy said,

said, one afternoon, weeks later, when

the children mounted their wooden

smiling. "Do you prefer an ostrich or

"Oh, I shall stand up, thank you!"

"In a sleigh, if you please. I am

not so rash as to mount one of those

The bell struck and the organ tegan

Amy laughed in spite of berself.

What would Beulah say if she knew?

"How do you like it?" Amy asked.

"I feel like a singing top," he said,

"Better sit down," she said, but he

Amy's escort uttered a low exclama-

tion and staggered against the feet of

"I am horribly giddy," he said, faint-

He took a step toward her. His face

"Good heavens!" he cried. "How hor-

The next moment there was a cry

from the spectators in the pavilion. He

had fallen at the feet of the horse and

There was wild excitement in a mo-

Amy felt herself getting deathly

sick when she saw him lying there mo-

The organ stopped. Everybody rushed to the scene of the disaster.

heard some one say. "Who is he?

Charlotte, bursting into tears. "We

live a long way from here, down at

"Take him to a hotel," some one sug-

"This gentleman is a friend of mine,"

"He is badly hurt, I'm afraid," Amy

"He is my Uncle Bert," said little

the fiving wheel flung him off

rible force upon the floor.

Where does he live?"

gested.

"Take care!" she cried, reaching out

he replied. "How shall you ride?"

to grind out "Rock-a-by, Baby."

Round and round they went.

Once more they spun round.

He shook his head.

her hand. "This way!"

was deadly pale.

rible this is!"

hospitably. "We come here every

afternoon, don't we, Aunt Amy?"

Amy blushed.

man, warmly.

hurried away.

a lion?"

fiery animals."

dubiously.

not move.

the horse.

gentleman inquired, looking at Amy.

her go. She will enjoy it.'

The child was silent; but Amy saw

floating hair and plending eyes.

all alone. Please let me go!"

Siam to please anybody."

Bentah observed, coolly.

her reply.

go-rounder."

Uncle Bert?"

camel.

But fairer than a morn of May;

One day, 'twas long ago,

But that was long ago.

But that was long ago.

And we did yow, I know,

The years went slowly by:

But that was long ago.

And not a word, I vow,

But that was long ago.

She was so fair, I know:

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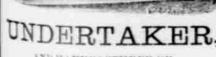
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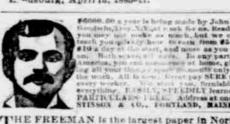
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HAT IS SAPOLIO? It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in

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#### LOVE'S FOREVER.

"Then must we really part forever!" Some rashly spoken word had chilled her, And scornfully she turned away

From the soft speech whose potent sway Had evening after evening thrilled her. Responsive to the plaintive plea-

That certified his heart's endeavor, She glanced at him disdainfully, And, cold as rolls the polar sea,

Her voice pronounced the word "Forever!" A sob! A moan! With leaden feet From the veranda he descended Trod ruefully the murky street

And whatsoever with it blended. This woe must cease!" he said, then laid His hand upon a dagger straightway; A gasp! A shudder! Then the blade

Praying to find a winding sheet.

A simultaneous labial shock,

And twenty minutes by the clock

Was pocketed and tracks were made Back toward the cruel maiden's gateway A form rushed out, four arms did lock As if they never meant to sever,

#### Had marked the bounds of Love's forever. -Boston Courier. COURTSHIP.

A Glimpse Into a Paradise Where All Is Sunshine and Love.

The Diffident Lover, the Confident Lover, the Sudden Lover and the Lover Who Always Does the Right Thing at the Right Time.

When Tom, Dick or Harry sets out to court his Angelina is it "of malice prepense and aforethought," or does it all occur on the spur of the mo-

It has been a much discussed question, and one to be diversely answered as long as there are "many men of many minds." Each girl believes she knows just when she made the first impression; but the truth is very often the man himself cannot tell when the seed was planted nor how it germinated, and is surprised to find that a fullblown flower is abloom in his heart, sweetening and brightening the whole world for him.

There is certainly no royal road to success in love. It is as impossible to lay down exact rules of procedure in courtship as it would be to apply mathematics in calculating the probable course of a butterfly's flight the wind "bloweth where it listeth," so the lover's emotions vary and change -often against his will and better reason. The man who is very sure and calm in his courtship, who has no anxiety and is not sometimes assailed by doubt and wretchedness, is, obviously, not very deeply in love. Certainty and quietude may be the aftermath following marriage, but they are surely foreign to that anxious yet too brief season which precedes the period of bridesmaid; minister, congratulations

and a wedding tour. There are men who, finding themselves interested, plunge into a courtship as a diver takes his leap into the waves. He comes up breathless; but the very force of his first effort has earried him far on to success. He loses in delicacy, but succeeds by the very oddity of his way, or perhaps, because it is the unexpected that happens. To this type belonged the stranger who, traveling west with a slender girl graduate from Boston on her way to take charge of a school, proposed at the end of the trip that she should teach him how best to live his life, rather than the children how to spell. His straightforward assurance had its charm, and she exchanged her pupils for a hus-

band at the end of the first scholastic Others approach the point of proposa as a sensitive patient would take a prescribel sea bath when the north wind has chilled the waves. They advance to the very edge, but as the billow rolls up to their feet, they, afraid of the shock, draw back-only to again advance as the water recedes, and, once more, retreat precipitately as the reaker returns. So with the diffident over. Who so brave as he when away from his fair? Who so determined to his f to? But as the moment approaches when he must "put it to the touch and win or lose it all." his courage obbs away, and he thinks: "I'll wait a little while and make more sure." Lucky for the man if he can at last find such help as Dorothy gave her lover, who for ten long years tried weekly to propose, but always became frightened and turned the question into something else. At length in sheer desper-

ation, she answered: "No. I woan't be havin' the loan o' yo' nag: but for the Law' sake, Obadiah, if yer want to marry me, why doan't yer say so?"

Then comes the man who, as gracefully as the strong swimmer parts the waters, progresses through the intricacies of courtship, and arrives at the desired haven of acceptance safely and surely. He is comme il faut in every particular; he does the right thing always, and invariably in the right place. His attentions to every member of the family, from grandmother to baby sister, are j st what they should be. His intentions are perfectly plain-and so are those of his lady love and of all her kin. He, she and they know that he will ask, she accept, and they approve; but it is proper that a certain semblance of the-young-man-in-love and the-young-girl-innocent should be mainso Angelo does all that is requisite and at last proposes with just the right amount of ardor and uncertainty in his voice and words. Seraphina behaves to perfection-blushes hesitates and is coy, as is incumbent upon so fair and modest a maidenbut, finally, sweetly consents, "if mamma and papa will approve." These self-sacrificing parents, having long ago determined what a good thing the match will be, magnanimously give

their permission, and all "goes merry as a marriage bell." From these three kinds of courtship there are many variations-all of them pleasanter, perhaps, than the examples given-for Tom, Dick or Harry, honest fellows despite types and rules, following out their own theories, and believing that each one knows more about his own particular Angelina than any other man has ever known about any other girl. He tells himself he is not silly enough to be frightened or bashful or awkward; he is well aware of just what he is going to say and where and when he shall say it. He thinks, too, that he can be pretty certain of her answer (or he would not be so foolish as to ask), though, if she should make some few objections, he hopes and be-Heves he knows just how to combat plans while Angelma sleeps peacefully,

#### he retires to rest in a state of supreme self-satisfaction-and is likely to have visions of some other and hitherto for-Took Her for the Summer.

gotten girl. The courtskip begins and prospers somewhat slowly, as courtships will when carried on beneath alien eyes; but one day he calls and asks her to walk. Happily they are suburban and natural, so Angelina assents; she is lovely and light-headed. Tom gallant and gay. He knows of a path in a r >mantic piece of woods, a lovely bit of forest with fallen trees and broken ridges and a purling, winding brook-a little oasis of nature left in the desert of advancing civilization for just such happy pairs as this. They talk of the last dance they attended in the winter; he tries sentiment, but she insists on recalling the incidents of that evening in a very different way: "How very pleasant Dick Darey was, and what a delightful dancer! his step quite suit a mine '-

dreaming, most probably, of him; and

which was not what Tom planned at flow can he make a point while hearing his rival praised? In the midst of her chatter about the delights of the past season, she steps on a root running zigzag across the path, and hurts her foot. Instantly our swain is all sympathy and pity. Will she not show him where t was hurt? No. of course not; she could not do that, and, besides, how would it help the matter? Then he sighs and wishes it was her rounded chin or pretty hands, that he could make them well by an old recipe his mother had when he was a little child. She, never thinking. asks what it is, and when he says: "A kiss," she exclaims: "Oh!" and trips on

ahead of him, blushing furiously, but feeling pretty happy after all. This episode was not in Tom's plan, but he thinks it a good one and believes he has scored a point. They come to a fallen tree; this Tom had remembered, and given it a prominent place in his proposed campaign. He would hold her hands and help her over and-but the girl vaults lightly across unassisted, and Tom says some-

thing rather bad under his breath as he

thinks that there was a fine chance lost. They walk along in the cool green shade until the brook is reached; then he gallantly puts his foot into the shall low water and tells Angelina to step on it and so pass dry shod. But she spies a piece of rock and makes a stepping stone of that, declaring that she could not think of crushing his foot beneath her weight. Tom looks at the slender figure and springy step and laughs at the idea of her hurting him. but groans inwardly as he thinks of this being another planned episode gone astray. The only results are a wet shoe and the bottom of his new trousers badly dabbled. .

Angelina is sparkling as the sunshine, as enticing as beauty, good health and warm heart can make her; but Tom's courtship does not progress. She is a very will-o'-the-wisp along conversational paths; as he seems nearing the desired point, she is off and away on some other line of thought. He follows and tries to take the lead, but with the perversity of her youth and sex, she avoids the very thing she most would have, and will not allow him to say one word even verging on sentiment. At length Tom lapses into monosyllabic replies, and looks as he feels-very downcast and a little gloomy. She watches him furtively, and begins to take a less heartless tone. He is quick to see the change, so maintains his despondent manner, letting it gradually harden into austerity. As he becomes severe, she softens, until, declaring she is tired out, she throws herself on a green knoll, spreads out her pretty draperies and

prepares herself to be propitiated, coaxed and courted. Tom feels instantly that his chance has come, and, honest gentleman that he is, shows his joy in his face. He throws himself down quite near to her and falls to praising her dress, her hat, the fit of her gloves, the dainty chain around her slender throat. It is only the beginning, and soon love makes him eloquent, though his heart is beating furiously and he has forgotten every speech which he had prepared. No matter: her heart beats as fast as his and every throb pleads for him as he speaks-until at last he draws her toward him, lifts the drooping head, takes one long glance into the soft brown eyes and lets his lips touch hers in the first kiss of love. His veins throb, and, forgetting himself for an instant, he holds her so close and tight that she is frightened and begins to cry. Then he feels as if he were a criminal and pets and soothes her into

They sit there long, hand in hand, saying little, only feeling that the supreme good has come to them and

that life is very beautiful. So it is that some men court and to some women is granted the boon of an exquisite association of blue skies, green woods, mossy knolls and running water with their hearts' bright history. To all such the face of nature is forever beatified, for it is hallowed by the sweetest recollections that belong to the glory of youth, beauty and love. Some time ago the question was asked of many writers: "What is the happiest time of a woman's life?" Perhaps if they had answered truthfully they would have said: "The days of courtship, when I was wooed by the man I loved the very best." For, though dearer and deeper joys may come, there is nothing so beautiful, so joyous and natural as "Love's young dream." -Lee C. Hardy, in Once a Vicek.

### SUMMER SOCIETY NOTES.

THERE are families living in Bar Harbor cottages who spend \$25,000 in a sea-WATERMELON parties are in season in

to some plantation, unlimited water-It is said that the five leading hotels of Saratoga take in an aggregate of \$2,000,000 a month during the busy sea-

Texas. They include a moonlight ride

BENEATH a footbridge that is a favorite meeting place for South Bethlehem (Pa.) lovers, a swarm of yellow jackets have built their nest, and between Cupid's darts and theirs the young lovers are said to have a most interesting time. ONE way the summer girls at Bar Harbor have of scraping acquaintance with the young men is through sham mishaps while out riding. The young men are not deceived, and even the inthem successfully. So he lays out his telligent saddle horses are beginning to and retard the game.

## THAT CITY BOARDER

## Why the Mardons Are Glad They

It would be hard to find a prettier, more cozy home in the whole county than the Mardon cottage on this bright summer morning. The swaying branches of the gnarled old apple tree, beside the open kitchen door, held full many a feathered warbler, whose musie, fresh and sweet, seemed ealling all

to r joice. But the mistress of the little home heeded not the invitation. These summer mornings were very trying to her, in more ways than one. The kitchen, although picturesque to the beholder, was decidedly warm and uncomfortable; there was an ironing and some baking to attend to, besides dinner to prepare for the hungry harvesters. Only one pair of hands to attend to

all this; no wonder I feel tired. Plenty of men in the field, but no garl to help in the house. If I were a girl again, I A lond shrick from baby interrupted

her sollioquy, and he tily making her way to the sitting-room, a sai trial of her pata-nes awaited her. The little boy, on awakening had, grasped the tableciotà in order to gain his somewhat unsteady feet, and irightened by the havor he had made, screamed

"Oh dear! almost time to begin preparing dinner; will this child never

At last, after many efforts on the mother's part, Freddie coasel fretting. and establishing his baby up on the floor with a basket of play alogs, Mrs. Mardon started for the latelien and was soon busily engaged in the presaic work of preparing vegetables.

"Milly, I have a letter from Mr. Colburn; he wishes to send his daughter here for a few months. He will pay well for her board and we need the money. I want to begin laying away something to buy a farm for steve; he would be a good deal steadier if he had something of the kind to look forward to, I think.

A look of impatience, blending into sorrow, came into the wife's face. To her the prospect of a boarder was anything but pleasant, and at the mention of Steve her heart was filled with a sharp pang, the keen sorrow which a mother feels as she realizes that the hopes which have for years sustained her, that of her son taking an honored and useful place in the world, are to be dashed to the ground.

"Well, I had better write and tell her to come. Her father says she didn't want to go to the seaside with the rest of the family. She is pretty particular, and you better fix up the spare chamber, I guess.' "I will do the best I can, but there is so much work to do now it seems

impossible for me to do more. But I suppose we must take her to board " Why, of course, Milly; ready money isn't so plentiful that we can afford to miss the chance of making a little extra when we can." He was soon on his way to the field.

Alone with her thoughts, Mrs. Mardon indulged in some bitter reflections. The prospect of a fastidious young lady boarder was anything but pleasant to the weary, overworked wife and

"Frank is so anxious to make money he thinks of nothing else. If he had been different, more lenlent with Steve's boyish pranks, it would have been better. Perhaps if I had spent more time talking with him and encouraging him he would have been steadier; but I've always been too tired to take the time when my work was done, and now the children seem grow ing away from me. Meta is determined to keep up an intimacy with the Downings, and Tom Downing is not the man I should want her to marry. I am sorry she went to learn a trade, for her work takes her around too much, and I need her help at home."

Light footsteps were now heard and the subject of the mother's reflections entered, a fair-haired, laughing girl of eighteen years.

'Dear! how warm this kitchen is. Do hurry with the dinner, mother. Father is coming with the men from the field and I've got to get back as soon as I can." "Dinner is ready, daughter. Can't

you help me a little?" "I have got to sew a ruffle in my dress. Where is Lizzie? I should think she might help; she has nothing to do but go to school, while I am at work all the time."

"Lizzie hasn't come from school yet. I think I can get along now very well, and the foolishly indulgent mother hurriedly dished the food as the men entered the kitchen.

Naturally selfish and indolent, Meta shirked all the household tasks possible. She was not utterly heartless, but so accustomed was she to seeing her mother at work, that it seemed ouite the proper thing to have her assume all the work and responsibility. It was seldom that Mrs. Mardon required any service of her daughters, and when this was the case, important duties usually demanded their attention elsewhere, To be sure she had entered a feeble protest when Meta wished to learn the dressmaker's trade; told her she needed her help at home, but in the end the girl carried her point. It was natural she should want to earn money to buy the pretty dresses, the thousand and one trifles in which a young girl delights, so the mother reasoned.

The guest chamber was in readiness for the expected occupant by the next evening, and was as inviting as cleanliness and simple, dainty furnishing

Meta was to go to the station for the guest, an errand which she performed with alacrity.

It was twilight when Desiree Colburn reached the farmhouse and, as she went directly to her room, the family saw little of the stylish young lady whom each confidently expected. "She has a beautiful traveling dress

and brought two trunks with her" Meta announced when they were alone. "Humph! a stuck-up city girl likely, who thinks country people are no-body." Steve retorted, as he started on his regular evening walk to the one store the place afforded. With a sigh his mother looked after him. The next morning Mrs. Marden, busy as usual in the kitchen, was

startled by the appearance of the

"I intended to get up to breakfast,

boarder.

was great.

Cut flowers are constantly sent a fashion as to preserve their bloom and freshness. To effect this, pack in a hight wooden box, not using cardboard; line the box with wadding or cotton-batting, laying over this a sheet of tissue paper; then lay the flowers, not on top of each other, but in rows side by side, the blossoms of each row on the stems of their neighbors; pack closely, otherwise the flowers will be displaced and injured in the journey. Before packing they should stand in water several hours in order to absorb moisture enough to keep them from withering. It is not well to sprinkle them too heavily after they are in the box, for without air this is likely to produce mildew.-Hartford Courant.

## but overslept. I am not used to early

take a bowl of bread and milk. No, nothing else." In a few minutes Miss Desiree was eozily established on the back porch, the baby by her side. Very fresh and pretty she looked in her morning gown, her fluffy bangs blown and ruffled by the soft breeze, her eyes

morning hours. If you don't mind, I'll

"I have finished my breakfast now, and with your permission I will take baby with me for a walk in the or-

aglow, and a faint color in her fair

chard." The permission was readily given, Mrs. Mardon wondering meanwhile it this was merely a freak or a desire to relieve her from the child's care. In a week Desiree Colburn had made friends with all the members of the

manner, her sunny disposition made a welcome addition to the family. "Mrs. Mardon, you must grant me one favor to-day," she said, appearing in the kitchen one sultry morning, the

household. Simple and unaffected in

second week of her arrival. "What is it?" with a faint attempt to smile. The headache, which since dawn had racked the housekeeper's throlbing temples, seemed to grow

more painful each hopr. "Please go into the sitting-room and lie down on the sofa. I have darkened it and put plenty of pillows where you can rest until your headache is over. "Oh, but I can't think of such a thing. The work is to be done, the dinner to

get. It would never do." "I will get dinner and do what is to be done. It will be a pleasant change

"You get dinner?" with an incredulous glance at the white, jeweled fingers. "Yes; I assure you that I am an excellent cook. I really am determined to have my own way in this matter, so

you might as well make up your mind to rest for a short time." So with many misgiving Mrs. Mardon went to the sitting-room and Desiree tripped lightly around the room, on household tasks intent. But the dinner was well cooked, and,

refreshed by her much-needed rest, Mrs. Mardon sat in the low rocker by chen door her he with mending, when Meta came home with the announcement: Grove. Where is Miss Colburn?" "Out in the orchard, I think. She

because I had a headache. She is a dear, thoughtful girl." "Why, how strange! I never dreamed that she knew how to do anything of the kind."

was kind enough to get dinner to-day,

Meta made her way to the orchard and announced the picnic. "Yes, it will be very nice; we shall all enjoy it, I imagine. It will be a fine change for your mother; she looks as if she needed recreation." "Mother? Why she never goes to pienies!" And Meta looked her aston-

"Why not?" with a smile. "Well, she doesn't care to go-that is -I don't think she would care to go, she is always so busy, you know," said Meta, with some confusion.

"I know she is busy, but we can all help her more than we have done. Many hands make light work, you know, and I am sure she will enjoy "But mother is so set in her ideas.

There will be a number of people there, and she never wants me to go with anybody, she is so strict." "My good times are always shared with my mother; I should not enjoy them unless they were."

If Meta admired anyone it certainly was Desiree Colburn, and it was with a glad heart that Mrs. Mardon listened to her daughter's urgent invitation; from whence it was inspired she knew. In the busy days which followed Meta and Lizzie were brought to see their selfishness toward the patient mother, and this was accomplished so quietly by the example and well-chosen words of the guest that they hardly knew how they came to a realization of their er-

The picnic passed pleasantly. Miss Colburn joined in the different games, and it was a tired but happy group who took their way homeward. "Well, did you enjoy the picnie?" was the question Desiree asked, when she was alone with Meta.

"I never had so good a time in my "Then your pleasure was not marred

by your mother's presence?" "Oh, Miss Colburn, I suppose you think I am the most selfish girl in the world. I feel ashamed when I think how I treated mother." "Not so very selfish but a little

thoughtless, perhaps. Time yet to make amends, Meta." The summer passed all- too soon.

Little by little Steve's attention was attracted by what was going on during the home evenings. The evenings at the store were given up, to his mother's delight. A literary society was formed and the young man became a member. A fresh impetus was given to reading and study among the young people, and when, years after, Desiree Colburn heard Steve Mardon, then a successful lawyer, declare that he owed his success in life to her encouragement and efforts during the summer spent at the farm, she felt indeed that her reward

"And to think I felt so sorry that I was going to have a summer boarder," Mrs. Mardon often said. "Owing to her the girls have developed into noble women. Steve has made a man of himself, and my load has been lightened. Truly, in my home I have 'entertained an angel unaware."-Mary C. Parsons,

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said Amy, with a sudden resolution. Will some one call a carriage from the bearin? I will take him to my sister's house." The poor fellow never spoke or moved

till long after he had been undressed and put to bed in Mrs. Stuyvesant's spore bedroom. Beninh was out when Amy arrived.

When she heard what had happened she simply said: "Well, upon my word, Amy! That is like you. Who is he?"

"I-I really don't know," Amy replied, with a vivid blush; "but I am

sure he is a gentleman Bouigh stared and went up to look at the poor man who was lying on the bed with concussion of the brain. The

doctor was with him, and a nurse whom Amy had got somewhere Benlah looked at the pale face, with its regular features and close-cut, curly brown hair, and she uttered an ex-

clamation of surprise. Amy was coming upstairs. She slipped out to meet her and caught her

by the shoulders. "See here!" she cried, whirling her ground. "Do you know who that is you have got in there? It is Robert.

"Healah Stayvesant!" "I am telling you the truth. That s his little niece downstairs. I thought

I had seen the child before." Amy turned red and pale again. "We must send word to his sister,"

he said, demurely. "Beulah, I-I hope you will be very careful what you say photet Mr. Craig." Heniah smothered a laugh, at which Arry frow and sternly, and went into

the room with a bowl of ice which she was coperatner. Robert Craig was exceedingly in. He recovered clowly, though Asay nursed him, and it was something to make a men better to see her illiting softly about the room in her pretty like

ch; mbroy morning gown, with its frills of mossy embroidery. "Min Amy," he said, one morning. when she brought in a pretty blue and subits Samony bowl, "you have never told my your last name. "It is Anstruther," she said with a

sly little smile. "You'd beavens?" he cried. "What a fool I have been pilling your broth " "ilo you know," he went on, "I once

refused to be introduced to you? My must. Mrs. Stewart Stuyvesant-" Yes, I know? "She wanted me to marry you." "How abound-wasn't it?"

"Do you think so" he said anxions-"I don't." Amy binshed furiously, "You are to be quiet, you know," she

"I won't be quiet. -I can't. I lie here every day, looking at you with a longing that is eating my heart out. 1 want to know what you are roing to do with me when you get me widter Take you on the merry-go-round,"

said Amy, flippantly. "Never!" he said, mushing away his broth. "Are you going to marry me? Because, if you aren't I may as well tie down and die now when it will be

casy for me." "You are not going to die now," she said, softly. He renched for her hand

"I love you," he whispered, looking full into her fair face. "Will you marry me, Amy?" Her answer must have pleased him for his face shone radiantly, and when Charlotta came in a little later with a

"See here, Puss! Come and kiss your

### A NOVEL THINKING-BOX.

A certain active busiless man has disknows comparatively little about theatronage of the drama. He explained this to a questioning friend the other night: "I never go to the theater." he said, "to hear the play or the opera. I formances, of whatsoever character they may be, that coubles me to dissurroundings. No one can break in upon me as they can do if I am at home, and I can sit and give myself over completely to the consideration of backness while the performance is going on. I tell you," he added enthusiastically, "I have thought out some of my best business schemes while sitting in the glare of the footlights. I owe a great deal of my fortune to the advantages of

### HINTS FOR THE KITCHEN.

NEVER put salt on a steak until after it is cooked. The lid of a saucepan should never be

raised over a smoky fire. BEFORE brolling fish rub the gridiron with a piece of fat to prevent its stick-

THE earthy taste often found in fresh water fish can be removed by soaking in salt and water. FRIED fish is very good turned in salted flour, or salted egg and bread crambs,

and then put into boiling-hot fat to get ALL sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long retained smells of mny kind by rinsing them out well with

charcoal powdered after they have been

scoured with sandscap. COSTLY PAPERS AND RELICS. Georgie Schweiger a merchant of Richmond, Mo., owns the table upon which the Book of Mormon was writ-

ten. He values it at \$5,000. PROF. R. L. PERKINS, of Boston, bas a copy of Horace that is more than three hundred years old. It was printed in 1576, and has an index to every word. LORD ASHBURNHAM'S famous "Textus. of the Gospels" is valued at \$50,000 and is on view at the Bookbinder's exposition in London with the Mazarine Bible and Mary Tudor prayer book.

THE first check which the Longmans handed over to Macaulay on account of copyright for the "History of England" was for £20,000. The check is preserved as a curiosity among the archives of the Longmans firm.

and draw her down.

bougget for Uncle Hert, he said, proudnew auntic."-Saturday Night, .

# The Theater as a Place to Lay Plans for

covered a new use for the theater. He is an inveterate theater-goer and a wellknown first-nighter at both dramatic and operatic events, says the New York Recorder. It has always surprised his friends, however, to discover that he rical matters, despite his generous putsimply go there to think over my invaness. There is something in the pertract my mind completely from all my the theater."