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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1891.

NUMBER 43.

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VOLUME XX

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MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

I hear it in the busy throng;

The same melodious tone I hear it when my heart is sad;

I hear it when I m gay. floats around me everwhere

The sweetest vuice for aye! It leads to back when life was new;
Tells of the a suppy hours
cassed in called a descently vale,
mong the opening flowers.

Take to me of my nountain home,
The home of home to me,
Engreen on my hom of hearts,
Forese there to be,

The muse of this voice Above to world's rougeour. Like whisters from anothe sphere, Some call, Elysian shere.

Sweet harp-hates from the is of time, Around me and within, They gush with onquering ecs y. -John Earris, in N. Y. pekly.

IKE BRENNAN'S WA'RH.

Pretty Woman and a Clet Lawyer Kept Him Busy.

"If you think your cousin is scoundrel, young man, why, say the word, if it's necessary to say anything. It's mean to shake a man's good name away with a shake of your head-that's

what I think." Ike Brennan pushed back his Panama and looked with anything but approval at Lyman Sneed leaning, in spotless flannels, against the China

In spite of his dapper appearance he was not a pleasant young man to look at. He had that uncertain, nervous way, so irritating to the honest and purposeful, and it stood written on his face that he had not loved a living soul. No, not even the pretty Nona Duval, whom he quit Ike to go and meet. He thought he loved her, but no feeling that possessed him was a more thoroughly selfish one. His cousin, Dick Burleson, loved

Nona-that was quite sufficient to make Lyman Sneed sure that she was necessary to his happiness. So he went eagerly now to meet her. Ike watched "Of two evils, choose the least; but

I've allers noticed that women, of two men, choose the worst; wonder if little Nona 'll do that same thing? Her father rode through many a darned fight by my side-calculate I'll take sides here-yes, sir."

He rose slowly, lifted his rifle, and went trailing up the hot avenue. He was on the lookout for Dick, and very soon found him among a lot of rough teamsters who were loating in one of the principal stores. Dick was reading to them a New York paper, and backing up his own side of some political question with a good deal of fervor. The men were pulling their beards and listening with that true Texas phlegm which might at any moment turn into ungovernable passion.

Ike waited until the end of one of Dick's flowing periods, and then said: "Thar, Dick, that'll do for the business of the U-nited States; supposing you come now with me and look after your own a spell."

It was so unusual for Ike Brennan to meddle in anyone's affairs that Dick gave instant heed to his invitation; and with a final broadside of splendid adjectives for his own party, he joined Ike, and they sat down together in the

first quiet, shady seat. "Lyman Sneed is playing the mischief with your good name, Dick. It's against my habit to look after anybody's but my own: but I've reasons

contrary this time." "Lyman Sneed! He is, is he?" And Dick instinctively put his hand on the leathern sheath that held his knife. "No tools, Dick, of that kind. It's me that is making this quarrel, you

know, and I let nobody do my fight-"What did he say?" "That is it; he says nothing you can

get hold of. Pities his uncle -pities Nonn Duval-and is so sorry you w II-"

"He don't say-shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head, and the shrug and shake stand for drinking, gambling, anything you like to make it." "I'll tell Lyman Sneed-"

"You'll say neither good nor bad. Dick. Lyman is like a pine coal-if he don't burn, he blackens. Only don't throw your chances away for Lyman to pick up-that is just what he wants you to do; give in a bit to the old man; he thinks all creation of you, and if you won't try to please him, why, Lyman will, that's all."

"I'm not going to take my polities and my opinions from Uncle Jack Burleson, no, not for all his hog-wallow prairie, and his cattle and gold thrown in.'

"He is an old man, Dick. Life is a ountry Jack Burleson has gone pretty thoroughly over; stands to reason he mows more'n you."

"He contradicts me half the time for the very sake of a fight. He does not go into court now, and he hasn't any lawyers or juries to bully. But he won't make Dick Burleson say black is white to please him; you bet he won't." "Dick, you are right; darned if you aren't! But old Jack is wise and good, and knows a sight more 'n is writ in books. Say 'Yes' when you can." "Sure."

"And don't you meddle in my fights, Dick. If Lyman Speed needs a hiding, I know just how much will be good for

Dick saw the conversation was over, and, looking at his watch, saw also that he was behind office hours. As it happened, a number of trifles had already irritated the old lawyer, and Lyman's lifted eyebrows and ostentatious drugence irritated Dick. He flung his books upon his desk, dashed his hat in fortable attitude. His big boots and loose flannel hunting-shirt gave his uncle great offense and he said so.

Dick replied that "he had been talking with the Lavacca teamsters, and had forgot to dress." "Lavacca teamsters, indeed! I don't see what on earth makes you run after

every drove that comes to town." "I was getting their votes for my side, uncle, and making friends against the day I want their votes for myself. A flash of keen pleasure shot into the old man's eyes, but he was far too full of fight to abandon the dispute. He first attacked Dick's polities, then

One bitter word followed another till all three men were on their feet, and Lyman, with a little scream, had rushed between his uncle and his cousin. Dick laughed uproariously at the inter-

vention, and kicking it out of his way, said: "Good-by, uncle; I'm not going to quarrel any more with you. The world

is big enough, I reckon, for both of us -and for our opinions. He went straight to Ike, who was sitting just where he left him, and said: "Ike, tell uncle, in a couple of days, that I have gone west, and that there's no ill blood between us; and, Ike,

after her." "You are bound to go, then?" "Yes; the old man is fire and I am gunpowder. We are better apart-that is all." "Go 'long, then; I'll watch what you

watch Nona for me until I can come

leave behind." Dick felt unhappy enough at leaving Nona. She lived alone with her father and he was not always the best of protectors. Dick spent the rest of the day by her side and left town in the cool of the evening in no very despondent mood. Nona had promised everything he had asked of her, and all the rest

remed possible. He had some land and cattle on the Marcos, and he purposed putting pretty house there gradually, with his own hands. In two furnis, would sell some of his increase, and rut, marry Nona, turn grazier, went babe would "make it all right"
with his be would "make it all right"
they could en right, and if not and he lost his p right, and if not, and

he lost his are of Jack Burleson's estate, made oney was better than given money, oney was better than For a week a Dick's departure the old man hoped ainst hope; but one asked: "When is ennan carelessly from the west?" the knew the lad had gone to shift for self, and, lone-Dick for doing it. Alroughly liked the judge spent much be together. They kept up a perpetual uarrel, but they were well matched, a steel year's disputing, the victor after a ole point was a disputed on every times, at the end of a long a iment, and a long silence, the judge well and "Have you heard anything?" at her Ike, shaking his head, and shakin the ashes from his pipe, would rise an

everything. No Dick appeared to dispute his claim. Ike smoked away in his old, snady corner, and smiled queerly to himself when he saw how diligenty Lyman began to improve the city lots, and how eleverly he collected and invested the outstanding accounts of the estate.

In all things but one Lyman's fortune prospered-Nona still refused all his attentions. But as soon as the judge was dead he began to use stronger means of persuasion. Nona's father owed him a large sum, and their home was mortgaged for its payment. Lyman soon let father and daughter see on what terms only the Duval place could be saved; and the father cared too much for his own indulgence not to press with all his power so desirable a

method of clearing off his liabilities. Nothing of this plan, however, came to Ike's knowledge until one night old Duval, in a fit of maudlin intoxication, revealed it. Then he went home full of anxiety. He had no money that would touch Nona's needs, and he had

not yet heard anything from Dick. "I'd give twenty of my best cows to know if the fellow is dead or alive," he said, as he pushed open the latchless door of his log cabin. A man was sit-

ting in his own chair fast asleep. "Dick at last!" One soul wakes another, and Dick opened his eyes wide and answered:

"Here I am, Ike!" "You tormenting youngster, where

have you been?" "Everywhere, Ike, and precious little luck either. At last I went to Yuba and Nevada, and tried hard to make my pile. Two months ago Jim Harrison strayed up there and told me unele was dead, and Nona going to marry Lyman Sneed. I couldn't stand that, and so I came along with what I had."

"Only eight thousand dollars." "That's enough. I guess you'll find yourself richer than you think." The next morning, Nona Duval com-

"How much?"

oletely amazed Lyman Sneed by entering his office accompanied by Ike Brennan and paying in full every claim he had on the Duval place. But he was still more amazed by an official notice to meet, next day, the heirs of Jack Burleson and hear his will read. He found at the place appointed Dick Burleson, Nona Duval, Ike Brennan and three of the principal citizens of the place. The will, leaving nearly everything to Dick, was without a flaw. Lyman simply received one hundred dollars for every month during which he had taken care of the estate. "He took very good care of it, gen-

lemen," said Ike, "just as good care as if he thought Dick would never come nek. He has earned his money, you bet. But I'm glad my watch is oververy. I have been kept too wide awake for anything, between a pretty woman and a clever lawyer."-Amelia E. Barr in N. Y. Ledger.

That is a serious time of life when you begin to realize that the man you are is not the man you hope to become. but the man you have shown yourself to be: a definite quantity with precise limitations, and not a great one. We all compare ourselves at greater or les distances with people in books and history, says a writer in Scribner's. There is a time when it is a delightful reassurance to learn from the lives of Keats, Pitt, Hamilton or Henry Clay that we are not young to be famous and that men no older than we have immortalized themselves as poets or as statesmen. Again there comes a time when we go to books for reassurances of another sort, and pluck up our fainting hopes as we read how Grant, Sherman, Cromwell and Nathaniel Hawthorne reached our time of life without distinguishing themselves beyond common, and yet lived to take rank among his personal appearance and abilities, | the immortals. There may be hope for without being conscious how provoking | us, we feel, for all of our forty odd he was.

JERRY'S BALD HEAD.

The Old Settler Tells of Sugar Swamp's Strange Freak

Red Whiskers, an Equally Handson Wig. Two Tame Crows and a Disfavored Lover Woven Into a Pretty Romance by the Major.

"I s'pose the baldheadedest man th't ever lived, squire, were Jerry Bilflinger, of Sugar swamp," said the old settler: "an' w'at sot me to thinkin' about him were them durn crows a-caw in' an' a-squawkin' down yender in the woods. Eggs hain't often ketched a wearin' much hair, but I wonidn't be afered to bet a farm, b'gosh, th't if if anybody'd ha' shaved Jerry Bilflinger's head an' then shaved an egg he'd ha' scraped more hair offen the egg th'n he would offen Jerry's head!

He were uncommon bald, Jerry were!" "W'at knocked him baldheaded, major?" asked the squire. "Wa'n't he wholesome in his 'arly days, or did he marry a widder?"

"Natur' were w'at ailed Jerry," said the old settler. "Jerry were born bald an' never got over it. He had jist ez much hair w'en he were ten minutes old ez be did w'en he were twenty year old. I mean ez to his head, fer a cur'ous thing about Jerry Billlinger were th't though he didn't hev no hair on his head, he begun to sprout wiskers fore he'd cut his second teeth, and by the time he were old enough to drop corn he had a baird longer'n a billy goat's. It was a durn funny thing to see that amazin' youngster plantin' corn, with his head a glistenin' in the sun like a bran' new baby's, 'n' his w'iskers wavin' in the wind ez if he were old enough to be a reg'lar Methusaler Wat made the sight more s'rprisin' were th't them w'iskers was ez red almost ez a turkey gobbler's chops. They was so red that w'en Jerry went to fetch the cattle home from pastur, he had to kiver them w'iskers up, fer the bull got his eyes on 'em wunst 'n' chased Jerry clean acrost the lot 'n' up a tree, whar the sight o' the wiskers worked on the bull's feelin's so th't they say he'd ha' pawed the tree up by the roots 'n' settled Jerry n' the wiskers right than an' then if

'em. "Wull, Jerry growed to be a man, but he never got no hair on his head, 'n' his w'iskers seemed to git reader'n Early in the second year the jun ever. But Jerry thort a heap of his had an accident that completely interpretation glowin' baird, 'n' he wouldn't swop it ever. But Jerry thort a heap of his lided him; and after some months' de fer the ch'icest head o' hair th't ever cline he quietly passed away. Singu growed. That's w'at he said till he larly enough, there was no will found, begun to look around fer a wife, 'n' sot and Lyman Sneed took possession of his mind on Prudence Petty, the bes' sokin' gal on Biler's Run. Prodence I a little carcumstance of her own she was jist ez proud of ez Jerry wo of his w'iskers, 'n' that were six finds on each hand. Jerry wa'n't p'titer struck with them hands full o'

some one hadn't kim along an' reskied

but were dead sot to tie to Prude in spite of 'em. So he begun to shil around her, or tried to, but she kint nipped him, 'n' didn't seem to hank arter Jerry, though Jerry had ben ft one o' the best clearin's th' were in sugar Swamp w'en his ol' pap died. I one night wen ne were up to see Pidence he thort he'd find ont jist watthe matter wus, 'n' he

"Pru,' he say 'w't's ailin' o' me th't don't seen to eer nothin' bout me? Hain't a got the est clearin' in Sugar Swamp?' says he.

"'I reckon y' her Jerry,' says Prudence; 'but tha's one thing y' can't raise on it, 'n that's sumpin' I'd like y' to hev p'tic'lar if I jined y' in running hat clearin', says she. " 'I kin raise anythin' on that clearin'

't grows!' says Jerry, gettin' a little 'Well,' says Pru, 'if y' kin raise this th I'd like y' to raise,' says she, I'll bevillin' to hev y' divide the clearin'

wh me,' says she, ''n' mebbe be yer witer some day, says she, larfin the aggevatinest kind. "kin do it! says Jerry. 'W'at's the

crop says he.

"'Is hair!' says Prudence, larfin' more ever. 'If y' kin raise a crop o' hair la yer huckleberry!" says she. Wat the use o' me havin all these ingerso' mine,' says she, if I'm to marry tonan that hain't got so hair on his head They'll jist be wasted,' says she, 'n' a larfed so that Jerry broke fer hum, fer the fust time in his life cussed hittl-luck 'cause them w'iskers o' his'n whit on top o' his head, 'stid o' hangin' hter his chin. The more he thunk of ithe more he wanted to git some hair, to one day he went to Lippy Couldn't, the hoss doctor, 'n' offered him enty dollars 'n' a spring shoat if he cod conjur up some way to make haitgrow on his bald conk. Lippy know'd h't Jerry hadn't never had no hair, 'neo he shuck his head. "If we knowd whar to git some hair roots,' says ie, 'we mowt plow up yer scalp 'n' set m out like cabbage

plants,' says he'n' mebbe raise y a crop o' hair. The's the unly way I know on,' says Lipy; but hair roots, I guess, is a pootysca'ee article to git jist now,' says he. I hain't heerd o' none bein' on the parket, hev you?' says Lippy. "Jerry shook his ead 'n' looked glum. Bimeby Lippy bys:
"'Natur' has been den tough on y',

Jerry,' says he, ''n' if' was you I'd heat natur' at her own gine. "'How's that,' says Jery "'Tha's setch things dwigs,' says Lippy. 'Hadn't y' never thot o' them?'

says he. "'No, by gum,' says Jerry, 'I never did, 'n' they're the ticket; 'n' Jerry went hum ez chirpy ez a creket. A day or two arter that Jerry tok a trip to the county seat, 'n' the evenin' he kim back he went up to Bilers Run 'n' dropped in for a call on Prejence

Petty. 'How bey', Pru?' says Jerry. 'Vich one 'othem twelve fingers o' your'n'll I put the weddin' ring on?' says he. " 'Any one of 'em,' says Prudence. 'th't a lock o' hair offen your head 'll make a ring fer;' says she, larfin' in her aggrevatin' way. "'All right;' says Jerry, larfin' back

at her. 'Choose yer finger!' "Then Jerry took off his hat, 'n' Prudence kim durn nigh tumblin' kerplank on the floor. She grabbed the manteltree, 'n' her eyes couldn't a bulged out ferder if it had ben a growlin' 'n' snappin' painter that stood afore her. Pooty soon she got her breath, 'n,' fallin' into a cheer, she throw'd up her hands.

"Wull, consarn you, Jerry Bil-flinger! If that don't fist dumswizzle

help me run that air clearin' o' mine?' says he. "So I'ru she give in 'n' sot the day fer her 'n' Jerry to git hitched, 'n' the news o' Jerry's hair fetched folks f'm all over the deestric' to see it, 'n' if

"Fer thar stood Jerry, holdin' his hat

in his hands 'n' grinnin' like a b'ar

eatin' honey. He wa'n't bald no more,

but had a head o' hair th't kivered his

bare conk like an old hen kiverin' her

anxious about?' says Jerry. 'Now,

w'en a' yar goin' ter come down n'

'Thar's the hair y' been so durn

Jerry had run fer office jist then he k'd ben elected to anything. "Now, Jerry had a sister, Sally, 'n' he were her guardeen. She had sot her feelin's on young Sam Stover, 'n' him 'n' Sally wanted to git married the wust kind. But Jerry he didn't want Sally to marry Sam, 'n' put a veto on the hull business f'm the start. "The idee!" says Jerry. 'W'at kin Sam Stover do but tame crows, a'

coons, 'n' b'ar 'n' setch?' says he. 'An' he a-wantin' to many Sally!' says he. "Young Sam didn't do much else but tame crows 'n' setch, that's so, but he picked up a good many dollars at it, n' his pop had a sawmill. 'n' Sam were giner'ly thort to be all right, 'n' so he But Jerry had other idees for his

sister, 'n' he nipped Sam right in the "Wull, the day th't Jerry 'n' Prudence Petty was goin' ter be hitched kim round, 'n' Jerry started for Biler's Sally had gone up to help with the fixin's the day afore. Ez Jerry were passin' by his buckwhit field he see th't two o' Jed Crone's pigs had broke through the fence 'n' was everlastin'ly rootin' away in the buckwhit. Th't wouldn't do, o' course, 'n' Jerry hurried over 'n' druy the pigs out. Then he see th't he'd hef to fix up the fence er they'd be right in ag'in, 'n' he sot to work to do it. It were a warm day, 'n' Jerry took off his coat 'n' his vest 'n' his hair 'n' laid 'em in a fence corner w'ile he done the work. It didn't take him long, 'n' he were kind o' restin' 'n' coolin' off a little 'fore he put his things on ag'in to start fer Pet-'n' his face with his handkercher, a couple o' crows kim sailin' down outen

the wood- offen the h'll 'n' lit on the fence nigh whar Jerry-bair were layin', 'n' begun a clatterin' 'n' a cantal 'n' a jawin'. Jerry dida't think nothin' o' the crows till one of 'em jumped on the gro und 'n' begun to make a little 'zamination o' the Then Jerry got kinder skeert 'n' started to chase the crow away. The crow, seein' Jerry makin' fer it, knowed at once that the hair was his'n, 'n' wa'n't to be fooled with, so o' course the crow, follerin' out its natur, picked it up, 'n' t'other crow grabbe d holt of it too, 'n' away off in the woods they sailed with the hair th't had got Jerry the best o'

"Now, all the time Jerry were workin' away fixin' up his fences agin the pigs, Sam Stover, were sittin' on the fence over home thinkin' about Jerry's weddin' th't were to come off that arternoon, an' cussin' Jerry fer standin' 'twixt him and Sally. Wile he were cussin' to hisself, a couple o' crows th't he had tamed kim sailin' along an' lit in the yard right in front of him.

" 'Wat under the canopy has them crows hooked on to now?' said Sam gittin' down offen the fence an' walkin' over to whar the crows was jawin' over sumpin' they had brung in. 'By the dancin' ghost o' ol' Kentucky!' hollered Sam, stoopin' down an' takin' it away from the crows. 'If they hain't gob-

bled Jerry Billflinger's hair I'm a tea-"An' Sam danced an' yelled like a crazy man, 'n' then went an' hid the hair in the barn. He hadn't more than done it w'en Jerry kim a puffin' an'

blowin' outen the woods. " 'Them durn thievin' crowso' your'n has snatched me bald-headed ag'in!' he holiered. Git me my hair, durn

ye, or tha wun't be no weddin' at Petty's this arternoon!" " 'Wun't Pru marry y' unless y' show up with yer hair on?" says Sam. "No more'n she'd marry a skeer-

erow! holiered Jerry. 'Whar's my hair?' "'That bein' the case, yer right, Jerry!" said Sam. 'Tha wun't be no weddin' at Petty's this afternoon,' says he, 'unless-' An' then Sam stopped an' looked at Jerry till the sweat rolled outen Jerry like peas. "'Unless what?' says Jerry, jumpin'

up an' down, fer it were getting long to'ards time fer the hitchin. "'Tha wun't be no weddin' at Petty's this afternoon,' says Sam, 'unless tha's two!' says he. " 'Two?" says Jerry. 'Who's t'other

"'Me an' Sally!' says Sam, grinnin' all over his face. 'Unless me an' Sally hitches this afternoon,' says he, 'you an' Pru Petty don't!' says he " 'Jerry jumped an' swore fer a minute or two, an' then hollered:

"Gimme my hair, consarn ye, an' come on!' said he. "Sam got Jerry his hair out on the barn, an' went 'long of him to Petty's. Wen Sam tol' Saily th't tha were sointer be a double weddin,' an' that hen an' her were the doubler, Sally jis' befered fer joy. " 'tow'd y' ever bring Jerry over?"

"'Wul, says Sam, a-winkin, 'I got

"An' they had the double weddin,' an'

him wha the hair were short!' says he.

says sie.

I never heed th't anybody were sorry fer it, neither -Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun. A faval Racer. Kaiser Wilhela is a regular story book monarch-la is up to imperial doings all the time. The other day he happened to be at a last where a regiment of the guards were practicing athletics. A foot rac was on. The emperor unbuttoned the lower buttons of his general's coat and houted out to the astonished subalterns Now, gentlemen, let us see how may can dis-tance your emperor." The licketysplit they all took to their teels, the

kaiser footing it like a good felow. The

kaiser was beaten, but it was not a bad

beat, for he came in second, only, yard

behind a young sub-lieutenant. A Feline Aristocrat. The little amenities of life appear to be closely looked after abroad. The following advertisement recently appeared in a German newspaker "Wanted, by a lady of quality, for adquate remuneration, a few well-by haved and respectably dressed children to amuse a cat in delicate health two or three hours a day."

A BREATH OF MORN.

Flow in upon my soul, oh, wind of morn! Touch me with ancient tenderness and faith, Thou perfumed wait from fields of blooming Woo me, jure me from this polsoned shore of

Death. I hear far voices, sweet as fintes, somewhere, Calling me into the darkness, and I know Their soit insidious languer on the air Comes from the land of burial, damp and low.

Arise again, thou white, clear bloom of truth; Bubble once more, oh, carciess morning streams! Kins me, warm lips of purity and love. Sing to me, insecs from the mendow lands;

Blow on mc, ob, then current of sweet youth!

Come back dear days of boyhood and bright

Rind me with bossions from the surred grow Wherein the temple of my calishand stands. Lo! I am sick to death of manhood's ways. And long to be a lighting man no more No more for me the clanging iron days;

So let me live my happy Maytime o'er, Blow on me, wind, out of the early mora, And bear away from me the wear and fret; Fring me the perfume of the blooming corn, And I will sing through many a springtime -Maurice Thompson, in N. Y. Independent.

FOOLISH FRANK.

Billings' Prediction Proves Correct in an Unpleasant Way.

Satamander City was a mining camp nestling in a little valley in southern New Mexico. This camp, like the majority of camps of the kind, was made up of men of all classes, kinds and nationalities. There were good men, bad men and men of indifferent character in the camp, but if there was any difference the bad men predominated. So it will be seen that the camp would not be easily surprised, no difference how odd, how unique the specimen of humanity might be who dropped in upon them.

But one day a newcomer put in an appearance whose like the citizens of Salamander City had never seen before. He had every appearance of an idiot, being wild eved, long baired and erazy looking. He had a peculiar way of dodging every once in awhile, just as if he thought some one were strik ing at him. He was almost starved when he appeared in the camp, and it took several days to get his hunger appeased, the miners giving him only meh scraps as they did not want themselves. When asked his name he answered "Frank," but to all other questioning he returned no answer, and the ish" before his name, and as "Poolisi. Frank" he was known.

He took up his abode in an empty cabin, and here he lived, the citizens of the camp coming presently to look upon him as a permanent fixture. But while the citizens looked upon

Foolish Frank as a simple, harmless fellow as a whole, there was at least one among them who thought differently This was Mark Billings, a big, burly savage-looking fellow, half miner, half gambler, who gave it as his belief that Foolish Frank was not what he seemed "You can't fool me!" he declared with an air of conviction: "that fellow isn't what he seems. Thar a something wrong with him, and I'll bet my hat

"Yes-he's foolish," laughed a miner. "Maybe he is, and maybe he isn't," said Billings, doggedly; "just you fellows wait and see if somethin' don't

happen around here before long!" We'll wait," said the miners, and nothing more was thought of the matter until about a week later, when the camp was thrown into a state of excitement by a robbery. The partners of the Gold-bug mine had been robbed of about three hundred dollars' worth of dust, savings of the past two months. The miners were wild with rage.

Woe to the thief, should they succeed in laying hands upon him! It was now that Mark Billings' words of suspicion regarding Foolish Frank were remembered, and many were the dark looks bent upon the poor fellow as he went shambling about among the cabins of the miners begging for something to eat. The majority laughed at the idea of his having had anything to do with the robbery, however, and he was not

molested. Although diligent search was made the thief or thieves were not apprehended, and the owners of the Gold Bug had to stand the loss of the dust

as best they could. A week passed and another robbery occurred, just as mysteriously, just as inexplicable as the other. The thief was not found, nor so much as a clew to his identity.

That is, it was a mystery to all save Mark Billings. He knew who was the "It's that Foolish Frank, I tell ye. fellows!" he said. "When it's too late you'll find I've been giving it to you straight. He'll steal all the dust in the camp and then skip out, and after he's gone-after it's everlastingly too late-

The miners were unwilling to take this view of the case, however, until a week later, when, another robbery oceurring, they rose up in arms.

you'll wake up to the fact that you've

kept a viper alive, only to have him

"Mebbe 'tis thet air blamed Foolish Frank, arter all!" cried one miner, "I tell ye, fellow citizens, et air time we war lookin' inter this hyar matter. Ef it is Foolish Frank we must find et out, and I reckon he won't do it no more; an' ef it ain't we wanter know it, so's we kin look somewhar else fur the thief. Thar's b'en enuff dust stole in the last three weeks, and et hez got ter be stopped!"

and they lost no time in hunting Foolish Frank up. They found him sound asleep in his cabin, and when three or miners yanked him out of his bunk and appeared with him before the crowd outside he simply winked and blinked like an owl suddenly transferred from

"That's a fack!" the miners cried,

than he seemed he was certainly a good The mayor of the camp, one Douglas Jerrold, took Foolish Frank in

darkness to light, but he said never a

word. He did not seem to be surprised

or frightened, and if he was other

hand. "See here," he said, stepping forward and laying his hand on the nondescript's shoulder, "taar hez b'en a lot uv stealin' uv gold dust done in the past three weeks in this hyar camp, an' you air accused uv doin' the stealin'. We hev stood thet sort uv thing jist ez long ez we're goin' to, an' we've

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ome up hyar to find out whether o not you air the thief." "Who is my accuser?" suddenly asked the accused man, these being the first words, aside from his name, that he

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had spoken since becoming a citizen of Salamander City. "I am!" eried Mark Billings, stepping

forward. "Yes, and you are my prisoner!" With the words Foolish Frank whipped out a pair of revolvers and covered the big miner gambler, the thing being done in the twinkling of an eye almost. For a moment the miners stood staring in open-mouthed astonishment. Then, thinking that one of their number was menaced by one who was a robber, several of them

made motions toward drawing weapons. "Hold!" cried Foolish Frank. "Don" make any breaks, men of Salamander City. This fellow whom you know as Mark Billings, is Colorado Carl, a noted desperado, road-agent and all-around crook. He is the man who robbed you of your dust, and no doubt you will find what has been stolen, in his cabin, if you look for it. I am Bob Ferret, a Denver detective, and he is wanted there for robbing a bank. I have been on his trail for two months, and now I have you, Colorado Cari!" he finished up, addressing the baffled desperado, and he quickly handcuffed his prisoner, who submitted sullenly to the in-

evitable. "You rather overreached yourself by trying to throw suspicions on me,' laughed the detective. "I reckon if you had known who I was, you wouldn't have tried it!"

The stolen dusk was found in the cabin the desperado had occupied as Mark Billings, and the miners wanted to hang the thief, but Ferret said no. "I've been after him two months, boys," the detective said; "he's my prisoner, and I'm going to take him to Denver to answer for his crime of bank robbing.

the detective and his prisoner out of the camp, and Salamander City never saw either of them again. "Billings war right," said a miner, as the crowd stood looking after the stage; "he said that Foolish Frank warn't what he seemed, an' he warn't!

And he did. The next stage carried

D. Cox, in Yankee Blade. HISTORICAL PROCESSION.

A Picturesque Feature of a Recent Celebrution in Switzerland. The historical procession, which was the great feature of the recent celebration of the assemble containing of Posma was a spectacle of uncommon magnifithan twelve hundred persons in costume took part in it. At the head was some red dragoons in the eighteenth century costume, followed by an allegorical group representing Bernese history, art and science, surrounded by pages in the sixteenth century costume came the Zahringen group, including Duke Berchtold V. and his spouse, attended by knights of St. John. The thirteenth century was illustrated by the Savoyard protectorate of Berne, with Duke Peter, the Petit Charlemagne, and Heinrich von Strattlingen, the poet of love, and the Minnesingers, attended by a company of Swiss archers. At the head of the group representing the fourteenth century was a car containing the benefactresses of Berne, followed by the chie characters of the battle of Laupen and of the entry of Berne into the confederation. The entry of Sigismund into Berne was the chief subject of the fifteenth century. The king was gorgeous in red velvet and ermine. He rode under a canopy of eloth of gold, and was surrounded by the members of his court in magnificent costumes of the period. These were followed by heroes of the Swiss-Bergundian wars. A scene from the reformation, with the marriage of Chief Magistrate Hans Stewer. marked the sixteenth century. Then for the seventeenth century were heroes of the thirty years' war, with a descendant of the famous Gen. Erlach at their head, surrounded by troop in

and groups devoted to displaying the features of all the trades and industries of Switzerland. - Chicago Times. THE SHIP'S DOCTOR.

He Barely Feels the Absolute Authority

Hagaenot costume. Following were

representatives of the trade gallds of

the period. At the head of the eight-

eenth century group were companies of

old guards, followed by grounding,

artillery and students, and, represent-

ing the present time, there were cars

of the Captain. There is one person on board a United States steamship who never, or, at all events, rarely, feels the absolute authority of the captain or commander, said a naval officer to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. That person is the ship's doctor. He is exempt from the harassing duties that the other members of his mess must perform, and he never knows what it is to bear the brunt of a surly commander's displeasure in a petty affair. Everything seems to be established on shipboard to fence the captain with that dignity which doth hedge a king. He eats alone in solemn state in his cabin, and has his apartments entirely separate from those of the other officers. After awhile, unless he is naturally a good fellow, he must receive some impressions of the power that he may wield, and of the isolated dignity of his position. He can't be affable or cordial, and he grows to not want to be. Such a man was Commander McCalla, who got into that scrape recently, and was convicted of offenses by the courtmartial. McCalla was naturally a good fellow. I knew him when he was a lieutenant, and he was a very different man from the commander that behaved so brutally to his men. The commander may blackguard the executive officer, may snub his subordinates and must leave the ship's doctor alone. He is exempt from annoyance and abuse, and his life is about the pleasantest on

American Cities in Canada.

According to the New York Sun Toronto is often called the most American of the cities of Canada. That is because its business streets look like those of one of our towns and because the people are enterprising and speculative. In reality. Victoria, B. C., is the city whose people are most like ours and most in sympathy with us. They keep the Fourth of July in Victoria, and they display our flag along with theirs. They sell us the coal we use on the Pacific coast, and go to San Francisco when they want to see the elephant.

Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

I hear it when alone; I hear it in the rock-ribbed earth,