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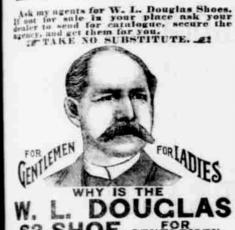
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Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands Toman wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be attending lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour thred each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who build hemitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who build grudge the few cents which it costs.

Oh! sing me a song of evening, A song of peace and rest. When, weary with useless flying, And th se we love draw nigh. And overhead the kindly stars Are smiling in the sky.

The day has been dark and dreary, The shadows fall thick and fast, And my limbs and my heart are weary From battling with the blast;

My thoughts turn back in the twilight To seenes long passed away, When, free from the Grall of labor I wandered in c'illdish play: see the vine-ciad doorway, Where oft my in ther stood,

Then sing me a song of evening, Of penceful love and rest; I am weary of useless striving And I long for the sheltering nest. The rugged shadows of evening Are filling all the land,
And I sigh for a breath of love and rest And the touch of a mother's hand

TO THE CITY.

And the Sad Home-Coming of a Wayward Boy.

"Good-by to the old farm!" "How so, my son?" asked the grizzly father, as the young man hung the seythe on the tool-house rack.

"I say good-by to plow and furrow, hills, rocks, long hours of hard work and poor pay. I have chopped my last stick of cord wood, husked my last bushel of corn. I hang up the seythe now forever. The great city shall give me a living." "But, my boy, the farm shall be yours to morrow. Only give mother

and me our bread, and that, too, not for long." "I don't want it. Sell it, give it away. I'm done," hotly exclaimed the roung man, as he wiped his beady forehead with his tawny hand.

"John, listen to reason. It has been a scorehing summer but we have nearfinished it. You think these people who roll by here in the mountain staces every day have things easier than we. But this is their vacation. All these fine gentlemen work like slaves the rest of the year, and the city girls with gay dresses and white hands-" "I tell you, father, I'm done. Don't argue it.'

"But to leave the farm because destiny calls, because one is fitted by education, by nature for other avocations or be cause one sees an opening is well enough. To go to the city, however, for the mere sake of going to the city -John, you are a fool. What will you do for bread? It doesn't grow on street

It was all in vain to add words. The having was over; the limit of endorauce the young scamp had fixed in mind all summer through, as many an vening he had climbed the stone wall musing in the dust of passing coaches whose laughter peeled forth upon him like a song of sirens, or sullenly answering the froliesome pedestrians who paused upon their alpen-stocks to ask how much farther to the Tip-top house. It was not far, and of evenings when the air was still, down through the great hemlocks came strains of bewitching music, startling the sheep in this high pasture, and yearlings from their browsing, and startling the heir

of all these herds as well. It was not so last year, this strange iscontent; it was never so with him before; though born under yonder red, ow-roofed, old dwelling, as were all his fathers; though the window of his birth-chamber looked out upon the mountain earavansary, whose cool splendors thousands yearly came to see. But he was eighteen now. It is stepping into a new world to become

ighteen years old. He was eighteen, and the only child alive; generous, willful, pampered, of robust health, and by no means an Arendian saint, though living amid the socalled innocent country hills. As he reclined upon the roadside wall, there was yet something about him very enaging. The open countenance blushing in the settling sunbeams, the full brow and quick, dark eye, the broad chest and stout limbs of a perfectly buman animal can dream, picture, plan and ponder with powers of mind that no other animal possesses. John was the last fellow who should have gone away southward, whitherward lay the Farewell the broad rough uplands,

formed and handsome animal. But the to the great towa. Of warm affections, conscience, he had none. What pleasures and gratifications did his vivid imagination sketch upon the evening sky, vast city, miles and miles down? with familiar stone heaps dotted over; the upper barn where he had "broken" many a wild colt and called it his own: the white gable of his neighbor whither the path across lots ran, trodden by his bare feet almost since their first steps; farewell the schoolhouse at four corners, the sweep and stretch of fairest landscape under the sky, set in the distance with the spires of village churches far down the valley. The home of many blessings, and a shadowed face at the window leaning on an old hand in the twilight gloaming: for father had been in and told the story, and the two old ones were powerless against the young, imperious resolution. He in reverie, they in pondering deep; not how they shall coax a living from the old farm, for they would rather the time had come to die, and cease the strife of a life rent with gaping graves into which strong sons had sunk one by one and left them only one, and he more cruel than their other sorrows: pondering how to prevent the ills of passions never yet controlled by their Saviour's strong and gentle hand foreseeing much and fearing more; for they were ignorant of the city, too. He in reverie, building gaudy eastles of a good time coming, and he free to

more could they do, having given him up to God? After all, it was not a very joyous departure that Monday morning in the September glory.

drink to his fill; in reverie till the stars

came out above the mountain pines.

They in prayer together for him, in the

chamber where he was born, and what

The boy could not quite exult as he had anticipated. The mother, with her last few tokens of love that can never cease to care for its own; tokens wrought with clumsy, eager fingers. and homely with the style of the bill

as, and the last trembing em brace. The father silent as they jogged to the village station, as if his great heart halted midway between his love and indignation. For it was a fool's errand was it not? A headstrong inclination to desert a good home and its duties for a whim. But his boy had not run away at least, and he would speed him to short folly and to quick and sure return. Even the dog protested: and believe us, it touched the boy's heart most of all, as with frantic skurry

Well, well, the great town opened its arms and took the young man in, as the myriad lamps of night laughed and winked at his conecit, twinkled and winked and joined hands down the long boulevards of darkness, till they seemed to change to fiery serpents with many a coil hissing. "Here comes another. What shall we do with him?" And now the dull roar of the streets gave answer: "We know what to do with him." To all of which the boy replied: "Have I not read all about it? I shall know what to do with myself. I come to prey, not to be preyed upon. But it must be confessed again that one is not quite so confident, standing

It is not for us to tell all that the city did with the aimless and pitiful fool. He was not without a welcome. Many welcomed him. He was strong, and could give much strength away. His veins were full, and it took many moons to suck them dry. He was mountain fed, and his fat wasted slow-But the vampires were many, the fires were kept burning, and God's laws

A few neighbors loitered about the tidy gateway, and a cheap crape knot fluttered at the door beneath the porch. "A death here, driver?"

heart there is no God, and-'

CONVIVIAL ANIMALS.

N. Y. Weekly.

"Having read recently a very interesting article about 'Four-footed Funmakers," said a gentleman, "I wonrather like that kind of medicine.

farmers who desire to wring their necks. I occasionally read of saloons depraved and chronic toper.

own or my brother's coat, and peer over the edge at a party of us playing whist or cribbage in the dining-room, his roguish black eyes sparkling as if he understood it all.

glass until he was satisfied. For a youth of his size he drank pretty copiously, too. Shortly afterward he was put into his eage for the night.

away. One dose cured Benny."-N. Y. Telegram.

It Came in Her Dreams. ed!-Chicago Tribune.

JOE'S MELON SCHEME.

now a Very Selfish Boy Was Taught an Important Lesson.

Joe came into the little sitting-room where his two sisters were sewing, and hrew himself down on the lonnge with a force that made the springs creak. "O Joe! you're on the shirt I've just finished," cried Jane. "Get up, there's a good bey, and let me get it from un-

"Bother your old shirt," said Joe. "It won't hurt it to be crushed a little. You're always so fussy, Jane." "Rut-

"Oh, don't worry me. I've come in to tell you and Ella about a scheme I have. It's a first-class one. Weren't you saying yesterday that we had more watermelons than we could ever use, and you wished there was a market near enough to send them to?" "Yes. I did." said Jane. "It seems a

pity to let them go to waste." "Well, there's a big excursion coming up on Saturday from the city, about six hundred, I believe, and they're going to stop at Ocean Beach. Everybody knews how fond excursionts are of melons-and so here's our

"I don't see it exactly," said Ella. "Then you are uncommonly stupid. What I propose to do is to ask old Mrs. Siddell to let us put the melons on sale at her store; it can't injure her trade any, as she never sells fruit, and she likes to be accommodating. Can't you go over and see her this afternoon, Jane? I'd go myself but I promised Jack Collins to meet him at two o'clock to talk over our next baseball

"I am so anxious to finish my dress," said Jane, hesitatingly. "Never mind about your dress. What does it matter when you get it done? You're not suffering for it." "It's dreadfully warm out," said Jane, "but if you'll saddle Prince for

"I turned Prince out to pasture not half an hour ago," interrupted Joe. "I didn't think we'd need him again today.

'It wouldn't take very long to catch

"Just try it and see," laughed Joe. 'Prince isn't as dull as you think! And s for racing him around that big pasare for an hour or two, why, it's just out of the question. No, you'll have to walk, Jane; I'm awfully sorry, but here's no help for it. And the sooner you start the better. And while she's one, Ella, you count the melons. I want to know how many we can send. I'd do it myself if I weren't in such a

hurry about going to Juck Collins'." "I'll go in and tell grandina about ne watermelon scheme," said Jane. She might not like to have us settling things without asking her consent." "Oh, she won't care," said Joe. "We planted the melons, and we've got a right to them."

"Well, anyhow I better ask her," and Jane went into the adjoining bedroom, where old Grandmother Hayward was knitting. She listened in silence to the proposition to sell the meions. "Do as you like," she said briefly, when Jane had finished.

So Jane put on her big straw hat, and taking an umbrella started for Ocean Beach. The sun was very hot, and she was tired out when she reached Mrs. Siddell's little store. But she was successful in her mission; for Mrs. Siddell was quite willing to put the melons on sale.

"They'll go off like hot cakes," she said. "If the excursion trains get to coming here real often I'm going to start to selling fruit myself. But you can have this chance and welcome.'

Jane thanked her, and started home again. There was nothing to keep her in Ocean Beach. It was a small place, mposed of half a dozen houses, a dilapidated summer hotel, three stores and a life saving station. People had just begun to find out that there was a ine beach there, and within the past three months a railroad had extended a branch to the place. There was an inland town half a dozen miles away, where Jane and Ella did all their shop-

"You look worn out," said Ella, when her sister came in "I have a fearful headache," said Jane. "Did you count the melons?"

"Yes; and I have a headache, too. The sun was fearful in the melon patch. I think we can send about one hundred." "We'll know better than to plant so any next year," said Jane.

"You know it was Joe who made us plant so many," rejoined Ella. "He said he had never bad enough melons in all his life." "Well, if we can dispose of them I shan't care," said Jane,

"It'll take two trips to get them all to Ocean Reach," said Ella. "The wagon won't hold more than fifty or

The next day was Friday. Joe came into dinner fairly beaming with good "We're going to have the biggest

baseball match of the season this afternoon," he said, as he sat down, and helped himself generously to ham and eggs. "We're going to play the Blue Stockings at Shelby's Mill." "But I thought you were going to

pick the melons this afternoon, Joe!" cried Jane. "Well, so I will if I get back in time." said her brother. "If I don't you girls will have to do it."

The girls looked aghast.

"And carry them to the wagon?" gasped Ella. "Yes; that won't be anything to do. It'll be good exercise for you. Girls are always so afraid of a little work." "But melons are so heavy, Joe." Well, what if they are? You needn't

try to carry more than one at a time. But very likely I'll be back by halfpast four or five. I'll do my best, of He finished his dinner, donned his baseball suit, and went off whistling,

the picture of youthful vigor and happi-The girls sewed until half-past four. Then Jane folded up her work, and covered the machine. "We'd better go at those melons,

Ella," she said. "Yes, I suppose we had," and Ella At seven o'clock Joe came bounding "Hurrah! We bent 'em!" he shout-

made only one home run. They couldn't

get on to our pitcher, somehow. We're going to lay them out again next week. They say they want their revenge. Helio! Isn't supper ready yet?"

"We're going to get it now," answered Ella. "We've just come in from the melon patch. We've been working ever since half-past four, and stopped only long enough to get grandma something to cat at six." "Been at the melons ever since half-

past four!" cried Joe. "Well, I must say you took your time over it! I guess you talked more than you worked." "We had to cut all the melons, and then carry them one at a time to the wagon and the shed," said Ella. "My back is almost broken-I know that," said Jane.

"And I'm so stiff that I can hardly move around," added Ella. "I'm awfully sorry," said Joe. "O course I'd have come home and done i all myself if I could have got away But we had to play nine innings, an then we had a short practice game." "Well, never mind it now," said Jane. "Only get up early in the morning, so as to get the melons to Ocean

get in at nine." "And you'll have to walk Prince all the way, and there'll be two Luds," said

Beach by seven o'clock. The trains

"All right, I'm willing to get up if you'll wake me. I can't wake myself, you know that."

But when at four o'clock the next morning Jane stole softly to the door of her brother's room and rapped, Joe declared he could not get up. "I'm so stiff I can hardly move," he

said. "I hadn't played ball for so long that yesterday's game has used me up. I can't go to Ocean Beach, Jenny. It's out of the question. You know I would if I could. "But, Joe, the melons must go some-

"Well, can't you or Ella take them in? You can drive just as well as I

can. "But they have to be unloaded at the

"Get a boy to help you. There are always boys hanging around ready for a job. Oh, dear! how my bones ache! Ella she'll have to milk Clover and Brownie this morning, and one of you must feed Prince. Oh, and Jane, tell Elia please to send my breakfast up, and if she'll make me some waffles I'll do as much for her some time. It seems to me that waffles would go to

the right spot this morning." Ella harnessed Prince and hitched him to the wagon, and by five o'clock poor Jane was well on the road to

When Joe was waked at half-past seven by Ella's coming in with a trav holding his breakfast, he heard with pleasure that Jane had just left with the second-load of melons. "Jenny's a regular brick!" he said, nthusiastically. "And you're another, Ella, for making such delicious

Brownie? "Yes and put them in the pasture." "It's a shame you had to do the milking; but then, it's just as well, I guess. for you to learn how. I might be laid up this way any time." It was seven o'clock in the evening

waffles. Did you milk Clover and

when Jane reached home in an empty wagon. She looked completely worn Joe, who had been lying in the hammock on the porch all day, went to open the gate for her. His stiffness

was gone, and he looked in the best of "Did you sell them all?" he asked. "Yes, every one."

"What did you get for them?" "Sixteen dollars and thirty cents." "H'm. Seems to me you ought to have sold them for more'n that. But suppose you did the best you could. Hand over. It'll take ten dollars at least for that summer coat I've been wanting so long. And I need a new knife and some handkerchiefs. I'll go to Shelbyville next week 'n' buy out the town.

"But aren't you going to give Ella and me some of the money, Joes" "How much do you want? It was my scheme, you know."

"Well, we both need new hats awfully; and we would like to get them before the picnic next week." "Well, hand the money over, and I'll see what I can do. I don't see what you girls want of new hats: the ones you-' "Joe," interrupted a cracked voice from a rear window of the house; 'don't you that money. You're not to have one cent of it."

Joe let the hand he had extended for the roll of bills fall to his side. "Why, it was my scheme, grandma The girls would never have thought of

it at all," he said, grumblingly. "Your scheme or not, the girls did all the work, and you shan't have one cent. It's time you found out that I'm not blind to your selfishness." "But we're willing to give him one-

half of it, grandma," said Jenny. "Your willingness has nothing to do with the matter. I forbid you to give him even one copper. Divide it with Ella, and spend it as you choose. I'm not afraid of your wasting any of it; you've earned it too hard for that." Jenny got down from the wagon and

went into the house, and Joe led the horse around to the stable, feeling that fate had been very unkind to him, and his grandmother very unjust. He had not imagined that she had taken any interest in the melon scheme. "The next time I have a scheme of that sort I'll keep it to myself," he

grumbled, as he put corn into the horse box. "I won't be tricked a second time. They can make up their minds to that."-Florence B. Hallowell, in Examiner. Something New in England.

bers of the Royal academy has defied a long-established precedent and bequeathed a double portion of his estate to his daughters, leaving his sons, even

the adored eldest son, with less generous provision. The usual pleasant and convenient custom in our mother country is to devote the family income to sending the boys to a first-class school, and later to establishing them in life advantageously, and, finally, to leave the poorly-educated girls practically destitute at the death of the father. that the property may go the sons; in all of which may be detected decided suggestiveness of the custom prevalent in some barbaric countries of killing "Won two balls and a bat. They nearly all of the babies at birth which

are unfortunate enough to be girls.

NUMBER 44.

THE OLD COFFEE-MILL.

Just at the hour when chantleleer Wakes his harem with justy crow, I turn on my pillow and seem to hear A welcome sound from the world below. It is not the chirp of the early bird, Nor the passing milleman's sonorous thrill Whose homely call in my draum is heard, But the musical crimi of the colle (-mill,

Mingled with methor's starcate clear:
"It's time to get up now, William, dear." It always hung by the chimney wide-"G"round, ""round, ""round ""r-o-u-n-d;" Time and wear and rust it defield— "G round, g 'round g round g 'round;" Its music silences the cricket's note-"G'round, g'round, e'round u'r o und." Its fragrance tickied each thirsty the "G-round, g-round, g round g round;" The hand that turned it, turned with a will, And inceuse ground from the old coffee-mill

O, years that are gone, come back again? And find in my pisiow a rose-leat dream; Take out of my heart this smarting pulse— Make all things really, what we they seem Bring the eyes that had never learned to weep Bring the slumber that hold me at early

Awake me, as then, from swent borish sleep To weed the carden or her the corn, To the time of father's "Git up thur, Hill:" An the raythm and rhyme of the old coffee -Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Pres Press.

THE U. S. MINTS.

Something About the Process of Coining Money.

It is quite natural that the United States mint should have many visitors. It amuses one, the manufacture of money, and even the hardened millionaire or the passionless eashier of a savings bank is bound to be impressed by the fine sang-froid of the maidens who sit at the coinage machines, their laps heaping full of the precious plankets, and handle gold and silver as coolly as though they were shelling peas. Yes, it is well worth while to come to Philadelphia just to see them. You find the mint on Chestnut street, just below Broad, a rather squat but striking structure of white marble,

with a Grecian facade. The first building erected in the United States for public use, under the authority of the federal government, was one for the United States mint. It was a plain, brick building, on the east side of Seventh street, near Arch, and the corner-stone was laid by the great David Rittenhouse, director of the mint, on July 31, 1792. The following October operations of coming began. On the 19th of May, 1829, an act was passed by congress locating the United States mint on its present site." The first coinage was of silver half-dimes. in October, 1792. The first metal purchased for coinage was six pounds of old copper, at one shilling and threepence per pound, which was coined and delivered to the treasurer in 1793. The first deposit of silver bullion was made on July 18, 1794, by the Bank of Maryland. It consisted of "coins of France," amounting to \$80 -715.73%. The first return of gold coinage was on July 31, 1795, and consisted of seven hundred and forty-four half

Over forty thousand persons visit the mint in the course of a year. Owing to the immense amount of the precious metals which is always in course of transition and the watchful care necessary to a correct transaction of business, the public is necessarily excluded from some of the departments. The system of surveillance adopted in the mint is so precise and the weighing so accurate, that the abstraction of the smallest particle of metal would lead to almost immediate detection.

All the gold and silver received for coining is first weighed. The largest weight used in the deposit-room is five hundred ounces, the smallest is the thousandth part of an ounce. The scales are wonderfully delicate, and are examined and adjusted on alternate days. On the right of this room is one of the twelve vaults in the building. Of solid masonry, several of them are iron-lined, with double doors of the same metal and most complicated and burglar-proof locks. It is estimated that about fifteen

hundred million dollars' worth of gold has been received and weighed in this room, probably nine-tenths of the amount being from California since its discovery there in the year 1848. Previous to that time the surplus of gold came principally from Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia. During the past ten years considerable quantities have been received from Nova Scotia, but most of the gold that reaches the mint at the present time comes from California, Montana, Colorado, Idaho, Nevada. Arizona, Oregon, Dakota, Virginia. South Carolina and New Mexico. Formerly the silver used by the mint came principally from Mexico and South America, but since the discovery of the immense veins of that metal in the territories of the United States, the supply is furnished from the great west. The copper used comes principally from the mines of Lake Superior, the finest from Minnesota. The nickel is chiefly from Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. After the metal had been carefully weighed in the presence of the depositor and the proper officials, it is locked in iron boxes and taken to the meltingroom, where it is opened by two men. each provided with a key to one of the separate locks. There are four furnaces in this room, and the first process of melting takes place here. The gold and silver, being mixed with borax and other fluxing material, is placed in pots, melted and put in iron molds. and, when cooled, is again taken to the deposit-room in bars, where it is reweighed and a small piece cut from each lot by the assayer. From this the fineness of the whole is ascertained, the value calculated, and the depositor paid. The metal in its rough state is then transferred to the refiner.

The two essential things regarding every piece of metal offered in payment of any dues are, first, the weight or quantity; next, the fineness or purity of the same. The process of weighing even the baser metals used in coining must be conducted by the careful use of accurate scales, with precise notes of the results. In precions metals-gold, silver and their highgrade alloys-a very small variation in the fineness makes a great difference from a neighbor that there was tronble at the jail. A mob was clamoring for the prisoner, who had been tried and convicted by Judge Lynch. George told me to fasten the doors and I would be safe enough, and catching his hat he went off to see if he could help maintain law and order.

Left alone, the house seemed dull and cerie. I sang all the old hymns over and over and tried to make myself Advertising Rates.

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I thought of all the mysterious robberies timi had happened so recently. They had always been perpetrated in evening, or the early hours of the night. No glimpse of the robbers had ever been obtained. Silent as death they had come and gone. A slight noise at my elbow startled

me greatly. I turned and saw Carrie.

"How you frightened me! Why, I

feel that I was not afraid, but as the

twilight faded into the darkness and

then into late night, I acknowledged

to myself that I was very much afraid.

was listening with all my ears and never heard a sound. How did you come in?" "ify the side door," she answered, in her usual low voice. I noticed that she had her lint and shawl still on.

"Dilyon go over to the town? Are they having any trouble at the jail?" I

"I don't know. I am in great trouble: 1-I have had a telegram and must go home at once. Will you give me the money that is due me, and let me go in time to get the eastern train, "But, Carrie, there is no money in

the house. I cannot pay you." There is. You will find it in the tin box where Mr. Raymond keeps his papers, and there is a great deal more-"Oh, then you have seen him?" I

said in much surprise. "Of course if the money is there I will pay you, but this is very sudden;" and I asked her to light one of the lamps in the room. She was trembling with nervous excitement and breathed rapidly. "It will not be safe to light a lamp,

as it might attract attention." The hall lamp was burning faintly and I went upstairs, followed by Carrie. Sure enough there was a large roll of money in the tin box. It had not been banked as was George's eastom.

I struck a match and Carrie held it as I counted out the amount due her. As she had never drawn her wages, there was quite a sum coming to her. I wondered in my own mind that George had not written me a note instead of telling the girl where the money was, but then we both trusted her, and she was Striking a second match, I turned to

look at her, when she promptly blew t out. I caught one glimpse of her face under her veil and saw that it was very much flushed. Suddenly she caught my hand, and pressed it to her lips.

"Good by, my dear mistress," she

said, dramatically, "you have been good to me and some day you will know that I have not been ungrateful." She was gone so instantly that as I stood there I heard a faint footfall on the walk beneath and nurried down to

lock the door after her.

I had all sorts of imaginations and many tremors and it was a great relief when at midnight George came in quite "Well, here's a go," he said. "Where's Carrie?"

She's gone home "Were you alraid of her?" "Why should I be? She told me about the telegram and the money. I couldn't have paid her, though, if you had not informed her where the money

"Carrie? Why, didn't she tell you?

"Are you talking in Sanserit, Myra?" "George! I believe you have been "Well, I like that. After working

five hours to save a man's life to be

outwitted by a woman-and accused "No, no, I didn't mean that. But Carvie came here and said you told her where you had put some money, and I paid her, and she is gone."

"Did you look at her? Did you see George was greatly excited. "Let me tell you," he continued, before I could speak. "When I went down to the jail there was a mob there, and tried to talk to them, but it was no use. They were mas'red and armed and not one of them spoke a loud word. They battered in the doors and found the man they wanted. They dragged him out and the cap he wore on his head fell off and the long hair of a woman streamed over his shoulders. Myra, it was the girl Carrie. She saw me and appealed to me, and they let

the man and saved his life." "Changed places with him? Our Carrie? What was the man to her?" "He was her husband." "But she was here at ten o'clock, I

her go. She had changed places with

tell you." "She was not here unless she came in a man's clothes!" "George!" "Yes? "It was her husband. Oh, how dread-

ful. He could have taken all the money.

Why, he might have killed me. But how did he know where the money was?" "She must have told him. You see, they are a bad lot. No doubt she was in league with him in all his wicked schemes. And she saved his life, too." "I'm glad of it," I said fervently, "I don't believe Carrie would have done

anything wrong. Why, she could have snatched that money from me-" "But that wasn't Carrie! That was the man himself in Carrie's clothes," persisted George.

They both escaped and I have never heard of either of them since, and the robberies ceased with their going, and I have a dreadful suspicion that I had more than once ignorantly entertained the husband dressed in his wife's clothes. That is why his face had been familiar on the day I saw him arrested. He was not at all bad, for he did not rob me when I was in his power.-Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

Fooled the Constable. Two fishermen of Sharon played a

neat trick on a local constable who detected them illegally fishing in the Shenango river one day, says the Albany Journal. He was about to arrest them, but left them at liberty on their promise to appear at the hearing. This they did, but in a manner which the constable did not expect. The fishermen repaired to an alderman's office, where each swore out a warrant against the other for illegal fishing. They were promptly fined twenty-five dollars each, and each received the informer's share of the fine, one-balf, thus reducing the penalty fifty per cent. When he constable reached the office to get his warrants the alderman told him that the defendants had already received their punishment.

The wild birds - ck the nest; When the lamps of flome are lighted

A SONG OF REST.

And now as the shades of evening Creep darkly over the land, I sigh for a breath of peace and rest And the touch of a friendly hand,

And the thoughts of a home I know no more Come o'er me like a flood.

-Mortimer C. Brown, in Yankee Blade,

he bayed the train away.

in the actual presence of the vast metropolis, as among the mountain paths. looking thitherward. The city opened its jaws and took him in.

We saw the end this summer. It was in this wise. We were riding down from the Tip-top house as the sun went down, and sat beside the loquacious driver. As we stopped to untrig the wheels in a farmhouse yard, an old man sat by the wall, his white hair roseate in the day's farewell, and unutterable sadness in his fine old face.

And we were silently attentive at his reply, while he went on to explain. 'You see, sir, the city had him about a year. He had a good time; too good. The doctors wrote from the hospital. His father went after him. They thought the mountain air would revive

him. But the fool hath said in his "And driver, the city ground him up and spit him out."
"Yes, sir. They have the tools to grind men with down there, I reckon." We rattled on down the same stony nighway traversed by the New England boy one little year before; and we burned to whisper his story, as a warning, to a youth whom we know of in a cappy country home. Heaven bless him as he reads. - Harkley Harker, in

A Squirrel That Imbibed Too Much Strong

der whether any naturalist has ever made a special study of the number of quadrupeds and birds that will freely bibe alcoholic liquors. I have frequently seen it stated that enormous doses of whisky are administered to elephants afflicted with lung troubles, and I infer that the huge creatures "Crows are said to become grotesquely intoxicated when whisky-soaked grain is scattered for their benefit by

in which a dog, goat or some other animal (besides the human) is exhibited as a confirmed tippler. Indeed, unless the goat is grossly libelled, he is a "I want to spin you an authentic yarn about a pet squirrel that I owned some years ago, and that acquired a voluntary jag on one occasion, but never again. Benny had the freedom of the house most of the time, and a big, fat, prankish fellow he grew to be. A favorite position of his was to end-dle in the outer breast pocket of my

"One Saturday evening, just as some nice new ale was served. Master Benny must have been extremely thirsty, for out he frisked upon the table and calmly proceeded to drink from the nearest

"Next morning when I approached his cage he did not jump up nimbly as usual to greet me, but lay lazily in a corner and yawned, yawned, yawned, once and again rubbing his ears with his paws. It was as plain a case of 'head' and remorse as I ever expermean, witnessed. About noon time he began to brighten up, and was soon as frisky as ever, but thenceforth until he died the very odor of alcoholic beverage would send him skipping

Decline of the Banjo.

The professional manieure is lamentng the decline and fall in New York of the banjo, which truly delightful instrument sent many a bright dollar in her direction. Banjo playing is ruin to the finger tips. It makes them sore at first, but after a few weeks of practice they become hardened and equally unlovely. That little airy flip of the fingers across the strings that looks so pretty is trying on the nails, and hangnails often become chronic. For the re lief of all these ills girls were wont to appeal to the manicure with gratifying egularity. Now, however, mandolin playing is the proper thing, and the little steel thimble worn is ample protection for the most delicate fingers. There is a certain romance about the

yacht its possibilities are boundless Rurglar (flashing his dark lantern)-Wake up, here! Don't you make no noise, nuther! Where's yer vallybles? Elderly Maiden Lady (moving uneasily in her slumbers)-Why, Algernon, this is so sudden, so-so unexpect-

mandolin that the banjo never had, and

for evening music on a piazza or a