persons residing outside of the county

None but scalawags do otherwise,-scalawag-life is too short.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A PREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1891.

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

NUMBER 45.

## VOLUME XXV.

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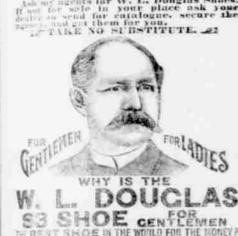
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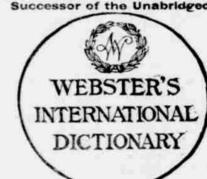
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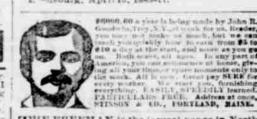
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hrift is a - good revenue. A T G A L CONT esults from \ x nliness and risa solid cake

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THE POINT OF VIEW. the same a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who bould healthte to make the experiment, and he a churlish busband who wild grudge the few cents which it costsnered balcony and watched the water, I

Beloved! when we pass away From this familiar spot, I wonder who will come and stay In the descried cot, Beneath these elm trees who will stand And think that home is sweet, When we have gone into that land Where parted households meet?

Oh! who will walk beside the stream, Or sit beneath the pine, To dream again life's little dream, When 'tis not yours, nor mine. Will some one fell my favorite tree, Puil down the mossy wall, The things so dear to you and me

Will they destroy them ali? Whose name will be on conder door? Whose pictures deck the walls? Whose feet press roughly on the floor Where your dear footstep falls? And when the years to centuries swing, Till all we love are dead,

Will any echo backward bring The words that we have said? I hope the brook down there will miss An old familiar tune, When in a happier home than this

For oh! this little home is sweet, Each corner is so dear, Can Heaven without it be complete? I would that Heaven were here. I almost think that from the skies, If I this home can see, I shall watch those with envious eyes

Who live here after me.
"Hush! hush! we shall not care," you say; Dear heart! it may be true; We shall not th n, but oh, to-day My life is here, with you,

-Julia H. May, in Good Housekeeping.

A SET OF VIEWS.

They Go to Make Up a Romance in Real Life.

AN INTERIOR.

"Going to the seaside? In November!" Emily had stooped to pick up her ruant thimble, but now, like the good Encas, she stood amazed, with eyes fixed on her companion as if she were

an unexpected omen. "Yes-it is odd," said Clara, gazing out of her window over the smooth western stretck of the lake; "but we nest leave Chicago; and Uncle David has given mother and me the use of the town house in summer and the seaside cottage in winter. It's exceedingly good of him, but it is funny!" "Dear! and Massachusetts! You'll

be just lost to our crowd. Well, that rose is finished; how does it strike you?" Clara felt chilled. Emily had been "no end sorry" that she and her mother had lost every dollar; had wept real tears when the time of separation had begun to seem near; and now she was smilingly asking her opinion of an embroidered rose.

With a girl's quick pride, however, she flung back two rising tears, and smiled responsively, "It is a dearike you," she said; and no one would anve guessed that she was disappointed. But in her heart was born a new

II. TRAIN LEAVING CHICAGO. "Hulloa! Brown! Wasn't aware you

were aboard! Going east?" "Good-morning, Mr. Willis; one doesn't go to California via the New York Central." "Phew! Cynical bacteria in the air.

You'd better come into the smoker and smoke them out." you'll be sure of it, yourself!" There was something so irresistible in Harry Willis' good humor that most

people yielded to it, more or less conciously. Some amiability is exasperating and seems to say: "See how cool I keep. Don't get excited!" But Harry seemed absolutely unaware that there was any sting in a spiteful remark. His mother had once said of him that he was like a lightning rod, a safe conductor for dangerous currents. "That's all right!" Mr. Brown spoke less irritably, or, rather, as if his irri-

tation had not been meant for Harry. art directed against the world in genral. "But people do say so many bings without any aim whatever-or with more aim than is apparent," he dded, as if a new idea had struck him. Did you really want to know if I took an east bound train in order to go east, or do you ask my destination?"

"Oh! pshaw!"-Harry made an effort to speak quite carelessly-"what's the use of shamming? You're bound for a certain point on the Massachusetts coast, and so am I. There's another point, figuratively speaking, that we're both bound for, too.

"Yes," responded Mr. Brown; "this train makes connections so that we reach Gloucester at eleven to-morrow morning. It's about five miles out to the Point of View. Which of us will get there first?"

"I think it would be a fair arrangement for us each to send Miss Klein a note, asking her for an interview. Then the choice of order would lie with her. See?" "Very well, that's fair enough. But

it's hardly necessary for us to torture each other in the meantime. I'll take the next section." "Wait a minute. We will send the notes by mail when we reach Gloucester-start even?"

Mr. Brown strode into the next seat. and knit his black brows over a blank sheet of paper, on which he finally wrote with a lead-pencil which he handled quite firmly:

"DEAR MISS KLEIN: You promised me an answer this week. I could not be content to take it from the mails. I must see you. Please let me have an hour with you as soon as you can. Send to the Grand hotel. Very sincerely, "M. H. BROWN." Harry, after summoning the porter

and contradicting each order once or twice, besides squandering a very unnecessary number of silver quarters, settled himself with a lap table and a stylographic pen, and wrote; the final version was finished just as the afternoon waned into gray: "DEAR CLARA: This stylograph is disgrace

ful, but circumstances make it impossible to do any better. That bear of a-no, I beg his pardon-but a certain gentleman is running a race with me to see you. Of course it must be a fair race, and you must decide which shall have the first chance; but, Clara, don't you see I can't live without you? Do keep that in mind. But still, if you'd rather have him, why-I won't pain you by saying anything brutal-so goodby till we meet. You and your mother must be lonely out there; oh! dear little girl, give me the right to make you both comfortable Send me just a little note, piense, at the Grand. Yours in dire suspense, HARRY."

The cottage stood on a little perpendicular bluff, and commanded the bay : I'm so good she doesn't mind my being on one side and the ocean on the other. | homely, but she wants a good-looking

ridiculously suggestive in her environment-Harry and Mr. Brown, the bay and the ocean, and she between them.

The sun was bright and warm for a November day, but the wind was fresh; and in one of its whiffs it carried off a little pile of letters that lay in the girl's lap, and whirled them over the sand. She ran down, pursuing them; and, having captured them with some

trouble, perched herself on a rock more shielded from the wind and began to reread some of the pages: "Easily prejudiced in judgment, enthusiastic, uncritical undiscriminating, but excessively loyal in love, determined in hate. Little artistic power. Good humor under circumstance

irritating to most men; occasional spurts of

bad temper in unexpected places." Stern and uncompromising in habits of thought and emotion; unyielding in will; gloomy disposition, tendency to extremes, arising from narrowness of view; self-centered and utterly unsympathetic; 'cranky' in action combining with a general independence a singular moral cowardice before the opposition of some

one person-probably of the opposite sex." "Well, I suppose that's Harry and Mr. Brown. There's a sort of magnificence about Mr. Brown's air of reserve and importance, but I believe he is 'selfish and unsympathethic.' I wonder if it was a mean trick, getting their 'characters' read from their handwriting? It's a funny business, anyway, for that man-but he's remarkably clever at it; and fifty cents apiece -well it's cheap for the fun there is in it; but I don't know now which I like best. Mr. Brown is so distingue, and Harry is such a dear-but he's only a boy. Sometimes I think I love neither one, and sometimes I think I love them both.

IV.

ANOTHER BALCONY SCENE. The afternoon was sunnier and milder than the morning, and only the Indian summer haze betrayed the fact that it was not June.

Clara was sitting again in the threecornered baleony, and directly in front of her stood a young man, grasping the railing with twitching fingers. His hair was brown, but with more color in it than brown hair usually has; his eyes were bluer than most blue eyes; his fair skin had a flush like a

"I asked you to come first," spoke Clara, calmly, "because I have made up my mind to say no to you." Harry's color grew fiercer, and his hold of the railing tenser. "Won't you tell me why?" he said, with a mixture of beseeching and bully-

ing in his tone. "Oh, you are so 'prejudiced,' so 'undiscriminating,' and you have 'occasional spurts of bad temper in unexpected places," laughed Clara. The imperiousness of his voice nettled her. and she would not answer seriously.

Not being aware of the "enaracter read by chirography," Harry failed to appreciate the joke, and replied quite "Well, I don't see how you can call a

fellow undiscriminating that chooses you; and if I'm hot-headed, it's in a good cause." "Yes, it said you were enthusiastic

and loyal," Clara went on, smiling faintly. "It said! Well, I'm obliged to it, whoever it is. But Clara, my love can't be for nothing when it's my life just given to you;-and you do love me-I can see it your eyes. Let me kiss you, and

And as Harry bent over her, Clara threw her arms around his neck, and

"Yes, I belie ve I do." V.

THE TAIL-PIECE. The Indian summer had vanished with the afternoon, and it was November again; but the sea was not so sullen or so lonely as the man that stood at its edge and gazed with aimless directness on the vanishing line of the

"She is right. I am a bear, too harsh and unsympathetic to enter into her life. These fellows, like Willis, warmblooded and gentle, always work it better with women. I'll just let them alone in the future." And the last afterglow seemed to die

out of the sky, as the tense figure strode away into the night .- J. M. Anderson, in N. Y. Independent.

Age of the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army bas been in exstence just thirteen years. It had its origin in a sensational way in the English town of Whitby, in the rough, coal-mining district of Yorkshire, where Gen. Booth, at that time Rev. William Booth, was doing humble mis sion work. England was then in arms, expecting to jump into the Russo-Turkish war. It occurred to Booth that he might attract a crowd by issuing a declaration of war himself, so he prepared one forthwith, sprinkled it plentifully with hallelujahs and posted two thousand copies of it about town. The device tickled the British sense of humor, there was a "red-hot, rousing meeting," to quote Gen. Booth, "the

penitents fell down in heaps" and the

Salvation Army sprang into life full-

Three Notable Families. This county contains three remarkable families, writes a Milan (Tenn.) correspondent. It is perhaps safe to say that it contains the tallest, the

heaviest and the lightest families in the country. The tall family consists of four persons-father mother, son and daughter. The tallest member, the son, measures 6 feet 8 inches; the shortest, the mother, 6 feet 2 inches. The heavy family is composed of father, mother and daughter, and their united weight is over 900 pounds. The light family number ten persons, father, mother and eight children, whose united weight is ol3 pounds.

Why He Wanted a Nice Picture. A local photographer tells a story of a young man who came into the studio one day and asked nervously if he might have a little conversation with him. The visitor was painfully ugly, and after some awkward blushing and indefinite allusions he asked the artist if he supposed he had among his samples a picture of any young man who looked like him, but was better looking. "What do you mean, young man?" asked the photographer. "Well," replied he, making a clean breast of it, "I am just engaged to be married. The young lady lives out west. She is going home to-morrow. She says she thinks As Clara sat out on the little three-cor- picture to take home with her to show the girls,"—Boston Traveler.

### FISHING FOR SHARKS.

Terrific Struggle with a Ferocious Man-Eater.

The cool, dim shadows of early dawn still clung to the leeward side of things as old Cap'n Joel made sail on the little sloop. A mild breeze came up from the southward and stirred into lazy life the vagrant patches of mist that hung here and there on the surface of Great South bay. Away out in the solitude of water the lighthouse on Fire island loomed faintly against the

ways, though. Mebbe won't get a bite all day.'

I trimmed in the jib sheet, with that elaborate attention to detail which so plainly suggests that time is a burden on one's hands. "We may get a whale before night." "Mebbe so, mebbe so," admitted the old man, "but the chances are agin it.

I don't believe in raisin' no hopes, an' sharks is mighty uncertain. I remember one day last summer I had a city man out after sharks, and we sailed and sailed and never a bite did we get." "Had you hired by the hour, I sup-

early in the morning, so that he will be tractable for the rest of the day. When I fish for sharks I want a skipper

Joel?" I asked, cheerfully and brisk-"Not so darned plenty," the old fel-

though he was calculating the danger about six miles off. "Anybody caught any?" "Not as I know on." He was still grumbling. "Taint many folks as

ly." I was still brisk and cheerful. The old man muttered to himself. He knew well enough where to go, but his feelings were burt, and when the old fellow's feelings are hurt ne acts like a As we went along close hauled for the Fire island inlet I made ready my

circumstances he would have been as

alone in his shell.

any physical harm.

and threw it overboard. a shark.

"There's one or two sharks about." he answered, but he did not explain where they might be found. Then we stood off and on again without catching sight of the triangular fin. Suddenly there came a tremendous

slackened and I reeled in furiously.

"or he will be on us." The little sloop gathered headway and darted off before the wind, but still the line was slack. The shark was trying to see what held him. In about two minutes I had the line tight again, and then I had the sloop brought up into the wind. The shark then took a notion that he would go across the bay on his own account, but before he ha made away with half of the line the lively little sloop was chasing him. Al the time I kept up a steady pull on the line, now holding fast and then slack ing away, as the necessity of the situation seemed to require. The shark was getting vicious. Suddenly he made a lunge and changed his course. "Jibe over! quick!" I called out.

"Tide's on the change now," said the old man, as he let the sloop's head pay off. "We're mebbe a little late for the first run, but we'll get 'em further along, and mebbe one or two on the turn. Never can tell about shark's

"Don't croak, Cap'n Joel," said I, as

Cap'n Joel looked hurt. I always manage to hurt the old man's feelings who will obey like a Chinaman. In return for hurting the old man's feelings I invariably make it up to him in some other way at the close of

"Man-eaters plenty this year, Cap'n

low grumbled, making a pretense of squinting carefully under the boom, as to be feared from two other sloops

fish for sharks. Most people's got something better to do." For Cap'n Joel this was very severe, but I had hit him in a very tender spot. "Where it I head for?" he asked, almost sullen-"For the inlet, to be sure. Seems to me that you forget things very quick-

new shark tackle. Cap'n Joel had never seen it before, and in ordinary

curious and as eager about it as a child, but he said never a word. When I had last fished with the old man I had used a heavy trolling line, one end of which was made fast to the boat. When I hooked a shark I simply hauled in hand over hand by main force. This year I decided to put a little more skill to shark fishing, and for that purpose I prepared an extra strong bass rod and reel, and fitted to it as stout a line as I could find that would run readily on the reel. I intended to play the shark as I would play a bass. Old Capt. Joel sniffed contemptuously, but silently, as he took note of the new-

fangled shark tackle, but I let him It was my purpose to meet the in-coming flood tide at the inlet, and to reach back and forth across it until I was satisfied with the day's sport. Sharks follow the smaller fish into the Great South bay with each tide, and sometimes a big one will come along and stir up the bathers on the beach at Fire island. The fun that a shark can have with a lot of women and children along a bathing beach is something out of the ordinary run of American humor. The shark probably

enjoys it, and it never does the bathers The wind came in a little fresher with the flood, so that the sloop had good working headway. She would jibe quickly, and not too hard, while at the same time she could be luffed up in a twinkling. I baited the large hook with a plump mossbunker, which the old man had provided the day before,

"Slack away and stand off and on across the flood," said I. The sloop filled away with lifted sheets. The long line trailed astern with constantly increasing pressure. Away off on the lee quarter there was a slight commotion on the surface of the water, and in a minute or two I fancied that I could eatch a glimpse now and then of

"Do you see any sign of game?" I said to Capt. Joel, as he came about and stood back toward Fire island beach.

jerk on the stout line, the reel gave a wild scream and began to revolve like a buzz-saw, and the stiff rod bent like a whip. I had struck big game. I put on the check very quickly, and as the velocity of the line lessened I thought of the pain that the big hook was causing in the mouth of the ferocious sea devil. The pain would stop him if the line would not. Presently the line "Ease off and run for it," I shouted,

### "He's after us again." The nimble sloop turned like a top and went racing

away toward Babylon, with her lee rail awash. I reeled in as fast as I could turn my hand. The shark came on like a race horse, dragging the slack line after him. He made straight

for the boat. "Luff lively," I shouted; "luff, or we lose him." The sloop came into the wind shaking and fluttering. It may have been the change of course or it may have been the pull of the line, but whatever it was, the shark just missed the rudder. If he had fouled it, we should have lost him. I saw him plainly as he darted past, and in my perspiring and panting condition he looked to be the living incarnation of devilish ferocity. The sloop bore away, and in a moment more I had the shark towing

by jerks at the end of the line, and the line well in the reel at that The shark was by no means subdued. however, for he led us a lively chase for fully half an hour after that. The nimble little sloop ran, and reached, and luffed, and came about, and jibed, and spun around like a crazy thing, and all the while old Capt. Joel said never a word. He was kept nearly as busy as I was, for it is no small task to keep a sloop dancing about on the water like a monkey on a hot brick. The old man was perspiring freely, but he worked to perfection. He knew as well as I did what to do, and when I gave an order he was already to obey it instantly. He could have done it all without an order, but on board ship nothing is done without instructions from the

man in charge. "What do you take this 'ere sloop for, anyway; a top?" he grumbled, as he filled away for the twentieth time. "Been a dancin' about like a looney for the past half hour." . I knew by this that he was warming up to the excitement of the occasion. His sullen and resentful feelings had oozed out of him

as he began to perspire over his work. At the end of three-quarters of an hour I was about to give up the fight as hopeless, but I resolved to keep it up until I fairly dropped down from sheer weariness. I never had been so shark was altogether too heavy for this sort of fishing. A smaller shark would have been sport, but this was something like hard work. After a time, however. I noticed that the big fellow on the end of the line was becoming less ugly and energetic. He made a dash now and then, but he did not keep it up. By degrees I reeled him in toward the boat. I did it all very slowly and cautiously, for I did not wish him to make a particularly desperate break for liberty and get away from me. I felt that I had not enough strength left to resist him. After some trouble I got him within

a short distance of the boat. "Stand by with the lance, Cap'n Joel," said I. The old man dropped the tiller and took up a lance made of a bayonet fastened to the end of a amboo fishing-rod. He knelt on the leck beside me, with the lance poised over the water and with his toes braced against the standing rigging. I gently coaxed the shark alongside directly

"Stab him," said I, and almost before the sound of the words had died away the keen bayonet had flashed into the shark's head and out again twice. The third stab went into the unresisting water, for the shark thrashed the water into foam with his great tail and tore off across the bay. The reel screamed again and again as the wounded thing, crazed with pain and rage, darted here and there. Wherever he rushed he left a thin trail of blood. Although I was no longer so heavily oppressed with weariness I took my time about checking him, for

I knew that I had him then. When the wild creature's fury was spent I recled him in again to the boat. He was weak, but still game to the last. Capt. Joel stabbed him four times, but even with that the fish made a desperate struggle for life. Capt. Joel put a noose around under his forward fins, and we hauled him aboard by means of tackle already prepared for that purpose. We let him hang in the rigging while we bore away for home.

When I was rested a bit I started to measure him with a tape line. As I fussed about him he made a lurch and gave a vicious snap with his ugly jaws that caused me to fall headlong on the cabin roof. His razor-like teeth missed my left arm by barely six inches. Old Cap'n Joel grinned like a fiend and chuckled to himself all the way home. It must have been the shark's last death spasm, for when I took the lance and prodded him with it he made no further demonstration. He was dead

beyond all recall. On the way home I put the tape line on him. I found that he was a little more than five feet long. This is not large for a man-eater; in fact it was merely an ordinary sort of Great South bay shark. While I was cutting off a fin he slipped out of the noose and fell overboard, and that was the last we saw of him. He might have been a man-eater for all that I could tell to the contrary. If he were not, it was solely through lack of proper opportunity. -N. Y. Times.

The Sultan's Mistake. Everybody knows that the Emperor William is German to the finger-tips and that his patriotism will not permit him to allow French to appear even upon his bill of fare. The sultan is nothing if not polite, and when William was his guest a few weeks ago was extremely careful that all his prejudices should be most scrupulously respected. With this hospitable end in view he ordered that William should be served with German champagne only and is mortified now to know that this delicate attention was not appreciated as it ought to have been. The emperor it is understood has a weakness for champagne and does not trouble himself about its nationality so long as the flavor is all right. On this point his patriotism is not inflexible.

Two-Dollar Counterfeits. The ways of the wicked are most always found out at the last. The counterfeiters of the United States two-dollar silver certificate forgot to turn the letters Two after photographing the bill and making it otherwise so like the genuine note that it deceived the best experts for awhile. The letters on the counterfeit read backward: owr. They are on the top of the figure 2, and are so minute as to require a magnifying glass to be visible.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER. The patriotic to the core,

I never have been partial Before to-day, I must admit, To matters that were marttal But, since I saw that squad of girls

I own that in a uniform There's something very "taking" At all exents, one uniform-Or, rather what was in it— So very "taring" proved, it took Me captive in a minute.

Tho' all were lovely, rank and file.

And each the manual upt in, The isader was the loveliest-My captor was the captain.

A man mayban, might prest, unmoved A charge from leveled lances; But hote, Fli swear, court long withstand This instry of height maners! Nay, may ! Who looked at ner must lay Beneath those feet so slender. His heart in uncombitional

And yet in glad surrender. A little cap upon her corts, Gold straps upon her shoulder, Brass buttons blazing in a way To blind the rush beholder. She took me product on the spot,

The' I'm a man, and the' a mouse At home might make her "scary." When first she drew her sword and sen-

Her silt 're voice a sounding Along the line, by heart leaped up, As in the challenge bounding, But, e'er a way one smile to win From her love could discover, She dealt my heart a blow from which I know I'll ne'er recover.

But the' to that belligerent Yet beautiful young daughter Of Mussachusetts, I gave in, And humbly cried for quarter, O, the of wars not war's alarms I've ever been a hater,

Here's hoping I may live to tell

## A HUNTER'S NERVE.

Of an ougagement later!
—Boston Globe.

Calmly Facing a Ferocious South American Tiger.

It was in the state of Mirandea, New Venezuela. It was three o'clock in the morning, and I was with Manuel, the tiger hunter, on the mountain. After a half-hour of eautious walking Man-'nel paused at a turn in the narrow path, and I felt rather than saw that the dawn of day was at hand. There was a strange stir in the air, as though the feeble breath of life had come back to the dead and inanimate nature. Over beyond the castern mountain tops the stars were growing pale. The first faint gray tinge of dawn was coming a

Day came slowly. I noted this with surprise, for I had any number of times read descriptions of slaws in the tropies wherein it was represented that day came with a bound out of the binekness of the hight. Perhaps the writers of these descriptions had waited until the sun had already reddened the eastern sky before watching for the dawn. From the time that I noticed the first faint gray streaks in the sky until the sun was actually shining on the mountain tops it was perhaps a little more than an hour. I have seen the day break in the Rocky mountains in the same length of time, with the only difference that in the tropies the day came more swiftly after the rosy lights had come into the sky. Between the first grays of the early morning and the rosy hues of actual day there was little difference in the Cordilleras and the

Rocky mountains. I could have watched the coming day for another hour, but as soon as it was light enough to see the surrounding objects Manuel carefully chose a spot which I could occupy during the impending gladiatorial exhibition. It was the peak of a high rock that almost overlung the path that he eventually chose, and with some difficulty I climbed to the top of it. Nature evidently had intended the rock for some such purpose as this, for it gave a good view of the path for some distance on eyeh side. I could easily have seen any animal walking upon it for a considerable distance in either direction. There was plenty of evidence, too, that the advantage of this peak as a lookout station had been appreciated and used by other hunters than man. Indications showed that wild beasts, presumably tigers, had erouched there in wait for unsuspecting prey. This discovery gave me a mild sensation. I might be reasonably safe from the attack of a tiger in the path below, but I hesitated to think what would be the result if a tiger came up and found me occupying his

private personal outlook. When I was comfortably concealed behind the rock, although in a position that permitted me to keep careful watch of the exposed parts of the path, Manuel disappeared. He was standing by the base of the rock one moment, and the next moment he had vanished. He must have gone like a serpent, for I heard no sound. Then I was alone on a tiger's favorite resort in an uninhabited South American forest. It was hardly a pleasant sensation, especially as my revolver seemed to be, as doubtless it was, a very inadequate weapon. A suspicion might have crossed my mind that Manuel had left me there as a bait for a tiger, but I would not give it a moment's credence. There were noises on the mountain

side by this time, and some of them were so distinct that I could distinguish them. Small animals were scampering about in the undergrowth and birds were calling in the trees. A commotion among the birds some distance down the path attracted my attention, and I wondered if a tiger had stirred them up, or if Manuel had strayed as far away as that. A few moments later there was another commotion in the distance on the other hand of me, but I gave little heed to it. On the right-hand side of the path a small ereature, something like a North American woodchuck, stopped short in his leisurely morning walk and sniffed suspiciously at the air. I was to leeward of him in the light breeze that had sprung up, and so he could not have seented me. He sniffed a moment in the direction of the first disturbance. and then suddenly dived headlong into the undergrowth. Assuredly there was something off to windward that he was afraid of. The disturbance ceased after a time and then the mountain side was still again.

Looking down over the rock a few

moments later I found Manuel gazing

up at me. He pointed away off to the

left in the direction of the second dis-

turbance and again disappeared. It is

probable that on this occasion he hid

himself in the undergrowth alongside

the path. I gave my undivided atten-

tion to the distant fluttering of birds. It was a curious sort of circus that the birds were having. The little things circled about in the tops of the trees and screamed shrilly one to the other. It might have been a huge snake that triplatened and fascinated them, or it might have been a tiger. Manuel knew, in all probability, but he made

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The disturbance came a little nearer, but it seemed to me that it moved very slowly. If a tiger were coming along the path he should, in my opinion, have made better time. I calmed my impationce by assuring myself that if it were a tiger he would come fast enough when he once got wind of me. It was a long half hour of suspense before the disturbance came within reasonable distance. Before half of that time had passed I was satisfied that something very objectionable to birds was walking leisurely along the path, and perhaps stopping now and then in the hope of surprising one of the birds un-

awares. At length the thin g was just beyond the turn in the path. In a moment or two I should see what it was. Then I became conscious that Manuel was standing in the middle of the path, with his short spear held in a horizontal position over his shoulder. This was interesting and at the same time very suggestive. I concentrated my entire nervous system in an intense contemplation of the turn in the path. The

suspense was awful. Ah! what was that? A striped and spotted animal suddenly stood out in the open. His long tall swung slowly from side to side, and his smooth coat moved nervously with some passing emotion. It was the tiger of the South American forests. He had stopped with one foot advanced, and with his head in the attitude of attention. He had seen something in the path before him. It was Manuel, who was standing as immovable as the rock beside him. was a beautiful beast all silk and softness and graceful curves. I thought it a pity that so beautiful a thing should be hunted to the death, but at the same time I reflected that this wonderfully was the living incarnation of ferocity.

I do not know how long Manuel and the tiger faced each other there in the narrow path like gladiators. It seemed very long time. This was the test. The tiger waited instinctively to see the strange thing before him turn and run away as everything else in the forest invariably did, but greatly to his surprise the thing stood its ground like an amovable rock. The tiger was king of the forest, and he knew it, and when . he had made up his mind that this thing was not going to run he came. forward slowly to investigate. This was courage, even in a wild brote, and I respected him for it. I doubt if the lion or the tiger of India has this un-

shakable nerve. I looked at Manuel as the tiger came slowly and cautio sly along the path. He stood like a bronze statue, with his spear held over his right shoulder. Not so much as an eyelid moved. I confess that during this trying time I was a bit nervous. This was a new way or hunting to me, and a decided novelty in the actions of a wild beast which had not been attacked. I should expect an attack from a grizzly bear after it had been wounded, but assuredly the bear would not take the aggressive as this lithe and beautiful beast was doing. I will acknowledge that my hear; thumped against my blue flannel shirt so hard that I was afraid that the noise would attract the attention of the

Slowly came the tiger; like a rock stood Manuel. It looked as though the case had been reversed, and that the tiger instead of the half-breed, was the

At length the tiger was within touching distance of the man. He looked the bronze figure over from head to foot and then thrust forward his head and sniffed at the man's feet. Back the great beast sprang like a steel spring. The figure was flesh and blood. The tiger's tail twitched back and forth like a flail. The great jaws opened

in a snarl. Quickly the beast measured

his distance and crouched with quiver-

ing sinews for a spring. Such calm

courage was grand beyond all description. It was matched only by the steadfast nerve of the man. Now came the crisis. I could see the huge muscles heaving under the striped skin. In another second the tiger would leap upon his prey. In that instant the hunter made a motion with his left arm as quick as light itself. He tore a handkerchief from his neck and thrust it full in the tiger's face. Up went the tiger's head in a quiver of electrical amazement. Then the hunter's poised right arm shot forward with incredible force and the spear

buried itself half way to the handle in the tiger's neck. Ah, it was nobly done; and throughout it all, from the beginning until the wonderful ending, the hunter's nerve never faltered so much as by a hair's breadth. Before I could eatch my breath and swallow the lumps of apprehension that had risen unbidden in my throat the fierce beast was dead in the path. 1 scrambled down from the rock and stood beside the dead forest king: Manuel picked up his handkerchief and pulled out his spear. There was a faint

suggestion of a smile about his im-"Does the Senor Americano believe?" he asked.

"He does." I answered, and I reached him my hand in that universal brotherhood of man which civilization can never efface. By the side of that dead tiger the savage and the son of civilization were on the one common level of man. There could be no difference.-

He Wanted to Know.

"Excuse me," said Mr. J. Hav Seed to the stranger who had so cordinily shaken bands with him; 'excuse my askin', but air you a regular professional or jist a amatoor?"

"I mean air you a bunco man or merely a candidate for office?"- Indianapolis Journal.

The Laugh Was on Him. She-How big did you say the builstones were that you saw in Dakota? He-Some of them were three inches in diameter. Why (trying to be furny), when I wanted to treat a girl to an ice all I had to do was to hold two plates out of the window.

She-But we are not in Dakota now.

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