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A SPENDTHRIFT. He made a strong vow he would rise from the

ranks
And not herd with the poor and the commonplace flocks, squandered his earnings on savings

And invished his earnings on stocks, Threw away all his earnings on stocks. And every year all the money he made, He wasted it all in this prodigal way, In lands and investments or merchantile trade

He spent all his money, they say. Just wasted his money, they say. And this prodigal spendthrift grew worse every And all of his fortune did wretchedly waste

That a man should develop such taste, Such crude and deplorable taste. A big millionaire, but a very small man". Said men as they gazed on his funeral pall, "A man who was built on a mighty mean plan, A mere millionaire that is all, Commonplace millionaire, that

monplace mulliencire, that is all," —S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade. RIDING AN AVALANCHE.

A Survivor Recounts the Thrilling

and Awful Sensations. There are many and various ways of descending from the summit of a hardly-attained peak. There is only one way of getting up. The steady tramp up the zigzag paths to the hut, the shady way through the pine forest, and the arrival at the Clubbutte, are all incidents which come into every mountaineer's experience. The sardine supper or the snowstorm which lasts for two days may not happen to everybody, but there are, at any rate-common to all who climb-the start by lamplight and the consequent use of bad language over broken shins. Such experiences everyone has to go through. Further on, each mountain has its own characteristics. There may be a succession of glorious rock climbs, or a few hours' step-cutting across an ice couloir, or over the top of a hard arete. In this respect an infinite variety is presented to the climber; but, after all, every peak has to be conquered by steady work with head, foot and arm. But with regard to the descent, as I have said before, there is a variety of the aid of his rope and his own strong limbs. He may unceremoniously be bundled off his ledge and come down a few thousand feet lower-certainly without a stop, but, to say the least of it, in rather a dilapidated condition. He may, too, find himself obliged to descend with unnecessary velocity by a brute of a stone that detaches itself from above and plunges its way-with kim as a companion-into the glacier below. Then there is the hardly less pleasant maniere de descendre when he finds the snow through which he is plunging suddenly loosen itself and go olling and roaring into the depths below, bearing on its crest or in its midst the unhappy people who had put their feet upon its treacherous surface. This last has been my experience, and,

carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House. Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing toor-der, any article in his line, from the smallest to though certainly not unique, is uncommon enough for relation. It was some time ago that I found ing prices.

No penitentiar, work either made or sold myself in company with two friends at that pleasant and agreeable mountain-TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY. eering center - Grindelwald. Surrounded by peaks above us, and equally surrounded by heavily-booted mountaineers, it was small wonder that we soon fell into the prevailing enthu-To buy a Shot Gun or Rifls, and we have the stock to select from. We have them in siasm, and were not satisfied until we had engaged our guides and made all Double Barrel BREECH LOADERS, arrangements for the ascent of the Wetterhorn-that mountain that is to the mountaineer what Casar's Gallic war is to the classic. The weather was bad. There could be no doubt about that. But guides have a e line of Shells, Tools, etc. Large t assertvivid imagination, and ours saw in the sky indications of fine weather that, I must confess, none of us could perceive. But it mattered little to us as Five stores in one 952 and 954 Liberty street, nd 703, 705 and 707 Smithfield street, Pittsburg. long as our bearded conductors thought we might make a start. They Ps. N. B.—Send for our new annual Gun Catalogue, No. 18, free of charge. [sep3.9t 3m said that it might "go" -"it" was the mountain, not the weather-and so we

> went too. Arrived at the Gleckstein hut, the same weather prevailed. Dark clouds, smart showers every now and again, and in the far distance a flash or two of lightning, did not make us much easier in our minds. I had already, a year before, gained the summit of the Wetterhorn, and so had not the same anxiety and eagerness as my comrades to mount in spite of wind and weather. But the young are proverbially foolish. and at four the next morning we were all off in the highest state of joy and excitement, having made the single proviso that we should not mount by the couloir, which in that weather would have been particularly danger-

It was uninteresting work, the tramp from the hut to the first snow. Now and again the clouds cleared a way and discovered Grindwald already gay with its flags-for the railway was to be opened that day. But such glimpses were few and far between. Nothing but the black mist and the oozy grass could be seen. Sometimes the leading guide told us to be careful not to kick our shins against projecting rocks, or utter a deep curse at the weather. But we-as obedient as Ulysses' crewplodded on without a word, and looked in vain for the promised change in the ladened blackness of the mist. But not a rift appeared in the enveloping pall. A continued and monotonous darkness was around us, and when we were roped together we-I speak for ourselves and not our guides, of course -had no more idea of where we were than a benighted Englishman on a

Our intention had been to "traverse" the mountain and descend on Rosenlani. and so when we came to a kind of ice fall our head guide did not cut very big steps, but simply satisfied himself with providing us with footholds sufficient for the ascent. This work of cutting steps was long. The particles of ice that were flying from the ice ax of the guide were most ingenious in finding their way down our necks and dissolving themselves between our shirts and our skins. As the guide said himself, you must be a mountaineer to really

enjoy such little incidents. When once we were on the top of this slope of ice the guides called a halt and we opened the sacks to eat. I noticed in one of our sacks a stick about two feet in length, and attached to it a huge red flag. On inquiry I found that it was intended to do the double duty of marking the first ascent of the year as well as that of doing honor to the fete in Grindelwald, which was being held that day on the occasion of the. I these old serews of papers.

opening of the railway. I did not look upon it with friendly eyes. It seemed to me a bad omen.

With the same impenetrable mist around us we packed our sacks and continued our way. Soon we began to hear the roaring of avalanches all around us. I consulted the guides, but they said that the slope up which we had to go was so slight that it was almost impossible to start an avalanche. And I must say that, from my subsequent experience, I should now be of their opinion. Certainly the south wind that was blowing was making the snow very soft, and every now and again small patches would detach themselves and go hissing away for about twenty yards. In fact, so frequent were the noises of avalanches around us and the slipping away of these small patches of snow at our feet that familiarity with them made us -- if not contemptuous of them-at least very

We were plodding on up the slope in single file, and each one was bewailing the monotony of it. Now and again a little excitement was obtained by one of us dropping into a crevasse and being pulled out again as best we could manage it. One of these incidents had just occurred, and we were again on our way, when we heard a crack and a hiss, and without a warning found ourselves rolling and tumbling on the crest of an avalanche. I can only speak of my own feelings at the time. I remember thinking to myself: "Well, we are all done for now," and at the same time I had a bitter feeling of regret for having persisted in our attempt in spite of the bad weather. The first effect of the avalanche was to throw me on my back and to carry me head downwards some twenty yards. Then by a great effort I managed to turn myself round and get on the top of the moving mass. I saw Andreas-the leading guide-but a few feet from me, and I perceived too that he was in great pain, for his face was contorted with agony and he was groaning. I had this view but for a few seconds, for I was once again turned upside down and my head was buried in the snow. I had often heard that in great crises of danger little things remain impressed upon the mind that one would think would not even be noticed. I remember that in the rough and tumble of the avalanche the elastic of my "goggles," or snow spectacles, became undone, and I remember equally well being determined not to lose them. I grasped them tightly and never let go of them during the whole of this ride on and in the avalanche. It is useless, of course, to deny that I was in a most terrible "funk" all the time and heartily wished either for a stoppage or a quick death. All the previous accounts that I had read of avalanche adventures passed through my brain, and I had the horrible remembrance that death generally resulted either from suffocation or from the pressure of the mass when it stopped. I looked forward, therefore, to death in any case, but I hoped prayed it would come to me by the pressure of the snow rather than by suffocation. But, of course, these thoughts flashed through my head like lightning, and when next I came to the surface I perceived that the mass was slowing up in front, and the death I anticipated seemed to be near at hand. But it was not to be, luckily for me. The mass stopped, as it were, altogether, and must have been but little pres-The front guide seemed to suffer a little, for he gave an extra big groan and then all was quiet. As soon as I could extricate my legs from the mass of snow I looked around, and was very thankful and glad to see my companions all above us-all safe and sound, but left in rather a heap by the avalanche. I need hardly say how quickly

-Pall Mall Budget. ROTHSCHILD IN DISGUISE.

a run was made to the brandy bottle,

and how we refreshed ourselves and

drew fresh courage from it. Nor did

we delay. Gathering up our things, we

fairly rushed down the rest of the snow

slope, the guide throwing away with a

deep German curse the flag and stick

he had brought up to commemorate the

first ascent of the Wetterhorn. We

came down the ice-fall in double quick

time, expecting it to be swept every

moment by another avalanche. Once

into words, and each recounted his own

experiences in his first and-it is to be

hoped-his last ride with an avalanche.

How the Passenger: Were Rebuked and "I was the lion of the day once in my life," said Sam Davis the other night, as he sat with Judge Beatty and a party of friends at the Palace hotel, San Francisco. "I was on my way from Ogden to San Francisco in the days when the porter had the run of the sleeping cars, and we had a lot of eastern tourists aboard. My berth was near the rear, and when the porter reached me he was mad. The largest tip he had received was a nickel, and in some cases he had been given one and two-cent pieces. I had paid for one night, and when he approached me I said: By the way, are you the man who

blacked my boots? " 'Yes, boss.' "That was a nice job, and here is three dollars for you.' "When he had passed on a Maine man sli med over cautiously and asked me confidentially if that was the usual

tip. "Tip!" I exclaimed; 'no, sir, I was simply paying for services rendered.' "The fact was I had simply paid for my berth, and had given the porter nothing. As a result the information spread through the car and the porter reaped a harvest. A few moments later I strolled into the smoking room and the porter said: 'That was a good rebuke you administered, boss. It shan't cost you a cent to get to Frisco. I'll just tell 'em you're one of the Roths-

childs traveling in disguise.' "The word was passed and in a few minutes I was famous. Every attention was shown me, and when I reached here I was burdened with all sorts of

invitations." French Ingenuity. An ingenious advertising dodge is to be found in Paris. Small-pointed paper bags, something like those grocers twist up, have been noticed on the pavements. These, when opened, have been found to be handbills, which would never have attracted any notice unless curiosity had prompted somebody to look and see whether there could be anything in

"I am going a long way To the island valley Avilion, Where fails not hail, or rain, or any snow; Where I will heal me of my grievous wound. -Morte d' Arthur.

We seek that island of the blest Where all things breathe of perfect rest. Peacl of the ocean's mysteries. Far, far from here, 'neath summer skies, Amid unsounded seas it lies, Deep in the golden gleaming west.

There never blast of hunter's horn Along the shadowy glens is borne: There never echoing war-note swells, But lilies droop their shining bells In silent fields and dewy dells, There never care the slumberer frets, The soulits weight of woe forgets; Deep is the couch the mosses spread,

The pillow for King Arthur's head Low is the surf upon the shore. Soft the cloud-shadow's drifting o'er Here, storms across life's ocean blow And billows toss us to and fro; Ah, thither, thither let us go,

Fit for a weary monarch's bed;

And find repose forevermore. Where golden-hearted sunsets dream On slumbrous pool and gliding stream; Where grass is lush and winds are low, And shadows flicker to and fro, And all the cares we used to know Like youth's forgotten fancies seem.

Nay, sail you east of sail you west, The isle shall never greet your quest; For only heroes, overwrought With mighty tells, are thather brought, And find the boon of rest unsought-God's last and greatest boon of rest.

A spell the fairy isle doth bind, That those who seek it stall not find, Then spread the canvas to the breeze And steer, forgetting dreams of ease, Right onward through the unknown seas; Some day in pause of wave and wind,

After long stress of storm and gale, By sun ight clear or mo nlight pale, At morn or eve, 'neath unknown skies, We yet shall see before our eyes The isle's enchanted shores arise And drop the such r, furl the sail. Alice Stone Blackwell, in N. O. Times-Demo

TINY SKILLED WORKERS.

Marvelous Accomplishments of Some Spiders.

They Command Admiration for Their Almost Incredible A hievements-Fairy-Like Facts.

The best known mechanics of the insect world are the bees and ants. wasps and hornets, all of which are very skillful in cooperative house build ing; but it is only of late that people have begun to look at the spiders and to find out that, ugly as they are, and unlovable and selfish even among themelves, they are wonderfully skillful little workmen in several trades. How many more trades a longer observation will discover we cannot uess, but already it is known that there are masons, tent builders, balloon and diving-bell makers, and waterproof-silk manufacturers, besides the common web-weavers which

The mason spider, unfortunately for some other insects, does not earn his living by his trade, although no one can deny that he is a "skilled laborer." But he does not devote himself entirey to his useful calling; in fact, he nakes it subservient to his better liked, if less innocent occupation, that of a highway robber.

Like any other bandit the mason spider finds it necessary for his safety to spend much of his time in hiding; so he excavates for himself a cave, not very wide but from one to two feet in ength, sometimes running downward in a more or less slanting direction, and sometimes on a level. As he is tuxurious in his tastes-like many another highwayman-nothing less will please him than silken-hangings for his retreat. Like nearly all others of his family, he is by nature a silkspinner, and it is with silk of his own spinning and weaving that he so beautifully lines the entire length of his

After the silken hangings are finished to his satisfaction, he proceeds to a labor which requires all his skill, both as a mason and a silk weaver, and that is the trap door which is to close and hide in safety away from the snow, we burst

For this purpose he first spins a web exactly covering the mouth of the cave, but attached to it only on one side. Over this web, which though so very fine is also very strong, he places an extremely thin layer of earth; then over this he weaves another web, and again puts on a layer of earth, and so on, layer after layer of alternate silken web and earth, cementing all together with a strong cement of his own preparing, until the door is thick and firm enough to answer his purpose. Of course the part of the web which is attached to the side of the cave forms the hinge to the door. In most cases the pider leaves open the door to his retreat when he is out of it, only shutting it when he seeks safety within, and opening it easily by pushing it up from the inside when he wishes to get

But there are some of these cunning workmen who wish to secure their caves from possible capture while they are absent; so these extend the silken layers of the lid on the hinge side in uch a way as to form a sort of handle or lever, just above the hinge. Having done this they can let the door or lid fall shut after they have passed through, and when they wish to reenter they have only to press back upon he lever, thus opening the door. As the outside layer of this door is of earth, the robber-mason-spider's concealment is complete, for the most practiced eye can hardly, by the most diligent search, discover the door so ingeniously made. This curious spider is found in several places, but his habits have been observed chicily on the Is-The tent-building spider is called by naturalists Clotho Durandii. To form the fairy-like tent in which it lives and raises its young, it first weaves a tiny, silken sheet with seven or eight sides, which form so many angles, to which are attached the slender silken ropes which hold the tent to the surface of the ground. So fine are the silken sheets that several of them, laid closely upon each other, are required to make the tent strong enough to resist the rain and protect those under the shelter of the tent. As the spider must protect its young from other enemies than the weather it has cunningly contrived

that the different layers of the tent

shall form a labyrinth through which

it alone can find its way. To do this

it fastens together some of the sheets on one side and some on others, so that having entered by the outermost opening it has to travel as many times from side to side as there are layers to the tent before it can reach the tidy little apartment where its young are kept safely dry and warm. The more effectually to conceal the tent from possible enemies, the outside layer is carefully discolored with mud, so that it may resemble the color of the surrounding soil, but the interior is beautifully clean, soft and white.

Another spider, the maker of waterproof goods, is a corsair, and of course needs a ship to sail about in; and, equally of course, considering its nature, it prefers to get its ship by stealing. So, having determined to enter upon its piratical career, it looks about to find the cast-off shell of a water snail. Having found one of suitable size it enters and immediately begins to prepare a door of varnished silk, which is perfectly waterproof. Behind this door, effectually protected from the water, our cunning corsair lives and floats about, waiting for his prey. Like all other corsairs, he sails under false colors. It is to deceive his victims until they have no time to make their escape that he passes himself off as an innocent water snail. All spiders are said to dislike a wetting nearly or quite as much as cats are known to do. yet there are other spiders, besides the corsair waterproof silk maker, which habitually live in or under the water. All such spiders are, of course, skillful in the manufacture of the varnished

silk, which enables them to live under water without injury. One such spider, called by naturalists the Argyroneta from two Greek words signifying silver and spun, lives in stagnant water, on the surface of which it swims about with perfect ease, keeping its abdomen inclosed in a little globe of varnished silk, which shines like silver; and, being filled with air, acts as a life preserver, keeping its wearer from sinking.

The female of this spider constructs for itself a sort of diving-bell, in which it can live all winter beneath the water. This diving-bell-an oval-shaped eocoon of varnished silk, well filled with air. is anchored securely by multitudes of strong but very slender silken cables to the surrounding plants. In it its maker lies in wait for prey, or deposits and jealously guards her eocoon of eggs, or shuts herself up during the winter. Still another spider is a skillful paper maker, and Dr. Livingston found many specimens of it living in central Africa, where it makes its nests of

wasps build their nests, pasted so closely to the walls of the natives' huts as to almost escape observation. The balloon-making spider has attracted great admiration from the skill with which he spins, weaves and inflates a tiny balloon underneath which it remains in safety, while the breezes

small sheets of thin, gray paper, re-

sembling that of which hornet and

Another little air traveler is able to make long aerial voyages without the aid of either wings or balloons. It is known as the Gossamer spider, and great multitudes of them have been found on ships fully sixty miles from land. The Gossamer is only about one-tenth of an inch in length and of a dusky red color. Upon first coming in contact with the rigging of a ship it always seems to be attached to only a single thread, but in a few moments is surrounded by a mesh of floating web, which appears to be produced simply by the entanglenent of the one long single thread.

waft it away.

When the Gossamer is on land and vishes to sail off through the air it rawls upon some little eminence, eleates its abdomen, sends forth a single hread and immediately the slighest reath of air bears it away at a line on level, or nearly so, with the height rom which it started. Mr. Charles barwin, who tells us about this spider, ays that he thought he could perceive hat before sending forth the floating hread the spider connected its legs toether by other delicate threads; but f this he was not quite sure. If this bservation be correct it may be that he delicate threads uniting to the pider's very light body may form a ort of parachute and aid it in its flight. Another tiny spider while placed on he top of a post shot forth from its pinners four or five threads, each about a yard in length. These threads flittering in the sunshine, looked like eparated and waving rays of light, on which it soared away as if on wings.

"Its supply of silk," says Mr. Darwin, "seemed inexhaustible." This might probably be said of most spiders. A very keen and accurate observer has told me that he once traced what seemed to be a single continuous hread of spider's web extending from a point on the shore of the Hudson river near Cold Spring to another point on the opposite shore near the West Point landing, at the height of about a yard above the water. My informant was in a rowboat at about five o'clock of a very still June morning. and rowed his boat quietly beside the thread of web for the whole distance. This is another fact to prove the immense productiveness of the little spinners in proportion to their own size .-Helen E. Smith, in N. Y. Independent.

Among the curiosities of literature possessed by one of the big libraries of New York city, after a long search, is the edition of the Scriptures, published in several small volumes, known as the "Wicked Bible." There are two sets of books to which this title applies. One was published in England in 1631 and the other in Germany about a century later. Their peculiarity consists of the omission of the word "not" in the Seventh Commandment. Both editions are perfect in other respects. The history of Bible printing shows that the types have played many wild freaks with the text, but never anything equal to this. The "Wicked Bibles" are accordingly very highly prized by collect-

Money 292 Years Ago A good illustration of the chauge in the purchasing power of money is given by the following entry in the public record office of London: "June 26, 1599, License to Peregrine Bertie. youngest son of Lord Willoughby, of Eresby, to travel for three years with his tutor, two servants and two horses and sixty pounds in money." Nowadays a young gentleman with such a retinue would hardly be able to travel thirty days instead of three years on three hundred dollars in money.

When the bells of sunset chiming act hastily, the Pacha deliberated mo . Echo with eternal calm, Like the last grand chord barmonious the most brutal death he could conceive; and then, believing there was n-Then the toll-worn millions sleep. more effectual means of barbarity, b When the hush of sleeping myriads called to a Navarrese mason, who wa Rhymes with the sound of sp. cres, also a Christian slave. "Michel," h And the trend of passing moments said: "you see this empty mold o Marks the end of weary years; When the solemn tide is ebbing Softly from the pebbly shore, beton; for the present leave it; I have mind to make beton of that dog And the ships go out of harbor To come back again no more, Oran who refuses to come back to t faith of Islam." Poor Maitre Mich Then we cease to sigh or weep. had to obey, but he finished his da When some day we weigh life's anchor work with a sad heart. As soon as Slowly drift out on the tide, entered the "Bango" (for he also v Over on the other side; a prisoner) he found out Geronimo a When the white mists leave the waters told him Euldj Ali's command. Gero And we hear the signal bell, imo heard the command in perfo When the morning dawns before us, silence, and then very camly l Where no milinight ever fell, Then, be oved, all will be well.

-Mande Meredith, in America. AN ARAB MARTYR. Horrible Deuth of an Apostate

For His Unwavering Christian Faith, His Persecutors Cast Him Alive in the Center of a Block

Mohametan.

The other day, as I was listening to some old familiar words which have been sounding now for eighteen hundred years and more, my mind traveled back to a fort in Algiers, the Fort des Vingtquatre Heures, made of huge blocks, which for three hundred years remained immovable and silent. But in 1853 a martyrdom which some people looked upon as an idle tale, others as a superstitious legend, was brought to light, and the very stones themselves, with underiable witness, revealed the pathetic figure of the Arab martyr, Geronimo. Just three hundred and forty-seven years ago a little Arab baby was taken prisoner by some Spanish soldiers, and brought to Oran to be offered up for sale as a slave. The good vicar general, Juan Caro, bought him and took him to his own him under the name of Geronimo When the child was eight years old a few Arab slaves made their escape from Oran, and believing they were doing the boy a kindness they took him with them; so for some years he lived with his people as a Mohametan. But the holy faith which Juan Caro had planted in the child's heart had taken such firm root that his relations could not tear it out. He remained with them till he was twenty-five, and then he took a step which he knew no Arab could forgive, and which, if he should be recaptured, would lead him with certainty to suffering or death. He fled from his home and returned to the vicar general, and, telling him of the dangers of his flight, he said, simply: "It is because I wish to live henceforth

in the faith of the divine Saviour." Juan Caro was so delighted that he received the young Arab like a lost child, and Geronime, on his side, could not show his benefactor love and gratitude enough. He soon entered the Spanish guard as a paid soldier, and he performed such brave deeds that he attained very high military honors. But the height of his joy and ambition was gained when he heard that the vicar general gave his consent and approval to a marriage between him and a young Arab girl (also a convert) with whom he had fallen in love. For ten years nothing but happiness shone on his life-he won the respect and confidence of all around him, he was Juan Caro's right hand, and his wife was as a daughter to his adopted father. No shadows seemed to cross their path; no troubles seemed drawing near them.

But one bright May day in 1500 news came to Oran that a small Arabencomponent had been noticed a short distance off. The rumor did not seem of importance; a handful of Spaniards could easily manage the Arabs; at least, so Geronimo must have imagined, for he only took nine soldiers and manned a little boat, intending to land on the coast, where the Arabs had assembled. They rowed out of the safe harbor with the sun shining on them. and sailed along the blue sea past the coral fishery of Mers-el-Kebir, never dreaming of danger, when suddenly two Moorish brigantines, which had been lying secretly in wait for them. chased them and ran them down. The nine soldiers escaped, but Geronimo, who was too marked a man, was seized upon at once and carried off to Euldj Ali, the Calabrian renegade. A great cry spread like wild fire among the Arabs throughout Algeria that the apostate was captured; that he, the traitor, who had abandoned his own people, denied his own faith, was lying a prisoner in the fortress, the "Bagno. The Moors, who knew his history, made a solemn vow that they would restore him to his old religion; so they began by sending Marabouts to convert him with arguments and fair promises. But they returned discomfited to Euldj Ali, their fine words had availed nothing; the apostate remained immovable.

A fresh treatment was next tried: he was loaded with chains, and treated with the utmost cruelty, and when he was faint with torture and scarcely able to speak, the Marabouts stool around him, offering him liberty, power, honor, riches. But no offer made him deny his faith, no longing for freedom made him forswear for one single moment his religion. Once, after some most horrible threat, he raised his poor suffering head, and with a voice so weak it could scarcely be heard, he said: "They think they will make me a Mohametan; but that they shall never do, even if they kill me." For four months Euldj Ali gloated over the daily torture he was inflicting on Geronimo; but at last the very sameness of his cruelty palled upon him, and he was determined to invent a new and more hideous revenge for the "apostate's obstinacy." One morning the idea came to him; he was examining the works of a fort by the gate of Bab-el-Oued, when he saw a block of beton standing by the great stones. This block was a mold in the shape of the immense stones, filled with a kind of concrete; when the conerete was sufficiently hardened, the wall was to be built with it. Here was the height of torture! Here was the might devise! The dog of a slave should be laid in a similar mold; the | being able to support 1,560 grains.

liquid plaster should be poured over him; he should be built alive into the wall: the renegade should be turned into very stone! But as Arabs never earefully whether this really could be answered: "God's holy will be don Let not those miserable men the they will frighten me out of the fa of Christ by the idea of this eru death. May my blessed Saviour oul pardon me my sins, and preserve me The whole of that night this brave

Advertising Rates.

The large and relatile circulation of the Cam-rena Personan community it to the inversable consideration of revenients whose favorable in a cried at the belowing low rates:

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young Arab spent in prayer and preparation for the death tortures which he knew were awaiting him. Must no the memories of his high military honor and fame, the kindness of Juan Caro, the love of his fair young wife, have flashed through his overstrung min l ke some beautiful, glittering dren-Was nothing left? Nothing real? Nothing ing but death-death so ghastly in its fearful savagery that the very life beyond seemed hidden away? Ah! it was not too late even now. The sentence could still be recalled, and greater earthly power than Geronimo had ever had was yet within his reach! Every line in that martyr's face, as he stood before his plaster cast, to du what his cry must have been then: to us silently how his cry for strength was answered. Between two and three o'elock the next morning a guard summoned him to the Facha's presence There he stood, a suffering potient prisoner in chains, before a great mutitude of Turks and Arabs in all their gorgeous magnificence. Then he wa agged by a hooting crowd, strilhim and beating him, to the gate Ba el-Oued, where he again stood befor the Pacha in the midst of his pompout retinue. Euldj Ali then addressed him slowly and clearly; he pointed on every detail of the fearful death; h showed him the block of beton, au every torture of such a death was carfully explained. Then he ended h speech with: "Dog! you refuse to re turn to the faith of Islam?" "I am ; Christian, and as a Chest an I willed o. was the noble aroun snawer. "Anyon will," replied the Pacha. "Then here, pointing to the beton, "shall you! buried alive." "Do your will D shall not make me abandon my fail were Germano's last words. 'I Pacha raised his band, some sold stepped forward, they removed t chain from the prisoner's leg, th bound his bands behind his back. roused his legs and that them; sey took him up and haid bles with

ces downward into the mold. laster was poured over him, a amango, a renegade Spaniard, waag to show what a fervent Mohameta e was, jumped on Geronimo's bo ad broke his ribs. This act please Juldj Ali so much that others follows is example. For twenty-four hour eronimo lay bleeding, suffering, dy ng in that lock of beton: the jerr nd oaths of his enemies must he cen ringing in his cars, the Afric san in its intense power must have poured upon his aching head; but bras althful and unmurmuring, this pol-Arab lay there till the weary day at night were over, and another morn broke upon that beautiful Atand. But in the land above, lieve the gates of the kingdom o heaven were thrown open, and Go ronimo, bearing the palm in his hand. was admitted into the noble army or

For three hundred years this story was handed from one generation to as other, till some people trented it as romance: but thirty-eight years agwhen alterations were being made, an the wall had to be taken down, to workmen came upon a stranga holl place and some human bones. The governor, remembering this story, d rected plaster of paris to be thrown into the mold, and very soon the life size figure of Geronimo appeared, proclaiming the truth of the martyrdom The east is now kept in the museum Algiers; it shows a slight figure, a facwith the veins all raised, a poor mouta closed with a patient, determined expression: the hands are tied, the legs are swollen; even the very broken ribs are lying there. Three hundred year of history holding its peace; and lo! the very stones, as it were, cry out. and the noble Arab's martyrdom is brought to light .- London Spectators

Lively Wires.

It was a couple of hours after midnight and a light rain was falling. A couple of newspaper men were going home after a hard night's work. Buddenly there was a break in the line of the flashing electric lights. The lamp directly opposite the two men was spluttering and sending only a few gleams through the darkness. The two men involuntarily stopped to look at it. Then came a tiny flash from the bottom of the pole. "Look! There is a live wire hanging down," said one, Suddenly there came another flash directly in front of the men, and then another and another just beyond. "Take care!" shouted the other man. "The wire is on this side of the street." The two scribes hastily backed away, and prepared to beat a masserly retreat. A moment more and the whole street seemed alive with these dangerous flashes, while visions of the horrors of electrocution brought gray hairs to the heads of the reporters. "Pshaw! They're only lightning-

Two hats were jammed down over the owners' ears, and the men splashed along through the rain. - Albany Argus.

The letter or testestones A magnetoenceded by North in a thager-ring hazaid to have been e-ruble of raising 740 grains, or about 110 mags its own weight of Agrains, and to have been much comired in consequence. A magnet, form by belongly 1 . T rainin Leslie, and new in the plu and a fleemost exquisitely painful death man tion at Edinburg, has still greater pears er. however, weighing Miggrains and