

er in no event will the above terms be deinterests by paying in advance must not e-JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor to be placed on the same looting as these whi-Let this fact be distinctly understood from

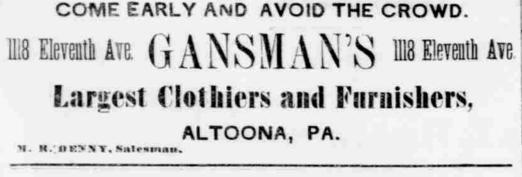
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VOLUME XXVI.

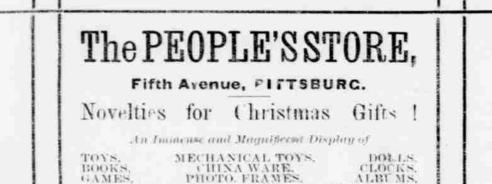
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You pay us a visit. The visit will pay you



THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE. Two youths once lived in a country town,

And one was a giant fair With a Saxon viking's golden crown And a blacksmith's muscles smooth and brown When he made his right arm bare. The other youth was of dapper size, So slender and short was he That he found small favor in maidens' eyes And the giant boasted in merry wise.

'I could tay him across my knee.' These twain both courted the village belle, But short was the race they run; At the giant's feet the maiden fell,

And the little man, though he pleaded well, Naught more than her pity won. They marched away to the wars one day, In haste for the battle's van, And the people cheered when the giant gay

Strode stoutly past for the distant fray And they smiled at the little man.

But the earliest ball by a forman sped-One drop from the war-black skies-Passed safely over the pigmy's head And the giant, who stood behind, fell dead With a bullet between his eyes.

Then the little man swore, though his sight was dim, And he bounded ahead of them all,

And the whole great army followed him Till he leapt like a devii iithe and slim First man o'er the Dattery wall.

And he planted the stag of his country there While the routed enemy ran, And the legions rateed, as it floated fair In the dusky wares of sulphurous air; "Three cheers for the little max"

Oh, I do not knew, and I cannot say, What the giant might have done, lut I'm sure the maiden will weep alway or her lover shot in the first of the fray, And dead ere his fame was wen.

For war is a field of chance, you know, Let him dodge the bullets who can; But love is a garden where fancies blow And the form of a giant makes larger show Than the soul of a little man

George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

THE SMALL BOY.

Something About a Very Needful Institution.

him to see what he'll do. He does nothing. "Johnnie! John! John An-

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

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1892.

thony! You hear me?" Then goes back a slow and feeble: 'Yes'm!" "Come here instantly." Another faint "Yes'm," but he don't go though his playmates stop the game, to await results. "JOHN!" His father called that time and the tone meant business, "Yes, sir!" and like a streak he darts toward his home.

The small boy of to-day is highly blessed.

It seems as if all the inventors in the world were getting up new playthings and games and tools and books for his especial benefit, and that his parents can't spend enough money for his pleasure and entertainment. Compare what our grandfathers or what we ourselves had in childhood

with the playthings that the modern small boy is hardly satisfied with. He not only sports a seven dollar tennis racket and a forty dollar bicycle,

but he must have a suitable dress to go with them We used to have a good game of ball

in patched trousers and bare fect and an old straw hat. Now the children cap't enjoy themselves at all without a uniform and glove and face covering and real bag tases. A fish pole cut in the woods was good

ea ough for us, but a split bamboo our boys must have.

We used to get pretty hot doses of birch when we deserved it, but nowadays it has gone out of fashion in the nomes as well as the schools-and we think it ought to, for all the whippings we got never made us any better-but the contrary. "Spare the child and spoil the rod" is the improved version. A curious transformation takes place in the small boy after he has been

awhile to school He suddenly becomes sensitive to wearing old clothes. Instead of fighting against being washed he washes himself often and nearly destroys the

A COMPROMISE How a Case of Presumption Final-

ly Ended. "British consulate? Yes, sir. Take the first to the left, and the third to the right, and go on till you come to a drunken sailor-that's the British con-

sulate. I am told that the above direction was once actually given, and really the threshold of H. M. B.'s consul is often marked with human wreekage. One bright May morning at St. Gumbo Sir Martin Behan, accompanied by his

pretty daughter Sybil. found this official in conversation with a case of distress, which had not been asked into his private room. They drew back and overheard this conversation:

"Have you been to the St. George's society? "Yes-and they do not believe my

story. "Well, it is rather-suppose, now, somebody else had told it to you; would

you believe it?" "A year ago I would not," said the man, frankly. No well set-up scarecrow would have changed clothes with him, and there was just a hope that his emaciated condition was due to starvation and not to fever.

"So you can do nothing for me?" he asked.

"It is the hardest part of my day's work to answer such questions," the consul replied. "Officially I must not, privately I-ah, Sir Martin? back again so soon? Come in." The case of distress stepped aside and the door closed against him.

"Tired of Florida already?" "No. I should have liked to spend another fortnight there, and Sybil was delighted with the glimpse she got of the Everglades; but I received a telegram which calls me home without delay. Have you any letters for us?" The bell was sounded, and a ready elerk appeared with their "mail"

the fellow who called himself De Mauriac was the worst.

He was not pleased to find on land-

ing at Liverpool that the case officially entitled "In the matter of the goods of Sophia Behan, deceased," had been commenced that very day, and the consolation offered by his solicitor, to the effect that he could not be of any assistance, made him very angry. He got into a temper with the customs' officers, and this did not expedite the passing of his luggage. He became furious when "that scoundrel" (as he accustomed himself to call De Mauriac) passed and lifted his hat to Sybil, who stood behind her father in the agony which daughters feel when they see the authors of their being making fools of themselves in public. These delays cost him his train-the last for that day and the morrow was Sunday! As the fatal "Too late, sir," was spoken and the carriage rolled by he caught a glimpse of "that scoundrel" seated in a first-class corner and chatting pleasantly with-could his eyes deceive him? -the heir of a marquis and one of the most fastidious men in London!

in the meantime the Behan will case, with two Q. Cs. on each side, and a whole row of juniors representing the various interests affected, had its first day in court, and a rare tilting of wits was displayed. The actual plaintiff was the lady named as "Clara" the wife of Capt. Maurice Vining," who claimed as heir and next-of-kin to her shipwreeked son. The actual defendant was Sir Martin. It suited one side to expedite the death of the testatrix, and prolong the other life. The opposition fought hard to show that the former lived for several hours after half past nine o'clock, and that the latter was sneked down with his ship and drowned instanter. All this trouble was caused by the words "living at the time of my death." the consequences of which the old lady had not fore-

seen. Her intention was to benefit me he lifted his hat, saying: "3;. He seems to know everything, as in-Mrs. Vining through some one of her deed, he ought, for he has been every-Dement, may I sit with you or will y children, fearing, perhaps, that a direct where, read everything, seen all there walk with me? gift would not be welcome on account He extended his hand, smiling, and is to see-sometimes I think rather of their guarrel, and now-if the predelivered mine into it without a w more than is good for him -and had sumptions relied upon on behalf of Sir Martin should prevail-she would get acquaintance with the queerest peoment's hesitation, and when his fing ple. And then his voice-Irene, when closed about it to assist me to my 1 nothing. But the will had to speak hear it, I actually feel as if I ought to the consciousness that it trembled and for itself. As the case proceeded, the have paid at the door, though, of me blush worse than the red west. difference of time between the final I got up, however, and after awhill course, it is my own door. sinking of the ship and the actual debserving that he had not let go n July 3.- I fear my remarks about mise of the testatrix was reduced, achand, I pulled on it a little, but uncording to the balance of evidence, to Dr. Barritz must have been, being cessfully. He simply hold on, so thoughtless, very silly, or you would half-an-hour: and, at the rising of the nothing, but looking down into court, the judge suggested a compronot have written of him with such levity, not to say disrespect. Believe face with some kind of a smit INTSP. didn't know-how could 12-whe me, dearest, he has more dignity and "You will have all to-morrow," he seriousness (of the kind, I mean, which it was affectionate, derisive or what said. "to think about it." for I did not look at him. is not inconsistent with a manner As soon as the Sunday crawler land-How beautiful he was with the r ometimes playful and always charmed Sir Martin in London, he left Sybil ires of sunset burning in the depa ing) than any of the men that you and in charge of their impedimenta, and of his eyes! Do you know, dear, if th rushed to the private residence of his I ever met. And young Raynor-you know Thugs have any special kind of eve olicitor. Raynor at Monterey-tells me that the Ah, you should have seen his sr "Compromise? Ridiculous!" he blusattitude, the god-like memminon o men all like him, and that he is treated tered. "The board of trade report is head as he stood over me after I 1 with something like deference everyofficial-do you understand me, sir?jot upon my feet! It was a noble where. There is a mystery, too-someofficial! You should have protested against any attempt to dispute it. The ship sank at seven o'clock." Then, for thing about his connection with the ture, but I ison destroyed it, for 1 Blavatsky people in northern India. gan at once to sink to the -Raynor either would not or could not There was only one thing for me the first time, he learned the name of and he did it; he supported me with tell me the particulars. I infer that his opponent in the cause, which in Dr. Barritz is thought-don't you dare arm about my waist. their correspondence had been always "Miss Dement, are you ill?" h to laugh-a magician! could anything entitled "re Behan," or "Behan's Will." It was an exclamation; there It was the same as "that seoundrel" be finer than that? neither alarm nor solicitude ta July 16 .- The strangest thing! Last bore-De Mauriae! "By the Lord!" he he had added: "I suppose that evening while aunt was attending one exclaimed, "this may be another Tichof the hotel hops (I hate them) Dr. what I am expected to say," he borne case, but I'll fight it to the bitter Carritz called. It was scandalously hardly have expressed his senend. The bitter end came on Monday ate-I actually believe he had talked ituation more clearly. His with aunty in the ball-room, and alled me with shame and indigimorning, when Mrs. De Mauriac apearned from her that I was alone. for I was suffering acutely. peared in court-no longer, as before. I wrenched my hand out of hi I had been all the evening contriving deep mourning-and accompanied grasped the arm supporting me a sow to worm out of him the truth by a gentleman, who was immediately pushing myself free fell plamp in put into the witness-box. His story about his connection with the Thugs in Sepoy, and all of that black busi the sand and sat helpless. My hat h had the hall-marks of truth all over it. some off in the struggle and my h He was Hugh De Mauriae. When the ness, but the moment he fixed his tumbled about my face and shoulds. SS. "Magnolia" was settling down he ryes on me, for I admitted him, I'm in the most mortifying way. seized the first thing at hand, a henushamed to say I was helpless. I "Go away from me," I eried, had rembled. I blushed. I--oh, Irene! coop, and jumped overboard with it. He was picked up the next day but one irene! I love the man beyond exchoking. "Oh, please go nway youyou Thug! How dare you think that by a Norwegian bark, bound for pression, and you know how it is your-Buenos Ayres. There he was laid up when my leg is asleep?" -1f!I actually said those identical words Faney! I. an ugly duckling from with fever for six weeks. Thence he And then I broke down and sobbed. Redhorse-daughter, they say, of old worked his passage as a coal trimmer Irene, I fear I blubbered! to Rio, and thence to St. Gumbo, Hav-"Calamity Jim"-certainly his heiress, His manner altered in an instant-1 with no living relation but an absurd ng failed to oftain any assistance could see that much through my fin there, not even a chance to shovel coal, old aunt who spoils me a thousand and and hair. He dropped on one knee be lifty ways-absolutely destitute of he felt himself beaten at last; but as side me, parted the tangle of hair, and he left the consulate-homeless, hopeeverything but one million dollars and said in the tenderest way: "My poor hope in Paris-I daring to love a god less, penniless, not knowing which way like him! Mr dear, if I had you here 1 girl. God knows I have not intended to to turn and starve-he ran against a could tear your hair out with mortifipain you. How should I-I who love friend; a man to whom he had once you-I who have loved you for yeardone a good turn and who remembered cation. and years?" July 17 .- That little wretch Raynor it. Thanks to him, he was able to re-"What do you mean," I said, "by called yesterday, and his babble set appear as a gentleman, and return to years and years?" rie almost wild. He never runs down his home "Dearest," he replied, very gravely, Why had he not written to his moth--that is to say, when he does run er from any of the places he had mendown a score of reputations more or very earnestly, "in the absence of L tioned? He did. He wrote her five sunken checks, the hollow eyes, th less he does not pause between one etters in all, but, as hard luck would reputation and the next. By the way lank hair, the slouching gait, the ragdirt and youth, can you not-will ; have it, she went abroad on hearing of he inquired about you, and his man not-understand-Gunny, I'm Dump his (supposed) death, and left no adifestations of interest in you had, 1 In a moment I was upon my feet an must confess, a good of genuine vrai-By this time all presumptions were he upon his. I seized him by the lapsemblance. upset, and the question became one of of his coat and peered into his hand Mr. Raynor observes no game laws; identity. Sir Martin's Q. Cs. made a some face in the deepening darkness. 1like the death he would inflict if slangallant fight, but had to give in. The ders were fatal, he has all seasons for was breathless with excitement. dead letter office brought the missing his own. But 1 like him, for we knew "And you are not dead?" I asked correspondence to life. A dozen unimone another at Redhorse, when we hardly knowing what I said. "Only dead in love, dear. I recov peachable witnesses recognized "dear were young and true-hearted and bareold Hugh," and poor Sophy Behan had footed. He was known in those fair ered from the road agent's bullet, but her will in every sense of the word. days as "Gigg es," and I-O! Irene! this. I fear, is fatal. There had been a romance in her life, can you ever forgive me?-I was called "But about Jack-Mr. Raynor" but "that is another story." "Gunny." God knows why; perhaps in Don't you know-You will therefore be surprised to allusion to the material of my pina-"I am ashamed to say, darling, the hear that after all the case was comfores; perhaps because the name is an it was upon that unworthy person's i promised, and this was done in such a alliteration with "Giggles," for Gig and vitation that I came here from Vienna manner that the heirs of Sir Martin I were inseparable playmates, and the Irene, they have played it upon you Behan became also the heirs of Hugh miners may have thought it a delicate iffectionate friend. De Mauriae, simply because Sybil was compliment to recognize some kind of MARY JANE DEMENT. their mother.-Albany De Fonblanque, relationship between us. P. S.-The worst of it is that there in Black and White. Later we took in a third-another of s no mystery; that was an inventio adversity's brood who, like Garrick of Jack to arouse my curiosity and in-Evening Things Up. between tragedy and comedy, had a terest. James is not a Thug. He a Never was the old proverb illustrated chronic inability to adjudicate the rival sures me that in all his wandering better than in one of our barber shops claims (to himself) of frost and famine. has never set foot in Sepoy .- Sui. last week. A customer came in and Between him and the grave there was Francisco Examiner.

#### Advertising Rates.

The isrge and reliable circuistion of the CAR-BRIA: FPREMAN commends it to the isrorable consider the ciscocritises whose favorabili be inserted at the following low rates: 8.0 s inches I year. column column 6 months. 6 months. 1 year months. i column, 6 month I column, 1 year... Business items, first in Hne Administrator's and Executor's Notices #2.56 Auditor's Notices 2.00 Stray and similar Notices 1.50 Stray an \$1.50 and postage per year in dvance. vidual interest must be paid for as advertisement Book and Job Frinting of all kinds nearly and exectionary executed at the lowest prices. And don't you forget it. NUMBER I.

> AN ODD NAME. A little lad, unknown to fame, Had an uncommon Bible name And one that is not often heard. So very seldom 'tis conferred. And yet, that you may have a hint,

Fli say that it appears in print In David's sacred Psalms, where it Becomes a part of Holy Writ.

When Israel sang their songs of praise, A higher note of joy they'd raise: And this one word of praise and prayer Was loudly echoed then and there

Yet much I doubt if Jewish lad E'er bore the name this Gentile had; And yet 'twas very sweet to hear, And soft and pleasant to the car.

And oh, the mother of the boy Called out his name with pride and joy, A funny name, I must confess, And what it was you'll have to guess.

I'll tell you in these few lines more, That Selah was the name he bore. -Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. independent.

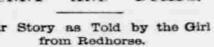
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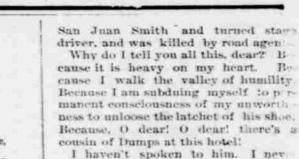
June 20.-I find myself more and more interested in him. It is not, I am sure, his-do you know any noun corresponding to the adjective "handome?"-one does not like to say "beauty" when speaking of a man. He is handsome enough, Heaven knows; I should not even care to trust you with him-faithfulest of all possible wives that you are-when he looks his best, as he always does. Nor do I think the fascination of his manners has much to do with it. You recollect that the charm of art inheres in that which is indefinable, and to you

gazing out dreamily over the sea wh and me, my dear Irene, I fancy there is approached, walking close to til rather less of that in the branch of art edge of the water. It was ebb tide. under consideration than to girls in assure you the wet sand actually brid a their first season. ened about his feet. As he approach

trembled like a fool under his es You know I can't bribe all the nc But as 'twould puzzle you, no doubt, papers. To find this queer enigma out; Jack Raynor I am sure of-he w not tell him. He seems, indeed. have him in such respect as hardly dare speak to him at all, and I' "GUNNY" AND "DUMPS." good deal that way myself. Dear! d I wish I had something besides a r

Their Story as Told by the Girl





had any acquaintance with him, but

you suppose he has recognized me? D

please, give me in your next you

candid, sure-enough opinion about it

and say you don't think so. Do yo

think he knows about me already, a

that is why he left me last even

when he saw that I blushed a

lion dollars. If Jack were the

inches taller I'd marry him and

back to Redhorse and wear sackels

again to the end of my miserable day

July 25 .- We had a splendid sun-

last evening, and I must tell you a

about it. I ran away from auntic an-

everybody and was walking alone /

the beach. I expect you to belie-

you infidel, that I had not looked +

of my window on the seaward side

the hotel and seen him walking ale

on the beach. If you are not lost

every feeling of womanly delicacy ;

will accept my statement without qu

1 soon established myself under

sunshade, and had for some time b

tion.

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K. SMIT. "Five stores in one 932 and 934 E. iberty street, and 763, 765 and 767 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, N B -Send for our new annual Gun Cata-10, No. 18, free al charge. [sep3.91 3m

## WALL PAPER.

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KERWIN MILLER & CO., 543 Smithfield St., PITTSBURGH, PA. (Mennon this paper.)

Harend-91-ter

Mountain House

The small boy is an institution in glass. He must have a clean collar himself and we like him. The most beautiful sight in the world (to parents) is the dear little fellow when he has just donned his first pair of trousers and stands with head erect CSSORE and both chubby fists thrust deep in his pockets, looking proud and happy

and too sweet for anything. And his charms grow apace until his rousers lengthen and suspenders take the place of the pretty shirt waists when, according to some grumpy old folks, he becomes considerable of a

muisance and oftentimes a terror. The small boy is the nearest approach to "perpetual motion" than we are likely ever to see.

He is never still or at rest. Even chen asleen he is kicking the bed covring off continually. He wants to know everything and

the questions he asks puzzle the wisest wholars to answer. He is a carious mixture of contrari-

If there is anything he hates it is cater-when he is being washed-as all mothers know who wrestle with him on such occasions.

Yet if he can find a pond or a canal inside of ten miles he will revel in the water and take his chances of drowning for the pleasure a bath gives him. He is at times the laziest of living things-at other times the most indus-

trions. If asked by his parents to weed the garden, do an errand or any little ousehold chore, he immediately is so tired" and looks so mouraful that in ity for the delicate and overworked tile humbug he is allowed to slide out if it.

Ten minutes afterwards he may be und helping a neighbor's boy work rice as hard or racing around the uses in a game of baseball, shonting th joy and livelier than a cricket. The small boy is always cuting. The ly time he doesn't is when at the ale, for his appetite is then spoiled proper and nourishing food by his ment visits to the jam pantry or to fruit trees in his or somebody else's rden. The greener the fruit the bethe likes it and stomach aches in asequence have no terror for him. No one loves to tease more than hehis sister knows to her sorrow, and cems to give him the intensest deat; yet, if he is teased he thinks he is adfully treated and makes an awful

have given them a trial will wear no other make. Boys' \$2.00 and \$1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys every where; they sell on their metita, as the increasing sales show. Ladies \$3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best imported shoes costing from \$4.0000 86.00 Ladies 2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dougola, Serlish and durable. ne about it. The collections of bric-a-brac that a mll boy's pockets contain has ever ceited our wonder. that W. I. Douglas' name and

when the little chap is asleep and is fond mother takes his tiny trousers p put one or more patches on the nees and seat she is always surprised ROBERTS. hat such a small garment should have ich a great weight.

And she can't understand it until she appens to strike the pockets. Then out come the curiosities one after another and earefully they are laid out on he table before her. At last the ockets are emptied, but not before the xplorer thinks they are, like a magic box, inexhaustible and endless. She forgets about the needful patches

for awhile to gaze at the queer array of treasures and wonder what on earth hey are good for and how the dear hild ever got them.

There's a top and a piece of string stened to a big wooden button, jackones, marbles, knife without blades, ails, beans, wad of chewing gum, aore string, bits of lead and tin, a vhistle, cake crumbs, nuts, fishhooks she nearly got in her fingers, cigarette detures, bent pins which have been on the railway track and run over, broken its of toys and tools, stones, a bean shooter, a leather sucker, a ball, pieces

of looking glass and colored glasses,

very day and have on his best neck He becomes quiet and oh, so good about the house. He never is late to school and always knows his And he becomes furious whenever a

hairbrush in his efforts before the

mention is made of the little sweetheart who has won his boyhood's first affections The little girl is very nice in her way.

but she can't hold a candle to the small May he never grow old -H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

SEX IN DIAMONDS.

A Jeweler Who Believes There Is Sex in

Everything, Even in Diamonds. In the big snow window of a New York jewelry store rested a small tray that gathered a crowd of curious spec stators to the window. Every time the sunlight played upon the plate glass the tray corruscated with prismatic hues of dazzling brilliancy. The tray is well known to the trade. It is designed to display the remarkable varia tions of the color of large African mine diamonds, and contains examples of all the colors known. It possesses great interest for novices in gems, and the ieweler is called upon half a dozen imes a day to explain the beauties of

the specimens. "It took a long time to get this collection together," the jeweler said, "and it is the only one in the town of the kind thus arranged. You see here the brown diamond, the absinthe, the canary or yellow. the gem, the pink. the rote, and the coffee and the green tiamond. The effect of these combinations in the sunlight is entrancing. Each predominant hue seems to impart a distinct luster to the prismatic scintillations. When the tray is swung to and fro in the sunbeams it gives forth as you see a perfect blaze of rainbow colors. These gems also illustrate different cuttings of the diamonds. Were they all set in a bracelet or a brooch or a necklace they would make a rarely beautiful trinket, but it would cost a

neap of money. The jeweler picked out one sparkle with a pair of diamond tweezers and ield it forward in the show window.

"This is a Brazilian gem," he said, 'like which there is only one other in the world, in Paris, and the French one is not as pure or as large as this. This s what is called a black diamond and is valued at twenty-five hundred dollars. It weighs a trille less than four karats. Its beauty lies in the fact that it changes its color in different lights. In this strong sunlight you see it is almost black, but it gives forth a prisnatic radiance greater than that emitted by the best of the black gems. In zaslight, you observe, the black huc becomes a rich golden brown, and the play of colors is changed, too. Diamonds of this sort are regarded by the uperstitious miners as 'gold stones,' that is, geins possessing a power of imparting good luck to the owner in the search for hidden gold. This stone was seenred in Paris, whither it was brought in rough for cutting by a Rio Janeiro

merchant. "Here," continued the jeweler, "is another curiosity." He picked up a three-karat white stone with the tweezers. "It is a specimen that will prove to you that there is a difference of sex in the gems. This is what is called the

female, a multiplying diamond." He held the gem under a strong magnifying glass and pointed to four or five smaller diamonds, clustered about one of the facets at the edge of the table of the stone. "The male gem," the jeweler said, "is sharp-pointed and never gathers these embryo gems. There is a fine specimen alongside that

A Sensitive Saint.

nink stone. It

some of it for the baronet, more for his daughter, and a lot of newspapers for Loth. "Can we catch Wednesday's steam-

"Hardly. Have you wized for berths?"

"Not yet." "I'll do so for you at once. All the boats are very full at this season. Which do you prefer-Cunard, White, Star, Inman?"

"Anything that's first and fastest," said Sir Ma-tin. "Sybil is a good sailor, and can rough it."

The answer came that there was no chance for Wednesday, as the passengers could not reach New York in time; but they might go by the "City of Paris," which was to sail on Saturday at 11:15 a. m.

Sir Martin and his daughter were in mourning for a distant relative from whom they had great expectations until she died, and her will was read. Then a hitch came. The question was one of survivorship, and you would not care for the legal points on which it arose. Shortly it came to this. The widow of Singleton Behan died of old age on the 3d of February, 1888, leaving the bulk of her property to "the oldest or only son of my once dear friend, Clara, wife of Capt. Maurice Vining, who may be living at the time of my death, and his heirs, etc., as part reparation for a wrong I did his mother." The "remainder man," or next in order, was "my cousin, Sir Martin Behan, his heirs, administrator, executors and assigns." Capt. Vining died many years ago. His widow married again, and had one son who sailed from Madeira on the 29th of January, 1888, and his ship the SS. "Magnolia." was lost at sea on the 3d of February Did he die before the testatrix, or did she die first? All depended on that The old lady passed away so quietly that opinions differed as to exactly at what moment life became extinct. It might have been at any time between half-past nine and eleven o'clock a m. As nothing could be done for her, no doctor was present.

Clara's son's ship was seen on her beam ends, about to founder, at seven fifteen a. m., in such a storm that nothtag could be done to save those on board. Might he, strong swimmer as he was known to be, hold out for three hours and forty-five minutes in that raging sea? If he did-if he outlive his benefactress for any fraction of time-the estates were his, and would go to his heirs. If he died first, then Sir Martin came in.

The "City of Paris" made a pleasant and speedy trip, and Sybil an agreeable acquaintance in the person of a strikingly handsome man, who sat next to her at table, and was very attentive all day. His name on the passenger list was Hugh De Mauriae.

"I don't like the fellow," growled Sir Martin. "I've seen his face before somewhere." One reason for this dislike was that Sybil seemed to like him very much, and all the father was up in arms against a possible adventurer. We've met before," he said, gruffly

one day. "Where was it?" "At the British consulate, St. Gumbo. I was in a bad fix then."

Sir Martin turned away with an indignant snort, and found his daughter. "I knew it!" he said. "The fellow is an imposter! He is that dirty tramp we saw at Consul Fountaine's door, begging. How could he get the money to pay for a first-class passage, and good clothes, and cigars and wine? Stole it, of course. De Mauriae, indeed! Just the sort of name such a rascal would take."

"Oh, papa! He might have found

asked the proprietor if he could be shaved for five cents. The barber told him certainly and proceeded to lather

seldom anything more than a single suspender and the hope of a meal, which would at the same time support

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ane putty, a tip cat, rubber rings, postage stamps, a circus programme, peach pits, a cork float and lots of other they are of different sex as well as colors, but such is the fact."-Jewelers' things which only a boy knows the leview.

When the patches are finished each and every article is carefully replaced in the pockets for the mother is well

aware that if one was left out it would quickly be missed and no peace in the house until it was found.

Next to seeing the small boy trudging to school with books and slate under his arm we love to watch him at play. What energy and enthusiasm and

rtist was bread, onions and water. The by for unveiling the fresco at length skill he shows. How his eyes sparkle. arrived. The frairs stood round the How rosy are his plump cheeks. What artist, the curtain was removed. It was a snap to his voice. You can hear his no doubt a very fine picture, but the merry shouts far away. Little he cares aint had his back turned toward the if the weather is cold or hot or rainy. pectators. "What does this mean?" He's having fun and-suddenly his mother calls, "Johnnie!" He don't anshouted the indiganat prior. "Padre, I was compelled to paint the picture as swer and keeps right on playing, though you see it, for the saint could not bear less spirited and shouting no more, "Johnnie!" The other boys look at the smell of onions."

some friends. who see those specimens to be told that

"Fellows who go begging to consulates and St. George's societies have no friends. How dare he speak to you! You must cut him dead from this moment

"That would be unkind, perhaps un-A painter had been commissioned to just," Sybil replied, sadly. "We shall int the image of a saint on the rebe at Queenstown to-morrow. Please, story wall of a convent. The price tipulated was very low, but it was dear papa, do not make me hurt his greed that the painter should have his feelings. I will avoid him as much as ceals provided at the expense of the possible. Remember that whatever he onvent until the work was finished. may be now, he was evidently once a but the only food supplied to the poor zentleman."

"Ill save you any qualms about it," said her father, decisively; and he kept his word.

-Patient-"What kept you away so There was a storm that day in Sir long, doctor? I've waited for you five Martin's cabin, after which Mr. De Mauriae changed his place at the table, and Sybil lost her appetite. Her father had an uneasy feeling that he did not get quite the best of it; and was heard . to say that of all the cool, insolent she wanted 'em cured, and I'll tell her secondrels he had ever encountered, | so."-Pharameentical Era.

him, then calmly sat down to read the paper. After waiting awhile the man remonstrated and received the information that he was promised a shave for five cents but was not promised when he should be shaved. He expitulated and said he would pay the barber ten cents. The paper was immediately laid aside and the man was shaved. He started to go out the door without paying, and when reminded of his apse snid: "I told you I would pay you ten cents for a shave but I did not say when I would pay." The barber promptly acknowledged the corn -

life and make it insupportable. He literally picked up a precarious living for himself and mother by "chloriding the dumps," that is to say, Snydicate mili.

the miners permitted him to search the heaps of waste rock for such pieces of "pay ore" us had been overlooked, and these ke sacked up and sold to the He became a member of our firm-

"Gunny, Giggles & Dumps" thenceforth-throug's my favor, for I could not then, nor can I now, be indifferent to his courage and prowess in defend-

ing against Giggles the imright of his sex to insult a strange and unprotected fem ile-myself.

After Old Jim struck it in the Calamity and I began to wear shoes to school, and, in emulation, Giggles took to washing his face and became Jack Raynor, of Wells, Fargo & Co., and old Mrs. Barts was herself "chlortfied" to her fathers, Dumps drifted over to

A PET coon attacked and mainly killed his mistress at Piedmont, w. o. W. J. RAINEY, of Butler county, Pa., was picked up by a vicious horse and shaken till one arm was broken. A cow accidentally shut up in a barn at Cedar Rapids, Ia., stayed there

four weeks without food or water. She was not much injured by her long fast.

WHEN a New Bedford (Masa) procerentered his store the other modular he heard a noise behind the conner, and upon investigation found that a dam had selzed a mouse by one log, and the rodent was making a desperate effort to escape.

SAMUEL WORTH'S COW, in East Bradford, captured a brand new coat of the hired man, and was caught devouring it. The hired man gave chase, but the cow kept chewing while she ran, and when he caught her very little of the germont was left

hours." Country Dector -"Why, the fact is my wife was busy enring hams and neeled my assi times." Patient-"She ought to have called other help if

Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.