be a scushwag-life is too short.

Subscription Rates.

Once his checks with health were rosy And he filled out all the clothes he Ever were in a full and ample style; His remarks were bright and witty

Yet this haggard, hapless creature, With death stamped on each feature.

They have cost him many dollars,

And his cigarettes seem bagger

For he cannot step inhaling, 'Tis a bad and fatal failing:

When dressed in fancy papers Cuts some very dang rous capers

I mean);

Loosely set his clothes and colinra,

But now he's dulf and dreary

To the chappies bout the city,
And his friends were greeted with a cheerful

And he looks both weak and weary.

He seldom smiles, they miss his little jokes;

His joints, they creak like hinges on a gate;

"Old Nic" ('tis not old Nick who dwells below

And he lands you every time, does Nic O'Tine
-Ed Gardner, in Brooklyn Engle.

DOING HIS DUTY.

What Seemed Certain Death

Proved the Sailor's Salvation.

"Always do your duty, Tom, no mat-

ter how perilous or irksome it may

be, and, as a general thing, you will

come out all right and shipshape in the

Such was the parting advice of an old

sailor to Thomas Brown, a boy of six-

teen, who was about sailing away

aboard the ship Dolphin, bound from

Tom was deeply impressed by the

words of his adviser. He bore them in

mind, and, after the vessel sailed,

was so prompt and cheerful in obey-

ing orders that he became a favorite

both with the foremast hands and the

Sometimes the lad, set to securing

the decks, polishing the ring-Lolts, or

hoisting heavy casks out of the hold,

would feel as if ready to drop with

fatigue, but not a murmur would es-

cape his lips. He was resolved to do

Fortunately, it had a good effect upon

him, enlarging his lungs and chest,

making him broad in the shoulders and

strong and muscular in the arms. Slen-

der and rather delicate when he sailed.

he was fast becoming "all right and

shipshape," as his friend, the old sailor,

One day the vessel lay becalmed in

veiled by a thin mist, looked like a red-

alarming rapidity. In the distance a hol-

away to windward was seen a long,

broad patch of white water. A flock

of sea birds, with unearthly screams.

flew over the ship. They were fright-

"Hands by the halvards! In with

royals and to'-gallant sails! Stand by

the captain, in a voice that made every

to clew up the fore and mizzen topsails

ened; they knew what was coming.

had expressed it.

New York to the East Indies.

Than his puny little figure—
Be warned, my youthful reader, of his fate;

Six packs of cigarettes a day he smoke

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor





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

Administrator's and Executor's Notices, \$2.5-Am mor's Notices. 2.00 \$1.50 and postage per year in a vance.

EBENSBURG, PA, FRIDAY FEBRUARY 12, 1892

Au tion's Notices 200 Stray and similar Notices 1.50 Ser Revolutions or proceedings of pay corpora to or seriety and communications designed to NUMBER 6.

11.8 Fleventh Ave. GANSMAN'S 1118 Eleventh Ave

VOLUME XXVI.

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ASSIGNEE'S SALE

THE WAY WHEN THE

STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

man the second process his between

STATISTICS TO AN ARMADO

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

FRIDAY, FEB. 26TH, 1892,

ertain jot of ground situate in the lade by deed of John | Number of policies is-

ame Weather-Boarded House! est, of thereabouts used as a Store, Hotel ceiling Hone, and necessary Outbuild-

r cent, of the purchase morey to be paid

UST RECEIVED! -A LARGE LOT-

Sheriff's Sale! FROM THE STOCK OF-

E. SCHMERTZ & CO., PITTSBURG, PA.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS. STRATTON

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NALD E DUFTON ATTORNEY AT LAW, Engage of Pana House, Centre street,

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CARL RIVINIUS Elensburg, Nov. 11, 1885 -- tf.

THERTY-FIFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Country of Cambria Country for the year ending Demount insured Dec.

Ere the tars could obey, the storm, hissing, roaring and howling, driving the seas in great, white walls of foam-ing water and spray before it, came sweeping along with terrific velocity, 396,245.00 ing year \$2,105,885,00 Deduct amount expirnot a mile to windward. ed during year 8 259,834.00 Dedoct amount sur-rendered and can-

CASH ACCOUNT-RECRIPTS

EXPENDITURE -- LUSSES PAID.

5,326 91

12.00

79.41

192.54

45.66

22.50

January 25, 1892.—The foregoing statement aud-

ORPHANS' COURT SALE

-OF VALUABLE-

REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, to us directd, we will expose to public rate at the Franklin House, in the borough of Chest Springs, on

SATURDAY, FEB. 27TH, 1892.

t 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real

TERMS OF SALE.

Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid

on the day of sale, the balance of one-third at the confirmation of sale; one-third in six months, and one third in one jest from the confirmation of sale. Deferred payments to be secured by judgment tond and morigage or purchaser and to bear interest from the confirmation of sale.

10418 BARNET

Executers of Thomas W. Adams, deceased. Chest Springs, Pa., January 8, 1882 31.

8 7,024.24

8 7.024.24

Amount on hand at

Cash for new insur-

Other Expenses -

rensurer's sainty

Printing postage, sta-

tive Committee Expen es adjusting

Semmission on As

sessment No. 11.

Jan. 29, 1892 St.

The active sailors clewed up and down as fast as they could; then aloft they went and laid out on the yards. Scarcely were the fore and mizzen Amount insured Dec. topsails rolled up, when, with tremendous fury, the gale struck the ship. Fremium notes in force Dec. 31, 1490.......\$ 172,155,00 Amount taken during Down she went, almost on her beamends, tearing through the water, in \$ 203,402.99 which she was ingulfed to her waist. Defact amount expir-The canvas was jerked from under the of Cambris, and state of as follows: Beath rendered and escimen like a flash. Whipping about a moment, with the din of thunder, it was torn from the jackstays and sent whirling in shreds straight up into the 9 172,485.00 black rack of the tempest.

man jump.

Meanwhile ropes and sheets were slatting about all over the ship. The whistling shrouds bellied far inward; the cracking masts bent over like whalebones; the huge anchors quivered and reeled on the catheads.

Tom Brown, with another lad, was at the wheel, assisted by the second mate. The wheel was now like a living monster. It struggled to free itself from the grasp of the three sailors, who held and controlled it with diffi-

Suddenly a snapping sound, louder than the other noises, was heard aloft. The weather main-to'-g...llant sailsheet had parted. The sail, flapping about, threatened to carry away the mast.

"Up there you go, Bill!" cried the captain to the lad next to Brown, "and cut that sail clear o' the jack-

Bill turned pale and trembled, but did not move from the wheel. "Oh, captain, nobody could go up there and live!" he gasped. "Don't make me go, sir!"

In fact, the task of cutting clear that slatting sail, with the mast reeling and jerking, threatening to give way every moment, must prove a perilous undertaking. A strong man could hardly keep himself from being thrown from the lofty spar, much less a boy. "I tell you to go!" repeated the cap-

"I can't! I can't!" cried Bill, as white as a sheet. "Anything else I'll do, captain, but don't send me to my death." There was no time to lose. The skipper, glaring angrily at the speaker

an instant, looked at Tom Brown. "Go up there, Tom, and cut the sail clear!"

Tom also turned pale, but his eyes flashed and his clear, ringing voice was "Aye, aye, sir!"

Up the main shrouds he wenthigher and higher, determined to do his duty even to the death. With difficulty he held to the shrouds. Several times his feet were jerked from under him, but he drew them back and

kept bravely on.

He reached the top-gallant mast. The ship made a terrific plunge. Then she came up with a tremendous jerk. The boy's feet again flew from under him. He was flung from the shrouds, but he just saved himself from falling by clutching the top-gallant halyards. He threw himself back into the shrouds. He gained the top-gallant yard, and "laying" (going) out on the | him. when the bear's trainer, who foot-rope, he clutched the yard wish stood by, called him off, and the police,

to cut the sail clear.

Wilder and more violently slatted the

canvas every moment. Several times it struck him with tremendous force, when he only saved himself by clinging under it, with both arms, to the yard. The instant it flew back, affording him a chance to work with his knife, he was busy cutting at the strands. He almost cleared the sail from the spar when the ship plunged again, coming

A crack like the report of a musket was heard and away went the top and top-gallant mast by the board, as the stays parted. Tom, when he felt the mast going, had thrown himself inthese he hung, falling, with the spar, into the sea. As yet uninjured, with

spar, clinging firmly to it.

gale. There he was, all alone, adrift on the stormy ocean.

he lashed himself to the timber with some of the trailing ropes near him. tempest still raging. Through all the darkness and the storm, the boy, now

of the rising sun were on the eastern

floating mast. Thank God! there was a sail, like a slender, white column, in

his duty bravely, even though it should by his side a lovely girl of thirteen.

the Indian ocean. The sun, partially not copper ball. The air was stifling; Tom's story was soon told. He then the men breathed with difficulty. Sudlearned that he was aboard the ship dealy the barometer began to fall with Trumpet, bound home from Calcutta to New York. low, humming noise was heard. Far

That same day the after part of the Dolphin's hull was discovered, bearing her name, proving that she had been lost not long after the boy fell overboard.

and double reef the main!" screamed

in N. Y. Ledger.

Consequent Fall.

Warwickshire and Staffordshire ingemity during the last century. In 1781 il gentlemen of tone sported on their

commands of royalty were nugatory when opposed to the mandates of fashion.-England in the Eighteenth Century.

A Novel Exhibition. sporting line recently reached its climax between a man and a bear. The man was a professional boxer, lifter of heavy weights and an all round athlete. The bear was a tame one in one of the public gardens. When time was called the man squared away at bruin, who put up his dukes in good style, but evidently he didn't know what was blow that knocked him off his center. The suprised quadruped got up, and seeing the man before him, gave him a cuff which sent him to the carpet, then grabbed him by the slack of the trousers and was about to be rough with one hand and with the other seizing the | thinking the exhibition a demoralizing sheath-knife in his belt he endeavored one, stopped the fight. The man was not seriously hurt.

JEALOUSY.

up the next moment with a jerk that made everything reel.

board, clutching two ratlines. By the exception of a few slight bruises, the boy threw both arms around the

The ship, dashing on, was soon lost to his view in the dark rack, the mist and the spray of the storm. No boat could be lowered for him in such a

The mad wind howled and shricked in his ears, the sea and the spray flew around him, almost blinding and chokng him. But he held to the spar until he felt his strength leaving him, when Hours passed. Night came, with the

nearly senseless, was carried on, fast to the spar. By dawn the violence of the gale had abated. The sky was clear, the tints

Feebly Tom raised himself on the

Was it his own vessel? He hoped so. Up went his kerchief, waved about his head as a signal. The craft drew nearer, when he perceived it was not the Dolphin. Soon he was seen. The ship stood toward him, a boat was lowered, he was picked up and taken aboard. The hardships he had undergone had proven too much for him. He had kept up until the boat was near him: then he had fallen prone upon the mast, insensible. When he opened his eyes, he found himself in a snug berth, with an old man sitting near,

"He has come to! Oh. papa, I am so glad" cried the girl, ciapping her

The crew, who were in her when she was wrecked, were never heard of. All had perished after she went to pieces. Had Tom been aboard of her then, he, too, would have found a watery grave. His courage in obeying orders-in mounting that perilous mast, to do his duty-had been his salation. To use the homely words of als sailor adviser, he had "come out all

right and shipshape in the end." Not only had his life thus been saved, but a piece of rare, good fortune folowed. The old man and little girl, who sat near him when he recovered his senses, were a wealthy oil merchant and his daughter. When the vessel arrived home, the child coaxed her father to take the lad into his employ. In due time, by constant attention to his duties, he became head clerk, saved money and was finally made a partner in the firm of his benefactor. Soon after he married the merchant's daughter, who, on the night before their wedding, blushingly confessed to him that she had loved him ever since that memorable day when, piched up from the drifting spar, he was brought senseless aboard the ship Trumpet.-Rufus Hall,

SHOE BUCKLES.

Their Great Size in the Last Century and

The manufacture of buckles contrib-

ited largely to the employment of

hoes a large square buckle plated with liver, and as the ladies soon adopted ie reigning taste, "it was difficult," as Hutton, the historian of Birmingham, remarks, "to discover their beautiful little feet covered with an enornous shield of buckle, and men wonbered to see the active motion under the massive load." The massive load on after this Lecame unsupportable or both sexes. Strings came into fashon, and consequently a large class of genious artisans were compelled to Her the loss of their usual employent. In 1791 a deputation of master sucklemakers from the towns of Birmingham, Walsall and Wolverhampton btained an audience of the prince of Wides, (afterward George IV.,) at ariton house, where they presented a petition setting forth the distressed situation of thousands who had been ngaged in the different departments of bucklemaking, consequent upon the fashion which was then so previlent of wearing strings. The prince promised not only to wear buckles on his own choes, but to order the members of his aousehold to do the same. But the

The mania for something new in the coming, for his opponent gave him a

And, tell me not, as love is true, Sweetheart, you have no other lover; Since, nightly, when I come to woo,

I see him near you slyly hover. When autumn lirad blaze and flare. He loves to linger near your chair;

He is a most persistent fellow! And then a dreamy, tender look Grows in your eyes—a mute confession: Your head droops, pensive, o'er your book

I know he comes to take my place: I've stayed too late-a stupid blunder To greet his kiss you turn your face, And I am jenious. Do you wonder!

> 'Tis sleep, enamored of your eyes, Who woes you, little sweetheart, nightly! -Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A Devoted Son and a Sensible

"You're going with us to-night, Charley?" eried a gay voice, and two or three young men came by.

"Do you mean-!" "I mean to the opera!" For upon that especial evening there was to be an opera in the little town of Crystalton, a genuine New York company with a chorus, a full orchestra and all the paraphernalia of seenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the qui vive of delighted expectation.

ly, "but not with you!" "But you will change your mind, though," said Harrison Vail, "when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of the party. Kate Marey and the Miss Hallowells and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you."

"I have energed myself to another lady," Emery replied, after a second or Vail langhed. "Well, I'm sorry for it," said he,

"but Miss Marcy is not a girl who need pine for a cavalier. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter of eight, in ease you should see fit to change your mind-Only let me give you a word of warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a highspirited girl; it won't do to trifle too much with ..er" Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed.

He had asked his mother the day be fore to go to see "The Mascot," and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight. "Your father often used to take me, Charley," she said, "when we were young people and lived in New York. But it's twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear that there is no young

girl whom you would rather take-"As if any young girl in the world could be to me what my own darling little mother is?" replied Emery, smiling across the table to her. "Then I shall be so delighted to go,"

said Mrs. Emery. And her voice and eyes bore happy witness to the truth of her words. But now that a regular party had been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked very differently to the young man. For a moment be almost regretted that he had engaged himself to take his mother. "She would be as well pleased with any concert," he said to himself, "and I should have the opportunity of sitting all the evening next to Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this

time. She won't care." When he went into the little sittingroom of their humble domain, and saw his mother, with her silver-gray hair rolled into miffs on either side of her almost unwrinkled brow, her best black silk donned, and the one opal trooch which she owned pinned into

the white lace folds at her bosom, his heart misgave him. "I have been trimming my bonnet over with some violet-velvet flowers." said she, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charley; and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now on must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream biscuit, and the kettle is nearly at the boil. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me. I'm afraid, but I feel exactly like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's so seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way?" And then Charles Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him, in her helpless old age and sweet,

affectionate dependence, than any looming damsel whose eyes shone ake stars and whose cheeks rivated the September peach. "Going with some one else," said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not exactly pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of Crystalton, and rather an heiress in her own right, with all the rest. She certainly liked Charles Emery, and she rather surmised that he liked her also. And when she had opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue corn flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color. "Going with some one clse?" she re-

And she kept within her own soul the fevered fire of girlish resentment, the gnawing pangs of jealousy that disturbed her all the while that she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn up. Until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle on the row of seats be-

right to suit himself."

peated. "We l, of course he has a

yond, and Mr. Emery entered with his And then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long

breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gas

lights had all of a sudden been turned

with such natural tints or footiights

shine more softly. Kate Marcy de-

clared that the opera was "perfec-

"Yes, but," said pert little Nina Cum-

mings, "do look at Charley Emery, with

that little old woman! Why couldn't he

Kate bit her lip. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little

opera house she could scarcely venture

to express her entire opinion; but she

"I den't know what you think of it.

Nina, but I, for my part, respect Mr.

Emery a thousand times more for his

And, almost at the same second, she

found herself looking directly into

For a moment only. The crowd sep-

arated them, almost ere they could

recognize one another; but Kate felt

sure-and her cheek glowed vivid scar-

let at the certainty-that he had heard

"Charley," said little Mrs. Emery.

looking in her son's face, as they

emerged into the veil of softly falling

snow, which seemed to enwrap the

whole outer world in dim, dazzling mys-

"What girl, mother?" with a little

"The one, Charley, with the big blue

eyes, and the sweet face, v rapped in a

white, fleecy sort of hood-the one who

liss Marcy," he declared, "with-

"It was not meant for your ears, Mr.

"But," he pursued, looking her full

mere cold respect, Miss Marcy. I want

self. If you could teach yourself to

The dimples came out around Kate

Marcy's coral-red lips, wreathing her

a warmer, tenderer feeling toward my-

Emery," said Kate, coloring a soft rosy

heard what you said last night."

tery, "who was that girl?"

pardonable hypoerisy.

said she respected you?"

have come to sit with us!"

said, in a low, earnest tone;

politeness to his mother."

Charles Emery's eyes.

her words.

up; as if all the mimic world of the opera house had grown radiant. Never was voice sweeter in her ears Or when the summer me nlight's mellow, than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of Mile. Rosalie de Vigue, the prima donna; never did scenery glow

I sigh, but leave you with discretion.

There, do not pout and feign surprise,

Nor scoff at jeulous lovers lightly,

HIS MOTHER.

Sweetheart. The cold-gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest streams in their uncertain mist, and factory chimnevs flung their fiery banners of smoke against the leaden sky, a basso relievo that would have made Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the hum of never-ceasing machinery in the little

town rose above the rush of the river, like the buzz of a gigantic insect. Charles Emery, the day foreman in the rolling-mills, was just retiring to his home, having been relieved by John Eiter, the night official, and as he walked along, his feet sounding crisply on the hard-frozen earth, he whistied softly to himself, as light-hearted as a

> "It was Kate Marcy, mother." "She has a face like an angel," said Mrs. Emery, softly. The next day the foreman of the rolling-mills went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red-brick gables, sheeted over with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of busy Crystalton. out intending to be an cavesdropper, I

"I am going," said Mr. Emery, slowin the face, "I cannot be satisfied with

> smile in wondrous beauty. "The lesson is already learned, Mr. Emery," said she. "I do love you. I have loved you for a long time." And the foreman of the rolling-mills went home, envying neither king nor prince that d.y. "But I never should have loved you

so dearly," his young wife told him afterward, "if you hadn't been so good to that dear little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked half so handsome as when you stood bending over her gray head, in the crowded hall of the opera house that night." "You see," said Emery, laughing at her enthusiasm, "I agreed with the

hero of the old Scotch ballad: Sweethearts I may get many a one, But of mithers ne'er another.' -Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE MANUFACTURE OF MEAT.

Excessive Fatness in the Meat Product of

the United States. Meat is a manufactured product for which a large amount of raw material is required. The manufacture of meat is a process of transforming the vegetable protein, fats, and carbohydrates of grass and grain into the animal protein and fat of beef, pork and mutton. The same principle applies in the production of milk, eggs and other animal foods. In the most economical feeding of animals it takes a number of pounds of hay or corn to make a bound of beef or perk. In other words, let the farmor make animal protein and fat from vegetable materials in the Lest way be can, and still he must consume a large quantity of soil product to produce a small amount of animal food. Hence animal foods are costlier than vegetable. This is the simple explanation of the fact that in most parts of the world meat is the food of only the well to do while the poor live almost entirely on vegetable food. Thus ordinary people in Europe eat but little meat, and in India and China they have none at all. It is hard enough for them to get the

nutriment they need in vegetable forms. Meats they cannot afford. But meat making in the United States to-day is far more wasteful than it need be, on account of the excessive fatness of our meats. This comes about very naturally. We have a great excess of soil product in the valley, of the Ohio and Mississippi and on the ranches of the west. At present the pork maker and the ranchmen convert a large portion of this into very fat meat. The pork producers of the great eorn growing states select the breeds of swine which, as they say, will take the most corn to market," and have thus got into the way of growing animals that are little else than masses of fat. The beef-growers of the western ranches, and those in the east as well, produce excessively fat ment. Part of the fat is triumed out of the meat by the butcher, part is left on our plates at the table to go to the soap man or garbage barrel, and part is eaten. Unfortunately very many of us eat much more than fat, both in ment and butter, than is needed for nourishment, and thus do injury to our health.-Century.

In spite of the marked improvement in the method of cutting ready-made clothes, men above six feet in height still find it exceedingly difficult to be fitted in made-up garments. There are plenty of coats and trousers for men with abnormal abdomens, but very few coats and trousers for men with unusually long legs and arms. The shirtmakers pay no heed to any measurement save that of the neck, and the sixfooter whose neck measurement is below sixteen inches finds the sleeves of the ready-made shirt nearly half way to his elbows. Shoemakers do better, A man wearing a shoe anywhere below

eleven may be fitted at almost any

price. The cheapest shoes, though run-

ning as high as twelve, are nearly all

too broad for slender feet.

WE'LL POP SOME CORN.

How the north wind whatles Down the valley white!

We'll pop some cora to-nigh The con some all aglowing, Plump can be then in the light,

We'll pop some corn to-night It's just the night for I wehter, Iv a just the night is return.

W. will outrour util Boreas,

Come. Bess, help with the shelling, Neil, not a basin bright, And John, come, share the peoper

Wa'll pop some corn to night The gidly corn is dancing

So lisks the pop or livery.

And jumping all about; Be careful, J. ha, be careful, Ow it will all hap out.

And there to eriop unless you Shake with all your to thit;

-- Persis E. Darrow, in Good Housekeeping. RACING WITH A TIGER.

A Bicyclist's Desp rate Ride for Life in India. I was always very fond of bieyeling, and, from the time when I was a small boy, and labored for bours with a boneshaker, to the days when I became the proud possessor of one of the first bicyeles ever manufactured. I revoled in the enchanting pastime, spending hours which should have been otherwise ocenpied on the back of my iron horse, thus putting my physical powers a long way ahead of my mental. In fact, I bated the sight of a book, and was never happy unless scouring the country on my bieyele. My father was a doctor in a little Kentish village, and, having a large family, he was thankful. indeed when, at the age of alacteen, a

commission was obtained for me by a wealthy friend in a regiment about to sail for India. A grand new bicycle was my father's parting present to me, and great was my delight at finding that another young "sub" in my regiment was also a bicyclist. In these days when the "iron wheel" has so many votures this ze my surprise and pleasure you must remember that a bicycle was then a comparative curiosity and a bicyclist a person to be stared at and admired or otherwise. Our bicycles were, I befleve, the first ever seen in India, and as we role together into town some days after our preival one would have thought it was the transplad entry of some enstern potentate.

I could fill a book with the curious incidents and accidents which befell as in going "up country." Our regiment was plways on the move, and paries of one kin for other were very frequent on our bieveling eneurolous.

One evening enter mess Tred and I drew up and signed articles to ride a ten-mile mice. There was a grand native road within a short distance of our camp running away for ten miles as flat us a deam ing board. It my through the open plain, and then a deserted track was reacted, becoming wilder as the road proceeded, and finally swallowing it up n an impenetrable jungle. Bent bac found a circular path around some un tive buts a short way from the station.

measuring about six laps to the mile and there he seepared himself for the coming struggle. After a week of such training as would make a modern athlete's hair stand on end-meat almost raw, chopped very finely; little driaks of neat brandy, etc.-we considered ourselves fit for the contest; and the adventure I am about to relate occurred the evening before the eventful day. I was just starting for a last ride over my

favorite course, when an officer stopped me and said: "Have you heard of the tiger, Har-"No." I answered. "The natives have just brought word that a large tiger is marked down in

so don't go too far this evening." "All right," I laughed. "I think a tiger would find it a difficult matter to eatch me-my training would tell on I had not seen any large wild beasts as yet, and my notion of a tiger was a thin, sleepy-looking animal, as I had once seen in a travel nr menagerie. A vay I rode, my comrade's caution forgotten before I had gone a mile.

I started at a good pace, but not

racing, as I intended to do all I knew

coming home. In about an hear I

reacted my usual halting-place, ten

miles from the caur; but this beans the

the jungle about ten miles from here;

last night of my training, I made up my mind to ride another counte of miles, and then do the whole distance back at my best page. I rode on, and in another ten minutes found myself in the jungle.

Now for the race house. Dismounting, I siled my machine. tightened up every serew, and then sat down on a bowlder to rest and enjoy the prospect. A beautiful scene it was, Above me rose the grand mountains,

their snowy tops blushing crimson in

the setting sun, here a waterfall, like

a thread of gold and silver, washing

down the incuntain side, and twining in and out among the masses of trees and rocks; there a glimpse of fairyland through a jungle vista. A post, or "tank," as they are called, surrounded by dense toliage, festooned by parasitical climbing plants, glowing with flowers of every imaginable hue; Lumming birds, like fiery gems, flashed hither and thither, darting in and out among the trees. On the "tank" floated water fowl of every kind, and the banks were alive with gorgeous birds, their plumage rivaling the flowers in brilliancy and variety of coloring. But now the shadows were tain tops had disappeared, and cold

there is senreely any twitight in India, and I knew it would soon be dark, As I rose my eye encountered something which made no start and nearly drop my bicycle.
There, not forty yards off, was a tiger. I knew the animal well enough; but how different he looked from the

lean, half-starvel little beast I had

seen at home. He had just come into the

snow began to look gray and ghostly.

A flying fox went rustling past me,

and I hastily prepared to mount; for

open space from a dense jungle-break, and sat there washing his face and purring in a contented sort of way, like a huge cut. Was I frightened? Not an atom: I

will attract to say means at an ited at indi-vidual interest manifers in the at individual to the k and 3-5 fainting of all kinds nearly and extensive excursed at the lowest prices. As-

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yands, so if I could not beat him it was a pity. He had not seen ine yet, and I stood for another minute admiring the landsome creature and then quietly in sinted the tiger was directly on my right. while the road stretched straight away in front of me). The noise I made roused him; he tooked up, and then, after deliberately stretching binuself. came leaping with long, generalii

He did not seem a bit angry, but evedently wished to get a nearer view of such an extraordinary object. Forty yards, however, I thought was quite near enough for safety. The tiger was in the road behind me now;

bounds over the rank grass and rocks

which separated him from the road

so I pulled myself together and began to quicken my page. Would be stop disgusted after the first hundred yards, and give up the chase, or would be stick to it? I oults hoped he would follow me, and at

ready pictured in my mind the graphic description I would write home of my race with a three. Little did I think what a terrible race it was going to be. I hedged behind me. By Jove! he was "sticking to it." I could not judge the distance; but at uny rate I was no further from him than when we started. Now for a spuril I rode the next half mile as hard as I

could, but on again looking round found I had not gained a ward. The tiger was on my track, moving with a long, awinging trot, and going quite as quieldy as I was. For the first time I began to fee!

anxious and thought uneasily of the ten long miles which separated me from However, it was no good thinking now; it was my muscle and less steed against the brute. I could only do my best and trust in Providence. Now there was no doubt about the turer's intention: his idead was up, and

on he came, occasionally giving vent

to a rour which made the ground trans-

ble. Another mile had been inversed

and the tiger was alovely but surely closing up. I dushed my ponch to the ground. earlie; but he kept of tily on, and I felt it was then prime accord

I ententiated we must be about seven miles from camp now, and below I could ride another cour my part and, I knew, must reach me. Oh, the account of those minutes, which seemed to m And a reside passed, they another Logal Inegration calculate nowpad nall quietter and quicker, ion and I make. I threated in my mobile

terrible? His longe tengers hong on . and the only sound be toude when etinned hourse servit of warr, while he eyes as said to literally it. h flow

a moment, and any there were in

twenty varies separating and he

enormous the brute broad and to

It was like moments of nightmare and with a sheller I bent down over the handles and new suc-As I now sit quirtly in my choic writing, I find it hard to nearly a the crowd of memories that went crombing through my brain during that fear m ride. I saw long-long then events a which I had taken part resumpdistructbefore mer and, while every men is with recited with the in-life court on my mind was clear, and my his assement

to pass before me like one long pair On, on, on: the shirlet of slip I know, would be fatal; a sped a pet, a ser.

giving, and I should be haried to lastaut dentile. Human strength would not stanmuch more; the proto-red strate had told upon me, and if first it would nonbe over. My brouth came in their sobs, a mist gathered before my eyes-I was stopped in any ters remaid to move, and a thousand finds so med to be flitting about me, holding me back, back; a weight like Last was on my chest; I was choldag; I was dying, Then a few moments, which seemed a lifetime, and then-erash-with a rear like thunder the tiger was on me, and

Then I heard shots fired a babel of men's voices, and all was blank. After many days of unconsciousness and raging fever reason gradually returned and I learned the particulars of

I was crushed to the ground.

my deliverance. A party of officers had started with a shikaree (or native hunter) to a trap which had been prepared for the tiger. A goat was tethered on the outskirts or the jungle, and the sportsmen had started to take up positions in the trees near to wait for their ga ... which the bleat of the goat, in the stillness of the night, would speedly have attracted.

They were talking of our coming b

cycle race as they went along, and co. pected every moment to meet me or my return journey. As they passed a clump of bushes I came in sight, aboua quarter of a mile in front of thorawhirling along in a cloud of dewhich hid my terrible pursuer. They soon, however, saw my awful danger, The huge brute, mad with rage, harried itself upon me just as we reached them. My friends stood almost petraled with terror and did not dare to fire: but the shikarce, a man of iron nerve, and necustomed to face said in danger of all kinds in the hunting field, spenier quickly to within a yard of the tiand, putting his rifle almost to t animal's ear, fired twice and blew brains out, just in time to save my I was drawn from the palp-taking b of my dead enemy, everyone present believing it was all up with me.

Making a later of boughs they ear-

ried me into the camp, where f lay so-

many weeks linger ar between line and

death.-Chicago Jo L. The American Seaman In the United States mavy the tions between seaman and officer I in them some touches of democr The clean, civil, sober, capable nonis treated with a high degree of coeration, and by the system of a marks that prevail in the service tains frequent leave and is certpromotion. Within twenty-five there has been a vast improvemthe conduct of segmen, and Jack is now not always bent on a dal An old naval story illustrates d he was. Peterson, able second obtained leave, and the officer him a parting admonition to been and return on time. Peterson let a all in respectful silence, and the touching his hat says: "Please, six lead my bleyels and a start of baty | ben, why should I go ashore?"

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

pd Instruments, Snare and Bass Drums.

Estate, viz:
All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of allegancy county of 'ambria, Penns Ivania, about one mile from the borough of Chest Springs adjoining lands of Jacob Buck, John Mannion heirs of Paul Consad, deceased, It W. McConnell, E. F. Mcconnell and Joseph Adams, containing Adams, containing more or less, and having thereon creeted a LANGE PLANK 'L" HOUSE with Forch, and he west Log Barn, with Sheds Boxey Shed and there has sary Outhudsings, at in good repair. There is a large erchard of young fruit trees bearing an abundance of pears, apples, cherries and giums. Ti ere are two never failing springs of water close to the buildings. Engaged Prys's.
sectal attention given to claims for Peninty, sic ch7-'s-u

EO. M. READE ATTORNIY AT LAW. BRENSBIRG PENNA