JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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VOLUME XXVI.

EBENSBURG, PA, FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1892.

BABY BARBARA.

What is the bue of the balls 's eyes-

Or blue as the sweet functions and

Is it a kind of a sydden crown

Brown like the carth has garden spot

What is the first of the huby ichair-

Now, what is their polor. Who can say'

That from Heaven's asterony drifted down Or brown like the locks her mother wears,

And what are the easy's other charms-

Where the hauthter plays at hide and suck, And wond ring books in her open eyes

Baldy Barbara's? To if me true. Are disaples hid in each rosy check

That tell such day of a new surprisor

Baby Barbara, but some day I'll hold you close in my techni arms. My baby girl with a mullion charms,

Say: "Barbara-well, I like your name

Fit love you too, for yourself alone And when you have grown up tall and fan

And hearts are caught in your tambest hair You'll come to me in that for off day,

DANGEROUS SITUATION.

An American's Experience in the

Franco-Prussian War.

Twenty years ago, when the Pros-

sians, like a ring of from deex their in-

vincible army slowly around the fortifi-

cations of Metz. I found my-elf in a lit-

tle French village that had just been

taken possession of by the Germans. I

was correspondent for a Cincinnati pa-

perduring what the French persist in

calling the France-Penssian, and the

Germans persist in calling the Franco-

A low stone coping can along the

road at the end of the village, and one

sunny day I stood here leaning against

For several days only some slight

They were separated here by a dimin

utive valley, whose sides were exceed

with that most delicious fruit for which

this region of the Moselie is fernous-

them, tempted me wonderfully. I know

the sentry beside man; he was a hune

Pomeranian, who, in the captuity of his

calling, had shaved me a counter of

times in the capital of Prussia. But as

I expressed an inclination to descend

the billiside and some some of the

of that thicket of trees and vines, the

place was swarming with Frenchmen.

I lamphed at his words. "When what

can you see down there, Moritz?" I said.

And, in truth, as we guzzed down, the

Two peasant women, in gandy cos-

tumes, were gathering grapes in little

bushets. Beyond, on the other side of

the valley, ran a wall, upon which we

could catch a glimps; of the red transers

After a moment's hesitation I leaped

suddenly over the coping and ran light-

words of a hasty warning after me, but

the sounds fell unintelligibly upon my

ears. The two French peasant women

drepped their baskets, and ran hastily

away at the sight of what they took to

be the approach of one of those dreaded

In another moment my parched gums

were feasting upon those famous

grapes. They were delicious. I can

My pleasure was of short duration.

From some close quarter a shot came

suddenly and tore away a bunch a few

inches from my outstretched hand. I

thought at first that this was a joke on

the part of my friend, the sentry, and

was just turning about to protest

against such grim humor when another

shot came in as close proximity, but

The bright sun dazed my faculties for

an instant. What should I do? I could

not ascend that steep and unprotected

hill behind me and reach the stone cop-

I plunged into the thicket where prob-

I slipped carefully through the rows

of vines until I found myself in the

shelter of the trees that covered the

bottom of the valley. A little stream

ran past here, and the wood, though

What troubled me most was that the

crackling twigs ceaselessly betrayed

my footsteps. The whole ground was

covered with dead branches. I halted

and listened, after every step, for an-

bly have heard the noise of my move-

ments: yet I could not hear the slight-

time at least, I began to speculate on a

way out of this dilemma into which I

had thoughtlessly wandered. My eye

restlessly roamed from tree to tree,

seeking a safe avenue for retreat. All

things were so still that I could hear a

faint rattling of musketry, so distant

that the fall of a leaf would have

drowned the sound borne on the trem-

Of a sudden a grumbling voice broke

upon my ears so close to me that it was

"On est it done?" inquired the grum-

bler, in a voice that was intended for

his companion only, but which reached

me distinctly, so near were we to each

escaped me. They spoke together in

lowered tones as they stood there, and

from what I overheard, they seemed to

think that I, not being in uniform, was

a spy trying to creep through the French

A sudden great crackling of the twigs

"Ah," I muttered to myself, "there

come the two grape-pickers." I thought

that the two Frenchmen were approach-

ing to investigate my position, but here,

instead, the noise was caused by the

heavy sabots of the two peasant

women, who advanced, peering through

the trees, as if they were also seeking

the whereabouts of the fugitive Prus-

There was something odd in their ap-

pearance, and, though I could gain but

a passing glimpse of them, I made a dis-

The two women were carrying musk-

made me retreat to the stream, and

covered the sound of my progress.

The other answered, but his words

As I stood here, unmolested for a

If they were near they must infalli-

other sound or sign of the enemy.

est noise of their presence.

bling wind.

startling.

ably the very danger was lurking; and

fortunately without harming me.

yet it was my only refuge.

small, was very dense.

taste them yet.

ing niive.

ly down the hill. Moritz cried the

of the French sentry folling there.

only too enger to get a shot at a man."

"Down there," said he, "in the midst

fruit, the sentry shoots his head.

seene seemed poweoful erough.

Those grapes, no. I gazed down upon

bunches of glowing autumn grapes.

the wall, beside the sentry;

German war.

-R. L. Cary, Jr., in Chicago Mal-

And, Biring your name my baby girl.

But, Barbara, I'll be old and gray

It is a mestery all to me

With symbols are country in its tangled snares?

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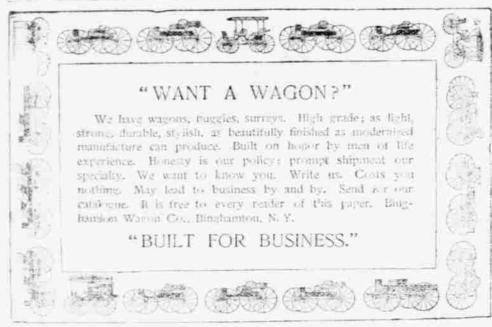
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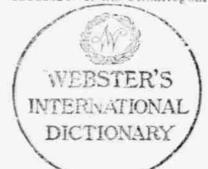
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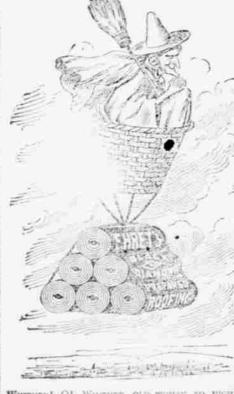
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COMPENSATION.

In that new world toward which our feet are hall we find aught to make our hearts forget Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of Has Heaven a spell dlyine enough for this? For who the pleasure of the spring shall tell, When on the leadless stalk the brown buds

When the grass brightens and the days grow And little birds break out in rippling song" In west the drapping eye, the blush of morn, soft airs blowing from the freehealing sens ample shot shoton of the stately trees,

When the grass brightens and the days grow And little birds break out in rippling song! ), beauty manifold, from morn till night. Dawn's flush, noon's blaze and smiset's tender

), fair, familiar features, changes sweet And coblen calm, as slow she wheels through From anon to roses, and how dear her face

bippy earth. O. home so well beloved! What recompense have we from thee removed: the hope we have that overteps the wholehe hope of linding every varished soule love and long for daily, and for this ladly we turn from thee and all thy bliss, Iven at the leveliest, when the days are long. -Cella Thexter, in Reston Journal.

#### VERVAIN'S MISTAKE.

The Bitter Lesson Learned by a Haughty Woman.

March in the mountains! Preshets rearing down the ravinest great thickets of pines tossing their green crests to and fro in the rush of the tempestuous wind; snow shining off on the plateam, and pink clusters of trailing arbutus breaking into bloom in southern noofts and sheltered places where last winter's dead leaves had not yet the porch of the little mountain inn, wondered if the famous Bernese Alps were grander than these same Catskill

Lucy Vervain was small and slight and brown skinned, but she had large, wistful eyes of so dark a hazel that key seemed to melt into black around the iris, and there were quick roses ready to deepen in her cheeks if any one spoke to her. She was pretty, in her way, like a wild flower, or a little brown-winged bird: and she looked around with a troubled air, as the sound of an excited feminine voice floated out from the one unpretentious little "best parlor" of the inn. "It's outregeous!" said Miss Clara

"I'm very sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Mixit, who kept the house. "Unendurable!" declared Miss Ver-

"It does happen sometimes, ma'am, when the streams is high at the spring of the year," the landlord pleaded. "You see there min't no bridge can stand the freshet, if-" "And we have got to stay here in this horrid hole of a place until your tum-

ble-down bridge is mended?" "I don't see any other way for you, ma'am," said Mr. Mixit, meekly. "It's the most provoking thing I ever knew in my life," said Miss Vervain. She stalked about the room like a second Lady Macbeth as she spoke; for Clava was as unlike her blushing. shrinking little sister as the tall poppy is to the humble corn-flower. She was handsome and stately, and wore long trains to her dresses and bangles on her wrists, and used perfume on her handkerchiefs and "did" her hair after the

latest fashion plates. "It ain't my fault, ma'am." said the landlord, driven to the very confines of despair. "I can't stop the freshet, nor yet I can't build a new bridge. "Clara dear, don't allow yourself to be so annoyed," soothed Lucy, coming like a noiseless little gray shadow into the room. "We shall only be detained a day after all, and I am sure it is very

pleasant here." "I am not accustomed to delays," said Miss Vervain, loftily. "I know, dear, but-

"And if I am compelled to remain in such a place as this," added Clara, glancing superciliously around her, "I must really insist upon privacy." "Eh?" said Mr. Mixit.

"That old person in the snuff-colored out," said Miss Vervain, with a royal motion of her head toward an old gentleman in a wig and spectaeles who was reading the paper by a distant window. "I dare say he will do very well in your kitchen or barroom, and I prefer this apartment to myself,"

"Oh, Clara!" pleaded Lucy, crimsonng to the very roots of her hair. The landlord looked puzzled, but the id man bimself folded his newspaper, returned his spectacles to their case and rose slowly to his feet.

"Certainly, miss," said he; "certainly. If I'm intruding. I'll go to the kitchen. There's always room for me there. Eh. Mixit?" And he trudged with alacrity out of the room, followed by mine host. "I'm afraid you've hurt his feelings,

Clara," said Lucy, pitcously. "Who cares for his feelings?" said Miss Vervain, sniffing at her scent bottles. "Mine are much more to the purpose. And I don't choose to associate with every country farmer in the Catskills.

"Clara, dear!"

"We are only a bookkeeper's daughters ourselves. "As if that signified," said Miss our aristocratic relations, aren't we?" But perhaps they won't care to Reep us.

"That is neither here nor there," said Miss Vervain. "But you never had any proper pride, Lucy." Little Lucy Vervain was still ponder-

ing with a puzzled brow over the distinction between proper pride and pride that was not proper when the landlord's wife, a buxom dame in madder-red calieo and a frilled white apron, came to summon the guests to dinner.
"We've only roast fowl, with bread sauce and a little eranberry jelly," said | thunderstorm, the officer was riding in Mrs. Mixit; "but it ain't often as folks stop here over a meal, and I hope, la- and threw five hundred pounds of wood dies, as you'll kindly pardon any short-

comings. But Miss Vervain stopped short on the very threshold of the dining-room. "I should prefer a table to myself," said she, haughtily. "Ma'am:" said Mrs. Mixit.

"Dear Clara," pleaded Lucy, in an A BRAKEMAN'S PERILS, agony of distress, as she saw the red flush rise to the forehead of the old man

"I prefer dining with my sister only," insisted Miss Veryain, delighted with an opportunity of asserting her exclusiveand Hardships-His Unenvianess. "Really, I cannot imagine how ble Lot. people can obtrude themselves in this

The old man rose quietly. "Do I understand, young woman," said he, "that you object to me?" "Yes, sir, I do object to you-if you compel me to put it in that way," said ·Miss Vervain. to duck their heads out of danger. "Indeed!" The old man lifted his

grizzled brows. "I may not be one of your fashionable fops-" "That is easily to be seen," contemptuously interpolated the young lady. "But I am clean and decent," added the stranger. "However, I dare say Mrs. Mixit can accommodate me with a plate and knife and fork in another room, if my presence is really obnoxtous to the young women." "Young ladies, sir, if you please,"

said Miss Vervain, with a toss of her He smiled a shrewd, sagacious smile. "As to that," said he, "opinions may perhaps differ." And he followed Mrs. Mixit into the kitchen.

placently at the table. "These people will begin after awhile to comprehend the difference between a lady and a shop-girl," said she. "It is quite evident that they are not favored with many travelers."

Clara Vervain took her seat com-

head of the well-spread board.

sort of way."

Half an hour afterward, as the old man in the snuff-colored suit was stepplug into his plain little carriage, a soft hand touched his sleeve, and, turning, he found himself looking into Lucy Vervaln's troubled brown eyes. "Well, my dear," said he, kindly,

"'what is it?" "I-I only wanted to beg your pardrifted away. And Lucy Vervain, don, sir," faltered the little brunette. I ing worthy of the name, still his contact am sure my sister did not mean to hurt your feelings, and-"I am sure at all events that you did

not," said the old man, kindly. "And I

dare say your sister will be wiser one of these days!" And thus speaking, he nodded goodhumoredly and drove away. It was nearly dark, however, before

the clumsy enery-all which was to convey the two New York ladies to their destination arrived, and they entered it." "To Cliff hall," said Miss Verynin, haughtily, as she leaned back in the seat, and settled her skirts languidly around her "Cliff hall!" said Mr. Mixit, staring.

"You don't never mean as you're going to Cliff hall?" echoed Mrs. Mixit. "I think we have considerably astonished these good people," said Miss Vervain with a smile, as they rattled away from the door.

"I only hope our Unele Cliff will reeive us kindly," sighed poor Lucy. Cliff hall was a substantial old mansion built of gray stone, with a succession of terraces falling down the mountain's side, and exquisite groups of statuary half-hidden in the forest trees: and the lights were already beginning to gleam hospitably along its front as they drove up. An old man-servani opened the outside door just far enough to reveal the cheery glow of a wood

fire and the deep tints of a crimson Axminster carpet within. "Is my Uncle Cliff at home?" said Miss Vervain, with an air and a grace. "Mr." Cliff is—ay, mem," answered

the servant, with a strong Scotch ac-"Tell him his nieces from New York are here—the Misses Vervain," said

Clara, as she swept into the antechamber: As she entered, an old man dressed in snuff-brown rose from before the blaz-

ing logs. "My nieces from New York, ch?" said Caleb Cliff. "They are welcome." And to Miss Vervain's surprise and dismay she found herself face to face with the old man of the Catskill way-

side inn. 'You are astonished?" said he, slightly arching his brows. "So am L. It is not always best to judge by appearances. Sit down. Sanders," to the serv-

ant, "let dinner be served. Miss Clara Vervain left Cliff hall the next day, with all her bright anticipations shattered to the dust. But little brown-faced Lucy stayed to keep house

"She's too genteel for us, isn't she?" chuckled old Caleb Cliff, as the carriage drove away which was to carry Miss Veryain to the New York station. Clara went back to her teaching, and

if the bitter tears of repentant mortifieation can wash out the past, that day in the Catskills would have been erased "If I had only known who he was,"

said Miss Vervain. Alas! this world is full of "ifs!"-Amy Kandolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

Peat in America-Peat beds are commonly supposed to be peculiar to Ireland, and few people cnow that they are almost as abundant in this country as on the Emerald Isle. There are many large beds in northern New York, while in New England and Pennsylvania they are also common, and are found in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, lown and Minnesota. Extensive peat tracts exist in Canada, Labrador and Newfoundland, and the island of Antiosti, in the gulf of St. Lawrence, has the largest peat bed in the world. It is over eighty miles long and from two to seven miles wide, the thickness varying from three to ten feet. The peat is of the best quality, but owing to the cheapiess of coal is very little used.

Lightning Could Not Catch Him A member of the Atlanta (Ga.) police force claims to be the only man in the world who has been "struck at" by lightning four times within two hours and not once hit. He was one day standing under a poplar tree when another tree in the same row was struck and shivered to pieces by a flash of lightning. He ran into a house near by, when a second bolt struck the kitchen, stunning everybody in the house. An hour later, during a second l a wagon when lightning struck a tree across the wagon between himself and the driver. Arriving at home he repaired to his private room in the third story, and had just retired for the night when a flash of exceptional brilliancy unroofed the building. - Harper's Young People.

### His Life Is One of Danger and

in a snuff-colored suit who sat at the Discomfort. Yet He Is a Happy, Care-Free Individual, Who Does Not Seem to Reed Perils

> Perhaps hundreds of people have notiend the swinging ropes dependent from the supports crossing the tracks. which are used to warn the brakemen on top of the ears that a bridge is a little further on, and give them a chance

> Of all those who have seen these and considered the idea a good one how many have given a thought to the danger, the pleasure and the changing incidents of a typical railroad mun's life? By the typical man is not meant the one whose urbane presence adorns the business offices of the company, or the one with whom you come in contact when in a city station, or in looking after the shipping of your baggage, but the man who "runs on the road" is the type that is in every sense a railroad

On most railroads the freight train men-engineers, conductors, brakemen and firemen-are the most numerous and prominent class, as the number of freight trains is much larger than that of passenger trains.

Among this great throng the brakemen form the majority, as there are two or more on every train, while there is but one of the other classes. As the ranks of the passenger train service are usually recruited from the freight train men, it follows that the freight brakeman stamps his individuality on all the circles through which he moves, as promotion earries him forward. A brakeman has his wits sharpened

by peculiar experiences, and though he may not possess any intellectual trainwith the world in the calling he has chosen tends to develop qualities that are elevating to the individual, if he chooses to make them so. With no intercourse with the public,

they still learn very quickly what is he right thing in the right place, and promoted beakeman does not need much training to enable him to bear ineself with grace in his dealines with lady passengers and trascible old gen-The brakeman proper is a slange in-

dividual, but his starer is so expressive that the correct mode of expression is entirely forgotten in the new and nopropriate lore. For Instance, to him a gravel train is a "dust express," and the pump for compressing nir for the power orake becomes a "wind jammer" in his vecuacular. The disagreeable features of a freight

brakeman's life are principally those dependent upon the weather. A man would have but little cause for complaint if in winter he could perform s duties in southern California and in summer ride through the picture-some northern sections of this side of the continent. He would however, even if permit-

ted his choice in this direction, have to ensounter that noble army of tramps that abound north, south, east and est, and which in many cases proves positive danger. In the milder eliates these gentlemen of leisure will persist in riding in or on the cars, and it the trainman's duty to act according o instructions and keep them off. This is no easy matter when a gang

rined with pistols takes possession of the train and dictates where they shall e earried. One or two specimens armed with heavy sticks are quite nough to tackle, and it is a matter of o little moment when it comes to persuading them that their room is preerred to their company.

The hardships of cold and stormy weather are most serious, both because of the test of endurance involved and the extra difficulty in handling the

The Westinghouse automatic air brake, though in use on all passenger trains, is only used on certain lines for freight trains, as it was necessary to adapt and cheapen it in order to make t available on long trains of freight

Braking by hand is still the rule, and mless ascending a grade or going very slowly the brakeman must be in his place on top of the car, for as a rule here are not more than four men on one train, and each must be at his post as they dash down grade, or with high speed tear across some level stretch, ready at a moment to apply the brakes on the great mass of from five hundred to one thousand tons that must be made to come under their control.

In descending steep grades only the nost constant and skillful care prevents the train from rushing at breakneck speed to the foot of the incline or to a curve where it would be precipitated over an embankment and crushed to pieces. It requires a wonderful nicety of judgment, this braking by hand, for before all the ears have crossed the ummit the forward part of the train has gained in velocity and will thus by its weight exert a terrific pull on those cars still crawling up the hill.

If one of the couplings chances to be weak it breaks, and in many cases away rushes the engine and the forward portion, while the center, left without a brakeman, comes tearing down the grade, dragging the rear cars with it. The engineer then has the choice of slackening up and allowing the unmanageable cars to collide violently with his portion, or to increase speed and run the risk of overtaking a train ahead

To avoid this breaking in two the brakeman must be wide-awake and see that the brakes are tightened before the speed even begins to elude control. Imagine when this has all been done that it is discovered that some of the brakes have been set too tightly. The friction heats the wheels and the brake must be released, and some on other cars applied instead.

It does not matter if the wind is blowing a gale or the thermometer has alien many degrees below zero. These ietails must be attended to in such weather as well as under more favorable circumstances. Think of standing on top of one of

those moving cars, with rain and sleet falling on the face and hands, the brake coated with ice and the roof as slippery as glass. Add to this the danger of stepping from one car to another over a gap of twenty-seven to thirty inches on ) a dark night when the cars are con-

stantly moving up and down on their springs or swaying from one side to the other every few seconds.

This stepping or jumping across is something absolutely appalling in its dangerous features when the roofs are so slippery that even walking on them is attended with the greatest possible risk. A high wind often compels the brakemen to crawl from one car to an-

other in order to avoid being blown off. As enviable as their lot appears in summer, when we see the long trains gliding in and out among the hills, bounded on one side by a charming prospect of river and meadow fund. and on the other by the cool, green trees that nestle at the foot of some grand old mountain, they endure even then the many discomforts unknown to the watcher from the plazza of some

suramer hotel. In dashing through some shaded valby they may be drenched to the skin by a sudden shower, and within half an hour, perhaps, the ascent of a few hundred feet brings the train into an atmosphere a few degrees below the freezing point, so that, with the aid of the wind fanned by the speed of the train, the clothes are very soon frozen

Bushels of cinders fly through the nir, but, strange as it may appear, the men become accustomed to these in built. where one would cause a world of dis-

Another feature, often involving suffering and danger, is "going back to flast." When a train is unexpectedly stopped on the road the brakeman at the rear end must immediately take his red flag or lantern and go back half : mile or so and give the stop signal to he engineer of any train that might be

In clear weather and on a level stretch this order is frequently disregranded, and lazy fellows will, at the risk of their lives, even neglect to do it on dark and storing nights, though in mest cases the men are faithful and will go out and stand for a long time in death from the merciless cold. Perhaps it is the very fact that they are con stantly surrounded by danger to life and limb that these trainmen become euroless and footbardy, and do the most recicles things with no thought of con-

Coupling needlents, however, are practically unavoidable, because though the necessary manipulations can e made without going between the cars or placing the hands in a dangerone position -most of the men prefer to run the risk in order to facilitate matters. According to the regulations of most rouds the operation must be performed with the aid of a stick, but disregarding this order, partly to save time or perhaps because they fear the ridicule that would be called forth by beir bek of skill in this direction, the overage brakeman prefers to use his

Lie taust lift the link and hold it horicontailly until the end enters the opennot and then withdraw his hand before the heavy drawbars come together. A delay of a quarter of a secand would erush the hand or finger as inder a trip-bannmer. The number of trainmen with wound-

arge freight yard is sad evidence of the fact that this delay often occurs. But assuming that this part of the operation is accomplished in safety, there is still the possibility of being crushed Cars are built with projecting timbers on their ends at or near the center for the purpose of keeping the main body of the cars ten or twelve inches

apart, but cars of different makes fre-

d hands that may be seen in every

quently meet in such a way that the projections on one lap pass those on another and the space which should be maintained for the safety of the man is If in the hurry of his work or the darkness of the night the man fails to note these peculiarities he is crushed without a moment's warning, the ponderous vehicles coming together on his helpless body with the force of many

tons. A constant danger in coupling and one oupling is the liability to catch the feet in angles in the track. This is peculiarly the case when the incoupling must be done while the train s in taction. The hazardous work and the perils described are those to which only the brakemen are liable; but all trainmen lead lives more or less filled with danger for no matter what position they occupy there is ever the possibility of a collision, a landslide or a undred other conditions that menace their lives that the man or woman who

re ds this dreams not of. If it does nothing more than make us appreciate our own homes and the freedom from personal danger in our seemingly monotonous pursuits, then the telling of the incidents in the everyday life of a brakeman has accomplished

But to the kind-hearted and unselfish nen and women who for the first time have realized the dangers to those lives running parallel with theirs, yet so entirely distinct, there will come a rush of sympathy for the men whose work compels them to brave the fury of the elements, while we are housed safe and warm before a fire, the material for which has through the efforts of some brakeman been brought to our doors.-Philadelphia Times.

IMPROVISING A DRESS SUIT. An American's Experience in a London

"About eight years ago." said an American traveler, "I was in London, Eng. One day I bought a stall to see Patti at the Reyal. A stall corresponds to our boxes. When the evening came I took the ladies around and walked in at the door. But I did not get far. 'You cannot come in here,' said the doorkeeper

" 'Why not?' I asked, in surprise; 'here are my seat tickets.' " 'Well, you cannot enter,' he replied, decisively; 'your coat is a frock, and nothing but dress suits are allowed." "I expostulated. I told him that my hotel was a long way off and that the ladies would be greatly disappointed. I was an American and did not know the rule of the theater. "Finally he told me to go into the

dressing-room, where the attendants might be able to fix me out all right. "I went, expecting to pay two or three crowns for the loan of a coat. The fellow looked at me a second, whipped a pin from his lapel and pinned my coattails back, and I found myself

in evening dress! "I gave the man half a crown." Advertising Rates.

ets in their hands. Those, Indeed, were musculine forms and faces. And their volces! Fool that I was, not to have recognized them

I retreated softly and quickly, half along the sandy bed of the stream, half along the white stones that by in the similion water. Thus I threaded the had of the stream will the roles of my pare nors grew fainter. I had proceeded ome distance, and now, through the this slag trees, I saw that I had come within shooting distance of the red-

trowsered sentinel lying upon the wall summing bimself. There were, in fact, two sentries. there; one folling aron the wall and the other lenting against it with but his heat and shoulders viable. I observed them very distinctly: I beard their volces now and then, and the lazy yas ning of the one that bay in the sun-

I saw their chassepots pleaming in the sun, and in such close proximity

they wore on unly look. I was safe, however, as long as their attention was not atteneted toward me, and so I traved my thoughts to my two presence reads. I lead heard them buntagand coosing for awhile for in my reng last now all noise of them had

died away. timpening to then my glance up to the stone ecolog, to which I longed to return, I saw, to my sumplies that the two grape-pickers had given up my pursuit and were engaged in their former occupation again. But now they were much mearer to the coping than they had been before, and under the cover of their pretended employment they were still slowly but surely advancing. I

well perceived their object. Here was a predicament truly. The entinel, not presented of na abundance of wit, would let the two neuronels unto turn enddonly and shoot him with their fidden wenyens and get were I to attempt to warn blue swift and save

head, both from before and behind me. But this was not all. At the place where I stood in hidian the foliage that sheltered the strenm grow scores and ended. Reform me wast a wide plot of

On the other side of this open space the thicket there began to stendigly be stirroil. I may the tops of the bushes god. What other for lay everying there. Was there one who could see me and was uiming at the even may perhaps I Was the thicket full of soldiers who wenit rush faith when the direction best of the neutry move should

This rain of nervous function however view more interpreted. Bising coverally from the midst of the bushes I an a well-known pointed belief, 'A. bend race, too, and a kind that waved a

It was Moritz, who, grown usensy afmy non-appearance, had states down to Remot out the carse. Immunise as was the figure of the

Preperantary yet he concealed blauself very nidy. I noticed from his actions that be guarded binnelf ruly from the view of the two sentries by the wall, seeming to think that sensened from them be would be safe. As he crawled carefully set into the open, therefore. I attracted his atten-

tion to the two musculine females who had gradually stolen close to the cop-The Pemeranian knell in the grass and looked up. As he moted the two figures and the intentions which their movements betrayed, his face became transfixed with rage. So terrible was

the wrath depicted upon it that I was glad to see it turned towards others than myself. One of those figures up there, in his gamly costume, had already reached the soping and, with his chassepot to his shoulder ready for firing, peered

stealthily over the stone wall to locate the sentry. At this act and those costumes of duplicity, the large Pemeranian, regardless of all consequences, leaped from the earth and fairly bellowed with rage. It seemed to infuriate him beyond. reason that those two rogues above should have thus deceived him. A sudden flash from his gan thoroughly annihilated the disguised soldier at the

Swinging his gun like a club and roaring with fury, he ran up the billside toward the other. Somehow his actions aroused me to a like fury, and we both tore madly up the hill toward the skirted soldier who, turning, seemed struck as if by a thunderbolt at our sudden approach. The shot of Moritz had sent the echoes

reverberating among the hills. The French outposts leaped up, as if electrified, from their sunny wall; innumerable others started up from the surrounding thickets. A rain of bullets fairly peppered the grassy slope. But our sudden onrush had carried us

in advance of the hail. The quick, un-

certain aiming of the enemy also led to the fortunate fact that we remained So quickly was the Pomeranian upon his foe, that the latter had no time torecover from his surprise, not even to

raise his gun. The onsinght of the huge fellow bore the little Frenchman to the earth, and the Pomeranian picked him up, neck and crop, and dragged him over the wall. The red-trousered grape-picker was then led, jeered and hooted at, through

the village-a most dejected skirmisher-The chassepots across the way yelped angrily at us throughout the rest of the day; but two days afterward, that hillide over there was swarming with Prussians, and the Iron ring had closed more closely about Metz.-Charles A. Collmann, in Detroit Free Press.

A Georgia Story,

Ben Pierce, colored, while fishing in: the run of Clyant's mill creek, near Valdorta, Ga., caught a small bream and, as usual, when he pulled the fish he jerked so hard that the fish went fifteen feet above his head and lodged in a thick cluster of bushes about five feet from the ground. Just as Ben looked up for his fish he saw a large ruttlesnake lodge on the bushes. He threw his pole down and stepped off a few feet to get his gan. But on his return he found the snake had swallowed the fish and come down from the bushes and was crawling off with fish, line and pole. But Ben succeeded in killing him. The snake measured seven feet nine inches, and had stateen rattles and a button.

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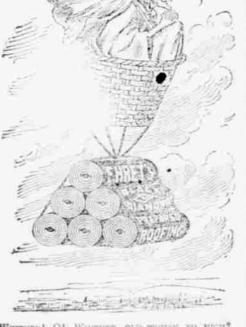
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