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VOLUME XXVI.

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F. X. FEES.

HE REMEMBERED.

Yes, Bill, my boy, I recelled a it all. Now that ye've tried them old days to recall. How you set Slins Perkins' dorg on me, 'N' how the critter bit my leg in three;
'N' how, when we was goin' to the school. Twas I got licked when you had broke the

'N' how we went a-fishin' in the creek. N you soused me in Grimes' pond so slick. N how, when we went to the cardy pull. You filled my best clo'es pockits chock up full; 'N' how that night, when I told my dad, The lickin' that I got-'twas purty had.

Yes, I remember all them boyhood acts, Now that ye've chose to bring up all the 'N' I remember, too, when I was small, I swore Ed lick yer, of I growed at all: N growed I has, jess twicet as much as you.

N' now Fil tell yer what I'm goin' to do: I'm goin' to take yer right acrost my finee. pank ye fill ye can't most hardly see: N then I'm goiz' to sweep ye round the Ontil the hull nex' town lon hear ye roar.

'N' now, my box, I'll have my little joke.' And Si unto his stoken word was true. A lovely course of sprouts he put Bill through. And when he'd done-some forty minutes

The store just rang with Uncle Silas' laughter. And Bill departed on his hands and snees, Resolved no more to call un memories. -John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Magazine

A MISER'S DIPLOMACY. Old Brigitte and Her Lucky Lottery Ticket.

Old Landry was a thin, shriveled up little man, very rich, and so parsimonious that people said he could shave an

Since the death of his wife he had lived all alone in a tiny house in his native village. We say "alone," although he had an old servant with him, but Brigitte was of small account, a little more valuable than the dog, perhaps, but less than the donkey, for that cost forty crowns. She had entered the Landry household as cow girl when only twelve years old, and had remained there ever since, and was a simple, honst soul, with a boundless admiration for "the master." He did not hesitate to turn to good account her blind, doglike devotion, and, as a consequence, Brigitte's savings were not large, though her duties were arduous.

"You are a good old fool," he would sometimes say to her, by the way of recompense for her ceaseless industry, and then her wide mouth would expand slowly in a delighted grin, which displayed her toothless gums as she exclaimed admiringly:

"Master loves to make a little joke!" One day the miser thought be could save a mason's bill by repairing a broken wall at the side of a pond, but while he was at work his foot happened to slip and he fell into the water just where it was most deep. He went floundering about for a minute or two calling for help at the top of his voice. but no one heard him, and his strength being exhausted he was about to sink for the third time when Brigitte caught sight of him, and, leaping into the pood at the risk of her own life, she succeeded, after desperate efforts, in bringing him to land. The old man was unconclous, but Brigitte took him under her arm as if he were a bundle of straw, carried him home and rubbed him so vigorously that animation was restored. When he opened his eyes the good creature shed tears of joy, and he had the delicacy not to mention the fact of her having neglected to save his trowel, which he had dropped in the water, and which was a great loss, being quite new. On the contrary, he exclaimed, in a burst of grateful gen-

"You saved my life, and I shall not forget it. I shall give you a present, Brigitte. True to his word, the next day he ealled her to him, and after some hesitation drew out his long heather purse from his pocket, and then, with as much effort as if he were pulling a tooth, he

took out a coin and handed it to her. "Twenty cents," he said, "over and above your wages, Brigitte: you understand, this is not to be deducted; it is a present. Now do not spend it foolishly. You can buy a lottery ticket with it, and perhaps you will win a hundred thousand francs!"

It was the first time in his life that he had been so generous, and he could not forget it, but seemed to take a tender interest in the fate of his twenty-cent piece. Again and again he asked the old woman whether she had bought the "Not yet, master," was her answer,

every time he asked, but one day she replied to his usual inquiry: "Yes, master, I have bought it." "What number is it?" he said.

"Number thirty-four." "Take care that you do not lose the ticket. I will lock it up in my closet for you, if you like."

"Oh. no. master, I will not lose it." After that excitement matters resumed their usual course in old Landy's house, plenty of work and very little food continuing to fall to Brigitte's share. The miser was beginning to forget his own prodigality in rewarding the servant, when one day, at the barber's shop, where he had dropped in, as usual, to read the newspaper without buying it, he caught sight of a paragraph which gave him a terrific shock. It was the result of the drawing of the lottery, and one line stood out in flaming figures which nearly dazzled him. 'Number 34 wins the grand prize of

one hundred thousand francs!" The miser uttered such a cry as he ead, that the startled barber grazed with his razor the ear of the school master, who was being shaved at that moment.

"What is the matter?" cried both men "Oh, nothing, nothing," answered Landry, recovering his presence of mind, and then he readjusted his spectacles and read the line again, spelling each word carefully. There was no mistake; number thirty-four, Brigitte's number, had won the grand prize! He put down the paper and rushed out of the shop. As he strode along on his homeward way, he became conscious of the fact that old Brigitte, the drudge, was now a rich woman, and that, it was by means of his twenty-cent piece that this wonder had come to pass. His money, he reflected, had won the prize, So, did not the fortune belong to him? A dozen different schemes for possessing himself of the money passed through

his mind, and at least he decided upon a desperate plan. "Well, Brigitte, any news?" he said, as he entered his house, where the

woman was busy at her usual tasks. "No, master, except that one of the

chickens has the pip. It was clear that she had not yet heard the news, and the old man chuckled with delight at the thought of his own shrewdness. He began by ordering Brigitte to kill a fowl and cook it for dinner with a piece of pork, gave her money to buy coffee, sagar, and a bottle or brandy, and then went down to the cellar to fetch some wine. "What evil spirit has got into him?"

thought Brigitte in amazement at this unheard-of extravagance, but when the meal was ready, and two plates set at table, her wonder increased at the prospect of company to dinner. Old. Landry, however, told her to sit in the place opposite him, and when she remused to take such a liberty he exwhaimed, sternly: "Do as I teil you, you old idiot!"

Then the woman, having heard that it was dangerous to oppose the whims of a crazy man, sat down trembling on the edge of the chair, and her master having filled her plate and glass said persuasively:

"Go on, my good woman, cat. drink," and when they had got as far as the coffee he exclaimed, suddenly: "Brigitte, I'm going to get married." "Indeed, master," she replied, "I

think you are right. You are not too "Well, since you think that, we shall be narried as soon as possible, you and I, he said. After the chicken and pork and wine,

Brigitte thought she was prepared for

anything, but this was too much. "You are joking," she gasped in terror, but the other hastened to explain that he was growing old and had no relations, no friends, and he did not want to die all alone like a dog; besides that, he was not ungrateful, confound it! And Brightte had saved his life. He could not forget that.

The banns were published immediately, and the wedding took place to the great delight of the whole village. Then the strange pair returned to their Brigitte's place, awaited them. They had hardly got inside the house when the bridegroom asked, merrily: "My dear, where did you hide your

"What ticket?" said the bride, taking off her spectacles and looking wonderngly at the speaker. Why, the lottery ticket, No. 34, which you bought with my twenty

"Oh husband!" cried the old woman, "how you have fretted about that ticket! I wanted to please you, but lotteries are no good-

"Have you lost it?" he gasped "I never had it to lose, for I bought sausages with the money!" replied Brigitte, quietly; "the weather was so cold, and I am very fond of sausages. -Translated from the French for N. Y.

MEALS BY SCHEDULE. Close Figuring on What Can Re Eaten

While Walting for the Train. "I have only two minutes to get my realcfast and eatch my train," said a tall man in an Irish frieze ulster to the waiter in a railway station the other morning, "What can you give me in the smallest possible time? Take into consideration, too, the fact that I have left my false teeth under the pillow at

"We have just the thing for you, sir," and he immediately brought a cup of coffee and a piece of lemon pie. The gentleman sat down, and in less than a minute from the time he gave his order was rushing toward the office for his ticket.

"He made pretty good time," remarked a customer who sat at the next

"Oh, that's nothing," replied the waiter; "we best that every day. I once knew a man who came in here who had only sixty seconds in which to get his breakfast, buy his ticket and reach his train."

"What did you give him?" "Two soft baked apples and a glass of milk. He finished in just fifteen seconds, took another fifteen for the purchase of his ticket, and when I last saw him he was walking up and down the platform smoking a cigar, impatiently waiting for the train to start." "I suppose most passengers who come

in here are in a hurry?" "Never saw but two who were not, and one of these was a soldier, who had lost both legs in the war, and the other was a tramp who was waiting for the night freight.

"When a customer comes in and sava he wants something to eat in a hurry I ask him how much time he has or what train he wants to eatch. Now, I have a list of those articles that I can serve and which can be eaten in exactly the time the passenger has to spare. To the customer having one minute for luncheon I serve baked apples and milk; if he has two minutes, lemon pie and cold coffee; three minutes, apple pie and hot coffee; four minutes, slapjacks and coffee; five minutes, ready cooked sausages and mashed potatoes; six minutes, fishballs and hash, cold roast beef, and so on. I tell you we work on springs all the time." And the waiter ushed off to serve another customer who appeared to be in a hurry. - Beston

He Insisted on Being Shot. A case of a very uncommon nature is o come before the conneil of state in

Paris. Some time ago a soldier named Gugel tried to kill an officer against whom he bore a grudge, and having couplies on all the circumstances of he ease being laid before him, used his erogative of mercy, and the sentence of death was changed to one of twenty years' penal servitude. The prisoner, upon being informed of the fact, however, flatly refused to profit by this lemency, and maintained his right to be shot, arguing that such a death does not dishonor a soldier, whereas penal servitude is degrading. He now appeals to the council of state to annul the president's decree and order the exccution of the original sentence. There is some doubt as to the jurisdiction of the council, and the general opinion is that Gugel will be obliged to overcome his prejudice against life coupled with

-"I have nothing more to say," said she, as he started home after the rejection. "I am glad," said he. "I wish | you had said less."—Harper's Bazar. she had tried to draw the author on; said so."—Chicago Tribune.

A DOUBTING LOVE.

Cecil Graham and His Half-Hearted Wooing.

"Aunt, what is your true opinion of Bessie Fallington?" Old Mrs. Graham smiled over her gold spectacles at her nephew Cecil, and with just a touch of humor, asked:

"Well, you know I've been paying her some attention -" "And before committing yourself you wish to get the opinions of your

"You state it bluntly, aunt, but I suppose that is about the truth." "Then, Cecil, I cannot give you my Cecil withdrew. As may be inferred he was an indecisive fellow, and of

course was not now satisfied. Praise of Bessie from Aunt Mildred would have decided him. But he was left exactly as before, except that he could draw two opposing inferences. First, that if his aunt had not favored his suit she would have advised against it; second, that her refusal to give an opinion meant that she opposed it.

Such men as he adopt tests, but he had not ingenuity to invent one. The secret of such doubt is usually high self-esteem, which conjures an ideal worthy of affection. Oddly enough the Imminous point in Cecil's ideal was fidel-Reseie's social position was level with his, but would she be true? Wasn't

she a coquette? Tom Plotton was a down-city commission merchant; one of those men who forge ahead on the voyage of life, and by the twin propellers energy and determination reach a port of commercial success. Cecil and he had been college mates, but their late acquaintance bad been only easual; confined to chance meeting at social gatherings. An outspoken man, but withal a thorough callant, acquainted with all marriageable ladies worth knowing, he was just the man to render the opinion Cecil

He was found in his glass-inclosed office, millerially white from flour he had been examining before buying "Tom," bagan Cevil, after greetings. "I came to get your candid opinion of

Reasie Fallington Plotton looked "fool" at him, but re-"Well, it depends on what the opinion s based. As a commission merchant, say, she'd be a prime failur, as a sea-

captain, ditto; and as-". "As a wife, for instance." "That depends on the mun who gets

"Well, for me, say?" "Oho," exclaimed Plotton, running his finger through some coffee grains in a tin box, "you're in love with her,

"Frankly, ves." "And before you put yourself in danger of making a matrimonial blunder, you're around getting opinions." "Well-bluntly, ves. The same as you look into Bradstreet's before selling

b a stranger." 'The stranger's credit is doubtful "IV "119"

"You doubt Bessie Fallington?" "Good gracious, no!" "Then what do you want an opinion of her for? If you don't doubt her, you're sure of her. That's as plain as B. C. If you love her and are sure of her worth, an opinion isn't worth a coffee grain, or shouldn't be. If you love her, you'll pitch in and move heaven and earth to get her."

"But I ask your opinion, neverthe-

"Whether it cuts or not?"

"Yes." "Give her up."

"First, if you doubt her, she won't "I don't grant that."

"Second, she's a pronounced coquette: wants wealth in a husband; is willful; demands continual petting; admires men of distinction, men who can cut a dash, and especially men of decision, but will quarrel with him if her way is crossed: doesn't know a saucepan from a griddle, etc., etc., full of faults-but pretty as a spring morning."

Graham rose pettishly. "You don't believe my opinion, I see. Very good; it's one sign you love the girl. Of course you're invited to her progressive euchre party next week. Go and oriticise her-if you can in sight of her beauty. Then we'll meet and impare notes."

"Agreed. Good morning." The next Tuesday evening found Cecil in Bessie's fashionable home. He had exactly poised his mind, but the first sight of her unbalanced it in her favor. She was rarely beautiful, and her welcome rang with genuine hospitality. It seemed impossible to critielse her; a good, true heart must be the center of such physical leveliness, but Doubt whispered: "Wait and watch." Of guests there were seven ladies and eight gentlemen. Bessie had, therefore, to choose her first partner, and Cecil watched eagerly to see which this would be. It was Alfred Arnoldson Hughes, who had lately won literary fame. Ecssie smiled brilliantly upon him as they took seats at the ace table. "She's flirting with that fellow," muttered Ceril, as the bell rang for

When it rang again for changing tables, he was obliged to remain at the had blundered stupidly. Bessie and the author won the game, and, though they were not partners in the next, the been tried by court-martial was con- merciment between them continued. demned to death. The president of the | and he saw her dart a perfect coquette's smile at him as at t e next he went down to the kings: Tom Plotton was her next partner,

but her sparkle was gone. She scarcey spoke to him. "Humph," muttered Ceeil, "quite a descent from literature to flour. Plotton and I will surely agree, for he is undoubtedly getting the cold shoul-Yet, despite himself, doubts would

break into his adverse decision. "Perhaps she is true, after all; her spirits may be her way of entertainment. I may be making a fearful mistake." he became her partner for a game. She was all life again; exactly as she had been to the author. He believed he detected her wish to draw him on to loving her, and, though flattered, the old doubt grew stronger. The duties of hostess did not necessitate such action:

was trying him now. The only result would be that she would reject them

both in ridicule. Music and promenading through the spacious house followed cards. Cecil hastened to engage Bessie as companion, the author forestalled hun. He walked angrily into the conservatory and stopped before a palm, ostensibly examining it, but in reality analyzing his state of mind. Was he jealous? If so, he really loved Bessie, but could be ask her to be his when all he had seen

confirmed her coquetry? Bessie and Hughes came near and stopped before a large plant, but with their backs toward Cecil, who was well screened from them. "Miss Fallington," said the author, in the unmistakable voice of devotion, "do

you like literature?" "I love it," she replied. "Let me tell you a little secret that you must never reveal. I have lately had quite a number of poems published-anonymously,

"Aderable," he eried, enthusiastically. You must show them to me." "By no means. You would criticise the poor little attempts." "Not for worlds. They could not help being full of fire and genius. But

would you not like to devote your life, yourself, to literature?" "Oh! Mr. Hughes, my humble talents wouldn't last a fortnight." "I don't mean in that way; though your talent would. I mean would you

not like to live always in a literary atmosphere-in fact, Miss Fallington, as the write of an author?" "Pardon me, Mr. Hughes," she exclaimed. "but I do believe this rare plant is dying. I must tell father at

author, trying to eatch her hand. "I "Hush, hush, Mr. Hughes," she whispered. "Here comes some one." The some one was Tom Plotton, and he was coming directly for them. "Mr. Hughes," he said, "they are

"Don't turn me aside," pleaded the

anonymous poem. They want you to "Very well," replied Hughes, gallantly, "and I think I can make a good deeision on the latest and directest infor-

asking for you in the parlor. They're

scussing the authorship of a late

"Don't you dare," exclaimed Bessie, with a light laugh, the meaning of which came in words as soon as the author was out of hearing. "On! I'm so glad you came, for, don't you think, he was just declaring his love for me."

Both broke into a hearty laugh. Conviction struck Cecil. If this wasn't an evidence of heartless coquetry, what could be? He sincerely thanked his good fortune that his doubt had kept him from declaring his own love several months before in a similar place. "And I have no doubt." he heard Plotton say. "that if I were now to say

that I love you, you'd thank some one for interrupting, and laugh as heartily over my silliness, wouldn't you?" "Perhaps I should." "Though you have given me some enouragement, Bessie

"Have I? Come, I want to tell father this plant is dying." They moved away, and Seeil returned to the parlor, thrilling with pleasure at his narrow escape. He rejoiced greatly that Bessie Fallington had never had a chance to laugh at him. He shortly withdrew elated, but in the night, doubt of his decision troubled him. The heart and head would not agree. The stronger became the latter, the fuller was the former of regret that he could not have Bessie Fullington. Next morning he hastened to Plotson's establishment and found that gen-

tleman in his glass office looking quite "Happy commission stroke?" asked 'Yes, an unusual one. Well, I sup-

sose you have come to compare notes about Bessie Fallington." "Well, what's your decision?" "That she is a heartless flirt, and I

think I'll give up all thoughts of her." "You think so." "Yes, only think, for I still can't decide, and I came again to get your

Well, I'll let you have it. I don't think she would make you a good wife. believe myself she is a flirt, and that she has lots of faults. If I were you I'd ook elsewhere. "This is your earnest, sincere advice,

"It is. But there is another reason why I'd give her up if I were you." "What is it?"

"She is engaged." "Engaged, and flirting around the vny she did with you and Hughes and myself. It's awfal. Who to?" "Well, it's something of a secret yet. She engaged herself only last night." "Last night? Not to Hughes?" Plotton laughed beartily, and said:

"Gness again." "I can't. Give me the name." "Thomas J. Plotton." Cecil sank into a chair, and stared. for laughed boisterously, nine-tenths

of it being pure, unalloyed joy. "But, but you said," stammered Ceell, that she was a flirt, no housekeeper, and full of faults." "I know I did, and say so still." "And going to marry her!" "Yes, by all means, and we'll be as

appy as anyone can be on earth. I ove Bessie Fallington, and if she had ten times her faults, my love demands that I must have her, and it will have her. As I told you before, love will move Heaven and earth to get its object. I've won her, and let her faults be what they may, I love her and must have her."-Howard M. Hope, in Yankee Blade.

Opening Pacliament. When the queen opens parliament in person she proceeds in state to the house of lords and commands Black Rod to let the commons know "that it is her majesty's pleasure that they attend her immediately in this house." Black Rod proceeds to the house of commons and formally commands their presence, on which the speaker and the commons go up to the bar of the house of lords, and the queen delivers her Finally good luck advanced him and | speech, which is read by the lord chancellor, kneeling on one knee.

-Her Opinion-Visitor (watching the antics of the little dog)-"He seems to have a good deal of pugnacity about him." Old Lady (slightly deaf)-"Yes, a pug is a nasty animal. I've always

THE SINGING IN GOO'S-ACRE.

Our conder in the mosalishs, wherein God's Go on, walking to and fro, stocked their luf-Their codimit wines are fidded and their eyes As they size among the beds whereon the flow-

ers delight to grow "Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Sleepherd greateth His sheep!
Fast aposters the sight away,
Seen cometh the glorious day: Sleep, wears ones, while ye may-

Short oh sleep? The flowers within God's Acrosso that fair and And, lot throughout the hours of day those gen-The music of the ampels in that tender slumber

> " Sleep, oh, sleep! The Shepherd loveth His sheep. He granded: His flock the test Hath fedded them to His loving breast. So, sleep we now and take your rest-

From angel and from flower the years have learned that soothing song. And with its heavenly music speed the days and So, through all time, whose flight the Shepherd's God's Acre slamson thin the grace of that "we"

> Indiabac "Sleep, oh, sleep!
> The Shepherd loveth His sheep!
> Fast speed of the night sway.
> Soon cometh the let sweet day: Sleep, weary ones, while we may--Europe Phild in Lattice' Home Journal

A QUEER PROPOSAL.

How a Cow Figured in One Love Affair. Observations on the Subject of ePopping

the Opertion"- No Man Seems Exactly to Remember How It Was Accomplished.

"How did you get engaged to your The question was put by a writer for the Star to one of the ily men of Washington-one of thos excellent men who has a blooming wife five blooming children, and a business that keeps on blooming more brilliest ly year after year. He says he is poor. and so be in when he is compared with the plutocrats of the city, but he is solidly, substantially rich all the same. When he dies, if his wife survives him. she will have an income amply sufficient for the preper education of the five blooming eldidren, and when she dies they will all have incomes - not vast estates which will make it impossible for them to do anything on earth but live a life of plausure, but incores that will help in establishing them in the usoful walks of life. It is the people of this type that make up the budy and strength of the community, rather than the enormously wealthy class that lives only for pleasure, the drawing-room and "style." But it is not of money that this article would treat, but of the various methods of getting engaged; and so the question was asked of this substantial man of family: "How did you

get engaged to your wife?" "Hy means of a cow," he answered, "What? I must have misunderstood you," said the writer. "I did not ask you how you got milk for your family,

but how you got engaged to the Judy who is now your wife." "By means of a cow," he answered He was prevailed upon to explain and told a very singular, unique and touching story of love, solemn promises, happiness and a cow. Here is the tale reduced to moderate length. The gentleman may, for convenience, be termed

Mr. X. and the lady Miss Y. Mr. X., when he was twenty-four years of age, went to stay with his uncle at his wountry place on the castern shore of Maryland. Having said that he had relations who lived on the eastern shore, it has been said that be was of most aristocratic lineage, for everybody knows that the families of that portion of the earth's surface are all of the very best. Virginia itself is not more noted for families than the famous eastern shore. In fact, if a geography were called upon to truthfully say what is the principal product of the eastern shore it would be obliged to say "old families." Young X. found at his uncle's house a young Virginia girl. Miss Y. X. had nothing in the world to do, nor had Miss Y., so they killed time by falling in love with each other. It is not a bad amusement in the country. You can read poetry together, sit on porches together, take walks in the dusk together. The man is pretty sure of no rivals, the girl is in no danger of having the man entired away from her. X. and Miss Y. had a glorious time for two weeks and one of their favorite, amusements every evening was to stroll down to the pasture

and watch the milking of the cows. There was one cow in particular of which the youth and the maid grew very fond. She was a young Jersey-Alderney was the term used then the color of a fawn, with a glossy, beantiful coat and eyes as gentle and soft in their expression as Miss Y.'s own. As she would stand in the cool of the evening lazily whisking the flies with her tail she would permit the young couple to approach her and stroke her or scratch her forehead. There is nothing particularly romantic in the act of scratching a gentle cow between the horns, but it happened that one day as X. stretched out his hand to perform this pleasing act of friendship to the heifer his hand met Miss Y.'s, and the cow, moving back as if impressed with the conviction that she was spoiling fun, left them hand in hand in the corner of missed a day in the pasture and they always caressed the Jersey cow, until one day X.'s uncle, joining them, said

jocosely: "You young people seem so fond of that cow that I shall have to give her to one of you.'

"To which of us?" said X.

"Ah:" said the unele, "you must settle that between you." When the old gentleman went off, X looked at Miss Y. and said, simply: "Can my uncle give the cow to both

And she quietly answered: "Yes." And so this substantial citizen became engaged, as he truly said, through the agency of a cow. There are a thousand ways of popping

the question, and upon careful inquiry

it has been ascertained that the method

which is usually employed upon the

stage and in novels is the most uncom-

Book and Job Francisc of all lines was ly at a exact carries are studied at the lowest price. As den't you torget it. ty-one step and consider a monacut lowhe made the various proposals of his life. Did he sink down on one laws and classing the young girl by the frind mine!" Did he then scort in a mittell her of his long years of not an 'out how how she was his housen, and it she said no be must inevitably tales on fastare tunesm. Blold for the other place? It'll her when she made morphage of discount indicemently east her hawd not from him on though it was a tona in all, and demand the name of his right. Hid he sover his face with his hands and sob and weaper blackers along the corpet as he, when she began to yield, raident her with the speed of a prote-found up int er, reize her promed the wad to me plant forth a royal octave volume of incurs signed rhotorie? This is the way they do in novels and plays, hat on real tripeople of experience say it is this cent. It is bard to tell whether the gart or the man is the subre frictioned. Both know it is coming. He doesn't know what he says. He lied mad up a sreebeforehand, but of course he fore, 's it but it makes no difference. The her her ruled pends up. All the ensurements in the world isn't going to divers your ti she had delegational to each "no." Since that not mean "not at all, but to seeewall says so. She only want it is a count ngain often. As for sinking desca on one keep, or both know archarder on "popping" may it is never lone-that

not much which is worth remembering

is said on wither side.

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Bid you ever know a man who told aff. be said when he proposed by the girl. whom he subscimently boson it is 7%exted man may "gite" - Hi apparently, but he doe not tell it a con may depend upon it, and an accepted sum may tell and while below to it, as in the case of the genthe agency of a cow, had no ob- arey correct report of all the second spolten oft occasions of the city of e segrething that no man estithinself to repeat, and, if it were re-peated, it would be very disuppossible to listen to: The whole this pools appear prinfully Indicross, but it is not Indicrons to the parties in Interest. It is serious always, painful frequently,

and sometimes, as everybody hows, All these remarks apply especially to the lovemaking of young porple. When an old stager proposes he may be colmand collected. It is the voice of experionce that speaks, and if he is rejected he may take it quietly enough for in all probability he has proposed several times before. There are some old bachelors who are chronic pro-There are some old flirts who may be depended upon not only to make love to any woman who will give them a chance to do so, but who will be sere to propose, too. These men anseen h but they don't mean it very boar at women understand them and will have none of them. It is the fair and that is the stronger in matters of the kind. The unhappy marriage are nomerous enough, but if women were us weak as men there would be a nucle

larger number of silly matches. Now, strange as it may seem there is no doubt that the most successful proposer is the man who does it evensily. When a man speaks well and calmly and gives a woman good and as for marrying him-argues the matter just as though he were pleading a comn court - the woman doesn't believe hin earnest. It is not a case that is go erned by reasonable argument, and appeals to the brain are not what a cares about. The appeal must be and to the heart. He stands a good to nec of success as soon as he convinces her that his heart is thoroughly in carnest.

-Washington Star. Poisonous Plants. There are certain plants which produce flowers which make not only

poisonous honey but also prisoner wax. Cases often occur of procons heing made ill after eating hotey, and the cause is often attributed to indirection. but more frequently the reason is founin the honey itself, the bees having fed upon poisonous flowers. In some parts which produce honey and was of a blaish green color, and it is said the both the hopey and wax are more poisonous than the same quantity of arsenie. No such poisonous hone; is produced in the United States, though it is known that the quality of better is frequently greatly impaired by flowers of certain trees on which the bees greedily feed.

Tetegraph Wire. There are 900,000 miles of telegraph lines in the world, with approximate y 2,500,000 miles of separate wires En rope alone has 67,465 telegraph at along out of the total of 483,000. The world's yearly messages are put down it was 000,000. From this number 50,500,000 are messages transmitted from one country to another. The total re- for the world's telegraph service any one 0.000 start of \$450,000,000

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