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When from earth's bosom the green grass is And flowers are springing from dampness and Should not our hearts, filled with deepest emo-Unto "Our Father in Heaven" ascend; \$8.00 is the sweet warbiers of nature's Te Deum Carol their praise to their Maker and Friend? Earth is so beautiful, man so ungrateful, find is so kind, so forgiving, so good; Take heart, then, weary one, He who from

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

Can this cold world with His glory thus flood, Shall He not gently, when grief seems to fold In the black fetters of life's winter night,

SPRINGTIME'S TEACHING.

When the wild storms of winter are over.

Lifting the cloud that hangs over thy spirit, Lead thee from darkness to marvelous light? Shining through showers the rainbow of prom Spring's lovely child throws its arms round the

And will not the "Sun of God's Righteousness" For the "spirt of heaviness" grant thee "new so let us praise Him for life's glad awak'ning, So let us thrill 'neath the breath of His love, And the sweet bale of hope, born anew in our With fond arms will reach out to Heaven above.

LARRY'S ESCAPE.

How a Sailor Gave a Brutal Captain the Slip.

Larry Marker, first two days ashore from a lengthy China cruise, pushed open the door of one of the numerous grog shops along the water front and walking up to the bar called for a drink. His pockets were well lined with the "shiners," and he had been having and was yet having a "good time," while he saw the town and got some of the kinks out of his legs. Larry was by no means reckless fellow, but he did like to pend money freely when he had it, and his was one of those occasions.

"Hello, Larry!" said a heavily-bearded man leaning against the bar, "where iid y' drop from? How long a' y' been Larry looked at the speaker an in-

stant and then wrung the hand that was put out to him. "Hlow me, Jim, but I never 'spected to see y'! I just came from th' China seas. What a' y' doin'?"

"Same of thing-coastin"." "That so? Well, I wouldn't mind tryn' it m'self. I'm gettin' tired o' these

"There's a good many o' th' same mind, I tell you. Y' know the Carstairs? Well, nine o' her men desarted to-day; couldn't stand th' treatment old Tasker giv' 'em, an' now she's a'lyin' out in th' bay short-handed, all ready to sail, but ain't got 'nuif men by three or four to handle her ropes. Sarves old Tasker right, too, I say. Never was a meaner cuss in a captain's berth."

"Right y' are there, Jim; right y are," returned Larry, and the two fell to talking over old times. A few minutes later Larry Marker

had left the place and with bent head was pushing his way along the uneven pavement which bordered upon the wharves. His lodgings were at a sailor's boarding house at the lower end of

the shipping front. The rain beat furiously in his face and the water got in his eyes and half blinded him. The night was a dark one, anyhow, and the lamps which lit the pavement were so few and far be-

tween as to be almost useless. He had gone a couple of blocks in this way, bardly looking around at all, when suddenly something thick was brown over his head and a pair of arms were clasped about his own as he tried

to tear the covering from him. Then, kicking and struggling with might and main, he felt himself picked up bodily by what he judged must be a comple of men and carried along at a

Where he was going he had not the east idea. As to who had him he had even less idea, if that was possible. All he knew was that a thick covering, which felt like a double gunny sack, was over his head and that a hand on his month prevented his making any outery.

In a few minutes he heard the steps of those carrying him resounding on planking and he came to the conclusion that they were on one of the wharves. Then he heard a man ask if they "had him" and another say "yes," but that "he fought like a demon." Next, he felt a rope being passed around his body, lashing his arms rightly to his sides, and an instant later, helpless, he was being lowered into what he knew from its movements must be a boat. Then he could hear the regular rise and fall of ours between the thole pins and the soft run-

ning of water close behind him. Fifteen minutes later, as near as he ould judge, he was hoisted in the air, the covering was pulled from his headthe lashings around him cut loose and he found himself standing on the deck of a good-sized bark and confronting a red-bearded, surly-looking man in a sort of half uniform. On either side of him were a couple of redshirted men, evidently those who had

just hoisted him up from the boat. One glance was sufficient for Larry to realize the whole thing. He had been "shanghied," and by the very old Tasker of whom he and Jim had been talking a short while before. Tasker was short handed, could not get men because of his brutal treatment of them, and being all ready to sail had

sent out a kidnaping party to fill the

acant places. The Carstairs was off for a long ruise and Larry was off with her, just as he had gotten ashore from two years of hot suns and hard work. The whole obable future passed like a panoram: efore his mind's eye.

He was standing close to the rail. Old Tasker was waiting for him to burst out in a torrent of rage and abuse. He wondered at Larry's silence and stood there, eyeing his captive with a denoniacal leer of satisfaction. "Well, I guess yer in fer the v'yage!"

With one bound Larry was up with him, and had knocked him flat with a blow from the shoulder. The next in-stant, before any of the others could stop him, he had sprung to the rail and dived head first into the waters of the

Tasker jumped to his feet, half dazed by the blow.

"Into that boat, all o'y'!" he roared, 'and bring th' cuss back or drown him!" been unhooked, and they swarmed talks."-Detroit Free Press.

down them into the boat. In a flash the fastenings were east off and, with the second mate in the stern sheets,

they pulled away. Larry had taken a long header from the Carstairs' rail and, when he struck the water, he went down for ten feet without a stop. Then he struck out horizontally and, with quick strokes made in the direction he knew the shore to be in, all the time keeping under

At last, when he felt he must have fresh air, he let himself rise slowly, so slowly that his head made not the least splash as it broke the still water of the

Then he took a big draught of fresh air and looked around him. He was nearly a hundred feet from the Carstairs, and he heard "old Tasker" swearing and bellowing some commands to the boat.

Turning his head in the direction of the shore he saw, not twenty feet distant, the boat which he judged had been put out after him. The men were lying on their oars and the officer in the stern was standing up with his back toward him, scanning the bay around

It was evident they had not yet detected him. They were looking in every direction but the right one. But it was equally evident to Larry that he could not hope to pass them and get to shore. his only place of refuge, without being seen, when his capture would be only a matter of a short time. The night was dark, but there was a good deal of phosphorescence in the water and his movements would show him to them very speedily. Swimming under water for that distance was beyond even him, and he was an excellent swimmer.

As the boat lay there, not moving except for a slight rocking, and he saw them all looking away from him, an idea came to Larry which made him silently sink his head below the water again and strike out under water to-A few strokes and he allowed himself

to rise very gradually. Everything depended upon how accurately be had judged the distance between his first position and the boat. If he had gone three feet too little or too much his capture was insured. What he wanted what he must do-was to come up mmediately under the stern of the Presently, just as he thought his head

would come above the surface of the water, he felt something hard over him, and, reaching up, he touched the boat's bottom. With a little maneuvering he moved backward and felt his head rise above the water. He was just under the counter of the boat. "Let her go on there!" a voice growled overhead, and Larry throst one

arm forward and down and grasped the keel; the other arm he bent above his head against the sternmost part of the ounter to fend himself off with. As he lay his position was not an e asy one, but he thought he could re-

ain it for a time. His body sloped astern, entirely covered by water, so that only his head and part of his shoulders which were concealed by the soat's overhang, were above the sur-The boat started ahead slowly and-

arry thanked his stars-toward shore. for awhile they patrolled parallel with the water front and he had to hang on and hope they would come a little nearer to the wharves.

He was beginning to get very tired. He had nothing to grasp which afforded him any good hold and his fingers were becoming numb. The water swirled and rushed past his head, but it was evident the trifling noise it made was not heard by those above him. Presently the boat turned toward

shore. In a minute or so he saw the dark outline of one of the bulkheads of the piers. He glanced at the water inervening. There was about two hunired feet between him and the shore.

He made up his mind to try it. Once again he sank, having taken a ong breath, and made for the shore under water. By and by he had come to the surface again.

The instant his head broke the water there was a yell from out in the river. They had discovered him, he knew. But they were nearly a hundred feet away and he had not more than that to cover in order to be safe.

He went at it arm over arm. He had never known before how fast he could swim. They gained on him but Larry kept it up. When he reached the pier he dived under the stringer piece and his pursuers halted. They couldn't fol-

A couple of minutes later a figure apseared on the wharf. It was Larry. The men in the boat saw him shake his fist at them and then move quickly away. The second mate's heart quaked s he thought of the reception "Old Tasker" would give him when he came ack empty-handed. And Larry went off to his lodgings, well satisfied with the outcome of his adventure, notwithtanding it had given him the most unpleasant experience of his life of danger and hardship. - Francis C. Williams, in Detroit Free Press.

One of the most precious and beautiful amulets of history is that of which Moneure D. Conway tells us. It was a treasure from the past, owned by the Emperor Louis Napoleon III. It was set with a blaze of precious stones, the gift of many princes. It descended to the prince imperial, who were it as a watch charm. He wore it when he was killed among the Zulus, and it is gone no one knows where. Ah! if he had but known the rules of amulet wearing among those people and had worn it out his neck! No matter how costly was, it would then have been left unonched. The dead of battle may be tripped of every garment or ornament out that about the neck.

-A Fanny Fire.-Burlesque-"I saw a bookstore burn yesterday. It was one of the funniest sights in the world to see the firemen watering all those books." Bookworm-"To me, sir, it seems like sacrilege. Why did it strike you as funny?" Burlesque-"It was a pun." Bookworm-"A pun! I do not understand." Burlesque-"Yes, a pun, for it was a play upon words."-Mail and Express.

-Its Feminine Gender.-Bloobumper "You know that five-dollar bill you saw Hunker pay me yesterday?" Spatts "Yes." "I lost her within half an There was a rush of half a dozen of hour." "Why do you apply the feminthe men to the side. The falls had not | ine pronoun to it?" "Because money

A LION TAMER.

Observations of a Man Who Subdues Wild Beasts.

How He Came to Adopt His Dangerous Profession - The Nature of Lions and How They Are Taught to Perform.

"No, everyone cannot be a lion-tamer neither can every lion be tamed." Col. Boone-big Col. Daniel Boone. once of the confederate army, for many years superintendent of the National Zoological gardens of Peru, and at one time military instructor in the Pernylan army-was talking about lion-tuming He had just finished an exhibition with his trained beasts in the theater near by. In one corner of the round performing cage the great cats had slept until the colonel's step on the floor waked them-slept much as house cats sleep, rolled together gracefully, their paws intertwining and their heads thrown backward for comfort.

At the word of command the lions roused themselves, and after a glance at their master they sprang to their feet, crowding on each other's heels in their frightened haste to escape from their sleeping pen into the performing ring. Then they went through their tricks while the band played, and the andience kept very still. Only once did the people appland, and that was when the trainer's assistant drew her head from the mouth of the ugly, snarling lioness. But all was quickly stilled when the colonel threw himself full length on the floor and rolled and played with the biggest of the lions as though he had been a schoolboy and the lion a dog. Had one of the brutes chosen at that moment to vent the rage that he really felt against his master, in one quick blow of his great paw-but

"I knew he wouldn't when I lay down," said the trainer afterward: I force him to do this by tapping them "otherwise I should never have lain down. I can tell, of course, whether not. There are ways of knowing. I shalf tell you later on. There was once. though, when I went through a performance without that knowledge. It was shortly after the close of the war. I was living in Lynchburg, Va., with my folks and was trying to repair the family estate by dealing in tobacco. Costello's circus came to town one day, Among the performers was Herr Engel, who was killed by a tiger the next year in Hayti, a great tiger trainer in his day. He had a care of trained timers. After the show, in the village hotel I met him, and he asked me if I was afraid of tigers. I said I was not. 'Have you ever handled tigers?' he

"'About six hundred of them," I replied. I had been colonel of the Louisi-

"This talk led to a foolish wager that on the next day, which was Sunday, I should go into the tigers' den. The next morning I met my friends, and they asked me whether I was going to go into the cage.

'Of course,' I said, but I really had I an unitability os t'nin I tout seong that I had that man seared to death. I earth does all this mean? I thought no tedW. Mesmin of Snives vewn whip he growls, dances and then slinks him a few times over his nose with my entitidges from my revolver and bent hand was a five off a few blank ands. When I go into the cage where my lion is treacherous. All lions are cowwhen he makes his spring. The quiet lion is a bluffer. He makes his bluff mouse, I do not want him. The noisy quietly, like a cat coming upon a in one corner or comes up to the bars know that he is all right. If he sulks trees with a great spring and a roar t the lion throws himself against the of putting my hands between them. If bars with my whip and make pretense the eage where Mr. Lion sits. I hit the of qu allaw I dest a of di uniting ban "Simply by knowing a lion's nature HOR SOL

represent a reader. can be tamed than a man who can be that. It is easier to pick out a lion that selection, but I didn't require all of fumed, even; short time to make my Cincinnath Xone of the brutes were from the show that went to pieces in now I bought. Most of them cam Bons in Algeria, but all that I have masium, can you? I have caught some out of every boy who goes into a gymbe trained. You can't make an acrobat trainer. Only one from out of three can which I cannot explain to make him a A man must have a peculiar knack him, but they would not act for him. will run away from him and come to he feeds them and caresses them. They their eage half a dozen times a day, and make them perform. He sweeps out can do everything with my hone but and I have had him fifteen years. He beck in Hamburg since he was a baby man (art, who has been with Hagencourage alone. Take, for instance, my "And everyone ean't. It doesn't take

....Journal uoil a sd r'ans sacytone ean't be a lion Africa ever since." bere, in South America, Europe and trainer. I have been in the business famina na sanssed I vaw ods si sadTe. risked enough for one day." what you'll do! shouted longel. You've study-some out at once if not ... 'Til go through the whole show.'

... Give me the hoop, I called out stood dumb with amazement. conners. The trainer and my friends tell, and sent them cowering into their frightened tigers, beat them right and like a whirlwind. I yelled at the came out I put on the duster, put the brutes through their paces. pur acop aqi qënorqi flurads aq diqa on a big linen duster, and taking his

bak kom per, our questaid your satest. Tous pius ". You're not going into that cage," ing to the next town. stored over night preparatory to movto the barn where the cages were Herr Engel somewhere and went down forgotten all about it. We picked up thought I was.' The bluffer can be tamed sufficiently to let me go into the) they enter the orchestra. If they tuned

"I said that I would follow the train-

sneak lion. "Another thing. The lion must be place of performance, and therefore the not over two years old and he must be instruments would not be in tune. A straight-backed and strong. A weak piano that is in tune in a cold room lien breaks down very quickly during | would get out of tune if the room were training. Such a brute is worth from suddenly heated.

one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars untrained. When he is trained he is worth from three thousand to five thousand dollars, and sometimes more. It takes several years to train lions perfeetly. The first step is to show them that I am the master. Next I teach them that I do not intend to hurt them unless they disobey me. I begin caressing them with the end of my whip, and I do it gently. It is not safe to enture with your hand at first. After

this, which takes weeks and even months sometimes, I teach them to take food from my hands. When a lion disobeys I punish him, but I do it with judgment. There is a point beyond which it is dangerous to go. My left arm has no muscles from the elbow up. I whipped a lion one blow too many in Quito, Chili. If his teeth had not been worn with age I would not be "When a lion crouches down, and his

yes turn green, and his tail stops waving from side to side and merely wiggles at the end like the rattles on a rattler, look out. I stop then and give him a chance to quiet down. Sometimes ! call assistance or do anything that I can to distract his attention from me, and then I escape."

"What is the easiest trick to teach a "After getting him to come to me at command, to make him lie down. You can't throw a lion on his side with your hands as you would throw a dog in training it. After this, mounting a chair or pedestal is the easiest. But all this takes months of daily work-patient work. Never give up; that is the lion trainer's motto. "In making a lion mount a chair I generally put his meat on the seat and accustom him to eat it from there.

Then by degrees I coax him to put one paw on the chair. When he has done this I pet him. In the course of time I induce him to put both fore paws on the chair. Now comes the struggle. He does not want to put up his hind feet. with my whip until he hops up to avoid punishment. When he has once learned what I want him to do I have little trouble with him. But all this takes

"I suppose the hardest trick is putting your head in the lion's mouth?" "On the contrary, it is one of the easlest and safest. I hold the mouth open with both hands, and I can feel the least attempt to bring the jaws together with my fingers. This gives me a chance to withdraw my head in time. It is well, however, to know your beast pretty thoroughly before trying it. After I have once taught a lion a trick he never forgets it, and each time he does it easier than before. The hardest track is to drive a lion in a chariot. I have sometimes worked for years to teach that. Aker I have the harness adjusted, which takes months, I jump into the chariot and trust to Provileng. The lion dashes away like the wind, and never stops until he is winded. It's a lively race, I tell you, and must be repeated hundreds of times before I can rely on the steed to submit

to a public exhibition. "Another hard trick is the see-saw. I worked for a year before I taught Parnell to crawl backward up the plank and allow himself to be jolted up and down. When the plank, which rests in the center on a low pedestal, is at rest, one end touches the floor. I first forced the lion to turn his back to the plank. Then I tapped him on the nose and on the fore paws until he backed away from me to escape. To get him to go up the plank without leaving it and running away required almost endless patience. When he had backed as far as the center of the plank the board was of course level, and parallel with the floor. As Parnell kept on backing, the further end of the board slowly came down to the floor, and he found himself going down hill. He didn't like this. When he reached the end his part of the work was done. Then I had to teach his mate to jump up on the raised end facing Parnell. This brought the board to a level again. I teeter-tottered them up and down by having my trained dog step from one side to the other of the center of the

plank. "How about taming a lion by looking nto his eyes?" "You might as well tame him by fix-

ing your eyes on his tail. I look into my lion's eyes to see what the expression may be. There is where I find the danger signal. If the signal says 'go ahead' then I can turn my back on Mr. Lion and go ahead safely. never turn my back on him, however, within reach of his paws outside of the bars. Inside the cage I am master, but if I turn my back when I am outside and am within reach I court instant death. Female and male lions should not be kept together. The lions are more tractable when they are alone. The average lion lives fourteen years in captivity, but performing lions sometimes die younger. Tigers are more manageable than lions when once trained, but they are harder to train and make less spirited performers."-N. Y. Sun.

Salaries of Boy Singers. The salary of a boy singer Legins at cty deltars and is gradually raised can year to year according as he dislays ability until he receives as much s three or four hundred dellars a year. The salaries of men singers vary great-. because some churches are very poor nd cannot afford to pay so much; they range all the way from one hundred dollars a year to one thousand dollars. Once in awhile a very superior solo singer will receive twelve bundred dollars a year. Rebearsals are held three ares our our poduor pur dium our your or four times a week in the morning. I ave kept a record, says a writer in the New York Epoch, of all the choristers who have ever been connected with Trinity church for the past twenty-one er, and follow him I did. He first put years. We have employed one hundred ad seventy-two begs in that time and their average stay has been about five cars. The love of the choral service eems to grow upon those who take part in it, not only in boys but in men.

About Tuning Instruments. It has often puzzled the uninitiated to give a reason why musicians tune their instruments in public and not before cage without danger in a week's time, | their instruments before entering the but there is never any safety with a theater or concert room the temperature is very apt to be different in the

THE DEACON'S MEETING. How a Soul Received New Light and Inspiration.

"There, there! Somebody's a-knockin', Jotham. Do you hear? There's somebody a-comin' in.' "Let 'em come, blast it all! Don't yon suppose I've got ears as well as

There was a heavy foot on the scraper, then a vigorous rustling of the braided busk door-mat and Reny's second appeal was in a whisper

"Oh, Jotham! Don't! I'll have it put back; I'll do anything, if you'll take that thing off and not make yourself "Mind your business," growled the man addressed, and he drew up still closer around his shoulders the faded

print bed-quilt in which he had wrapped simself, and tucked the buffalo robe tighter still into the arms of his rocking-chair and about his knees. There were only two seasons in Mrs. Dea Crabbe's household. The transition of summer to winter was marked by domestic rather than solar movements. On the first day of May, unless that fell upon a Sunday, the good woman's kitchen stove was moved into the shed. the rag carpet, which had hung sus-

pended on a pole in the attle all winter, was tacked down in its place, chairs, tables and lounges crossed over and exchanged partners, and after a lively dance settled themselves down into their regular summer relations to the points of compass. After that warm weather was in order. If a belated chill ventured to make itself felt in the atmosphere, it was stoically ignored so far as the old lady berself was concerned. Her husband, who had always been, in his private home life, somewhat inconveniently left-handed in his disposition, grumbled out a few emphatic denunciations from his secular vocabulary—for he was a church deacon, and had his prayer-meeting phrasedogy as well-and then quieted down into summer routine, and knew from the transition that it was time to plant corn, beans and cabbages. He never had taken on in this fashion before. Perhaps he was getting rheumatic. Reny was just thinking over the respective curative properties of the herbs in the attic when the visitor

entered. It was the round, weather-beaten face of Sam Tooley, the stage driver, that appeared in the door. He took out the red cotten bandanna with which he was wont to muffle the trumpet blast from his nose, and after this little coremony of salute he carelessly diffused his loosely-hung members on the near-

"Well, deacon," said Sam, surveying the old man's wrappings with a quizzical air, "be ye to hum, or be ye gone to bed, or be ye out ridin'? I hoped, for the prosperity of Zion, that I should find ye to hum, 'cause you've got ter preach to-morrow. Dea Turner says so. He wanted me to tell ye that Parson Peters didn't come up to-night."

Sam was one of the most righteous of sinners. He was as upright as a saint in his dealings and as flippant as a scoffer in his speech.

"So, you see, you'd better be a castin" off the robe of your own righteousness -kind o' patch-work, ain't it?"-and Sam drew up nearer and caught hold of the corner of the bed quilt for closer inspection-"and a puttin' on the whole armor o' God. You must anoint yer feet and wash yer head and take the shield of faith and the sword of the spirit and go at 'em, hammer an' tongs. Tell 'em they're a wicked and perverse generation, and it's the Lord's marcy they ain't consumed. Reel off a list of their sins to 'em. 'Twon't hurt 'em none. Tell Bijah Davis that he'll pray like all possessed in the prayer meetin', and he's been a owin' me for hav nigh on ter three years and I can't git a cent. An' Joe Joslyn'll grind out texts of Scripture as he grinds out corn in his mill, but he'll go right home and take

three times the toll he'd ought ter. "And the women'll whine out prayers, as women allus will when they pray in meetin', and end up with a pious snuffle, an' then on their way some they'll tell a stream of lies about their neighbors big enough to carry a sawmill. I tell ye we ought ter have a few more deacons appointed to go round and look into the private lives o' these

church members. Sam paused with a look of serious concern on his face as he meditatively twirled his thumbs. The old clock never ticked so loud.

"An'then there's Christy Jones - she'll squeal out a sky-splittin' psalm about the Lord's marcy bein' everlastin' an' to all generations, when she's sent her old bed-ridden mother off to the poorhouse sos't she can be free to spin street varn. Wilbur Brown, he's another of them church fellers. Everybody knows that be starved them two-year-old critters of his'n till they couldn't stan' up, he's so 'fraid he'd have to buy hay 'fore pring. An' then the young folks-they take to the creed an' covenant mighty easy when them revival fellers come round, but they're an awful ungodly lot

for all that. "Now that's the way I'd preach to em, deacon. I'd tell 'em what's what, and say 'amen' and 'everlastin' and git off the benediction and the doxology to wind it up with, strong, and then I'd let

'em go home and think on't." And Sam began to collect his scattered members as if about to rise and 'Set still, Sam," said the deacon, who

appeared to ignore the fact that his bed quilt and buffalo were sliding down to the floor. But Sam would not let him shed the skin of his disgrace and ris into his manbood on the sly. "Your things are a gittin off, here,

he said, as he jumped up and readjusted

them with remorseless dexterity. "I'm afraid the wind 'll git in round your feet; I'll tuck this up a little tighter." "Sam, I understand you," said the deacon, and the grim jaw which had snapped together like a vice after his thunder blasts to Reny an hour before, began to relax its firmness a little. "I see clear through you and you see clear through me. I know that next time you make out a catalogue of the sins of the church members you'll put my name at the head of the list. You'll tell how I've been a deacon for thirty years, and have been so ugly to home that my oldest boy ran away and went to sea, and t'other one went to Alaska to git just as far away from me as he could, and my gal threw herself away marryin' a good-for-nuthin' feller, to have a home

of her own, and that my wife' all broke down with her trouble, Sain you'll lay it on thick, and I all an't

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dame ye none, neither." The deacon jumped up, picked up his fallen mentles and passed them over to his wife, saying, in a voice whose gentleness startled her: "Here, Ren, you'll oblige me by foldin' these up and puttin' 'em away. I shan't want' a no more. It's growin' a lecale warm, and

Yes, Sam, you may tell Den Terner . it take charge of the meetit to-morrer." "All right, deacon, you'll do fust r be, I don't doubt. Every body knows you get more ability than any other man

"An' hold on, Sam. I don't want none o' yer soft soap "bout 'ability,' but I do want you to come to-morrow an hear me. I've got a special " ason," "By George! I will! I've had a new meetin' cont for most a year, a Tthere

haint nobody asked me to wear it. Now's my chance. I'll be there," A deacon's meeting in the town of Peachblow had never been a very wildly exciting occasion, and such services were thinly attended but it was understood that a brand-new candida a Parson Peters, was to set forth the claims to orthodox soundness that day-and soundness in doctrine was a far more potent key to the kingdom than soundness in living, in the Peachblow estimation of values—and all the inhabitants had turned out to hear him. Their disage pointment was not very well-concealed The deacon saw it and felt it as he gave out the opening byean, but he had anticipated it and was strong in his purpose. The Serintures were read. the prayers offered, the notices given, and again the deacon cleared his throat and rose upon the low platform in front of the pulpit. He had no book of ser-

mons from which to read. "My friends," he said and his voice had a slight tremor, "I've been a deacon for thirty years. I ve prayed within these walls for the outpot...iu of the Spirit, for the upbuildin' of the church, for the spread of the gospel for the conversion of sinners and for the sancdication of believers. A.w I want to ask ye all to pray for me-for the salvation of my soul. Twe been a decole in' myself, and I ain't got or elaim to bein' called a child o' God. I've reasity cared a great deal more for the cleaup of my form than I have for the partfyin' of the church. I've all along beer willin' to do more an' go further for the carryin' out of my own mad to apar than I have for the spreadic of the gospel. I've prayed for the outpour of of the Spirit, and I've been a shorting my heart against it all the while When it told me I was a-do n' wrong I said 'twas other felks, and not me. When it told me I wa'n't netin' a Christian. I thought back of the time when see a kind of a light, and heavy sumthin' speak to me when there wan't nobody round, and I was sure that was conversion, and as for stayin' converted. I wa'n't no Methodist. I'd always heard say it was dishenorin' to Gost a st to believe that He'd keep a grip on a man when He once got it. And so here I be, an obstinate, selfish, worldly oldman that my own children can't bee with," and something very like a solchoked further utterance. "Brethren,

pray for me," at last he gasped, and say There was a prolonged silence. The surprise, the sympathetic mood of selfaccusation, the awakening voice of conscience in each heart produced deep impressions. No soul felt itself pure enough to respond to the pathetle

At length the other deacon arose, read a few verses from the Fifty-first Psalm and pronounced the meeting closed. A business meeting was held during the week at which wea Crabbe insisted upon resigning his office, and in recommending as his spece or a quiet young man whose life of self-denial and loving sacrifice for his invalid parents had won the love and confidence of all.

The spirit of self condemnation went round. There had been no such deep spiritual carnestness manifested in the parish for years. Little comment was ever heard upon the deacon's words. All knew that as much might be said of their own fruitless lives. There was a humble seriousness, a faithful effort at quiet rightcons living, that had not been known in all the history of the eburch, and yet there was no revival and no extra meetings. When people accuse each other there is a rebound of resistance which foils all attempts at lasting impressions, but when one's own heart and conscience are the accusers there is none to rise up and de-

fend, and the voice must be beard. "Well, Reny," said the deacon, a twelve-month later, "it's the first of May, ain't it? Do you want I should help move the things before I go out to

"No. Jottum. 1 was just a-thinkin! we'd better wait a fortnight later. We may have some more cold weather vet."-Julina O. Hall, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

WITHOUT A COUNTRY. A Monarch Who Has Abandoned All His

Milan, the former king of Servia, oc cupies at the present moment the most extraordinary position which it is possible to conceive, says the New York Recorder. He has abandoned not only all his rights as a member of the reigning house of Servia, as well as his property, honors, and dignities in the kingdom, but he has even renounced his citizenship and undertaken never again to set his foot in the country. There is some talk of his becoming naturalized as a Russian, but he has not done so yet, and accordingly he is just now without any nationality or civil status of any kind. He is without what the French describe as an etat civil, and is, to all intents and purposes, an outlaw, since he possesses no legal rights of any kind whatsoever. He is the most homeless and abandoned of creatures, and his position is so abnormal that the emperor of Austria has deemed it. necessary to deprive him of the honorary colonelship of the Austrian regiment of infantry which he has hitherto held and to remove his name from the Austrian army list. It is the first time that a king has ever placed himself in such a predicament as that of the ex-monarch of Servia, and it is to be hoped that it

will not constitute a precedent. -"Just think of it," communed the anarchist with himself. "I find a nickel in the street and two seconds afterwards I find a saloon. Some men are born lucky."-Fliegende Blatter.



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