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OUR BABY'S JOURNEY.

Our baby has taken a journey to-night To a mystic land up yonder Whose moonlit valleys are hidden quite By the dreamy clouds of wonder. And how did he go? and pray, is it far? Did he travel alone, the wee elf? Ah! yes; but I noted such turn in the way so well, that perhaps it's not boasting to say

The way is not far; but he started at dusk, When the twilight stars were peopling Most timidly through their cartain of blue, Behind which they lay all day sleeping Then far, far way, 'cross the plains of day,

Were soon filled with the dust he had sown. Yet be tarried awhile, by the peck a-boo stile: There a spray from the "drowey fountain" emed to dim the light in his eyes so bright; Then a shadow from rood night mountain Fell over the boy, then on, right on.

UNCLE GEORGE'S VISIT.

ed to Honor.

duke, by the way they treated him. boy, and by long years of toil had amassed a fortune.

And now he had come east to enjoy and visit with his fashionable but by no means wealthy relations. "Mr. Leslie," that gentleman's wife

announced one evening at the dinner table, "my unele George, whom I have never seen, is coming to visit as within a few weeks, and he says he may stay a month or two, and may conclude to take his home with us if-"Make his home with us?" snorted Mr. Leslie, putting down his cup of

guess not. I don't object to your poor relations coming here once in awhile for a few days, but as for one quartering himself with us for the rest of his natural lifetime it's too much. Haven't I told you-" "If it's agreeable," went on Mrs.

happened. large fortune and thinks, as he is over sixty years of age and in rather poor

health, he wants to enjoy a few years of rest before he dies." No stage transformation scene was ever half so wonderful as the change that took place on the chubby face of Mr. Leslie. His gray side-whiskers fairly bristled with new-found joy. But he tried hard to conceal his change of sentiment. That was diplom-

Machiavelli. "Well, I guess we can find room for him. How would it do to put him in the front room upstairs? Don't you

whose ideas ran much to society. Maybe now I'll get that pair of diamond earrings I have been awaiting for

"He may be such a horrid old guy we How they will laugh at us,"

"Do you think Uncle George would buy me a pair of ponies, mamma?" queried young Robert, who, though but nine years of age, appeared keenly alive to the situation. Uncle George came. He was a very

the family history.

whisper, "he must be very wealthy. I know he must be getting ready to make us some splendid present. For I saw him counting over an enormous roll of bills the other day, as though he were studying what to buy."

be did.

it must be owned, fared pretty well. They even gave a grand party in honor of the newly arrived relation from the west. All their friends were invited. The caterers were given carte blanche. It was really a fine affair. "We wish to spare no pains to make

exrned a good rest, I'll warrant." The fact is this was a trifle hypocritical on the part of Mr. Leslie. Truth was he was beginning to get a little anxious over the fact that Uncle George was not making any lavish expendi-

might there was another interesting little scene. It was behind a huge bank of ferns and palms that the vivacious trothed, Frank Jewett, all about the

new-found relative. "You must be very good to him, Frank," she was saying. "Of course I know he is a horrid-looking old fellow and he dresses like a scarecrow and he's as stupid as a stick and all that; but then he's rich and we all want to keep on the good side of him. If it wasn't I'll take it."

his home with us, and when he dies be will surely leave us all his money. And I wouldn't be a particle surprised, if we keep in his good graces, if he would furnish our house for us from cellar to garret when you and I are married." Was that a faint chuckle that came from the other side of the thick bank of

One morning Uncle George failed to come down to breakfast. This was not an unusual thing, for Mr. Leslie's avunmlar relative was in the habit of taking long morning strolls, "jest to brace up my appetite a bit," he would ex-

But when he failed to come back to lunch, to dinner-when night arrived and still no Uncle George-Mrs. Leslie began to be alarmed

not very well acquainted in the city. Who knows but he may have been obbed and murdered? So Mr. Leslie hunted up the chief of

"No," replied the detective with a uizzical smile, "but I wish I could. Is his his picture?" he as d. pointing to a photograph which he had selected from a large brown book. "The very man!" exclaimed Mr. Les-

How did you come by his picture?" "The gentleman has the distinction of having his photograph in the rogues' gallery," was the quiet reply. "Rogues' gallery! Why, what do you

mean, man?" gasped Mr. Leslie. "He is my wife's uncle." Can you prove that?

sand little circumstances of Uncleleorge's vis t and actions. "I tell you," continued the detective, ityingly; "this man is Louis Rebteise, one of the sharpest confidence men in the country, who makes a business of this sort of work. He has been nissing for some time, and I suppose he has been out west, where he proba-

probably find that all your silverware, ewelry and money are gone, or at least as much of them as one man can carry

The chief's surmise was correct. The choice old family plate, Mrs. Leslie's jewelry and two hundred dollars which Mr. Leslie had taken in the day before after banking hours-all were gone;

oss eight hundred dollars. In their place was a little note pinned to one pillow of the bed lately occupied by the departed. It read: I must be off. Have enjoyed myself hugely,

Sorry I can't leave you my vast fortune. No Bessle, I am afraid I won't furnish your house een on the good side of your horrid-looking

-Roston Globe.

THE FLOOR WALKER.

A Polite Individual Who Does the Gal-

The floor walker in a large dry goods ouse has come to be regarded as an ndispensable adjunct to that class of establishments. He assumes a position near the main entrance of the store, and when a lady, or several ladies, enter the emporium he takes than her sister Florence. "Fancy him | half or dozen steps forward, bows gracefully, smiles and lends an attentive car while a feminine voice exclaims: "We wish to look at some iress goods, please." "Ah, yes," he realies, "this way, if you please. Deightful morning, isn't it? Air is so bracing. Mr. Browne, show the ladies some dress goods. Trust you will be pleased, ladies. Pray let me know if there's anything else I can do for you," and then he flits back to his place up front, only to go through the same performance, with slight variations, several hundred times a day. All of the regular patrons of the store invariably addresses by name, while for a favored few he always has a choice bit of gossip which he imparts as he guides them to the department which they seek. It goes without saying that the floor walker is extremely panetilious about his personal appearance, and of him it may be truthfully said that he is "the glass of fashion and the mold of form." That he is the envied one of all the salesmen in the store I haven't the slightest doubt, for in all reason it must be far pleasanter and much more agreeable to spend one's time piloting fair dames to this part of the store and that than it is to stand behind a counter all day long and measure tape or ribbon, and descant on the beauties of gingham and calleo. But all dry goods clerks can't be floor walkers, any more than every member of a brass band can be a drum major, and so I would say to the large number of young men in Detroit who are putting in ten or twelve hours a day selling dry goods, be faithful, be Mr. Leslie. "It is our aim to make his] attentive, be polite, be prompt, and lo! last days as pleasant as possible-you it shall come to pass that some day know he is getting old-for he has seen | you, too, shall be floor walkers and en-

> one I know! They are all strange faces here, are they not?" "Naw," said the resident, "they're the same faces we see every day! Yours is the only strange one here!"-Boston

> -Poems as Pointers to the Public .-Struggling Bard-"Can you use this half-column poem?" Editor-"Certainly not. Don't want any poems, and epecially if they are long." Bard-"But this is headed 'Boil It Down' and advises correspondents to be brief." Editor-"Say, make a column of it and

Oh, you pretty robin, keeping watch beside a lowly dwelling, Where the happy sunshine rushes o'er the gorse bloom bright and gay. Where the biackbirds and the thrushes are their loud love stories telling-Do you know, I fancy, robin, you as sweetly

sing as they. Do you see that verdant meadow where the but tercups are growing. Where the golden-hearted daisies twinkle mid the tender grass?

Do you mark the lights and shadows that the As across the sky of azure they fantastically

Just above it there's a cottage, sheltered by the budding beeches, Where the cherry bloom is scattered on the By the playful south wind's antics, where the glistening ivy reaches
To the red-tiled roof and chimneys where the

green wisteria twines. Pretty robin, there's a maiden tall, and fair, and rather stately, With a voice as soft as yours is, dwelling in that very cot.

And her tresses catch the sunbeams, though

she speaks and moves sedately. And her eyes are just the color of a blue for get-me-not. Whisper, robin-can you tell me is she wan-

d'ring by the river. Where the catkins clothe the willows and the Watercresses grow? me, robin, pretty robin, and I'll be your

For her father does not love me, and so, mind you, whisper low. M Rock, in Chambers' Journal.

A BEGGAR WOMAN.

The Kind Deed That Crowned a

Broken Life. A strong breeze, sharp with the cold suggestion of coming winter, swept up from the bay and tossed the creaking boughs of the old button woods that stood along the roadside until they labored in the wind like ships at sea. The last of the fog was just disappearing and curled fiercely up from the woods and waters, rolling away in great, sodden masses. In the north a long line of snow clouds were sluggishy moving forward. There was something peculiar-almost sinister-in their slow, heavy formation, and the weatherwise fisherman off shore watched them uneasily and began to draw in tackle and make preparations to seek harbor. On the land the farmers shook their

the pumpkins and apples under cover. Of their own accord the cattle left off grazing and sought the barnyards. Now and then stragglers from some frightened flock of wild geese flew toward the south in anxious search of their mates. Near the end of one street of the little fishing hamlet was a weather beateu, wood colored homestead of one story

heads and hastened to get the last of

and a loft, surrounded by a fence almost as old as the house itself; but as one passed through the gateway and up grass-grown walk into the smoke painted kitchen the poverty of the outside surroundings was forgotten in contemplation of the profusion inside. At least this seemed to be the case with the little old woman who hobbled painfully up the path to the half open

kitchen door. There she stopped irresolutely, but the savory smell of cooking was irresistible, and she pressed slowly forward into the low doorway. The kitchen was fragrant with the odors of the Saturday's baking; from the stove at the far end of the long room came a cheerful sputtering and hissing and over it a women bent in impatient suspense. Her back was toward the door, and she did not notice the great hungry eyes that were fastened on the loaves of bread and the pies and cakes and cookies that loaded the pine table. Such profusion made the wistful eyes gleam and the withered form tremble with eagerness. But she did not venture

On the floor two children were playing. They had watched the woman's approach with childish curiosity. The youngest rose to his feet and toddled toward her. After gazing at her a few moments with his big, wondering eyes he held up the cookie he had been nibbling. She hesitated, then took it and

ate it greedily. The boy laughed and went to get another, but at this moment Mrs. Barten looked up. Her face was flushed with heat and vexation. She was about to speak sharply to the children when she caught sight of the bent figure in the doorway, and her wrath was turned. Of all things she hated beggars the most. During the summer months many of them drifted up from the neighboring seaports and proved a constant source of loss and vexation to the fishermen and farmers. Mrs. Barten had suffered with the rest, and as she turned from the stove her lips were drawn sharply over her strong white teeth. She did not see the wistful eyes and patient smile. What she saw was a cowering beggar, with some outlandish kind of head covering and a ragged shawl closely drawn about the slight

"Well?" she said, in a sharp, interrogative tone. . The old woman shivered as though something had struck her, but her face

remained perfectly blank. "A furriner!" Mrs. Barten sprang forward and drew the children from so dangerous a presence. To her a foreigner seemed all that was dangerous and depraved. A sudden sputter recalled her to the stove, and by the time she was again at isure a trace of her natural kindly sposition had come to the surface. Taking a generous handful of cookies and one of the loaves of bread, she returned to the door. But the old woman had already passed the rickety gate and was hobbling slowly down the street. Mrs. Barten looked after her regret-

"I wish I'd a-give her suthin'," she muttered, as she replaced the food on the table, "but land's sake alive," she continued, briskly, after a moment's thought, "why sh'd I feel sorry? Like as not the old tramp was jest spying round arter suthin' to steal. Most likely she'll have a dozen snacks gin her before night. Here you, Rob 'n' Liza, come back to the house this minute, and don't you dare go trapezin' out ag'in!" And with mind at rest and conscience satisfied, Mrs. Barten returned to her compounds of fragrant

Slowly the afternoon wore away; the pies and cakes and cookies disappeared from the table and were replaced by pans of crisp doughnuts and heavy spherical loaves of brown bread, with raised lines encireling them; with plat-

critical point of perfection, and flanked with dishes of vellow pumpkin and white turnip and searlet eranberry. As the table became crowded these in turn were taken to the storeroom to wait the coming of the "great day." And still the tired and flushed mistress of the kitchen went on with her mixing

The low, sullen line of clouds became more menacing and crept on until they had masked the entire sky. The wind grew strong and was soon filled with fine particles of swirling snow, but Mrs. Barten heeded not; time was too precious.

"It's growing dark," she grumbled, as she slid more pans into the oven; 'days are pesky short this time o' year.' It was only when a fierce gust of wind hurled a cloud of snow against

"For the land's sake!" she exclaimed. "It's snowing 'n' I'll lay a dollar them dratted children's out in it."

here quicker'n lightning! Receiving no reply she muttered

"Upstairs rumagin', most likely. Seems with all my work they might quit their didoes for awhile." But when a sharp call up the stairs failed to elicit response she began to look anxious. Throwing a shawl over her head she went out into the yard. The snow was now whirling past in blinding sheets, and the keen wind cut one like a knife. Already white drifts

A thorough search of the yard failed to show any trace of the children and she returned to the house to decide on her next move. She could not determine the direction the childish feet had taken and once out of sight of the house she knew there was little probability of their finding their way back by themselves. There was no danger of their being lost unless they wandered away from the village, but 'Liza had scarcely scovered from the measles and Mrs Barten had all the mother's horror of

wet feet and colds. attention to the stove. When she returned to the door she saw a bent figure coming up the path. A moment later and the old woman stood before her. but now the ragged shawl was closely wrapped around one child, while another clung to her skirts, sobbing bitterly. The stranger's face was full of a wistful tenderness, but Mrs. Barten did not see it. Assured of the children's safety, her feelings underwent a quick change. Her child in the arms of a dreaded "furriner." In a moment she had hurrled the little ones to the fire and was removing their outer

She was aroused from her reflections by the entrance of her husband. "More wet feet, eh?" he said, as he

drew a chair to the stove. "Aller's wet feet when there's anything to wet 'em in." she returned. Then, after a moment, she added:

before this."

"Then I'm shet o' thet trial," she said, in a relieved tone. "Some of the neighbors will be sure 'n' take her in.' All night long and the next day and night the snow whirled and drifted about the village. Then the sun came out and the men and boys took their teams and shovels and began to dig communications between the houses. As the paths became clear one neigh-

At length some one mentioned the learned that no one knew of her whereabouts; nearly all had seen her, and most of them confessed that they had

sent her away with a "flea in her bonnot." One man thought she went toward the Freeman house. This was a deserted building just out of the village. Without hesitation the men took their shovels and began to dig vigorously in

"Lucky there's a good fireplace and plenty of fuel in the old house," said one. "The old lady can keep warm, but I guess she'll be mighty hungry." When they reached the house there

was no sign of its being occupied. "She ain't here," said the man who had spoken before, as he threw open

But he was mistaken; they found her

The Poor Queen of China. physique, strikingly handsome, and of so firm and strong disposition that all other wills must bend to hers. When the emperor inadvertently does something to displease her he is made to regret it and as for his poor wife she has nothing to say at all. She isn't even allowed to have a good time as

ABOUT BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

A good camel will travel one hundred miles a day for ten days. WHILE Billy Smith's bounds were running a mink recently a large bawk swooped down and eaught the mink and carried it off, writes a Hix (Ga.)

correspondent. owl was a warrior, its head being full of porcupine quil's, indicating a recent battle.

The king may rule o'er land and sea, The ford may live right royally. The sadier ride in pomp and pride, The saffor roam o'er ocean wide

The farmer he must feed them all The writer thinks, the poet sings, The craftsman fashions wondrous things e doctor beals, the lawyer plends. The miner follows the precious leads:

The merchant he may buy and sell. The teacher do his duty well

From king to began, whate'er befull The farmer he must feed them all. The farmer's trade is one of worth; He's partner with the sky and earth, He's partner with the son and rain,

But the farmer he must feed them all God bless the man who sows the wheat, Who finds us milk and fruit and meat: May his purse be heavy, his heart be light. His cattle and corn and all go right

THE TWO MIGGSES.

The Story of a Misunderstood Nature.

"I think it's an outrage!" "I should say it was. When we can scarcely stand one Miggs, the idea of having two Miggses thrust upon us!" Miss Clara entered the room just in time to hear the last remark. "I hope the members of my mission band are not engaged in talking against their neighbors," she said gravely.

There was a deep silence for a moment: then Edith Lyle asked thoughtfully: "Miss Clara.do you think a schoolteacher ought to be cross?" "And scold half the time?" added an-

other girl. "And wear shabby dresses?" said a

"And fix her hair in the very horridest fashion she can think of?" was the question of a fourth. "As I am not acquainted with any such person," said Miss Clara, quietly, "I am scarcely prepared to answer your

"Oh! but you do know our teacher. Miss Miggs, and she is guilty of every one of these charges," exclaimed Etta Wright, impulsively: "and not one of us can endure her, yet her sister has been appointed assistant. It is awful to think of having two Miggses!

"I say so, too," said Annie Jennings, The other girls looked up anxiously to see what reply Miss Clare would make to these assertions. Miss Clare was the very picture of neatness and sweetness and gentleness. This her Sabbath-school girls had repeatedly affirmed. In fact, they believed that she was everything that is reoulsite to make

could not sanction carelessness of dress or hasty temper, and surely she must side with them in this case. Much to their disappointment, she quietly dismissed the subject by promsing to take it up at some future time. "But now for business, girls. How many aprons are we going to make this

up the perfect lady. They knew she

afternoon?" "Oh! ever so many if you will read to us while we sew." "I thought of telling you a story instead of reading it. How will that

"Better! better!" cried a number of the girls, simultaneously, and the other ones also agreeing, Miss Clare began: "Several years ago there lived in the village of Cressbury a girl by the name of Julia Hagermann. Julia was fonder of study than the majority of girls of her. age, but her favorite subject was music. Indeed, her love for that was passionate, and her greatest joy was to sit before a piano. But such instruments were not plentiful in those days, and the Hagermanns were too poor to afford one. Sometimes Julia would find a chance to run into a neighbor's where there was a piano and spend a few minutes trying to teach herself from the beginning of the exercise book; but tnese spare minutes were scarce, for there was a great deal of work to be done in the Hagermann family, and, as Julia was the cidest child, the bulk of it fell to her lot. She often thought if she only had a piano she would practice early and late in the hope of be coming a fine musician; then what wondrous things she would accomplish for

her family! "One day an uncle of Julia's died and left her some money. She had been his favorite niece, and he wished her to spend the money just as she pleased; he thought there was probably enough to purchase the long-wished-for piano. You may be sure that Julia was very happy when the money came into her possession; and she had begun to wonder what kind of a piano it was best for her to buy, when she overheard her father saying that unless he could raise money to liquidate a certain debt his creditor would make considerable trouble for him. The money ought to be ready the following day, and Mr. Hagermann had no way of raising it. The amount he owed was about equal to the sum Julia had for the piano, and the unselfish girl went at once to her father laid the money in his hand, and

said: 'Take this. I can wait for my "The look of unutterable relief that came into his face when I gave it to him more than repaid me for the sacrifice. Julia afterward said to her

mother. ""My precious girl!" Mr. Hagermann eried, 'it shall not be for long. You'll have a piano as soon as I can get it. though I am compelled to work day and night for the money.

"A short time after that Mr. Hager-

mann was accidentally killed, and thus

Julia lost a kind and loving father. This was the first great sorrow of her life. But though the family was deprived of the principal bread-winner and found it very difficult to make both ends meet. Julia still clung to the hope of owning a piano and becoming a musician. She attended school, and worked hard before and after school hours to help her mother support the family. When she was sixteen years of age their circumtances improved somewhat, for two of the boys were then working, and Julia and her mother were plentifully supplied with sewing, for which they were well paid. Thus they managed to save money to buy a piano, but when once more ready to make the purchase were again prevented. It had become neces

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live with them, and she was such a nervous old lady that the children constantly annoyed her by their boisterous ways; therefore the doctor advised Mrs. Hagermann to take her to an old la-

dies' home. The one he recommended

was an excellent institution, but a certain sum of money must be paid before she could enter. The grandmother went gladly, but she never knew that Julia's piano money was again sacrificed for another's good. "The following year Mrs. Hagermann married a man who proved to be intemperate and brutal. No one but the famly will ever know the suffering he

caused them until they were relieved of his presence by death. About this time Julia graduated and received an appointment as teacher in a school near home. Now, she thought, she would surely realize her fondest hopes; but as fast as she saved money it was needed diphtheria entered the home and took away the three boys, leaving of the years old. The expense and sorrow mind that she went hopelessly insane.

back. 'All I can do is to live for Elsie and my poor mother." "The mother is dead, and the little sister is grown up row and hopes to be able at least partly to repay Julia for her devotion; but she cannot give her back the buoyancy of youth or the healthy body and nerves that accompanied it. How do you think a class ought to treat a teacher who has ex-

of the girls, quickly. "Even though she is cross sometimes, and cannot smile because she is unable to forget how her poor mother died?" added Miss Clare. "Why, yes, they ought to make allowance for her," said Annie Jennings.

and wears her hair in an unbecoming style?" still further questioned Miss "Oh! you can't - you surely can't mean Miss Miggs?" cried Josie Thayer. "Of course not," said Etta Wright,

decidedly; "this lady was named Hagermann. "But, my dear," returned Miss Clare, "you remember her mother married again. The second husband was named Miggs. That was another of she disliked it very much."

how shamefully we have treated her!" "And we have been so annoying today," said Etta, penitently. "It is uscless to spend time in vain regret over the past, my dears. We can only make up for mistakes by doing better in the future. When you are again tempted to judge a person, re-

ces which excuse the faults that you are so quick to notice." Meanwhile Miss Miggs sat alone in her room grieving over her failures in school work. It had been an exceedingly trying day, and she had lost her temper a number of times. How could she control those large scholars and win respect from the little ones? Furthermore, how could she bear to have gentle Elsie come and witness her impatience and lack of success? These questions still remained unsettled

when she started wearily to school the following day. But during the first session it seemed to her that she had somehow solved the problems after all. The girls had never behaved so well, and the boys appeared to profit by their example. In fact, teaching had never before been so pleasant and easy; she did not lose her temper once through the day, and at three o'clock, when her scholars bid her good afternoon pleasantly, the poor teacher wondered if she could possibly be dreaming. But no, there was the same state of affairs day after day; the girls and boys who had been most troublesome seemed to be making a decided effort to behave well; there was a marked improvement in the conduct of the whole school, and when Elsie appeared to take charge of the little ones, Miss Miggs was proud to introduce the scholars to her. As for Miss Elsie, the girls immediately fell in love with her charming face and manners. "She is just as pretty and lovely as she can be," was the verdict; "doesn't look one bit

like her sister." But after awhile they noticed that Miss Miggs seemed to be growing younger and better looking. Elsie was the fairy that brought the transformation; she dressed her sister's hair beomingly and saw that she had clothing suitable for a school-teacher. YYou can afford it, dear, you know," she said to Julia one day. "You must not spend

"Miss Miggs is almost handsome today!" exclaimed Etta Wright. "How

happiness does beautify one's counte-Miss Miggs thinks she is too old now to attempt becoming a grand musician, but it would do you good to see the comfort afforded her by that piano .-

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Take no other, Male only by name vectors and the name of the name Mountain House

STAR SHAVING PARLOR CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

JAMES H. GANT. Proprietor



PHILADELPHIA.

POTATOES

G. W. BRAMBLE, Fair Lee, Kent Co. With 900 pounds of Powell's Green Bag Fertilizer for Potatoes, on 154 land is considered, this is largest crop

Baltimore, Md.

Centre Street, New Jail.

I might take the same journey myself.

Came the sund man, so stent and lone.

And to buby's surprise, both his big shining eyes

grirized, I sit stient and wonder. Neath the stariit arches of by-low-by; He calmly glides wishout murmur or cry, Right into the land up yonder. But I trust in the morn, o'er the sun-klased

Our loved babe will return from the slumber Mrs. Mary Felton, in Good Housekeeping.

The "Relative" Whom All Delight-You would have thought he was the prince of Wales, or at least a lord or a But he wasn't. There was nothing blue-blooded or princely about him. He was only plain George Lewis, a rough, hardened old miner, who had gone to the Black Hills when he was a

coffee with a vicious jerk. "Well, I

Leslie, calmly resuming at the point where she had been, interrupted by her irate spouse, as though nothing had "And he says that he has made a

acy. And one of Mr. Leslie's fondest elusions was that he was a second

think it ought to be repapered, Mrs. Leslie?" said the husband. And, of course, Mrs. Leslie, who had been asking for such an improvement for some weeks, eagerly assented and thanked her stars for more than one reason that her uncle was coming. "Won't it be splendid to have, him here?" said Miss Florence Leslie, a rather tall, stately young woman

shall all be ashamed of him," suggested slangy Miss Bessie, a year younger sitting on our veranda with a big slouch hat and his trousers tucked into his boots when the De Goodleys drive by.

modest, unassuming gentleman, with a bronzed face and the quiet ways of a man who has been an exile from society for years. And, strange to say, he was rather averse to talking about "He's a very modest man, Uncle George is," said Mrs. Leslie, explaining this peculiarity to a neighbor. "But do you know," she said, in a mysterious

Mr. Leslie, too, was likewise eagerly expectant. He had really begun to like Uncle George-at least he thought And so it went down to the youngest member of the family. Uncle George,

my dear uncle feel at home," said Mrs. Leslie to her friend, Mrs. Gordon, that "To make him feel at home," echoed igh times out in the west, and has

tures of his vast wealth. In another part of the house that Miss Bessie was explaining to her befor that we wouldn't have him in the "But papa is going to let him make

ferns and palms?

"Lam afraid something has happened to him," she said to her husband. "He

detectives and reported the mysterious lisappearance. He described the miss-"Was the gentleman's right foresinger issing up to the inlidite point?" asked

"Yes," replied Mr. Leslie, wondering now the chief knew that fact. "And he had a sort of innocent, rus tic, modest air about him?" "Yes, yes," said the other; "you have found him, then?"

lie. 'Has anything happened to him?

"Why, yes-that is-well"-stammered the now thoroughly astounded man. New light was thrown on a thou-

carned enough of your family story to "If you search your house you will

bly met the real Uncle George and

to cross the threshold.

He Was a Stranger. "Alas," exclaimed the returned native as he wiped his eyes with his pocket handkerchief. "Alas, alas! I see no

ters of juicy meats, browned to the

angrily:

and tasting and baking.

the window that she looked up.

Hurrying to the door she called shril-"Bob! Liza! March your boots in

were forming in the fence corners and sheltered places. Objects a dozen yards away were becoming indistinct.

A smell of burning bread drew her

garments. What contamination and disease might not lurk in the ragged shawl and draggled skirts!

You go tell the old woman she can come in to the fire. Beggars and young 'uns are enough to make folks lose their wits. "I passed an old woman outside the gate," he said, as he took his pipe from the shelf and began to fill it. "If it's her you mean, she's half down the street

bor after another sallied forth to gossip over the events of the storm. old beggar woman, and then it was

that direction. And Mrs. Barten worked with the foremost.

the door. inside. She was dead.-Kansas City Times. The queen of China is really to be pitied. At least so say the Chinese correspondents. As the very young wife of her boy husband she is entitled to a very large slice of royal good times. But the empress dowager is a strongminded lady and rules with an iron hand. She is a woman of powerful

she might have if she were left alone.

A BIG owl tried to carry away a dog at a lumber camp on the Machias river. Maine, but was captured by one of the logging crew after a lively fight. The

To PROTECT itself from the rain the orang-outang crooks its arms over its head. The hair on the orang's upper arm points downward, while on the lower arm it points upward, the apparent purpose being to shed the rain

THE FARMER.

But this or that, whate or befall, The farmer he must feed them all

But men may toll through busy days, Or men may seroll through pleasant ways

And no man loses for his gain: And men may rise, or men may fall, For the farmer he most feed us all.

for something in the family. Finally children only Julia and a little girl four this occasioned you can imagine; I shall not attempt to describe it. Then came the saddest affliction of all. The trouble through which she passed had caused such a strain on Mrs. Hagermann's Of course she had to be removed to an asylum; and Julia became a mother to little Elsie. Then I gave up all hope of becoming a musician,' she said to me with tears that would not be kept

perienced so much trouble?" "With kindness, of course," said one

"Even though she dresses shabbily

Julia's sacrifices. She took the name 'Miggs' to please her mother, though "Then it was our Miss Miggs, after all," exclaimed Edith Lyle. "O girls!

member that there may be circumstan-

another cent on me now." But the most beautiful light came into Miss Miggs' eyes the day the trustees sent a piano to the school. The larger scholars had secretly demanded t, and the morning it arrived they reoiced with exceeding great joy because of the happiness it caused their teacher.

-S. Jennie Smith, in Demorest's Maga-

of magazine small arms, and one not yet submitted to the United States army board, is the gun that has just been put in test by the Italian authorities. The rifle is four feet long and of the smallest caliber yet attempted, .256-inch. The speed of the bullet is 2,360 foot-seconds, and as regards its penetrative force it is said that the ball will pierce two mattresses and two planks five inches thick at a distance of nearly a mile. Loading is effected by means of chargers containing five cartridges arranged so that a repeating fire may be obtained until the magazine is exhausted. Many of the experts who attended the trials are of the opinion that the weapon is the most destructive at present existing sary for Mrs. Hagermann's mother to among European armies.