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Cambria

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A PREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year in a lyance

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F. X. FERS.

ANSELM AND THE HARE. Anselm, the priest from Italy,

Obedience from monks and kings,

Their spreading boughs along the way. From out the wood there rushed a hare,

They paused amazed, for, wild with fright, The trembling creature swiftly sprang

Her hopes of safety on him hang. "Behold," he spake with gentle voice,

"Low she beneath my horse's feet Hath sought a refuge. Think ye not To send her safely forth were meet "In need man flees to God for aid.

That morey which he spekeen light Shall he not grant the firmumius beast That, fearful, shrinks, afruid to die?

Anselm, the priest, rode on again.

-Gulielma Zollinger, in N. Y. Independent.

A MIDNIGHT STRUGGLE. How I Was Saved from an Assas-

able fortune in gold dust. Other miners, working not a quarter of a

mile from our claim, had labored equally as hard, but luck was against them, and their earnings had amounted to almost nothing. There were stragglers about the mines who would not hesitate to murder a miner for his gold, if it was known the night before, George Wolfang, a | deep wound in his shoulder.

crusted around a bullet hole in his breast. No clew to the perpetrator of the deed could be found. It was all On the day of which I am about to make particular mention, I was in our cabin, after a hard day's work under a scorching sun, weighing our gold dust. Bill had just started down to the lake for water, preparatory to getting sup-per. I had finished weighing the gold, and was about to deposit it in the se-

the only window in the cabin. I dropped the bag of gold dust, and raising my eyes in the direction of the window I saw a man's face pressed close to the glass, with his villainouslooking eyes fixed greedily on the bag of gold dust which now lay on the floor. I snatched my revolver from my belt and cocked it, but when I looked again

I immediately rushed to the door and opened it, but was only in time to catch a glimpse of the man's form as he disappeared in the thick foliage

I knew pursuit was useless, as darkness was fast approaching. With evil forebodings as to the result of the discovery of the villain, which I believed him to be, I returned to the cabin, and found Bill Sutton there before me.

"Wast is the meaning of this?" he asked, as I entered, pointing to the opened bag of gold dust on the floor. I explained to him what had tranpired during his absence. "Tom," he said, gravely, when I had

It's my opinion that fire fellow who murdered and robbed George Wolfang, and the man you detected spying upon

warm recention," said Bill, as he care-

sure I saw that face at the window. with its devilish eyes peering greedily at the bag of gold dust. In the midst of my sleep I would awake with a nervous start, imagining that he stood

One day Bill had occasion to go to the neighboring town of Stubville, sit-

should happen to pay you a risitafraid, but give him an ounce of cold lead, or a couple of inches of steel, and solve the mystery of the murder of George Wolfang," said Bill, as he shouldered his rifle and started off for Stub-

I watched him till his form was hidden from view in the forest, and then

Darkness soon came on, and, after having securely barred the door and window, I retired to bed, but I could not sleep. The moon, which had heretofore been hidden from view by the clouds, now shone out with unusual brilliancy, lighting up the whole cabin. A feverish unrest was upon me. Thoughts of the event of the week previous began to flit across my brain. After tossing about uneasily upon my bed for a couple of hours I at last fell tell, but I was awakened by a creak-

ing noise in the direction of the door. I opened my eyes, and the sight that met my gaze sent a thrill through my body. There in the doorway stood the owner of the identical face I had seen at the window. In one hand he carried a dark lantern, while in the other was a long, murderous looking knife.

My revolver and knife were under my pillow. I strove to grasp them, but my hand seemed paralyzed.

He entered, closed the door noiselessly, and crept on tiptoe toward me, keeping the knife still firmly clutched Heavens! was I to be murdered in my bed, with a revolver and knife under my pillow? But he did not give me much time for deliberation. With a eat-like tread, my visitor neared my bed. He was now bending over me with the knife upraised ready to strike the blow which would deprive me of life. I could feel his hot breath scorch my cheek, but I feigned to sleep soundly. Suddenly a puff of wind snapped a limb off one of the trees outside the cabin and hurled it against the door.

He lowered the upraised hand and

cause of the noise. Now was my chance. Far better to die fighting than be murdered without raising a hand in my own defense With a weapon in my hand I would have a chance for life, otherwise I would have none. Quick as thought I plunged my hand under the pillow. I had no time to make a choice of the weapons, but took the first one I got my hand on, a long, glittering knife, as large if not larger than the one he held

in his hand. Startled by the noise, the villain turned quickly about. With a yell of defiance I jumped out of the bed and rushed upon him knife in hand. Muttering a curse, he dropped the lantern and rushed forward to meet me.

The knives clashed together with terrific force, each of us straining every nerve to break the other's guard and drive his knife into the other's bosom. It was a fight for life now. Each of us knew that one or the other must die My antagonist was a tall, muscular fellow, while I was a mere boy; but what I lacked in strength I made up la agility.

my knife from my hand he began to lose all control of himself. By a quick movement on my part I succeeded in that he had any in his possession. Only | turning his knife aside and inflicting a me, and before I had time to leap aside

and evade him he had struck my knife from my grasp and hurled it to the other side of the cabin far beyond my With almost herculean strength he bore me to the floor, and, placing his knee upon my breast, he held me down

he bent over me, knife in hand. "I guess ver hain't forgot Wolfang, have ver?" he said, tauntingly. "I'm goin' to serve yer the same way. Won't ver partner ramp and tear when he finds yer here dead, with this yer knife in yer careass and all his dust gone. Dead men tell no tales!"

I shuddered as he raised the knife I could not.

Ah! what was that? The doorway was darkened for a moment. Then there was a flash, a report, and the fell lifeless to the floor and I fainted.

miners were bending over me. Bill was bathing my forehead. When I recovered sufficiently he related to me the circumstances of my narrow escape. When about fifteen miles from the sabin he had met the supply wagon on ic way to the mines, and, as he had other business in Stubville but to obsin supplies, he returned with the vagon to the miners' headquarters, bout a quarter of a mile distant. After vaving it he at once hastened to the bin and arrived just as the villain's life was about to pierce my breast. thout a moment's hesitation he poorht his rifle to his shoulder and red, with the results already known

NAMED AFTER A PROFESSOR.

the Gillichthys is its mouth, which i about one-third the length of its body. It is good to eat, and the Chinamen in the neighborhood of San Francisco dig in the marshes for specimens. "The other mud fish is a native of the

ing fish.

it occupies the holes made by fiddler crabs. When it is hopping about on the mud it is usually in pursuit of crusta ceans or of a peculiar kind of slug that affords its favorite diet."

PERSONAL PARTICULARS,

J. I. Case was essentially a self-made His fortune is estimated at \$5,000,000. MRS. A. T. STEWART paid \$500 a pair

curtains that cost \$200 a yard. Mrs. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt have received \$22,000 from contributors for the purpose of establishing an infirmary at Yale university.

Mrs. JACKSON says in her memoirs of her husband, Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, that whenever she visited the general in camp he "spout all of his leisure time in playing with their baby." O. H. BENTLEY, who lives at Wichita. Kan., is one of those men never happy

unless writing to some public man, During the last three years of Senator

SAVED BY AN APE.

A Yankee's Remarkable Adventure

Why I stopped in Panama on my return from my trip to South America is a mystery. The quaint Spanish fashion of the old city interested me, and l found it difficult to tear myself away. When I was ready to leave my brief so journ in the country had inspired me with so much confidence that I eagerly embraced the suggestion of my landlord to cross the isthmus on horseback. "Take it leisurely," he said; "follow

along the canal, You can make the journey in a couple of days and you will not mind spending a night in one of DeLesseps' villages." Now the canal was a pet hobby of mine. I was anxious to see how it was progressing. Besides, I had a friend

the old road. It touches various points

wanted to pay him a visit. The next morning I mounted a gentle mustang, furnished by my host, and set out for Aspinwall, the Altantic port, where I intended to take the steamer. As I wished to reach the camp of my friend Jackson by midday, I rode rapid-

ly during the morning. At one place the road ran along in sight of the canal for half a mile. Here I saw a scene not to be matched anywhere on earth. Enormous machines were at work excavating thousands of tons of dirt, and countless wagons were employed removing the loose earth. Myriads of workmen swarmed everywhere, jabbering to each other in all the tongues of the known world. Among them were men from all the countries of the world-Americans, Africans, Chinamen, West Indians and Malays. The fierce looks cast upon me by these fellows alarmed me; but I pretended to be a calm spectator of the animated scene. One of the contractors was about, and from him I learned that I would find Jackson about five

miles further on. "Are you armed?" asked the con-I told him that I had a revolver. "You will probably need it before

you reach Aspinwall," said he "You are passing through thirty thousand of the worst cut-throats that were ever collected together." After hearing that I had a great mind to return to Panama, but the dread of

being laughed at made me decide to push on. Assuming a determined, businesslike look, I put spurs to my mustang and ambled through the motley gang of laborers until I had the satisfaction of leaving them behind me. Fortunately I encountered no obstacle, and Jackson's camp was made just in time for dinner.

Here I was safe. Jackson was a big fellow, whose men were nearly al Americans. He was delighted to see me and gave me a capital dinner. During the two hours that I spent with irim I filled him full of news and he, on the other hand, told me a lot of wonderful things about the canal. He made no secret of his conviction that the enterprise would drag along for years, but, as he was making bushels of money, the delay played into his hands. As I declined to stay all night with him, Jackson gave me some directions about my route, and at my departure confided to me a package containing ten thousand dollars, asking me to deposit it for him in one of the banks at Aspinwall, I suggested that there was danger in carrying such a sum of money through the country, but the stalwart fellow laughed at my fears. He said that I would make the hacienda of Don Francisco Mendez at nightfail, where I would be royally entertained. By day-

light he thought I could take care of While this was going on I saw two brutal looking Mexicans at a short distance watching us intently and conferring together in low tones.

"I don't like the looks of those ras-"Hello, there! Pedro, and you, Juan," shouted Jackson. "Get to work, you

luzy beggars!" The Mexicans growled, and sullenly "They are two of the worst men in

camp," said Jackson, "but they are not libraly to bother you." I had my doubts; but the prospect of staying all night with Mendez somewhat reassured me, and I started off in very good spirits. My road took me through a seene of bewildering beauty. The tropical foliage round me glittered with all the hues of the rainbow. Unknown flowers of gorgeous magnificence and overpowering fragrance

brightened the roadside. Suddenly I came upon a pond of clear water in an open space. Hot, dusty and travel-worn, I could not resist the temptation. Without counting the consequences I fastened the mustang to a sapling and undressed in a hurry, placing my revolver under my clothes on the edge of the water. Then I plunged in and enjoyed a refreshing swim. One thing annoyed me. All along the way I met with monkeys everywhere. They were of all sizes, and the

interest they took in my movements amused me not a little. Sometimes they chattered at me indignantly and shook their fists almost in my face. At a wave of my hand, however, they fled in precipitate terror. As soon as I entered the lake the

monkeys took fresh courage. They scrambled about in droves and abused me to their hearts' content. Among them was one of a species that I had not seen before. He was a ferocious looking monster, fully five feet high and as muscular as a bear. Before I | friends. realized the situation this great longlegged fellow swooped down on my clothes and started with them for the woods. For a moment I was absolutely paralyzed. It was no joke to ride to Aspinwall in a decent rig, but I had no

fancy for the role of Lady Godiva. There was no time to lose. The monkey had left my revolver, and as soon as I could seize it I fired. He gave a howl of rage and dropped everything but my coat. I hastily jumped into my recovered garments and gave chase. It was useless. The thief scurried up into the top of a tall cocoanut tree, and in a twinkling of an eye put on my coat, buttoning it round him, and then proceeded to hurl cocoanuts at me with such precision that I was glad to quickly leap into the saddle and ride off. But my troubles had just begun. I

key showed a disposition to follow me. After firing at him several times I gave it up. His tough hide seemed bullet proof, and there was no chance to kill

him unless I shot him in the eye. The declining sun warned me that it was time to seek shelter for the night, and I knew that in these tropical solitudes there was no twilight. I saw no cultivated fields, no houses, ro signs of

The situation was growing serious. Oceasionally a stone weighing a pound or two was hurled at me from some leafy covert, and then the gigantic monkey would give a horrible laugh and scamper away. He was a funnylooking chap in my blue flannel coat, but I was too angry to enjoy the comic aspect of the matter. It struck me that if the brute caught me in the dark he would make an end of me in no time It was both borrible and humiliating such a death in the tangled forests of

Just then I saw a short distance off, in a clearing, a square stone but. Here was shelter and protection. I was not disappointed much to find it uninhabited. It was strongly built, with no windows, and one entrance, from which the door had long since rotted away. A stepladder led to the loft. Ascending, I found a small apartment dimly lighted by round holes in the wall, which had evidently been used by sharpshooters at some revolutionary period in the history of the country. My mind was made up in an instant. went back to my mustang and picketed him about one hundred and sixty yards from the hut in the bushes. Then I returned to my fortress just as darkness closed in upon me, and sought refuge in the loft, pulling up the ladder after me. I was safe here, even from the monkeys, and I lay down feeling a sense of

It must have been late in the night when I heard something moving in the room under me. Looking through the opening in the floor I could see nothing. I struck a match, and by the flickering flame recognized the monkey. The wretch still wore my coat, and in the dim, uncertain light his appearance

I lay down again knowing that the beast could not get into the loft, and commenced planning for his destruction in the morning. I was satisfied that the animal belonged to a species of mountain apes, of great strength and terrible ferocity. Their cunning, I heard, was almost human, and they did not scruple to attack men and rend them limb from limb. I concluded, when the morning light appeared, to draw the brute's attention and shoot

"If, as you say, Pedro, this American is inside, we should ambush him and shoot him when he comes out in the

"Now, by all the saints, Juan," was the reply of Pedro, "you are a cowardly fool. The Englishman, like all his countrymen, has his eyes open, and

into the hut rustled under his feet. There was another whispered consultation, and the Mexicans rushed into the

I heard two dull thuds, and knew headlong against the walls.

"Mother of Moses!" gasped Juan. "Knife him!" The robbers made another rush. "Ah! ah!" yelled Pedro. "Where are

my knife. "He is a demon!" groaned Juan. "He is pounding my head against the wall!" A volley of yells followed and then a chorus of groans. Through it all I heard an ominous dull thud. At length silence prevailed, and I knew that all

My last match was gone, but to my great delight it was almost morning. With the first rays of daylight I peered through the hole in the floor. It was a ghastly sight that met my gaze. The bore dark blue marks.

Sitting in the corner was the monkey. He was bleeding profusely and was evidently seriously hurt. At first I thought I would spare him. He saved my life and I was grateful. But when I fixed the ladder and descended the untamable beast prepared for a spring, and there was such evident malice in his eyes that I aimed at his eye and fired. One shot did the work. He rolled

over dead. saddle and on my way to Aspinwall. mouth shut until I was again among

Of course, I have never wasted any regret on Pedro and Juan, but I still hold my horrible friend, the monkey in great esteem, -N. Y. Dispatch, Victoria's Throne.

The English throne, used in the coronation ceremonies of the kings and queens of Great Britain, is simply an

KITTY NEAL.

In clouds from the armie-houghs The white petals are blowing The pease are ready to bloom And the clover is growing.

So long by her basket of work Kitty Neal had been sitting That a fever danced in her feet Of desire to be filtting;

Was asleep at her knitting Ah, what it a lad at the gate For your coming were waiting? If the May were just at its prime, And the orloics mating? Should a maiden with love in her looks

Be too long in debating As still as a bird from the bough, She is gone from her station. Poor Will has been waiting so long And to wait is rekation.

Two hearts at her coming heat high So kisses and true-lovers' vows And white petals were snowing At the gate of the orehard that day, Then back to her sewing:

Never knew of her going.

-Isane Ogden Rangin, in Harper's Bazar TRACING A WATCH.

And her grandmother, waking at last,

How Mr. Broomberry Unwittingly

Made a Discovery. Broomberry was on his way down town, intending to get off at the Van Buren street station. Just before reaching that point an acquaintance sat down beside him and began to talk about a murder that had been committed just a year before on the north side. Being a city hall man, Broomberry's acquaintance knew a great deal about the murger; he knew old Kloptock, the victim, and in an exceedingly discreet and sunken-voice manner be intimated to Broomberry that he had a pretty shrewd idea as to who committed the deed. By this time the train had passed the Van Buren street station-was just pulling out, in fact, and Broomberry, determined not to miss an appointment, jumped off the train. He looked at his watch a min ute later and found that in jumping off he had broken the crystal. He kept his appointment, and then stepped into

a jeweler's to get a new crystal. "Where did you get it?" the jeweler asked when, after completing his work, he handed the watch to Broomberry.

"I got it from a friend of mine. "Nothing, only you've got a rare watch, not in value but as to number. About thirty years ago a company of men built a factory at a little town called Romney, in Massachusetts, and began to manufacture watches, but as some sort of disaster befell the concern, only three watches were ever completed, and this is one of them." "You don't say so," exclaimed Broom-

berry. "Well, well; and I shouldn't have known of the rarity of my proper ty if I hadn't broken the crystal in jumping off a train this morning. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to trace this watch back to the factory, if I can; and I'm going to write a description of the hands through which it has passed and make a book of it. Won't that be an odd little volume 'The History of the Watch?' I am much obliged to you, sir. You've given me an idea, and to a man who is so unfortunate as to be compelled to make his living by thinking, an idea is almost a necessity. Ah, but pardon me for not answering your question. I got the watch from Henry Lucas, gave him forty-five dollars for it about two months ago. If the history should be

interesting enough to print, I'll give you a copy of it. Good day." Broomberry called on Henry Lucas. He found his friend absorbed in the work of "running up" figures in an im-

mense book. "Ah, Broomberry. Sit down." "No, I haven't time. Say, where did you get this watch? Only three of them made and all that sort of thing. Just want to get the history of it, you know. "I bought it from a fellow named

Martin Kelly." "Where do you s'pose I can find him?" "He works in the post office." Broomberry went to the post office He had struck a new line of work and was delighted. Mr. Kelly was easily

"I got it from Mark Hammonds," said he. "The dence you did" Broomberry exclaimed. "Why, he was the cause of my breaking the crystal this morning. I was talking to him and passed my station, and then had to jump off. I'll go right down to the city ball and see

"Where did I get it?" Hammond replied, in a carcless sort of way. "Well. let me see. I got it from J. H. McPeal. a big furniture dealer on the West

The great furniture dealer, a smooth. well-fed, bald-headed man, was busy in his office when Broomberry entered. "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" "I came to ask you about this," said

"All right; I'll go over there and see

Broomberry, taking out his watch. "Don't know anything about it, sir. Good day." "Excuse me," said Broomberry, "but my friend Mark Hammonds, of the city hall, told me that he got it from you." "Ah, let me see it. Yes, that's so." he added, when Broomberry had handed him the watch; and then, with an air of business, as though he had been rather lay with the ethics of trade and must now, as a recovery of principle make a show of briskness, he asked:

"Nothing, only I should like to know "Yes, but I am very busy to-day-exceedingly busy, sir, Can't you call

But what about it, sir-what about

some other time?" "Oh. of course, but it won't take a minute to tell me where you got it if you know." 'Yes, yes, that's so; but I'm extremely busy. Let me see. We took it in part payment of a lot of furniture-

from, let me-Stevens," he called. A man entered and said: "Yes, sir." "What's the name of that boarding house woman that couldn't, or rather wouldn't, pay for her furniture in money and we had to take a watch? What is her name? Quick, I'm busy,' "Mrs. Caddo, sir: 742 Limbill street." "Yes, that's correct. Good-day, sir."

Broomberry hastened to the board-

ing house of Mrs. Caddo. She would

have talked an hour about the watch.

of the myriad of trials that come to the widowed keeper of a boarding house, and she did tell of a certain harnessmaker named Sam Haines, who had boarded with her, who was drunk nearly all the time, who positively refused, indeed, in a most insulting manner, to pay his board, but who, after being threatened by the law, and by a certain enormous policeman who knew the widow quite well, consented to give

could be found on Madison street, near Robey. Broomberry found the harnessmaker drunk and communicative. He got the watch of a certain pawnbroker, and would neglect his work to go and show Broomberry the place.

her his watch. This Mr. Sam Haines

"Oh, no. I can find it easily enough." said the visitor, taking down the num-

The pawnbroker remembered the watch, and, turning to his books, said that it had been sold to him by one H. J. Miles, 426 Rockland street.

the street and soon discovered that there was no such place. He returned to the pawn shop. "The fellow that sold you this watch

must have come by it dishonestly," he said to the broker. do is to take the name and address or

"Yes, that's true, I suppose. But do you think you'd know the man if you were to see him again?" "Yes, I think so

"Good; but do you know where he can be found?" "I don't know where he stays, but I have seen him go up into a gambling

and point him out, I will pay you well for your trouble." Every day for four days the boy went row stairway on Clark street, and just as they were about to leave the place on the evening of the fourth day the

"That's him going up now."

boy clutched Broomberry's arm and

five dollars. Broomberry went up into the gambling den; he closely studied the man that had been pointed out. The fellow lost his money and went down. Broomberry followed him. He went to a sort of hotel on Canal street and Broomberry kept him in view. He went into the bar-room and sat down to a table.

"Will you please pardon me if I ask you a few questions?

"I don't know whether I will or not," the fellow growled, but Broomberry, taking no notice of his ill-humor, sat "I am about to write a little history," said he, "and think you may be able to

through a back door. When the historian got up and brushed himself, he was told that a policeman had caught the fellow-a singular outcome, surely. The fellow was brought back and then, together with Broomberry, was taken to the police station, where the historian related his story, and then there came a sensation. The watch had be longed to old Kloptock and Broomberry

Banner of Gold.

A GREAT RUIN.

high, inclosing a square court of which the side is 740 feet long. Part of the wall, having fallen into ruins, has been rebuilt from the ancient materials; but the whole of the north side, with its beautiful pilasters, remains perfect. As the visitors enter the court they stand still in astonishment at the exeyes; for here, crowded within those four high walls, is the native village of Tadmor. It was natural enough for the Arabs to build their mud huts within these readymade fortifications, but the impression produced by such a village The temple, so to speak, is eaten out at the core, and little but the shell remains. But here and there a fluted Corinthian column or group of columns, with entablature still perfect, rises in stately grace far over the wretched buts, the rich creamy color of the limestone and the beautiful moldings of the capitals contrasting with the clear blue of the cloudless sky. The best view of the whole is to be obtained from the roof of the maos, which, once beautiful and adorned with sculpture, is now all battered and defaced and has been metamorphosed into a squalid little mosque, To describe the view from that rouf were indeed a hopeless task. High into the clear blue sir and the golden sunshine rise the stately columns; crowded and jumbled and heaped together below, untouched by the gladdening sunbeams, unfreshened by the pure, free air, lies all the squalor and wretchedness of an Arab mud-hut village,-

An International Calamity.

An awful thing recently happened in

New York. A celebrated creator of costumes designed a charming ball dress for a New York woman, and basely made its counterpart for a Parisian resident, not thinking that the twins

of 128 pages.

Shaving Parlor,

He whom the poet Dante named The greatest saint in paradise. He whose high wisdom justly claimed

Rode, as it chanced upon a day, Where stately English trees outstretched

With following huntsmen on her track: A voice and hand were lifted up, The good priest bade the men stand back.

Then sped the hare into the wood. With bounding leaps and nerves a strain and, with a blessing for each man,

sin's Knife. Twenty years have elapsed since this event happened, but I never shall forget it. Bill Sutton and I had been working as partners on a mining claim on the banks of Lake Owen, a small lake in the eastern part of California near the Sierra Nevada mountain .. We had been very successful, and by diligent labor had amassed quite a respect-

ing in his blood, which was still en-

cret hole in the floor of the cabin, which served us as a bank, when my attention was attracted by a slight noise at

the face had disappeared.

finished, "the end of this has not come vet. While that villain knows that we have such a large amount of gold in our possession our lives are not safe.

you to-night, are one and the same per-"That is my belief," I said. "I did not like the look of his face. It had a murderous look about it, and I think the owner of it would be capable of committing any crime." "If he comes here we will give him a

fully reloaded his revolvers. That night we retired with our revolvers under our pillows, but we were not molested, and everything passed off tranquilly. The next night passed off in the same manner, as did the whole week following, and we soon began to forget the event of the week previous. Bill said it was only imagination that I had seen no face against the window at all; but he could not make me believe that it was imagination. I was

over my bed with a knife upraised ready to plunge it into my heart.

nated about twenty miles distant, after supplies, and was to be absent over "If the owner of that mysterious face

asleep. How long I slept I could not

in Central America.

turned quickly about to ascertain the who was one of the contractors, and I

After several vain offorts to force

so that I was powerless. His repulsive face glowed with devilish exultation as

high above his head, ready to plunge it into my breast, and began to think of the past. I tried to utter the prayers my mother taught me when a boy, but The knife began to descend, and I shut my eyes to hide from sight the horrible

man with the knife upraised above me When 1 returned to consciousness Bill Sutton and half a dozen sturdy

the reader. -Thomas Charles Levy, in N. Y. Weekly.

The Gillichthys Is a Fish with a Large "Two curious little fishes live in the mud," said Prof. Theodore Gill to a Weshington Star man lately, "On o them was only discovered recently. It vas called after myself, by way of a surliment, being named the Gillichthys. "My namesalte is a sort of goby, from six to eight inches long. It digs a hole in the muddy bank of a tidal creek, as the bottom of which it sits and meditates, being kept wet by the percolation of the water through the surrounding mud. It feeds on small crustaceans largely. One remarkable think about

South Sea islands, and is found on other tropical coasts. It hops about on the mud banks when the tide is out, being apparently as much at home on lar 4 as in the water. People call it the 'i mp "Sometimes it will climb the roots of rees on the shore, making its way upward by means of its pectoral fins. Often

for lace curtains, and the residence of Robert Garrett, of Bultimore, boasts

had reconciled myself to the loss of my Plumb's life he wrote on an average of side pocket of my waist, but the mon- ful dream. two letters a day to the senator.

the hacienda of Don Francisco Mendez.

this savage land.

him in one of his eyes. Having settled on this plan, I was about dropping into a doze, when I heard voices outside the hut. I listened with alert

may get the drop on us." Wonder what they'll do with the monkey?" I said to myself with a "I hear the American moving," said It was the monkey. The monster was walking in the circle all the time, and the dead leaves that had drifted

room below. The outlaws saw a dark form and charged with their long, murthat Pedro and Juan had been dashed

you, Juan? This hog of an American has me by the throat, and I have lost

two Mexicans lay on the floor quite dead. Their heads had been smashed to jelly against the walls and their throats

It was no place for me after such an adventure, and I at once went in search of my mustang. To my great joy he was all right, and I was soon in the Depositing Jackson's money in the bank when I arrived, I immediately boarded the steamer. I knew that it would not be prudent to speak of the two Mexicans, and I had a suspicion that a statement of the part the monkey had borne in the tragedy would be regarded by the authorities as a cockand-bull story. So I wisely kept my

old oaken chair of curious pattern and great antiquity. Ages of use (it is known to have been used in its present capacity for more than seven hundred years) have made the old frame as hard and as tough as iron. The magic power attributed to the old relic lies in the seat, which is a large, rough sandstone. Ages before it was trimmed in velvets and gold for the use of the Stuarts and the Tudors it served as a seat for the early kings of Scotland; tradition even asserts that it is the identical stone upon which the patriarch Jacob rested coat, as Jackson's money was in an in-

On a sudden the wind is awake.

And her grandmother close at her side

Broomberry started out to look for

"Very likely, sir. We have no means of finding out, you know. All we can what we suppose to be such.'

"Have you ever seen him since he sold you the watch? "No, I think not." "I have," said a boy standing at the back end of the place.

"Well, now, if you will go with me

"All right. Here." He gave the boy

Broomberry approached him, indiscreet-

help me out on it. I have in my possession a watch which I have traced to you, and I should like to know where The fellow jumped up, knocked Broomberry down and disappeared

had found the murderer.-Opic Read, in

What Is Left of the Magnificent Temple of Baal. There-rises a huge wall seventy feet traordinary sight which meets their in such a place is indescribably strange.

Blackwood's Magazine.

would ever meet, says London Figuro. But last winter both went to Washington, and at a British legation ball the two met and stood aghast. Each was struck dumb at the sight of the other. and each thought she was facing a mirfor until she saw another head and shoulders above the corsage, for the gowns were fac similes in every detail. Two letters went to the base man milliner by the next morning's mail; two good customers withdrew their patronare and freely advertised his villainy. The victims met in consultation to see if there were any more duplicates in their wardrobes, and to draw lots for the exclusive rights to any more masterpieces of the duplicity rather than amuse the unfeeling gay world with anor by it, either. She would have told | other scene.

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