arrane le payantag

11.2

ng at makeway

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

THUME XXVI.

AS. C + ASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1892.

A TWISTED TALE.

"pointers" gave to great and small,

Their goods that they their gains might swell

Once on a time—this tale is true—

Phan other men a sild ten times o'er.

inlightened folks on this and that,

tie had most everything down pat,

This man who used to know it all.

Their notes, their bins to overfill:

tie told the recrebants how to self

He told the writers what to write

if they the people would delight;

Who heeded him who knew it all.

in howling at the povernment,

erity to them would full

Much of his precious time was spent

And Providence he'd often rake For making some great big mistake.

Hut streete as it may seem to you-

The no more strategy than it is true-

rains whereby he could invent

This prop never did a single deed

There wasn't anything but what He thought he knew it to a dot.

And wisdom waited at the call

Of him who used to know it all.

He told the farmers how to till

There lived an incividual who

delieved his intellect held more

NUMBER 38.

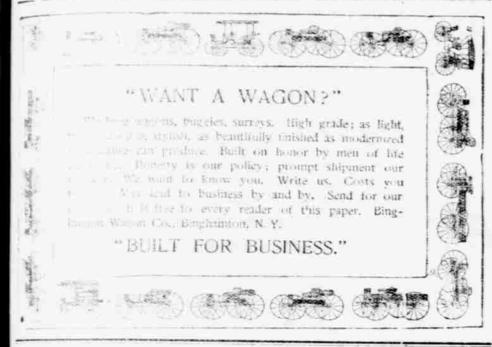
GANSMAN'S, ALTOONA, PA., for your Clothing, and have the largest selection and best goods for the least

. 1.55 5.55 5.00 to 8.00. LIBERT STATES AND SECTION LOS 250 10 5.00. the Boys and Children's OVERCO TS at equally low

regroupe and get FIRST CHOICE of these Greatest

GANSMAN, broad Claster, flatter and Faraisher, 1118 Fleventh Ave., ALTONA, PA-

R BESSY, Salesman.



"Seeing is Believing."

And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is Simple, Beautiful, Good-these in the sear much, but to see "The Rochester" and unpress the truth more forcibly. All metal, much and scamless, and made in three pieces only I with and smanless, and made in three pieces only, and water saje and unoreakable. Like Aladdin's it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marlight is purer and brighter than gas light, warner softer than electric light and more cheerful than either. - Tetle damp-The Rochester. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine

RECHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City. "The Rochester."



in but, more "

CHEMICAL CO., HALTIMORE, MO.

CHER WEBSIER

WEBSTER'S

NTERIVATIONAL

DICTIONARY

THAND INVESTMENT

THE ALE BOOKSELLERS.

ol or the Library.

ortsion occupied over ten

den emplo, ed, and over

1 opes, illustrations,

GET THE BEST,

C. MERRIAM & CO.,

PPINGETTLE. W. IS. U. S. A.

in purchasing a dictions.

CATARRH HAY FEVER DE

50C ELY BRUTHERS, 56 Warren Street NEW YORK. 50C

1,300 BUSHELS POTATOES

G. W. BRAMBLE, Fair Lee, Keat Co.

With 600 pound of Powell's Green Bag Fertilizer for Potatoes, on 114 neres of land, he raised 1,300 bushels smooth, good sized potatoes. When quantity or certifizer and quality of hand is considered, this is largest crop of potatoes ever raised in the world. Why not raise hig crops of potatoes? to person Peter Rot and flight. Seur two cent stamps for Book

W S. Powell & Co., Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturers

1794.

1891.

T. W. DICK, AGENT FOR THE OLD HARTFORD

1794.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR

CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

TO ACENTS SAMPLES FREE W. DICK. ATTORNEY-AT-LA'W. FO. A. SCOTT. New York City ANGE TO THE DESCRIPTION OF REST. SEC. 120. 120. 120. St., Cincipnets, &

THE OLD-FASHIONED CIRCUS.

cus That when we were children delighted us no? The joyous excitement in which it would work

How near was the ring where we sat all On seats of rough boards with folks' feet just

Yes, then we could see the clown's funny grim-And laugh at his jokes-for he talked in those

One thing at a time and that leisurely acted Increased-not diminished-the pleasure we

We saw off there was for the quarter it cost. And, satisfied wholly, went homeward with

And so are "wax figgers" and animals, too. Alas! We're afraid that the old-fashioned cir-

Has gone with the minstrels to never return, And no combinations at present can work us Into that excitement for which we must -H. C. Dodge, in Goodail's Sun

And When It Comes Make Good

Use of It., An Hinstration of a Lost Opportunity as

Related by a Successful Man-How a Famous New York Lawyer Got His Start.

Not long ago four old friends sat down to a little dinner together in New York. One of them was a famous lawyer. They naturally fell to talking over old times, and, as men of fifty are rather apt to do, whether rightly or not, they agreed that young men now-

"I have had a striking illustration of that fact to-day," said the lawyer, with a shrug of impatience. "A young fellow has had a desk in my office for perhaps six months. He seemed bright, and came to me with a recommendation from a man in whom I have confidence. He said that if I would only give him a chance, that was all he wanted. He was willing to 'do anything,' and all that sort of talk. Well, nothing but routine work has happened to come in to be thrown into that boy's way, until about a week ago, when I was short for time to look up some points about an important case which is taking up most of our attention at the office just now. 'Here,' thought I, 'is the chance for our young friend. Let's see if there is any stuff in him.' I sat down by him and explained that I should like him to hunt up all the evidence he could find bearing on this subject. After having made the thing as plain as the nose on a man's face, I added: 'Now, if you want to know anything further about this matter, come right to me. There is no immediate hurry,' I said, as I turned away; 'but inside of a week we shall want everything connected with this point of the case put into perfect order.' He said: 'All right, sir,' and I dropped the whole affair off my mind. for I have been completely absorbed in an entirely different part of the same case. To-day it occurred to me that I hadn't heard anything from him, and that by to-morrow or next day the papers ought to be in hand. I went around and asked him how he was getting on. He told me, with considerable hesitation, that he had been meaning to come and tell me that-he-'hadn't exactly-understood,' and so forth. 'Then why didn't you come to me, as I told you to do?' I asked him, pretty shortly. He stammered out a lot more about its being a big job for a little fellow of his inexperience; and then I fairly roared: 'I was trying to give you some experience!' Then I got away as

cerned. I shall get rid of him as soon

don't believe you ever told us." of 128 pages.

Baltimore. Md.

Policies written at short notice in the OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA" And other First Class Companies.

COMMENCED BUSINESS

Evensporg July 41, 1882.

Mountain House

'HIS well known and long established Shavin a Parior is now located on Centre street, op-size the livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Lutt -, where the Dustness will re carried on to the ture. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING done in the heatest and most arristic manner. Clean Towels a specifity. gm.Lagies waited on at their residences.

JAMES H. GANT. Propriets r

EBENSBURG. PENN'A' on Bounty, etc. deception seemed perfect,

O where is the old-fashioned single-ringed cir-

Is gone from the present-day everything

How cozy the round, little tent that confined us;

To lean our backs onto with comfort pro-

And pick out our friends in the circle of faces, And join in the roars that together we'd

Not twenty at once our attention distracted And gave us a headache all over to look.

No side-show attractions defrauded us ever:

A thought that one thing was unseen or was

No subsequent "plays" and no humbugging Belittled and hurried the circus we knew Those things may be good in their own proper

WATCH FOR A CHANCE.

adays are not what they used to be.

fast as I could. I was afraid that I should say something that I should be sorry for. But that young

man is done for as far as I am conas I possibly can. What a chance he had! Just such a chance as I had at his age-only I seized it. I knew it was a chance. This fellow acted as though he didn't know a chance when he saw

"How was it that you got your start?" asked one of the party. "I "Oh, it isn't much of a story," said the great lawyer, modestly; "but it meant a good deal to me just the same. I was fixed something as this boy is-

the one I have been telling you aboutin the office of a law firm who were doing a big business. I had had a clerk's work for about six months, and was beginning to think that I never should get a chance to do anything else, though I had seized every opportunity that I could make or find to tell the head men of the firm that I was ready to try my hand at anything they had a mind to give me. Summer-time came around, and things were as dull as dull. The nest were all going off on their vacatisps, and at last my turn came. I packed my trunk early in the morning. and had written my friends to expect me by the first train that left that city after orlice hours that night. I felt pretty brue when I wrote, too. I knew they would ask me how I was getting on, and I wasn't getting on at all. I

had made up my mind that I had been a fool to think I ever should be able to do any law business anyway. I thought, with some show of reason, that if I really had any stuff in me some of these smart men at the office would have found it out by this time and would have given me something to do. Well, noon passed, and it ran along to three o'clock. It was a hot day, and I was beginning to think that it was time I was clearing my desk, when I saw the head of the firm coming toward my desk. My heart be-

gan to beat. I felt somehow as though

something was going to happen. 'See

here,' he began, calling me by name.

'Here's something which ought to be

done right away. The case itself isn't

would like any business which we could turn over to you. You can have this, if you like, and we'll see what sort of a brief you can get up.' He went on to explain matters a little, and then left me. My young friend down at the office would probably have said that he was very sorry, but he could not take

self. You have mentioned that you

the job, as his trunk was all packed and he didn't wish to undertake any work until after the vacation but such an idea never entered my mind. I rushed to the telegraph office, sent word to my friends that I was unexpectedly detained, worked at my case all that evening and was up bright and early in the morning to go at it again. It seemed to grow hotier and hotter, but I paid no attention to the weather I had made a memorandum of the original statement so that I didn't need to go to him again. In ten days-and I never worked harder -my brief was ready. My legs shook when I went to the front office and laid it before my employer. Ail of that night I worried for fear I had forgotten something;

at busic it seems d would not befull but I couldn't think of anything to be This man who used to know it all. done any better than I had done it. One day he saw - this knowing fool-The next morning-I believe it was the A farmer try to lead a mule happiest moment of my life-the old The runle was stubborn-like and slow, And family refused to go. man came to me and told me my brief was all right; and I never had any lack And as the farm a pulled and swore of work from that time on." The mule hinng backward all the more Another of the group, whose name is it was t do any good to maul The brute," said he who knew it all. as well known as perhaps any other in connection with the colossal commerce of New York, remarked at this point: 'You are righta bout the importance of

"But I've a little plan, you bet! To make that mule get up and get! I limether beat, nor flog, nor flat! The beast, I'll simply twist his nall? recognizing the chance when it comes. e farmer said: "It will not do There is everything in it. It is a pity The wise this will be guessed be knew But: string! The funeral was small that boys can't understand it. Now. Of him who used to know it all. my own experience was something like yours. I was keeping books in the There may not be a moral here, But yet this thought is pretty clear, We re very, sery, veny wise, old store of -- & --, when I one day heard the head of the firm say to Hunger some as to our surprise one of the partners that he wished he knew of somebody who could write And get our dome of was tota cracked. some circulars and advertisements for Twere well to now and then recall them. 'It ought to be some one who knows our business well,' he said, 'and

yet he ought to know how to express

himself better than most business

men have been trained to.' He went

on more at length to explain

not seem to know of anybody

who could fill the bill. I went

home that night thinking all the

way about those advertisements. I had

some knack at writing myself, but I

was naturally pretty bashful, and I

didn't dare to say right out that I

thought I could write anything so im-

ortant as Mr. - seemed to think

his new work to be. But the next

norning I screwed my courage up, and

old him that I had had a fair educa-

tion and would like to try my hand at

those advertisements which I had

heard him asking about the day before.

He was a little surprised at first, but

he told me fully what he wanted, and I

wrote the things-wrote them over and

over and almost wore out a dictionary

and a thesaurus over it-and they

turned out to be just what were

wanted. I believe that I might have

been keeping books to-day in some lit-

tle back office at fifty dollars a month

aying. But I don't believe that I

hould ever have become a partner in

These sentiments were warmly in-

OFFICEHOLDERS IN AMERICA.

More Than One Hundred Thousand Federal

Employes on the Rolls Great Variety.

ed States has burdened the country with

the army of officeholders that still gives

an undue influence to the party of the

administration, and that compelled the

adoption of the reformed civil service

as a measure defensive of the right of

the people to choose their own legis-

lative and executive officers, unin-

finenced by the government. In Wash-

ington's time the officeholders of the

federal government numbered six thou-

sand, while now the government em-

ploys an army of more than one hun-

dred thousand. This enormous force of

officeholders includes constitutional and

statutory officers, engineers, lawvers,

physicians, statisticians, geologists,

largists, astronomers, makers of charts

and maps, school-teachers, railroad ex-

perts, skilled detectives, agriculturists,

entomologists, botanists, chemists, mi-

roscopists, gardeners, tradesmen, mer-

chants, experts in textiles, china, glass

and the thousand articles imported

tariff tax; elerks of various grades and

degrees of skill, from accountants to

copyists; expert machinists and mechan-

s, messengers and a host of laborers.

leges, universities and scientific associa-

FAMILY HEIRLOOMS.

Customers.

furniture, they are often made to order.

Even in this democratic age it some-

times pays to pretend that one's an-

cestors were great. I was shown an im-

itation set of old jewels the other day

which a connoisseur might have mis-

not be one-half its present size.

way as if it were impromptu.

neteorologists, hydrographers, metal-

The absorption of duties by the Unit-

to snap at it."

-Christian Union.

what he wanted, but the others did

Nixon Valterman, in Chicago Times. OVER THE WIRE.

Familiar Telegraph Talk As It Looks in Type.

Many Abbreviations and What They Mean-How an Operator Judges of a Fellow Laborer's Temperament and Scatiments -- ome Short Stories.

There are pairs of men who have been in daily communication with each other over the same telegraph wire for cears, and who have never seen each other. Each is well acquainted with the other's temperament, his moods, his disposition, and his sentiments. Telegraph instruments and telegraph wires are unfeeling and stolid-looking things. Yet, through them a man is able to convey emotions of sorrow or joy almost as plainly as they may be xpressed facially. The fact is perfectly palpable to the man at one end of the wire, while he is receiving dispatches, that the man who is sending them is ill or well, or-though the

if I hadn't eaught at that chance. A sender may make use of no terms of can has got to be faithful and honest friendliness or of swear words-that and ready in order to get taken into a he is in good temper or bad. irm on his merits-that goes without In their conversation telegraphers use a system of abbreviations which enables them to say considerable more that house, as I did a year after that in a certain period of time than they time (and that was the beginning of otherwise could. It is not quite as my success), if I hadn't seen my chance compact as the Phillips code, but anand had the courage, in the face of inswers their requirements very well. experience and a knowledge that I had Their morning greeting to a friend in a no special ground for expecting favors, distant city is usually "g. m.," and the farewell in the evening "g. n.," the letters of course standing for good morndorsed by every man who was present. ing and good night. The salutation may be accompanied by an inquiry by one as to the health of the other, which

> ring?" And the answer would be: "Im pty wl; hw r u?" or "I'm nt ffg vy wil: fra d I've gt t malaria." By the time these courtesies have taken place some early messages have come from the receiving department or from some other wire, and the man before whom they are placed says: "Wl, hrs a fu; gol darn ts everlastin grind. I wish I ws rich." And the other man says: "No rest for wicked, min pen,' the last words indicating that he wants the sender to wait a minute while he adjusts and tests his pen.

would be expressed thus: "Hwruts

Presently he clicks out "g. a.," meaning "Go ahead," and the days work has Operators laugh over the wire, or rather they convey the fact that they are amused. They do this by telegraphing "ha! ha!" Very great amusement is indicated by sending "ha" slowly and repeating it several times, and a smile is expressed by sending "ha" once or perhaps twice. Transmitting it slowly and repeating it tells the perpetrator of the joke at the other end of the wire from foreign countries and subject to a that the listener is leaning back in his chair and laughing long and heartily. When the feeling between two operators in two cities, instead of being that of gentle affection, is that of strong dislike, the fact can be made just as apparent as though they were within a few feet of each other. No personal collision can occur, of course. This is one of the drawbacks. But a man can eall names and make threats over a wire with almost the same facility as

It is not pretended by Harper's Magazine that the employment of all these persons, adepts or otherwise, is necessarily incongruous. There are functions properly within the jurisdiction of the federal provernment that demand the labors of men of science and men by word of mouth. One of the favorite who are skilled in the secrets of comresorts when two operators are quarmerce and manufactures. But if the reling is that known as "fighting cirgovernment had been confined to its original purpose, if it had not gone cuit." Not much is accomplished by this, however, for when two operators afield in strange pursuits, seeking vainly after what can be best attained strive at the same time to call names through the intelligent efforts of colover a wire neither can succeed. Telegraphers have an old story about fighting circuit." James Austin, who tions, the corps of learned, artistic and is located on Newspaper row, who is a mechanical public functionaries would Canadian by birth, brought the story to this city, one of the merators in the story being How Jewelers Supply Them to Their located at Toronto and the other at Buifalo. After a successful exchange Almost any jeweler can supply one of uncomplimentary remarks, they began to fight for the circuit-that is, they with a set of family jewels, says a writer both tried to send epithets over the in a London fashion weekly. Like old wire at once. They fought for some Sometimes a jeweler is visited by a custime. Neither would yield. The man omer who wants a pretty little story at Toronto, who was old and astute snitable for telling to her numerous saw that the man at Buffalo was young and stubborn and was in for an allfriends and acquaintances. The jeweler is equal to the task. The lady renight struggle. The Toronto man ceives the story, in the course of a few looked around for a proxy. He found days memorizes it, and when next the it in the clock wire, which was a wire attuched to the clock's pendulum, the family jewels are brought out to be swaying of which acted to open and shown repeats it in an off-hand sort of flose the circuit. He connected the Buffalo wire with the clock wire and

man valorously battling with the tick-

tick-tick-tick of the clock. The story

concludes with the veracious statement

the Buffalo man still fighting the clock. and that when the former disconnected the clock wire and closed the circuit the latter snapped out triumphantly: "I downed you at last, did 19"

"Fighting circuit" is probably the most annoying occupation there is. The very impotency, the very futility of it is maddening. Here is a man who has offered a grievous insult. Yet the insultee cannot get at the insulter to kick him. They may be separated by thousands of miles. The practice of calling hard names is not infrequent, possibly. for that reason. "Fighting circuit" has several times driven men to the verge of frenzy. There is on record in the archives of the Western Union office in New York the tale of an excitable operator who, after a long and unsuecessful struggle to say something mean to a man in Albany whom he hated, and who at the same time was trying to say something mean to him, suddenly arose from his chair and darted from

and ran down the stuirs into the street. There be gazed wildly around, looking for some object on which to vent his anger. Near him a peaceable, mildlooking gentleman was having his boots polished. The unhappy operator rushed at him, struck him in the face, and shouted: "Blank, blank you you're always getting your boots blacked."

the operating-room in New York city

But that was in the old days. Not always, however, have differences arising over a wire been with out a bloodless termination. It has been the case on a number of oceasions that the insultee has boarded a train for the town of the insulter, and upon the insulter being pointed out to him the two have come together in an affray. But such instances are exceptions. Even though a man may board a train full of thought of vengeance it is likely to ooze out after a few hours' ride, and the visit, instead of being sanguinary, may be one of harmonious peace and good feeling. It may be stated positively that no quarrel begun over a telegraph wire has ever

resulted fataliy. They tell a good story up at the big Western Union office on Fifteenth street. One of the night men was sending press to Richmond. The operator at the latter place said:

"What's the matter? You come so heavy I can't adjust enough," "Is that so?" responded the operator at the Washington end. "Wait a Then came a pause

"How's that?" asked the Washington "That's spl ndid," replied the Richmond operator. "What did you do?" "I took off my cuffs," came back the reply from the Washington man, and

CONCERNING DIAMONDS.

smiles. - Washington Star.

even the relay and sounder exchanged

Their Sales Are Increasing with Wonderful Rapidity. A diamond expert in London thus disourses on the product and distribution of diamonds: "The Americans are the finest judges of diamonds in the world. and insist upon having the finest stones and the most perfect cutting. It is estimated that they will take fifteen million dollars' worth this year. India furnishes a market for large numbers of white stones, as well as for yellow or colored diamonds, or stones with flaws or specks in them. The natives invest their savings in them and in other precious gems as we do in stocks and shares. Russia's fancy is for large yellow diamonds. China is becoming a buyer, for very recently the empress has broken through the old custom which prohibited women from wearing diamonds in her country. She could not resist the beauty of a superb diamond necklet presented to her. She wore it at court and set the fashion. Japan is also rapidly becoming a considerable customer. With the opening ap of the world by railway and steamhip communication the demand for diamonds has increased marvelously. The world now purchases about twenty-five million dollars' worth per annum. Twenty years ago it was about two

hundred thousand dollars." MAKING THE BENCH. A Carpenter Who Made His Way to a Judgeship.

A good story is told of a United States senator who began life as a carpenter, says the Youth's Companion. "I will not always be a carpenter," he used to declare, for it seems he had set his heart upon sometime entering the legal profession. He did not slight his carpenter's work for his day-dreams of

what he should do and become, but was

noted for his honest, conscientious

labor. One day the young man was planing a board that was to become a part of a judge's bench," when a friend, observing his painstaking, inquired: "Why do you take such pains to

mooth that board?" Instantly the young carpenter replied: Because I want a smooth seat when I ome to sit on it." His friend laughed, and thought the

joke so good that he reported it in the shop, and the young man was bantered not a little about the "judge's bench." He always replied, good-naturedly: "Wait and see. He laughs who wins, and I may sit there yet."

And he did; but the distance between the carpenter's and the judge's bench was paved with heroic struggles and self-sacrifice.

When Snake-Poison Is Harmless Nature seems to have provided that o poison which acts externally shall

have any effect internally, and vice versa. Thus the most deadly snake venom can be swallowed with impun ity, the juice of the stomach presumably decomposing it and rendering it harmless. Many experiments, says the Washington Post, have been made to prove this. On one occasion recorded by Humboldt one person swallowed the whole of the poison that could be obtained from four Italian vipers without suffering any bad consequences. In the same way the poison from the envenomed arrows of South American Indians can be swallowed with safety. provided only that there is no wound

on the lips or inside of the mouth. -An Englishman at a hotel in New York asked if there were any oysters in the hotel. "Oh, yes!" was the anwent home to bed, leaving the Buffalo swer. "Step right into the restaurant. We don't keep them in the office." "I think you misunderstood me," said Mr. John Bull, "you know, I mean a 'oister, a hard one, but it is coming on in two taken. Compared with the original the that when the Toronto man reached don't you know, a lift-a hellevator, the office the next morning he heard | maybe you call it in this country "

MISS PRISCILLA PRUE. Little Miss Priscilla Prue.

With her eyes of clearest blue, And her cheeks of rosy hue. Livet in Boston, long ago.

And the vilinge people said That this charming little maid Was enough to turn one's head For she smiled and dimpled so

Miss Priscilla's rellow gown Was the wonder of the town, Where the leading shade was brown, In the sember long are Ah, her dainty, tripping feet, With their high-heeled boots petite,

Made the duffest hearts to beat Tho' they chid her dancing so. Young and old allke she swayed, This alluring little maid. Though she was not prim and staid. Like the folk of long and: Every youth from far and wide 4 Longed to win her for his bride.

But Priscilla only sighed

And demorely answered: "No." Bert at last there came a day. When her heart was charmed away. When she could not answer may To a soldier, long ago: So her brave eyes, clear and blue, And her red lips, sweet and true, Answered him who came to sue:

-Yes because I leve you so -- Boston Budget.

A Terrible Scandal, and What Came of It.

AN OVERHEARD THREAT.

"I'll kill him if he comes here again." said Mrs. Deacon Haves, in a determined tone; and one of her neighbors-Mr. Gates Walker-coming into her house to borrow a hand saw of the

deacon, heard what she said. Mr. Walker was a male gossip: for there are men, as well as women, who indulge in that species of recreation. Mr. Walker pricked up his ears and

he forgot all about the saw and went home without asking for it. Now, at the time she made the little speech which heads this sketch, Mrs. Hayes was in the woodshed, entirely alone, and Mr. Walker was in the kitchen and heard what she said through

listened intently -so very intently that

the open door. He had not the most remote idea whom she intended to kill, but he went home and laid his news before his wife. She was astounded, though she had always thought "that Mrs. Hayes wasn't no better than she orter be; for she put sugar in her tea every day and wore white stockings common, and kept two lamps a-burning to once in one room, and a ixtravagant woman was gineral-

iy a bad woman." Mrs. Walker put on her bonnet and called on Aunt Ellen Splicer. Miss Splicer was very sharp-nosed, and quite as keen after a scandal as a terrier after a rat. A thing was buried pretty deep when Miss Splicer failed to unearth it. Miss Splicer put on a clean apron and stroked the cat. The putting on of a clean apron by Miss Splicer was much the same as a judge upon the bench putting on the black cap. "Did you ever hear that Mrs. flaves had got a husband living?" asked Miss

Splicer, sinking her voice to that low, confidential tone we all know so well. "Why, sartin!" said Mrs. Walker. 'The deacon's living, hain't he?" "I don't mean the deacon. I mean

another husband." "Good laws! what, besides the dea-"Yes, besides the deacon!" "Why, Miss Splicer! how you talk! You take my breath away! Dear me! I feel faint! Two husbands! Wall.

wall, what is this world a-coming to?" "Death and destruction!" said Miss Splicer, with solemnity. "Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Walker. "Yes." said Miss Splicer, "when the world is full of the wicked in sheep's

clothing a-going about seeking whom they may devour, then comes destruction. Mrs. Walker, did you ever think what that passage, 'in sheep's clothing meant?" "I allurs thought," said Mrs. Walker, meekly, "that it meant to be dressed

in woolen gowns, and woolen coats and trousers, "No!" said Miss Splicer, "it means just such things as having two husbands, and pretending not to have but

"Sho!" said Mrs. Walker, "Now I tell you what I know, but don't you mention it to a living soul!" "No?" said Mrs. Walker; "I'd be flaved alive, and burned at a stake first! Hope to drop dead if I wouldn't!"

"Well, in her young days Mrs. Hayes used to be sparked by Sam Jenkins. They engaged-some people said married. She sent him off and took Deacon Hayes! The deacon was rich. Sam was poor. Sam went west, and six months ago he came back. He's been seen twice, lurking around Deacon Haves' house."

"Good he avens!" "And now, it's just my opinion he's after money! Blackmail?"

"Blackmail! What, the post office? cried Mrs. Walker. "No, no: he's a threatening to tell that she was his wife before she was the deacon's, ixpecting she'll pay him to keep still. The papers are full of such things. And she's *determined to kill him if he comes there again. Don't

Mrs. Walker thought she did, and then Miss Splicer went out with her to call on Capt. Digby's wife, and see what she thought. Mrs. Digby was having a tea-party,

you see?"

and the thing was discussed at great length. All the women agreed that it was a dreadful, dreadful affair, and someting ought to be done. Capt. Digby was called into the council, and the captain scratched his bald pate, and suggested that they tell Parson Trotter. So the parson was informed but being a very judicious Trotter, he de-

clined to interfere. The story grew and spread until its proportions were enormous. Deacon Hayes' house was watched night and day, and Mrs. Hayes, when she went out in the village, was very much puzzled at the way in which all her friends and acquaintances avoided her. Even Parson Trotter crossed to the other side of the street when he saw her

coming. The good lady spoke to her husband about it, but the deacon only poohpoohed! It was all nonsense, he said, on her part-she only imagined it. One day those who were watching the deacon's house saw Sam Jenkins going toward it with a basket in his

hand. The tidings flew-the man was going to his doom! He must be saved!

Mrs. Walker and Miss Splicer, and a half dozen other women, accompanied

Advertising Rates.

BRIA FREEMAN commends it to the invorable consideration of advertisers whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

inches, 1 year ...

Inches, 6 months

Sinches | year....

The large and reliable circulation of the CAR.

harried to the deacon's. The deacon's wife and Sam Jenkins were sitting before the fire, for it was early in the spring, eating walnuts and

by their husbands, and Parson Trotter.

"It's too late! she's pizened him in them apples!" shricked Miss Walker. "Miserable woman," said Miss Splie er, "what have you done?"

"Done" said Mrs. Hayes, wiping her spectacles, in a dazed sort of way-"done? I guess I don't understand you, Miss Splicer. "What's the row?" said the deacon,

coming in just then. "You wife said she'd kill him if he came here again!" said Mrs. Walker. "Kill who?" cried the deacon.

"Her first husband!" exclaimed Miss "First husband," said the deacon. "I guess you've got me there, Miss Splicer.

If I ain't my wife's first husband, then I'm beat" "Ask Sam Jenkins about it!" said Miss Splicer, maliciously. "How in thunder should I know?"

cried Sam. "And she wouldn't pay you the money for the mail," said Mrs. Walker; 'and she's gwine to kill you instid! My busband heard her say so! Didn't you,

Gates?" "Yes." said Mr. Walker. "Now look here," said the deacon: "I want to know what all this tomfoolery means? And the sooner the better

Gates Walker, if you've heard anything tell what you know!" "I heard your wife say she'd kill him if he come here again, and I telled my wife, and she telled Miss Splicer, and she sed as how your wife meant her first husband-which was Mr. Jenkins-which had come back to git money out of her for keeping the secret. And he'd come here twice to see

about it."

wife, "did you say what Walker says you did?" con! Sam Jenkins hain't nothin' to me!

"Polly Ann!" said the deacon to his

"A week ago last Tuesday morning. said Miss Splicer, solemnly, "did you not say out in your woodshed, while Mr. Walker was in the kitchen to borrow a handsaw, that you'd kill him if he ever ome to your house again?"

"Lawful massy sake!" cried Mrs. Hayes, lifting both her hands. "I guess I did, and I'll do it, too" with deter-"Who are you goin' to kill, Sister

Hayes?" asked Parson Trotter. "Silas Whiffle's yaller tomcat!" said Mrs. Hayes. "He's plagued my life out all winter; and that particular morning that Mr. Walker speaks of, he got into the woodshed and lapped the insides out of two custard pies that I'd set out there to cool-consarn him!"

"My friends," said Parson Trotter, our business seems to be done. Let us be agoing." "Not till I know what Sam Jenkins

s prowiing around here after," said Miss Splicer, angrily. "I was after a dozen of eggs to set a speckled hen, ma'am; but the deacon's hens are on a strike and I've had to come three times! Mrs. Haves has just informed me that the last egg of the dozen was laid vesterday."

The busybodies departed, a little crestfallen, but still keen after another scandal. Does this sketch point any moral? Do any of my readers know a Miss Splicer and a Mrs. Walker? If not,

then they must all live in very delightful communities. - Ohio Farmer. THE WOMAN OF GRIT.

She It Is Who Makes a Success of Any Undertaking. Without grit and sticktoitiveness no woman will ever succeed. She may have the talent of a second Raphael or she may have rare inventive genius, faculties of the highest order rare as they are precious, yet without genuine grit and a determination to stick to her chosen work at all hazards, sick or well, warm weather or cold, she might just as well be as mediocre as the multitude. for she will never do one whit better

than the woman who is not endowed

with one-half her talent. Of course it is hard, for, say what you will, women are not made for workthey are more easily tired than men. says the Philadelphia Times. Their sensitive natures fee! the slights that come from contact with the world which a man can east behind his back if he observes them, and it is one chance in a hundred if he would even notice at all what has made a deep and lasting impression on the tender heart of the weaker member struggling in the tossing surf of life's great sea.

When a woman determines on her line of action she must learn to bear what would seem absolutely barbarous in the shelter of her own home, surrounded by friends who have only words of praise for her efforts. She must expect rebuffs and still stick to it. Be not discouraged. If there is anything in her it will rise to the top and she will be all the stronger for the struggle, but she must stick. Day in and day out must see no let up in her energies. She must be ever in the thick of the fight, and unless she goes forth prepared to stand by her colors the host of wagearners will sweep over her prostrate form and she will be forgotten in the great struggle for existence. Stubborn, plain, unalterable grit will place a woman in the first ranks, where genius, without this much cruder quality, could never hope

to stand. Bandits in Corsica. .

It seems that in Corsica you secure

your personal safety by keeping a bandit. In an article in the National Review Basil Thompson explains that the tax of supporting a bandit is not without its compensations. Bandits are a hidden power in the country. They control the petty elections; they menace those who are hostile to their friends. Thus, while the existence of six hundred of them is a real danger to public security, it is no small advantage to a Corsican to be related to a bandit. You support, you pay, protect the bandit; and in return he places his gun at your disposal. It is an exchange of services. "He has a bandit in the service" is a common expression. Are you in debt? The bandit will gain you time. Are you disputing the ownership of property? The bandit will show your opponent he is wrong. Have you land on which shepherds trespass? He will keep them off.

OF CAMBRIA COUNTY!