JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XXVI.

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

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1892.

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NUMBER 40.

Men, Boys and Children

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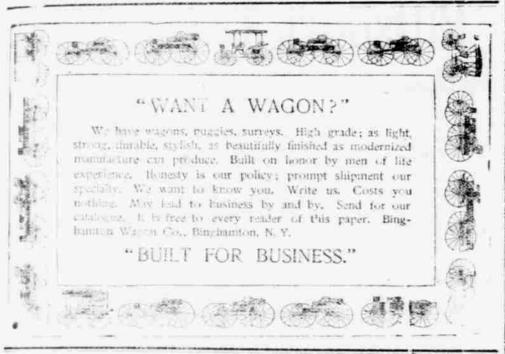
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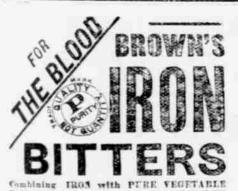
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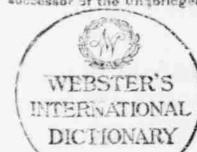
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"Hurray! hurray for the early worm!" "Dear me." said the owl, "what a singular I would look it up if it weren't so late: I must rise at dusk to investigate. Early to bed and early to rise Make an owl healthy, and stealthy, and wise!"

When he heard her singing with all her might:

THE EARLY OWL.

An owl once lived in a hollow tree.

And he was as wise as wise could be; The branch of learning & didn't know

And an owl like that can afford to hoot

And he hooted-until, alas! one day

He chanced to hear, in a casual way,

Make use of a term he had never heard. He was flying to bed in the dawning light

An insignificant little bird

Could scarce on the tree of knowledge grew He knew the tree from branch to root,

So he slept like an honest owl all day, And went to work in the dusky light To look for the early worm all night.

He searched the country for miles around, But the early worm was not to be found; So he went to bed in the dawning light And looked for the "worm" again next night And again, and again, and again, and again, He sought and he sought, but all in vain, Till be must have looked for a year and a day At last in despair he gave up the search, And was heard to remark, as he sat on his

By the side of his nest in the hollow tree; The thing is as plain as night to me-Nothing can shake my conviction firm, There's no such thing as the early worm. Oliver Herford, in St. Nicholas.

THE FUGITIVE MELONS.

Where the Boys Found Them After an Exciting Chase.

The school year at Glenville academy had just opened, and our hands were full of business. We had enjoyed a pleasant vacation, and took hold of study with zest.

Among other interests demanding attention were certain affairs of our society, and about a dozen of us were gathered, one evening, in Dan Hosmer's room for that purpose. Dan was a large-hearted fellow, popdar with everybody, well supplied

fond of making a display. During the afternoon he had bought half a dozen muskmelons, with which to surprise the rest of us that evening: and, when the marketman delivered them, they were placed in a basket under a lounge near the door, in Dan's

In the course of our business transaction, Gil Robinson, the most mischievous fellow among us, sitting on the lounge directly over the melons, discovered them by their odor, and, when he thought all eyes were turned the other way, he slyly opened the door and shoved the basket into the hall. Then, making an excuse to go out, he placed it on a low roof out of the back hall window, where he could reach it from his room without diffi-

But Charley Gates had witnessed his performance in shoving the basket into the hall, and, by listening keenly, knew pretty nearly where he had con-

cealed it. Soon after Gil's return, Charley passed out, looking as serious as a deacon, and, easily finding the prize, removed it to another spot on the back roof, immediately under his own window. However, "it takes a rogue to catch a rogue."

Craig Hammond, who roomed in another part of the building, was just coming to the business meeting when Charley was tiptoeing and clambering about with the basket, and watched all his movements, perceiving plainly that he was carrying on some sort of mis-

As soon as Charley went back into Hosmer's room, Craig confiscated the melons, and, hurrying down the stairs, stepped quietly into the woodhouse at Rev. Mr. Clark's, and there deposited the treasure. Then he came to our

meeting, made excuse for being late, and awaited developments. When the business was transacted,

and we were about scattering to our rooms. Dan detained us, saying: "Hold on, fellows! Don't go yet. I've a little relish to divide around, if you

And, stepping to the lounge, he felt under for the basket." Not finding it at first, he reached further under and clear along to the other end. Failing in his search, and gladeing

vainly around the room, he was greatly amazed at the disappearance. "Well, now, boys, that beats all! Why, I bought a nice lot of melons at the market, and, when the man brought them up, I told him to put them right here, under the lounge, in a basket; and he did, I'm sure. What

does it mean?" And down he got again on his knees and felt the whole length of the lounge, "Gone, gone-sure as guns!" After some good-natured chaffing

over the matter, there being no help for it, we were again about separating, when Gil spoke up: "It's too bad, fellows; but, if you'll step into my room, I've something to

show you, so you can gratify your eyes if not your palates." "Twenty-four eyes equal twelve palates," muttered Charley Gates, his face glowing roguishly. "It is to be hoped nothing will happen to eliminate the eyes from that equation. We

esoldn't stand it." When we reached till's room, and he had struck a light, he went to the window, leaned out, and seemed grasping for something but secured nothing more substantial than air. Satisfying himself that he had been foiled at his game, he drew back, , man on the piazza at a Clarem out tea a

greeted with the sarcastic rally: "Set up your show, Gil; the audience is becoming impatient." "Well, gentlemen, I'm more sold than Hosmer, and paid in my own coin.

Fact is, I had a basket of melons to show you, and, to keep them cool, placed them out on the roof; but they seem to have evaporated." "Served you right!" exclaimed Dan. And the rest of us gave way to bois-

terous laughter. Half a dozen attempts at wit flashed out on the instant: "Like an Irishman's flea."

"Great anticipations; realizations non sunt." "Now you see it and now you don't." When these explosions were ended,

do but little toward it. I invite you to my humble apartment to share my last bone and crust." By this time we had all absorbed

such a spirit of fun that we needed no urging to accompany him. Every boy, too, was fully convinced of the fact that we were in pursuit of a basket of melons, under difficulties.

Whether we should ever catch it or not was the puzzle; but Craig Hammond. of course, thought he was the only fellow who saw the end from the begin-

Like Gil, Charley undertook to procure his "bone and crust" through the window, and, like Gil, failed feeling wildly into the outside darkness. When he turned and faced us, the langhter that filled that room was uncontrollable. Some of us sank to the

Witty remarks seemed dry and out of place, as we realized the merits of our case, in pursuit of melons, which dodged us as if alive. At length Caig Hammond thought his turn had come. "Now, fellows, we can't close up the fun without something substantial.

floor-it would seem almost in convul-

We've fed on air too long!" A roar of laughter answered him, for every one of us knew well enough that another chapter of melons was coming. "Come along," continued Craig, "we'll make a sure thing of it this time: for 1 don't depend on lounges and portico roofs for my supplies."

"Ha, ha! When you cabbage melons, you hide them where you can find them. do you, Craig?" was the response. He undertook to parry this hint and put us off the seent by declaring that he was going to forage through the

country for supplies, to make up for

Hosmer's losses. Out we went and started across a sorner of the campus, toward his room in the other wing of the building, when he halted us in the moonlight and bade us wait, while he stepped to Rev. Clark's premises, as he said, "to recon-

noiter. While he was gone, the rest of us siphered out his trick by recalling his with money, liberal, but rather too late arrival at the meeting and putting it with Charley's statement that he thought somebody was watching him while he was climbing about with the "I declare, I hope he'll miss them,

> "Never mind, Hosmer. If ever we overtake those melons, we'll credit them to you as the first mover in the panorama. "Basketorama, more accurately,

too." said Dan, mirthfully.

auggested some one. "I fear we shall never bask in the contents of that basket," grouned Gil. "But for you, prime conspirator, we should long ere this have tasted their sweets," said another, in mock eloquence, and pointing a long forefinger

anded, reporting that the woodhouse door was shut and locked, and was sauted with fibes and laughter. "Alas! alas! our poor deprived pal ates!" sighe I one. "Palatial humbug." exclaimed anoth-

By this time Craig returned empty

er, in a poor attempt to play on the word palate. "Meloncholy wreck of our fond expectations," mourned another."

We voted ourselves a cheated and injured set of fellows, and, with many a mock lamentation, scattered to our The next day brought to each of us

an invitation from Mrs. Clark to call at her home from eight to nine that even-From Craig we learned that when

some one of the family came to lock up the house the melons were discovered, and supposed to be a present from some country parishioner. But, early in the morning, Craig called on Mrs. Clark and explained.

That evening at the minister's, our party, reinforced by several charming friends, overtook the fugitive melons, and with gusto put an end to their wandering habit. But, notwithstanding the common

impression that such young fellows are chiefly creatures of appetite, the fact remains that we enjoyed the pleasure of pursuit more than that of eating the melons.-Lamar Beaumont, in Golden

A Sculptor's Sitters. A successful sculptor gets much amusement out of the sitters whose busts he molds-especially those of strong originality. Carlyle, after much persuasion, was persuaded to sit for his bust to Sir Edgar Boehm, the sculptor royal to the English court. "I'il give you twenty-two minutes to make what you can of me," said he one day, storming in at the door of Boehm's studio. He stood there, watch in hand, while Sir Edgar manipulated the damp clay. Scarcely had the minute hand pointed to the appointed moment for sitter's departure when the sculptor pushed his clay aside. But Carlyle had been drawn on to talk and to forget; so insisted upon giving the sculptor another two-and-twenty minutes. He returned to the studio on another day to be studied at the artist's leisure. Lord Stratford de Redeliffe, who so long ruled at Constantinople as the British minister, had a passionate temper. After sitting to Sir Edgar for his bust, he visited the studio to inspect it. He did not like it, and, knitting his overhanging brows into a great frown, shouted out: "Why, you have me look like a bad-tempered man!"-Youth's Companion.

To Mount a Coach.

mounts or descends from a coach or drag. There is a certain skill about it which comes only from considerable practice. A woman in America scarcely gets enough experience to acquire this, but many American women who have conched a great deal in Europe show this schooling at once. She should use only one hand to touch the coach and the other should rest on the shoulder of the groom or the gentleman who is assisting her. Above all, she should show and know no fear, a condition of confidence that is rarely acquired except after many mounts.

He was an old merchant who devoted much time to his advertising. "John," said his wife, "what do you want put on your tombstone?" "Oh," he answered, "it isn't important what Longer stretch the shadows, t minter falls the light. Vestiers for the night Crickets in the meadow

Chirpograss of love, Piredies in the distance Framing bigh above. Homeward plods the toiler Worklan-time is past, Weary limbs are aching limitant comes at last

sleepy sounds out cing Nectar for our care Deeper grows the darkness Labor's rour Is thead Harry now in dreamland

ties hom of insects

Strivers for their bread Breezes in the tree-tops Musimur soft and low, Summer time is fleeting. Harvest soos must go Rosy tints of sun-rise a treaking enstern sky; Histon to thy duty. Heaven's rest is night.
- W. A. Riunt, in Ohio Fermer.

SELF-DENIAL.

A Convict Father Who Died to His Children.

During the latter part of May of this year (1892). I was the guest of friends n the city of -..... The home was so deasant and the surroundings so atractive that we forgot the perpetual rizzling rain that bade us stay inloors. Through the wide front winows we looked across a narrow street o the beautiful park, where the snowalls and liles were in bloom. Our conversation was interrupted by a messenger who came in baste to call away my host, who is a physician. The face of my hostess, which had been full d life and animation, suddenly changed nd a look of sadness was plainly viside. It was the first time I had ever seen her thus, and my eyes must have asked a question which my lips were on courteons to utter. Some persons are skilled in reading between the ines, and others are possessed of a icher power of knowing what a friend wents to ask, and answering it fully, when you have not uttered a word. I was thinking," she said, "of the many who are denied the pleasures of life, the the usands who cannot even see letures of it, much less visit the great world's fair. Your profession calls you a consider the condition of the sick nd the poor, but have you considered

lid walls of the prison?" I was wondering at the sudden sange that had taken place in her nuner-wondering how she happened get on this theme. It must have seen because of the errand on which er husband had gode forth.

"Yes," I replied, as if realizing that ny part of the conversation could not onducted simply by thinking, "and am glad that you have introduced the object, since I have heard that you mve for years taken a deep interest in the unfortunate. But pray tell me how you get so readily from the world's fair o the Bri lewell and Sing Sing." "Of readily enough. I have thought

out, but have not uttered the connecting links. You have been admiring the park. The flowers do not bloom for the enviets. The lawn is not dressed for hem. The fair is not held for them. They are dead to all the world outde their gloomy prison homes, and even sometimes dead to their loved

I had often seen my friend at table here her power was acknowledged. a the house of devotion where the out through her features as now. "May tell you of a case that has deeply inerested me?" she continued, and withonviet's self-denial:

Mr. - was a man of ardent nature. ave been just, but sometimes justice home in our society.

You never saw such children (except, yes, and hair that would not be outaven's wing. The younger must have esembled her mother. She was a percet blonde, with curling hair and wellhaped nose, and pouting lips that mouth, as though a laugh had been inver counted by the finest marble a world of pleading tenderness as though asking for something to take the place in her soul of a mother's love. Every one that saw this child wanted "So like my babe in heaven," said the fond mother who had been be-

the following day. He seemed to guess my mission. It was a cruel one. Of how my heart ached as I tried to speak. in simple words, sentences that, though smooth, must have seemed to him cruel as the keenest blade. His children for them. I had found homes for them where they would be treated with care

said that in twenty years, when he would be released, these children would be women. They might be wives, and possibly mothers. Your name stands in the way of their success. Can you give them up and never know them again, and let them be forever ignorant of their father's sad history? His features were settled. He did not weep. He turned away a moment and bowed his proud head on his hands. Then he turned and said: "A raging fire burns within my brain." I told him not to be hasty in his decision. He might wait until to-morrow

The face of my friend now fully reher eloquent recital. But there came firmed: "Belleye me, sir, there are noble hearts throbbing behind the prison bars." I confess that my own eyes were dimmed. Thus ended, as I suppose, the story that had so deeply impressed me.

Three weeks later I stood in my own pulpit in Chicago on a Sabbath evening. The incident seemed so well fitted to illustrate self-denial that I related it, but with less of feeling than when I heard it in private conversation. At the close of service a stranger came forward, and, extending his hand. said: "Sir, I was deeply interested with your discourse to-night, and, I may say, thrilled with the incident of prison life that you related " "Yes," said I, "it was a sad story, but

eaches us that all natures are not ignot because they wear the convict'

The lady of eighty pressed the little one to her heart and said: 'Darling child, your faith must be rewarded. This is your home. My son, take her

And if our story can be retold to another generation, it may be that some soft hand will lay a rose on the grave where rest the ashes of the convict father who died to his children.-W. T. Meloy, D. D., in United Presbyterian.

distance, and then only with difficulty. The reason for this singular fact found in the position of the eyes in the head, one being placed on each side and looking directly outward, so that they cannot be brought to bear on one object save, perhaps, at a very long distance and directly in front. The truth of this statement may readily be demonstrated by anyone who has ob served ordinary fowls turning their heads on one side when desirous of more closely examining some object which has attracted their attention. When excited by the presence of a strange object, chickens will often be noticed examining it, first with one eye, and then with the other, turning their heads for that purpose, thus showing that they cannot bring both eyes to bear upon it at once. The only exception to the general rule is found in the case of the owl, whose eyes are placed in front of the head, and are capable of being brought to a focus on an object at a very short distance in front. -Yankee Blade.

be seen a venerable tar who has found a haven in these legal precincts as a subordinate officer after having been tossed on the ocean for many a year in "ber majesty's" service. Not long ago, when the hour for adjourning a sitting of the court had arrived the crier was absent and the judge, turning to the quondam mariner, said: "Captain, adjourn the court." Trained to prompt obedience, "the captain" shouted in stentorian tones: "Ch yes! ch yes! oh-yes!"-Put of the mystic formula no more came to his command. Not to be foiled in the discharge of duty, he proceeded in his own fashion: "Ladies and gentlemen, on may consider this court adjourned. lew up your sails and heave the an-You must be here at ten o'clock in the morning. We will then weigh anchor and make sail. God save the queen!" Astonished silence held all present for a moment, and then gave way to a peal of laughter, in which even "the court" was compelled to join European Customs.

have a chi m that sticks by me. In fair or cloudy weather, And when from books and tasks I'm free We're always seen together When my playmates give me the shake I d a't sit down and grom

Jack is not now, and never was, For beauty celebratesi, But "Handsome is as handsome does, My copy-book once stated: And though some folks may criticise My chum in form and feature,

Defending me from danger In pond and stream we swim and wade Until my auxious mother Frowns and declares that she's afraid Some day wo'll drown each other. And when my trouters' legs are wet, And Juck's coat saturated,

My father says, when home we get Two vagabonds well mated: Now, do you want to see my about? Just wait a helf a second: Til whistle for him, and he'll come Almost before you've rec'smed-

And bark of salutation. Of all the chume that never fall A dog beats all creation

ONE RAINY NIGHT.

The Moon Made a Prophecy That Came True.

blew furiously and cold; the rain came down in torrents: thunder roared and lightning dashed. Without the ground was one vast sheet of water, rushing and gurgling in its haste to seek its

blanket which he had tacked up for safety at the window and peeced out, and at the same moment there was a iond clap of thunder, followed quickly by a vivid flash of lightning; the old fellow put the curtain back quickly in its place, and with diluted eyes, his fingers in his cars, he gave a long whistle and sought security in the next room.

He threw himself down across the bed, clapped a pillow over his head, and was beginning to doze, when the front door was opened and closed sud-

Jumping up, the old man looked in great astonishment at a young woman who was standing near the door. She was entirely enveloped in a gay patchwork quitt, from which there trickled down to the floor little streams of water. "If it ain't Bessie Edwards you may hang mo. Bless her soul," exclaimed

"I haven't a moment to stay, Uncle Joe," said the young girl, hurriedly, "I only ran in to borrow your oileloth coat tifl morning. This quilt is so soaked with rain that its weight interferes with my walking, and I have a good distance to go.

"I am on my way for the doctor, and again to Mrs. Bell's. She is very low, and I fear to find her dead when I re-

an old hat of his that came well down over her ears and partly over her face. Uncle Joe's companion, who had been sitting so quietly up in the corner, now

further looking for a doctor. I am he Miss Edwards, at your service. so broken up with this dear child I forgot Dr. Harris was within forty mile Beg your pardon, doctor."

for her to speak. "Dr. Harris, Mrs. Bell needs your services sorely. Please lose no time.

you expect to get back to Mrs. Bell's to-night? "Just as I came, sir. I walked, ran, umped, climbed, waded and crawled. guess I tried every style and manner

"Well, it has rained considerably since you passed the gully, a mile from here, and I know positively it is so swollen now that it will take stronger arms than yours to swim over. If you undertake it you will be drowned. Don't think of so dangerous an undertaking, but jump up behind me and

we'll both get there safely." Bessie, feeling there was nothing else to do, from the top step jumped up be-

hind, as requested. The storm was nearly over when the doctor and flessie rode off, and as the horse stumbled and splashed along the clouds became higher and lighter, broke and revealed the moon, which turned her full face to one side, looked at the pair, the maid with her hands laid lightly on her escort's shoulder to prevent her falling. The moon nudged a star-winked her wise eye and made a prophecy, while the stars

blinked and made a note of it. The next morning Uncle Joe made an early visit to the doctor's. He asked about their little journey together, the health of the patient and young lady. and finally asked him how he liked the little girl, and the doctor frankly declared his admiration and deep friendhip for her, which so delighted the old man that he arose, gave him a firm pressure of the hand, and promised to

"She's no kin of mine, do stor, though I wish she was. I've beer here so long that everybody calls me u icle, and she

does like the rest. "I've known her sine she was a young baby. Poor child! Her life ain't

settin' on out her house, except the two back rooms, which she used herself, to a family she knew well; then she put up a seamstress' sign, and in no time she was overrun with work.

1 inch, 3 times.
1 inch, 3 months.
1 inch, 6 months.
1 inch, 6 months.
2 inches 6 months.
2 inches, 9 car.
3 inches, 5 months.
4 toches, 1 year.
4 column 6 months.
6 column 6 months.
6 column 6 months. column 6 mentu-column 1 year Business items, first insertion, loc. per line

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Uncle Joe pulled his hat over his

does yet. She is young for such work.

eyes, nodded without speaking, and went out of the door. The young physician met his young friend many times among the sick or poorer class of people, and always found her doing good in some way, just as Uncle Joe predicted.

took her for a drive. just for the pleasure it gave him to be with her. It was winter again, and the sittingroom and fire were in demand. It had been an unhappy week for both of them. Dr. Harris had left

town suddenly without a word to anyone, nor did he write during his ab-Gossips of the little village wagged their tongues as over a toothsome bit

ips smiling, and no one knew the sobs deep down in her heart under her When night came she still tried to work, but didn't accomplish much. The sewing had been put together wrong, the "tension" was too tight, then too oose, the thread tangled and broke,

band became unfastened, and the wheel needed oiling. There was something the matter with everything. Her piece of sewing was to be delivered the next day, and now wouldn't be finished.

Everything had gone wrong-the

world and everybody in it, so it seemed o her as she sat down near the hearth with her face in her hands, thinking of the unpleasant little happenings of the And in this attitude the doctor found her a short while later. He saw the

moment in silence, then, looking fondly in her face, said softly: "Bessie, a telegram announcing my father's sudden death called me home for a few days. I couldn't leave any sooner on account of my poor grief-

promising to return. poyhood and desire that I Hil my father's place as well as I can. "Ressie, look up, dear, and listen. I

have something to ask. I want you to come home with me. I've thought of this for a long time, but dared not speak until I could offer you a better home than you had. I can do that now. Will you?" The moon looked in the window, smiled and nodded her head proudly,

and the stars peeped over her shoulder, tittered and erased the dots from their note books.-Boston Globe.

because her prophecy had come true,

A Point Where Many Show a Decided Seldom have men or women the faculty of grasping all the details of their own appearance. Were the ability to do this less rare we should not be amused and pained, as the case may be, by absurd vagaries in the way

of dress. A small, thin man will put on a high hat under the impression that it makes him look taller, while in reality it only makes him present the appearance of a pair of scissors under a thimble. A tall, thin woman will wear a hat in itself becoming, but which, taking

question, gives her all the appearance of a church spire. Her stout sister, who has a round, broad face, affects headgear resembling a turban as closely as the fashion will permit, an l, in consequence, seems to lose several inches of her height. This principle runs through the ques-

The elephantine woman adopts the

with great exertion into a heavy bass and assumes a majestic carriage that is suitable for nothing short of six feet. But in nothing is this lack of tasteto call it by no harsher name-more noticeable than in the selection of songs made by the average amateur

Imagine a young woman whose general appearance indicates the most robust health beseeching her hearers to lay her "among the daisies!" or a fragile youth announcing in a weak, piping tenor: "Thy sentinel I am!" Such things are never forgotten, and at the end of a decade every one of that audience, should they meet these performers, will remember the unfortnnate evening when they sang these incongruous songs and the absurd figure

A New Per for Kangaroos. -

A new branch of the morocco business in this country has been the tanning and preparing of kangaroo skins. Some ten years ago kangaroos were one of the pests of Australia. The Australians were at their wits' end to devise ways of getting rid of them. They hunted and shot kangaroos, but two killed. Some bright genius, as an ex-

by Verrazzani, 1524, and was named Acadia. It was settled in 1622 by the Scotch under Sir William Alexander, in the reign of James I. of England, from whom it received the name of Nova Scotia. Since its first settlement Nova Scotia has more than once changed

the wind has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by

Successor of the Unabridged.

A GRAND INVESTMENT The work of revision occupied over ten

having been employed, and over 300 expended before the first cop;

1,300 BUSHELS

Bag Fertilizer for Potatoes, on 114 acres of and, he raised 1,300 bushelsmooth, good sized potatoes. When quantity o certifizer and quality of land is considered, this is largest cropof potatoes ever raised in the world. Why not rate big creps of potatoes? We can tell yo ow to do it, and how

of 128 pages. W. S. Powell & Co.,

Baltimore, Md. 1794. 1891.

Policies written at short notice in the OLD RELIABLE ' ÆTNA" T. W. DICK. FORT FOR THE OLD HARTFORD

1794.

Ebensbury July 91, 1882.

THIS well-known and long established Sha ring Parlor is now located on Centre street, op-posite the livery stable of O'Hara, Dayls & Lather, where the business will be carried on in the lature. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING done in the heatest and most artists manner. Clean Towels a specialty, gn Lagies waited on at their residences.

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With 900 pound of Powell's Green to prevent Pot .. Rot and Bright.

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COMMENCED BUSINESS

Mountain House

CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG. JAMES H. GANT. Proprietor

Charley Gates called out, in a pitiful "This is too bad, fellows. My heart

"There is such a difference," said a few days ago, "in the way a woman

and give an answer. "To-morrow! Why should I wait until to-morrow? True, they are all that is left on earth to me now, and I can be nothing to them but a disgrace. The name I gave them has been tarnished. Shall I compel them to bear it still? Tell my darling children that their mother died when they were babes, and that their father is dead-that he died for them. I shall never seek to know them. Their father is a convict now. Give each one of them a rose for me. Often did their mother and I gather flowers for them. Give each of them a rose, and when these flowers wither, their father will be no more to them-no more forflected her soul. Tears of sympathy ran down her cheeks as she finished a smile almost of triumph as she af-

e world of sorrow that is within the

presiding gracefully, in the social world rembling prayer was uttered, but sever had I seen her whole soul looking out waiting for a reply recited to me substantially the following story of a

He was happily married and became the father of two children. The daughters had grown in strength and beauty, and no prottier sight was witnessed than in the evenings when his wife and ittle children sat with him on the doortep, or walked along the smooth pathways in the park. The wife and mother sickened and died. Some time after her death the father had a difficulty with a man who had in some way offended him. Whose the fault was I to not know, but in a hasty moment he raised his hand and struck a cruel blow that feiled his brother to the ground and blighted all his own hopes for life. be victim was borne to the hospital, where, after a few hours' suffering, he died and the assailant was held for nanslaughter. Much sympathy was expressed for him, and for a time it emed as though he would be released. but when the trial came he was conicted and sentenced to imprisonment or twenty years. The sentence may

terrible. The little children, aged five and three and one-half years, found of course, your own). The oldest reembled the father. Dark, piercing valed in its glossy blackness by the eemed to be dewy with a mother's ciss: merry dimples were about her terrupted and lingered there, ready to break forth again. Her forehead was model that came from human soul and and. Her deep blue eyes spoke forth

I called to see the father for the last time. He was to be taken to his prison were beautiful. He would do anything

"I have a personal interest in this case," he replied. "We have adopted the youngest child into our family. It seemed hard that we who had been left to mourn an only child should have another come into the home; the child of a stranger, and that stranger a couvict. We took her only for a day, but she won her way to our hearts. My wife's mother, a lady of eighty years, was with us, and she decided the case for us this way: She took the darling on her knee and asked her if she could sing. The child answered that she could and would sing for her. In assweet a voice as you ever heard she sang the old Twenty-third Psalm, 'The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want."

as your child; take her for what God has taken, and while she lives let her never feel a want which you can re-

Birds, as a rule, cannot focus their eves on an object save at a considerable

In the county court at Toronto may

Women are not permitted to sit in the body of the Temple church of London, because many hundreds of years ago the seats were reserved for the monkish knights, for whom the church was creeted. Another story, illustrating the tenacity of custom in European communities, is that of the sentinel at a certain point in a public garden in London. Nobody knew why he was stationed at that particular point until some one, delving in old records, discovered that generations before a sentinel had been placed there to warn people off a newly-painted bench. Even European birds seem tenacious of precedent. Migratory birds do not cross the Mediterranean at its narrowest point,

MY CHUM JACK.

I cal for Jack, and we two make A . sme at rough-and-timble

clook into his honest eves Proclaims a faithful creature. No slave could my commands attend, Were I a sovereum royal. As does this staunch and honest friend-This subject true and loyal: And when we're rambling wood and field I fear no hostile atranger. For Jack would die before he'd yield

Seel here he is, with warging tail -P. C. Fossett, in Golden Days.

It was a rough night. The wind

Uncle Joe thrust aside the big double

when I've seen him I must go back I'ncle Joe trotted into the next room and returned immediately with the coat. He helped her to put it on, after which he pressed down on her head

came forward, and, extending his hand to the young woman, said with a smile: "It isn't necessary for you to go any "Well, well," said Uncle Joe, "I was

But the doctor was looking down at the plucky girl beside him and waiting I will follow you.' "Miss Edwards," he asked, "how do

of step and gait except that of swim-

treat to eigars the next time they met in town.

been all sunflowers an' b ossoms. Her pa and ma both died before she was fourteen, and all they left her was their house and the scrap of ground it's "The first thing she did was to rent

but she's better 'an many who's older "When my poor wife was on her deathbed Bessie never left her for a minit. No, there she staved, night and day, doing everything she could tilltill there wasn't nothin' more to be

And many a time did he take her home in his buggy, and almost as fre-

quently he drove up to her gate and

of scandal. Bessie worked busily with her head high, her eyes bright, her red

the needle snapped on a seam, the machine screeched and worked hard, the

trace of tears on her cheeks, and with out asking her permission, he drow her within his arms, held her there a

stricken mother, and only then by "I am going to give up my practice here, and go back home to live among the people who have known me since

ABSURD APPEARANCES.

her height and slenderness into the

tion of manner quite as much as that of kittenish ways which are laughable in one of her appearance. The diminutive man drops his voice

they cut in doing it. Yankee Blade.

seemed to spring up where one was periment, sent a small consignment of skins to this country. They were tanned, and found a ready market. More were called for. Kangaroo-skin became fashionable, and it is said that the factories of America now use one million kangaroo-skins yearly. The price of the skins in Australia has gone up from twenty-five cents to a dollar a pound.-Harper's Young People. -Nova Scotia was discovered by Cabot, 1497. The country was visited

and tenderness. All that wealth and love but an examination has proved that the proprietors, and was not confirmed to the text is so long as it gets good space aches for you in your disappointment. could do for them would be done. He "And when anybody was sick she al-England till the peace of Utrecht, in point at which many do cross was at and is well displayed."-Washington sion Bounty, etc. aches for you in your disappointment. drank in my words with eagerness. I ways did her share of nursing, an' she one time the narrowest part of the sea. management of the same of the