est Circulation. - - - - 1,200

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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

\$1.50 and postage per year in a svance.

VOLUME XXVI.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1892.

Slamese Animals with Strange Peculiari-

curious members," said he to a San

dollar a pair Siamese cats in the Occi-

corps of secretaries and under digni-

taries like the tony missions receive,

best native material on hand. So I

can do this sort of thing readily in

Siam, where the freest sociability

prevails between the people and the

gifted menagerie that inhabits the

island. For a watchdog, in case I

wanted to leave the house for awhile. I

king's kennel. He comes of a family

trained for untold generations to play

this role, and when placed on sentinel

duty he could be fully trusted, night or

day, to cover his charge with entire

success. Nobody but myself or wife

could approach my desk or anything

that he was left to guard without hav-

ing a severe attack of remorse. Then

came a marvelous pair of cats. They,

too, came of lofty pedigree and are ex-tremely rare, but their most practical

value in Siam comes from their

merciless warfare on snakes. Bangkok

is a crowded capital. a sort of Venice,

"The entire country back of it is in-

fested with enormous boas, from fifteen

to twenty-five feet in length. When

their country board gets unpalatable

these monsters stroll down into the

Bangkok in search of supplies. Their

pet dainties are pigs, chickens, geese

and cats. No, their bite is not venom-

ous, but they do swift and deadly ex-

cution with their giant coils. Instinc-

tively, therefore, the cat recognizes his

arch enemy, but you don't know what a ferocious prize fight is until you can

seen one of these small, tawny felines

make an unerring spring and fasten

himself to the back of the boa's neck.

To this vulnerable point he holds like

grim death, scratching meanwhile with

the wildest tiger-like fury, till the huge

monster throws up the sponge. They

are gentle and good natured, these am-

ber-eyed beauties, until Mr. Boa comes

around, when they suddenly develop

the ferocity of ten devils. It was a

reptile seventeen feet long that one of

his fighting species laid out in my lega-

ion yard one day. You must under-

stand that Siam is an outdoor and open-

window clime, and this leads to socia-

bility on a very democratic scale. You

never can tell the mixed character of

angels, four footed and otherwise, you

are liable to entertain at night. For

instance, we had a pair of baby sun

bears, gentle as kittens, on the legation

pay roll in some position of honor.

They passed the day in the banyan

trees and dropped down about mid-

night to call on their friends. We

found them under our bed one morning,

and then Mrs. Boyd thought the hour

had arrived to draw the line on beasts.

We had to dismiss our pelican, too, in

lisgrace, in spite of the dignity he main-

tained on the front porch, for the royal

dog made open war on his tail feathers

until he resembled a skirtless ballet

ON PESCADERO BEACH.

There, in the Earthly Paradise, the Floor

Is Paved with Gems.

Nearly all the varieties of quartz,

chalcedony and opal are found on the

'escadero shore, except the iridescent,

orecious opal. Among the innumera-

ole variety are seen the reddish brown

quite rare-erroneously termed "emer-

ald." What is here called topaz, in the

opinion of Helen F. Lowe, who writes

about it in Lippincott's, is probably a

valuable yellow opal known as the

false topaz. Chalcedony affords the

beautiful red and pink carnelians that

deepen in color with exposure to the

sun, and also the moss agates found

principally on Agate beach. Onyx,

sardonyx and banded agates display

their dark tones of gray, black and dull

red, among the high lights of pearly

moon stones, sparkling water crystals

and the brilliant, fiery luster of the

chatoyant opals. Stones closely resem-

bling smoky quartz-very beautiful in

their clear, deep tint-and others resem-

bling rose quartz are sometimes found.

there is an infinite number of unclassi

fied pebbles of every color, tint and shape. A curious and beautiful stone

recently found on Pebble beach was of

a clear bright vellow, half an inch long

and shaped exactly like an acorn in the

cup. Most of the stones are perfect in

their natural state and well repay set-

The deposit varies with the tide.

Where to-day lies a glinting bank of

stones, to-morrow shines a clear stretch

of sand, swept by the waves bare as a

polished floor. First one beach and

then another absorbs the attention of

young and old. How they dig with

their wooden paddles! And what care-

less attitudes of abandon are assumed

Gray-headed bankers and brokers, staid

matrons and dainty maids, alike yield

to the charm of pebble picking. Many

a vow is made that another day shall

find them at other sport, yet the mor-

row finds all again by the sea, eager

Wanted the Color to Match.

A young man from Kalamazoo-

which is in the state of Michigan, by

the way-was in Detroit not very long

ago, drawn hither by the fascinating

attractions of one of the brightest and

best-looking girls in this City of the

Straits. The visitor was more or less

of a Kalamazoolu and the girl didn't

feel flattered by his attentions, but she

did the best she could under the circum-

stances. In the evening he asked her

to go with him to the ice creamery and

and joyous as ever.

she went.

mind."

In addition to the gems mentioned,

jasper opal and a clear green stone-

largely built over the water.

had an intellectual little dog from the

NUMBER 47.

Men, Boys and Children

OF CAMBRIA COUNTY!

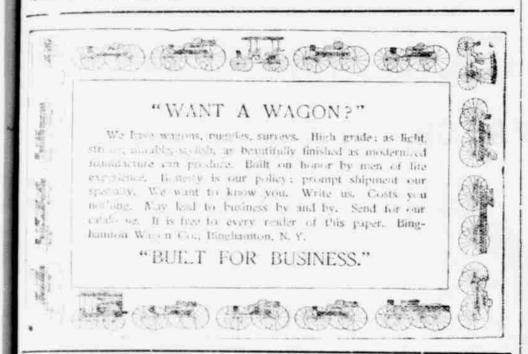
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And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like All the All th must be simple; when it is not simple it is it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either. Look for this stamp-The Rochester. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine

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1794.

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Bag Fertilizer for Potatoes, on 154

acres of and, he raised 1,300 bushels

smooth, good sized potatoes. When

quantity o certifizer and quality of

land is considered, this is largest crop

of pointoes ever raised in the world.

Why not race big crops of potatoes:

We can tell vo. ow to do it, and how

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of 128 pages.

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Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturers

Baltimore. Md.

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T. W. DICK.

OLD HARTFORD

COMMENCED RUSINESS

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T. W. DICK.

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to present Parate Rot and Bright.

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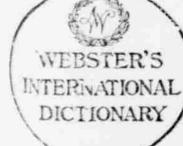


and EXERCHES THE BLOOD. Quickens eartion of the Liver and Kidneys, Clears the ion, makes the skin smooth. It does not to the feeth, cause headache, or orecase con ation-ALL OTHER TROY MEDICINES DO

N. S. RIDBULES, of Marion, Mass., says: "I be all Brown's Iron Bitters as a valuable timic variance the blood, and remaining all disposition in the blood of the books." It does not hard the books." E. M. DELETLE, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I proscribed Brown's Iron Bitters in cases of a and blood discusses, also asken a timic was and time proved thereughly schelactory." We Brand MSE Mary St. New Orleans, Lo., Besser from Different subsycol me in a case Bitters released no in a case and I beartily commend it is

os above Trade Mark and crossed red lines BEOWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

HE NEW WEDSIER



TAND INVESTMENT unity, the School or the Library. rk of revision occupied over ten ing been employed, and over

SULD BY ALL BOOMSELLERS. ter of specimen toges, Electrations, sets, cent from by the publishers. therefore it, purchasing a dictionappearants of a comparatively GET THE BEST,

& C. MERRIAM & CO., PRINCELLE LE LE U.S. A.

DINALD E. DUFFON.
ATTORNEY ATTAW.
En conces in Opera House, Conter street.

What use to me is "Byles on Bills". For "Jarman on the Law of Wills" i wouldn't give a Jackstone. Nor would I give another for "Juries and July Trials," nor more For "Coke on Littleton"-yes, or For Chitty, Kent, or Blackstone. Will Byles help me to pay the bill

LEGAL MEDITATIONS.

Lowe for flowers? Can her will He changed by reading Jarman? What use are "Jury Trials" to me?-Or Kent, or Chitty? Blackstone?-he Is dryer than theesouhy. Yes, worse than any Brahman.

And "Kneeland on Attachments," too, Has nothing in it that will do-The title is misleading. And though through dusty books I read, Alas, I ne'er can learn to plead From "Stephen's Rules of Pleading.

"Collyer on Partnership" T've read (An ancient work); "Contracts to Wed," By some one named Fitzsimmons. Nor does it seem to help me on, That "Marriage Settlements" I con, Or Schouer's learned book upon "The Laws of Married Women."

There is no statute I can find Will make a maiden change her mind To find a law will help me win A suit like mine-or I'd begin To search it out. It isn't in

But-"Baylies on Appeals". Ah, there Is just the answer to my prayer: I know now how to do it. From her decision-by the sent Of all the courts:-I will appeal, And that will make the verdict wil.

QUEER PASSENGERS.

-James G. Burnett, in N. E. Magazine.

A Sea Captain's Story of a Family of Smugglers.

Many passengers returning from England or the continent to the United States appear to imagine that they have done a brilliant thing when they succeed in smuggling dutiable goods through the custombouse. If they escape detection, they congratulate themselves on their eleverness in outwitting the government officials; but when they are not successful and are exposed, the case assumes a different

The position of the smuggling traveler is indeed one of the most awkward

I have been a witness of many amusing scenes that have occurred on the White star Ships and at their landing place. One of these left a lasting impression on my memory, owing, perhaps, to the extraordinary conduct of all the members of an entire family turing the voyage from Liverpool to

New York. In the early part of September, 187-, I stood at the gangway on the main deck of the Baltic, of which I was then in command, at Liverpool, watching the passengers come on board from the ender. The ship was anchored in the iver, about three-quarters of a mile com the landing stage.

Among the last to leave the tender vas a family which consisted of father, mother and four daughters. The father was an old man-short, stout and thick set. His wife was round. plump, very red in the face, and panted with the exertion she was making. The daughters, on the contrary, were

The whole appearance of the group was so poor, and their dress so shabby and worn, that as they went aft among the saloon passengers it seemed as if a mistake had been made, and that their roper place was in the steerage. Many of the immigrants were clad far more

long, lank, and thin, both in face and

watly. On the passage, two or three days ater, happening to go aft one morning, again remarked this curious family. They were sitting entirely apart from the other passengers, on the long wooden seat that ran along the side of the railing. Steamer chairs were a uxury in which, evidently, they had

not indulged. The father, mother and four daughters-the daughters resembling a flight of steps of even gradations-sat solemnly side by side, without uttering a word, and appearing as if they were

assembled at a funeral. The ship was full of passengers, who were mostly Americans, returning from their summer outing. They had not much to occupy their attention. and soon all who were well enough to enjoy any little novelty or excitement were attracted toward this strange and

very eccentric family group. They responded so briefly and coldly to kind inquiries made of them by several of the ladies that even the most inquisitive were obliged to give up trying to solve the problem which they seemed to suggest. They were soon eft entirely to themselves.

Not one member of the family was ever seen alone, either on deck or in the saloon. If one of the party rose up to walk, all formed in solemn procesion. Silently and sadly they promenaded up and down the deck, until, at a signal from the father or mother, all stopped and resumed their seats. One of the ladies who sat at my table 1891. asked me what I thought of these people. I had had no time up to that moment to think about them at all, and told her so; but I added that, if the

weather continued fine, I should cast an eye on them occasionally, and tell her what conclusion I arrived at. The weather proved favorable, and I began to be somewhat interested in the family. Certainly their movements were very peculiar. Whether they were caused by timidity, eccentricity

PIRE INSURANCE COM'Y. or a desire to be let severely alone, I could not quite decide. As the end of the passage approached, unmistakable signs of anxiety and nervousness were visible in the faces of all the members of the family. One afternoon just before dinner, near the

wheelhouse, the old man suddenly be gan a conversation with a gentleman who stood near. I happened to overhear the talk. The weather was the first topic; but

soon the subject drifted to that nearest the old man's heart. He began to make inquiries about the custom house inspection. "Are the officers very rigid in their

Parlor is now located on Centre street, op-lette the livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Luth , where the loseness will te carried on in the atter. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND examination?" he asked. He was told that they were. AHAMPHOING done in the neatest and most artistic manner. Clean Towels a specialty, 25 Lanies wasted on at their residences. "What amount is allowed duty free?" he inquired, and his question was answered courteously.

Forty-eight hours later we had arrived at Sandy Hook, and were fast approaching quarantine when something called me from the bridge, and I went ** Special attention to given claims for Pen-on deck.

There, standing by the railing, looking off toward Staten Island, were the members of this strange family. But what a change! I thought of Cinderella

and her magical transformation. The day was one of the hottest of September, yet the old lady was wrapped in an elegant sealskin garment that reached nearly to her feet. Under this I saw the folds of a handsome black satin dress. A rich bonnet on her head and light kid gloves completed her costume.

The old man looked as if he had just come from the hands of one of the most fashionable London tailors. He was dressed in a complete new suit of clothes, a costly overcoat and a silk

But the greatest change in appearance was in the four daughters. Hitherto they had been long, slim girls; now they were quite round and plump. Their dresses were plain but rich; and handsome hats shaded their faces, which were, however, thin and, if anything, still paler than before,

As soon as the ship was in her berth and everything made secure, I came down from the bridge, and, standing near the gangway, watched the baggage as it was carried on the dock. It so happened that it was piled up not far from the foot of the gangway, so that I had a good opportunity to see the result of the examination.

The mysterious family had already gone ashore with the other passengers, and now stood near a collection of trunks, bags and bundles of rugs, waiting for an officer to examine their I was well acquainted with the senior

inspector, who was stationed but a few

steps from the gangway. Occasionally he looked up and smiled as the men came to him and reported the result of their work. A few minutes later an official approached the strange family and asked for the keys of their trunks, which the old man had not produced. He thrust

his hand into his pocket and drew out his keys. The officer took them, fitted them to the trunks, threw open the lid of one after another, lifted the contents, ran his hand through them; in In the meantime the attention of the senior officer had been drawn in that

direction. He turned and faced the group, carefully scrutinizing its members while the examination was in prog-When all had been opened, the lids

were closed and marked by the inspector, who then reported that nothing contraband or dutiable had been found. I smiled as I heard the report. At that moment the eyes of the senior officer met mine. I noticed a peculiar expression on his face Advancing toward the party, the in-

spector told the old man to go to the

office occupied by the custom-house officials. My curiosity was excited. I left the ship, went down the gangway, and stood a few steps distant, watching The old man's countenance turned a greenish-white as he looked in the di-

rection indicated. The old lady trembled and seemed scarcely able to stand; while the four girls were white and terror-stricken. They followed the superintendent into the office, and the door closed behind the whole party. The old man was requested to step into one of the examining rooms, while the mother and daughters were taken in charge by a female searcher and

conducted into another. After about half an hour the trembling woman and her daughters returned to the main office. The female searcher followed, and, going up to the table in the center of the room, placed a small valise upon it in front of the

At almost the same moment the old man appeared, accompanied by an officer. The officer placed on the table a

small package inclosed in brown paper. The office was now filled with people, many of whom were passengers from the ship. They had perceived that the queer family were suspected, and had emained behind to see the "fun." The appraiser rose from his chair, went up to the table and opened the valise Every eye was upon him as he drew forth its glittering contents and spread them out before it.

Swiss, French and English watches, chains, both long and short, bracelets, rings and jewelry of every description lay sparkling in the sunlight. The brown paper package, upon being opened, disclosed about six thousand lollars' worth of unset diamonds. These were found concealed in the lothing of the old man.

The total value of the goods was estimated to be nearly eleven thousand dollars

A loud laugh rang through the room at the expression of dismay on the old man's face. There was little sympathy for him, but the position of the poor old lady and her daughters was indeed

pitiable. In the excitement of the moment 1 did not think of remarking the appearance of the girls until an exclamation from one of the passengers drew my attention to them. They were no longer round and plump, as just before leaving the ship, but had resumed their

former lank appearance. I ascertained later that the greater part of the jewelry had been concealed n the clothing of the daughters, as the father had stupidly imagined that, owing to their youth, they would not

be suspected. On my return voyage I learned that the old man had been compelled to pay double duty on his goods. Whether or not be ever made a second attempt at smuggling I cannot say. It was the last time that he ever crossed the Atlantic on board any ship under my command -Capt. Charles W. Kennedy, in Youth's Companion.

PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN. THE brilliant daughter makes a brit-

tle wife. JUDGE a maiden at the kneading-pan, not at the dance.

A woman who looks much in the glass spins little. A TENDER-HEARTED mother makes a lazy daughter. A young wife is an old man's post-

horse to the grave. A DEAF husband and a blind wife make a happy couple. A gossiping woman talks about everybody, and everybody talks about her.

The waiter bowed. "And, waiter," said the girl in a low, sweet voice, "bring me pistache to match the young man here," and the HE who marries a widow will often young man didn't know what pistache have a dead man's head thrown in his was till he saw the color.

LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE. PEDIGREED CATS AND DOGS.

A Tempting Position, Eut One Which

Carries With It Many Penalties. To be the mistress of the white house United States Minister Boyd was is altogether tempting. It is a position recently home on a leave of absence of almost unequaled social power and from Bangkok. "The American legainfluence, which has tested and proved tion at Siam was composed of very the tact, good sense and true womanhood of most of those who have reached Francisco Examiner man as he stroked the distinction. In ordinary times the the tawny coat of his three hundred white house is the center of a social life which fixes popular attention; the dental basement. "You see the govmovements there are matters of the ernment makes me no allowance for a widest public interest, and many of them are of such character that the people in general feel as if they themand I had to force a little style with the selves were participants. In all the history of our country this social life in drafted into the service of Uncle Sam the white house has been of that simple an assortment of cheap but sagacious and unpretentious character so becomassistants, who helped to furnish ing to the republican tastes and habits dignity to the establishment without of the people at large. any severe strain on its exchequer. You With all its temptations to ostenta-

tious and gaudy display and personal exclusiveness, it has always been maintained apart from these. The wives of the presidents, like the presidents themselves, have come from the people, and have taken the simple but sufficient social forms of the country into the most conspicuous social position of the lady of the white house. Under almost no administration has the president himself been more firmly fixed in the hearts of the American people than the lady who has directed the social life of the executive residence during his term. And the names of many of these ladies -the Philadelphia Press declares them to be the best types of American womanhood-stand out almost as prominently even as the names of the presidents. But the position has its penalties The exactions have been too much for some of those upon whom the responsibility has been thrown. Even those whose physical strength has proved sufficient to all the emergencies have found much in the never-ceasing social attentions that was extremely undesirable, even burdensome. The semipublic character of the daily life of all the members of the white house family is sadly destructive of true domestic living. A partial if not a complete relief has been suggested in the entire separation of the family residence from ness of the whole nation is transacted. That would certainly admit of a greater degree of privacy and quiet, while in no sense detracting from the social life in the administration circle. The white house in its present condition is not suited as it should be to private life. It is not desirable to destroy the building, for it has historical associations that endear it to the American people; but it night be added to so that there shall be a practically separate family residence, one wholesome, healthful and proper.

CHANGES IN DANCING. Some of the Fashionable Trips Which Are Now in Popular Favor.

"Just let a woman stop dancing for even a season, and she will find that she is completely out of the running so far as new steps are concerned," said a society girl who, being in mourning for the last year, discovered when she once more entered a ballroom that styles change in dancing as rapidly and completely as in gowns. "Now, there is the two-step, something altogether new, which is a perfect mystery to me. How anyone manages to do it with any grace whatever is a wonder, for two slides one way and two slides another in perfect time to the music is not as easy as it sounds. But have you seen the Oxford minuet? It is perfectly lovely; so quaint, you know, and it is stately and hoppy at the same time, for it combines the principles of minuet and polka. It is danced by two, man and woman, of course. They take hold of the hands and in four times do the steps of the minuet. After the bow that is part and parcel of all minuets the time changes to a much more rapid measure and away they go helter skelter in a mad polka Oh! it is just lovely," she sighed, though it must be confessed the description, though very fetching, did not convey to the uninitiated mind of the New York World man any idea of anything so ravishing; still one never can tell how a thing goes until he tries for himardent admirers claim for it.

self. Therefore, it may be all its Other round dances that are popular favorites are the Yorke, Berlin, Esmeralda and military schottishe; all pretty. graceful dances, and then, of course, the never dying yet frequently murdered waltz survives in different phases of hops, skips, jumps and glides, but ever the most prominent feature of any ballroom programme, notwithstanding the little eccentricities of its would-be dancers. The lancers have passed into oblivion, but the polka quadrille, which permits of the Oxford minuet and Berin being introduced into the figures, is to be the sole square dance approved of this winter by the fashionable dancing

Times change and we change with them. Dances take on new phases, but as long as music and young people exist there will be no prettier or more popular diversion than dancing, no matter what form it chooses to assume.

ABOUT THE HOME.

FRENCH TOAST.-Beat two eggs thoroughly and add to them two cups of sweet milk and a little salt. Dip slices of bread into this mixture and fry on a hot buttered griddle.-Boston Budget.

THE Holland and Belgium washerwomen, who are famed the world over for their laundry skill, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of soda. A large handful of the powder to about ten gallons of boiling water is the proportion. Borax does not injure the texture of linen and cotton as does soda.-N. Y. Times.

CAPAMET ATMOVES -Itlan pound of Jordan almonds, and drain well. Mix one tablespoon of melted butter with the nuts and spread them in two pans. Place in a moderately hot oven and roast for twenty minutes, stirring often. When taken from the oven they should be of a delicate brown color.—Good Housekeeping. New Turnips.-Pecl and slice a quan-

"Waiter," he said, in a loud and comtity of turnips and cook in salted boiling water to which you have also manding tone, "bring us two ice added a teaspoonful of sugar: when done creams, the best you've got in the shop, drain in a colander and press as free as possible from water, then press through the colander, add a spoonful of butter ent in tiny bits and rolled in flour, a spoonful or two of cream and salt and pepper to taste.-American Agricul-

SUCCESS.

O, where shall I find it, and what will it be, This wonderful gift-this great my stery? O, what is it like, and how shall I know, The path I must take or where I must go? For ways there are many, and night will come And years are so fleeting that youth will be

Ere I shall attain it or name it as mine: O, give me some token, or show me some sign? No answer come back to my longing intense-No r.pple of light cloft the shadows so dense' I asked of my neighbors, and those that I met. Whatever in life was the best thing to get! I followed their teachings, as well as I could, And struggled to reach up to earth's highest

I built up vast wealth, and I lived in great But burdens were crushing me early and late! I sought then for honor, position and fame, I won them and wore them, and found them but

Then saddened, I sat in the shadows alone: Success -I then knew that I never had known! And time was departing, and age drawing And naught was before me but failure and

When borne through the silence, on waves of My spirit was lifted to regions most fair! I way then that fruth is life's center and source;

That fore is life's savier, eternal in force-Outstreiching in power to the uttermost need, Dissolving all evils, and sowing the seed Of progress and growth, till success shall be Success everlasting, for all time to come -Ella Dan; in Inter Ocean.

AN OLD MAID'S ADVICE. How Tears Won a Husband for Maud Oakley.

For two whole years Capt. Jumpison had been the idol of the spinsters of Bunborough-by-the Sen. Cheery, goodnotured and good-looking, his private means were limited, if they existed at all, and his pay was insufficient to enable him to indulge any of those expensive tastes which lure young men tennis. He neither hunted in winter nor played polo in summer; and he was always ready to dance half the night at the Banborough balls. He really was a very nice man indeed; every one agreed that he would make a very nice husband for anyone of the young ladies of Bunborough to to whom he might finally determine to offer himself; and for two years he distributed his favors freely, but with almost absolute impartiality.

"There is safety in numbers and the cowards know it," said Miss Grayson, of the Valley Cottage, to Mand Calcley, who had been unburdening her soul to her. Miss Grayson was the kindest of elderly ladies where young people's love affairs were concerned, and Maud Oakley had known her since she (Mand, not Miss Grayson) was a baby "Cowards!" said Miss Grayson again under breath, and Miss Oakley sniffed deprecatingly. She had been talking to Miss Grayson for an hour, and had told her sympathetic listener a good deal that was, in the language of the vulgar, "stale news." Miss Grayson was quite aware (all Bunborough might have told her) that Capt. Jumpison had quite recently shown a distinet preference for the Oakley family. He dined there whenever he was a ked and had won Gen. Oakley's confidence by delicately expressing unbounded belief in his stories-not always an easy task; he had been most attentive to old Mrs. Oakley during supper time at several balls, and his visits to the house for five o'clock ten had not been limited by invitations issued to him or confined to those occasions when Gen. and Mrs. Oakley were at home: but there were two Miss Oakleys, and to which of them Capt. Jumpison intended his attentions to be devoted was a question which Bunborough-by-the-Sea would have liked to have answered. It was not strange, however, that the public were puzzled when Mand Oakley had had to confess to Miss Grayson that she had no very distinct idea whether her sister Geraldine or herself was preferred by the man to whom she had unreservedly lost her heart, though she admitted she had her fears. "Geraldine has Dr. Coverdale," said Maud. 'She would be quite happy

with him." "Quite so," said Miss Grayson. "It never rains but it pours. Maud wondered whether it had ever

'poured" with suitors in Miss Grayon's young days, and said nothing. "Can't we make Dr. Coverdale propose to her?" said Miss Grayson. "And Geraldine accept him?" added Maud doubtfully. Miss Grayson was a determined-looking old lady, but even

she seemed to consider the project impracticable. "Did you ever try boohoo with any one?" said Miss Grayson.

"What?" said Mand. "Boohoo, boohoo," eried Miss Grayson, excitedly: and an elderly lady who had selected the precise moment to be announced by Miss Grayson's pretty little parlor maid very nearly turned and fled. She came in, however, and her impression that Miss Grayson had gone demented was confirmed by the apparently imbeelle laughter with which her greeting was

received. Maud rose to leave, and Miss Grayson, who had recovered her presence of mind sufficiently to inquire after her new visitor's husband (he had been dead seven years), accompanied her to the front door.

"Don't you understand, you silly child?" she said, kissing her affectionately on the doorstep. "Cry, cry, cry your eyes out; not one of the wretches in a baker's dozen of them can stand tears." And the kind old lady returned to pacify a justly indignant widow; while Miss Oakley walked home, with a light breaking slowly in on her as she pondered the somewhat enigmatical advice she had received.

Meanwhile Capt. Jumpison was striding down the flinty road leading from the barracks to Bunborough as if he trod on air. He searcely knew how he had transferred himself from uniform to his newest mufti; but between his beating heart and the tweed coat which formed its outermost covering he could feel the communication which had that afternoon altered the course of his career forever. "On her majesty's service" it had arrived, and "on her majesty's service" it informed him he was expected to proceed forthwith to a somewhat distant portion of her dominions, where, in return for a salary exceeding his wildest dreams, he was to perform duties as to which he still felt vagne. But they probably included the dispensation of substantial justice with lavish hand to sundry swarthy fellow-subjects and the instruction of the mule

portion of them in the use of obsolete

weapons and the evolutions of an im-

proved drill.

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The climate-well, every rose has its thorn, and Government House and his society would reconcile Geraldine Oakley to a bursting thermometer and a diet of quinine. She could have her sister to stay with her if she felt lonely; he was quite fond of Mand, though of course she did not care for him; did she not always retire when he came to tea, and leave him alone with her elder. sister, and always refuse to give him more than four dances in one evening? But Geraldine was different. Dr. Coverdale would do very well for Maud when Geraldine was gone. There she was-Maud, not Geraldine-standing on the top step waiting for him as he

"How do you do?" she said, shyly, as she ushered him into the drawingroom. "I will go and tell Geraidine He was delighted; could anything have been more thoughtful? But, oddly enough, she did not go. She sat down, on the contrary, and began

almost ran up the garden walk.

fingering "chair back" nervously. "It is a fine day," she said, and then "Hang it," he thought; "I meant to tell Geraldine the news first, but there's no harm in beginning with her."

So he began, pulling out his official letter to show her. "I have come, Miss Oakley, to tell you some news and ask you to congratulate me."

"What!" she exclaimed, "are you engaged to be mar-" "Oh, no!" he answered, "not exactly -that is, not yet-in fact, I mean not

And he got very red, and so, curiously enough, did she. She looked very pretty blushing and with her lower lip so pretty as Mand, he admitted to himself as he looked at her; but so much the better. Geraldine would be all the less likely to flirt, if, that is, there was anyone at Government House to flirt

"No," he said; "it's the appointment. I told you (or was it your sister?) my uncle was trying to get for me-the very thing I have been wanting."

And he proceeded to paint the charms of the new career opening before him in glowing colors. He said nothing about the quinine. When he came to an end of all the details she was sitting, with an expression of deep interest, looking at him, and he felt that had she only been Geraldine the very moment would have arrived-that precise opportunity not always emy to obtain, particularly in a small villa-"And so," he said, feering he must bring his tale to a conclusion and give her an excuse for going to fetch her sister-"and so Miss Oakley, I leave Bunborough very soon, and have come to say good-by.

"Good-good-boo-boo." She did not hit the precise note which had startled Miss Grayson's visitor; but the effect on him was even more electrifying.

"My God!" he murmured. "Boo-hoo, boo hoo-o." And she buried her head in the sofa cushions. For a minute he said nothing; his first inacticulate entreaty to her died on his lips before her storm of grief, so he bit his mustache in silence. Then the front door slammed; Miss Geraldine Oakley was going out for a walk, totally unaware of his arrival. Could he stop her? He could hardly open the window and shout. He moved toward the drawing-room door, but he had to pass the sofa, and as he did so the girl on it rose, as if she, too, half dazed, was seeking a way of escape; and as their hands met on the door handle she sank sobbing into his arms.

"Don't, don't!" she whispered, hardly articulately; but he was doing nothing from which he could desist, for he could scarcely let her drop on the floor. "Good God!" said Capt. Jumpison again; "will no one come?" But the house was still; and be reflected that perhaps it was as well that no one should come in at that precise juncture-at all events, not without warning; and so there was another pause, broken only by her sobs. He could see her sister through the muslin blinds; she was looking over the garden gate talking to some one; would she change her mind and being who ever it was in to tea? If she did, Mand would surely hear them entering the house and retreat. But Geraidine stood talking at the gate. Only the rector were a high hat at Bunboroughby-the-Sea and Dr. Coverdale. "Click!" went the garden gate as

Geraldine passed into the sunny road-"Boo-hoo!" It was a very gentle one this time, from somewhere near his watch-pocket.

"Click!" went the garden gate, as it swung back on its hinges. And Capt. Jumpison surrendered at discretion. - St. James Budget.

Walking Becoming a Lost Art. The present style of street dress is

responsible for a whole lot of awkwardness. According to the Washington Star, a woman can't be a model of grace when she is frantically groping for the tail of her gown. And then, when the refractory thing is well in hand the horrifying thought strikes her that the 'sham" is revealing its wearer's poverty. A few more epileptic struggles and hoists and the silk underskirt coes swash, swash, swash through the rivulets of window-cleaning suds, tobaccochewing offal and over crossings where the street sprinkler does his whole duty. With a wild desire to save the silk skirt -to rescue, which means to relinquish the conquered territory in the upper region of drygoods and begin the battle over again-she goes on her tip toes over the sads and saliva, and, tired with that effort, takes to her heels on the muddy crossings to save the toes of her shoes from soil, and bends forward like one with curvature of the spine. Now, it stands to reason that a woman performing such gymnastics on the street can't do her whole duty as a daughter of the gods. In fact, I think Hebe herself would succumb if she had to envelop her shapely form in modern drapers

who a bleed partition W. W. MUNAHAS. Tunenmbia, Als. says: "I went troubled from childhood with Impure and evention on my face-two bettless of home Batters effected a perfect cury. I