JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1893.

and finally impatiently broke in:

horse in the whole territory."

dollars.

rather doubtfully

"That's what."

eat alfalfa."

bless you.

"Well, gentlemen, that's very good,

but I know a horse which can beat any

their horses were certainly remark-

"You know C. C. Beach, of Phoenix.

I guess," said Mr. Carpenter, turning

affably upon his hearers. Several

knew Mr. Beach and expressed un-

bounded admiration for the gentleman.

"It ain't likely the hoss is wuth that

"Every cent of it," said Mr. Carpen-

"Oh, come now," observed a gentleman

from Gila Bend, "what are you giving

"There's a story with that horse,"

remarked another from Casa Grande,

while a gentleman from Red Rock sug-

gested that the horse was worth more

"There is a story connected with that

norse, and so long as Beach lives that

"A story! What is it? Go ahead,"

"Well, sir," began Mr. Carpenter,

ettling himself, "it was way back

during the Indian troubles that my

story refers. The rascally reds were

besieging Fort Mojave and it was sure

death to everyone in the fort unless

succor was obtained. But how to get

news to the outer world of this dread-

ful situation? The blessed Indians

were here, there and everywhere,

picking off men, women and children.

An Indian don't care who he shoots,

"Well, sir, there was a buckskin

lived, said if the horse would be lent to

"Of course it was dangerous work

him he would try and make Prescott.

would never get out of sight of the

fort, and the bravest man there shud-

dered to think what would be Hardy's

fate when captured. The Indians

mutilate their prisoners most hideous-

ly and their tortures are exquisite be-

fore they finish them up. I tell you,

gentlemen, there was greater pluck

hown by Hardy in volunteering to go

than in leading a fortorn hope, where

death is speedily met by bullet or

"The buckskin was saddled and Har-

dy made a dash for the open country.

The horse knew as well as its rider

what was required of him. He passed

the line of Indians before they were

well awake. Then when they did get

up they gave chase. The desert was a

swarming mass of red devils, all

screaming and urging their horses after

Hardy. But the buckskin had the lead.

Hardy was a good rider. He rode as in

a race, and not till Prescott was

reached, one hundred and fifty miles

pose the Indians stopped-not a bit of

it. They kept right on after him, the

bullets tearing up the mud right along-

man shall ever again ride that buck-

"You bet, Beach is right not to let

any man ride that horse, but I have a

horse which went one hundred miles in

forty-eight hours dragging a beavy

wagon with a whole outfit and two

heavy men weighing about two hun-

dred rounds a piece," said a gentleman

The Red Rock man leaned over to me

and whispered in my ear: "That's the

doggondest liar in the territory," and

go fifty miles at a dead run and never

"My horse went the last sixty miles

without a drop of water," retorted the

Casa Grande man, "and the two men

were about dead, with their tongues

lolling out of their mouths, but my

The Red Rock man stared at him

with a sad, wan, pitying smile, as if he

were wondering why anyone would im-

and relapsed into silence. Occasional-

when he caught me alone he said: "I

wonder that fellow's tongue don't get

paralyzed telling such whoppers.

say nothing about horse. I said mule-

m-u-l-c-mule. See? Whisky straight,

boss. Never mind yer tarnation water."

-John Hamilton Gilmour, in San Fran-

Ground Covered in Dancing.

about three-quarters of a mile. A

square dance makes him cover half a

mile. A girl with a well-filled pro-

gramme travels thus in an evening:

Tweive waltzes, nine miles; four other

dauces, at a half mile apiece, which is

Strange anulan ...ellef

and are not cremated are turned into

owls, and when they hear an owl hoot-

The Mohaves believe that all who die

An average waltz takes a dancer over

horse was as fresh as a daisy."

I can't! Nominate yer pizen.

without water?"

cisco Chronicle.

they call it.

touch a drop of water."

from Casa Grande.

cheerfully began:

away, did he draw rein. Do you sup-

much," said a gentleman from Rillitos

ter, relighting another eigar.

us? Worth one million!"

than the "hull territory."

exclaimed all in a breath.

NUMBER 2

VOLUME XXVII.

Men, Boys and Children

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in. N. S. Runging, of Marion, Mess. Sept. 1 ment Broom's fron Bitters as a valuable tonin ching the blood, and removing all dispeptio props. It does not have the teet. because B does not have the teets.

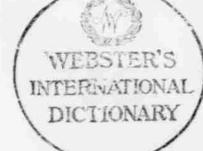
In R M Detertal, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I prescribed Hearing burn Bitters in come of min and blood discusses, also when a timic was deal and it has proved thousaning existancing."

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1794.

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Ebensbury July 91, 1882.

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T. W. DICK. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PENN'A' sion Bounty, etc. Englishment for Pen-

SUMMER IS OVER.

Summer is over; the winds blowing chill Wake in my bosom an answering thrill. Music and fragrance and beauty were here,

Warm with the breath of the perfected year. Bright with the radiant midsummer glow, When did they vanish and where did they go? Sad moans the wind in the tops of the trees, Thistle-down floats on the autumnal breeze; Thickets of goldenrod flame on the hill. Loud chirp the crickets, and piercingly shrill. Summer is over-life's sammer-for me. Brilliant with phantoms of future delight,

Chilly precursor of wintery age. When the last floweret shall fade on the hill When the shrill chirp of the cricket is still. Then the cold snow in its whiteness will fall,

Entereth autumn, the harbinger sage,

Only a little! O spirit, be brave! Why must thou shudder at age and the grave Summer is over, but change is not death, Nor is life ended when faileth the breath.

Beautiful seasons are yet to unfold; Life is eternal, though forms may grow old. Look, O my soul, from this autumnal plain After the winter comes springtime again. -Mary H. Wheeler, in Boston Transcript.

SOME HORSE STORIES. How Bill Hardy Escaped to Pres-

cott.

Is it possible for a man to confine himself strictly to the truth when speaking upon the feats of his horse? Ita said the Arabian horse seller never pretends to show off the quality of his animals, but brings them to market rough and shaggy; nor does he ever condescend to dwell on their merits. It is enough, he thinks, for the purchaser to know his animal is of pure stock, for it would be decrying their good qualities to vaunt their praises like a common huckster. But that is only from a commercial standpoint. No doubt the Arab sheiks speak much about their horses, and, perhaps, unwittingly tell long stories which have a tinge of the romance about their

grand achievements. the prophets that no horse lives which can equal bis animals.

to me in praise of his stud, "they are strong-so strong that if one of my horses kicked an English horse when they are drawn up in close order on the English horse and kill the next."

"Oh, yes, you say so; but you have ever seen my animals kiek. The argument was unanswerable.

around the camp-fire after a long day's ride with cattle a man could hardly believe those faithful beasts, hobbled and

new their business better. them; starve them; ride them furiously; spur them vicionsly. It matters not whether their poor beasts are sorebacked or not, on goes a saddle, and the wretched animal is lashed or spurred into a long continuous gallop.

on the Colorado desert. They are equal-As for placing a value upon their animals, they do not, for it is not uncommon for them to ride one to death, and not the slightest compunction is felt at the untimely decease. It is only when you want to purchase a pony that it has a fictitious value. What, part with that horse? No, it would be impossible. It is so valuable and such accounts are given of its speed that one is inclined to ask whether these people know about stop watches. The Modoc Indians placed an extraordinary

price on their beasts, but the Cahuillas ould give their northern brethren several pointers. It is ludicrous to ask them what they would take for their wretched stock, whose sole sustenance for nine months out of the year is dry sagebrush, for it must be understood that under no condition could an Indian think it proper to feed his horses. Some do raise alfalfa, it is true, but it is never cut and stored. They will unblushingly ask seventy-five dollars and eighty dollars for a nag that would be

for their exalted ideas, for the few age would approach to almost one dispels any illusion that may have

possessor speaks of him and shows him off as a very Nancy Hanks. Not long ago I was traveling be-

He listened patiently to the others

HIS DAY AT HOME.

The other gentlemen from Arizona How Mr. Parfitt's Sick Spell Was looked astonished. It was excusable, Finally Cured. for some of the feats performed by

"No, I can't say I enjoy George's sick days at home," said Mrs. Parfitt. "He's sure to be poking into things and making himself generally disagreeable. Dear boy! he isn't that way any other time. I'll warrant you, Conny"-Mrs. Parfitt shot a humorous glance at her "Well, he's got a horse on alfalfa husband's extremely pretty cousin, which he wouldn't sell for one million who stood, in street attire, waiting for her-"that he won't want to give me the money for my new jacket to-day at all. But there's the Carpenters' reception Thursday and-Wait for me! I'll

And Mrs. Parfitt ran downstairs with a valiant smile.

She found her husband in the library. He was young and comely, but a strip of red flannel on his throat, a shawl untidily worn and a gloomy expression of countenance did not im-"I'd stay at home, dear," said Mrs.

Parfitt, "if there was anything I could do for you.' "There isn't," said her husband, horse sha'n't do any harder work than shortly. 'This beastly cold has got to

wear itself out." "Conny and I are going out for a little shopping, then. And if you can let me have the money for my spring jacket now, George? I'm a little late about getting it as it is, you know. It's the tan one, with a striped satin lining -awfully pretty-at Bright's-" "I don't know anything about any jacket!" George snapped. "I'm har

assed enough in mind and body, Kate, without your persecuting me." "In mind?" said Mrs. Parfitt, patiently resigning herself. This was one of George's days at

"Yes, in mind!" He threw off his horse in camp which, if he once got a shawl, and sat up and glowered at her. start of a yard or so of any Indian ani-"What do you think about Hugh Dudmal, he would never be caught. Its ley and Constance, anyhow?" owner had often spoken of this animal. "Hugh Dudley and Constance?" and Bill Hardy, as brave a man as ever

Mrs. Parfitt stared a little. "That's what I said. He's coming here all the time, isn't he? What's he coming for?" Mrs. Partitt looked into

smile dawned on her fresh lips. "I-really, I-" she murmured "I feel responsible for Constance," said George, scowling impatiently at everything. "I asked her here, and if she does anything to disgrace the family I shall feel to blame for it. Hugh Dudley! Would Uncle Joe or Aunt Agnes want her to marry Hugh Dudley? A mere-mere-" no fit term present-ed itself. "I don't like this at all! In the coffee business! And I don't believe he knows who his grandfather was!" Mr. Parfitt concluded warmly.

Mrs. Parfitt looked oddly demure. "Isn't the coffee business creditable George, dear?" she queried. "And the Dudleys' are a very good family, really, and everybody likes Hugh." "I don't! Hugh Dudley!-when, with the slightest encouragement, Thomas Danforth-"

"Oh!" Mrs. Parfitt murmured. "You needn't think that has set me against Dudley, though. It hasn't. It isn't merely that Tom is a friend of mine; it's the difference in the two fellows. Tom's a brick-a brick Tom Danforth is!" said Mr. Parfitt, with an emside. No wonder Beach says that no phasis that amounted to fierceness "And for Constance Bergen to deliberately take up with the worse man of the two when she might have the better-it galls me! I'il never invite her

> here again-nor anybody else!" He flung back into his chair. "I think Conny will perhaps be living here before long, dear," his wife rejoined, mildly. She had retreated to the hall. "You-won't give me the money for my jack-"

> "No!" emphatically. He heard the front door close directly, and said to himself he was giad to be

"Give me a mule every time. I have He supposed Constance was upstairs; a mule which could have beaten that but he was in no mood for talking to her. He was out of patience with her. "You have, ch," said Mr. Carpenter. He went to the kitchen and asked the "Yes, sir; I have a mule which went cook to make him some ginger tea. Reforty miles between water at a straight turning he saw from the window a gallop in the dead heat of summer, and sight which caused him to utter an exwhat took the fastest horse four days asperated growl. Hugh Dudley was to do this mule could do in two days. driving up briskly in his road cart, I know a time when this mule did three which cart was shining in the rays of hundred and twenty miles in two days. the morning sun, as was also his handand the water holes were thirty-five some face miles apart. Why, sir, that mule could

George met him at the door before the maid could answer the bell. "Is Miss Bergen-" the caller began, with a questioning smile, offering to shake hands.

Mr. Parfitt ignored his hand. "She is not at home," he said, deliberately, with no trace of his accusing conscience in his displeased face. To admit Hugh Dudley and hear him and Constance chattering and giggling for two hours in the parlor was too peril his soul about such a trifle as that, much. He would not have it.

The young man's face fell perceptily he mournfully shook his head, but "When will she be at home?" he faltered, embarrassed between his disappointment and his awe of Mr. Parfitt's There ain't no horse living that can

stern looks. travel twenty miles on the desert be-"I have not the slightest idea," tween drinks, let alone sixty. I know George responded. Would the fellow keep him there ut-"But your animal went forty miles tering mendacities all day! Not but that the cause was good and sufficient, "Look a-here, young man, I didn't

but he was not accustomed to lying.

"I'm sorry," Hugh Dudley declared. He lingered, looking touchingly unhappy, only Mr. Parfitt was not touched. He looked as though he was waiting to shut the door, and the visitor retreated down the steps and into

his cart. Ellen had the ginger tea ready. It was not strong enough, and too sweet. And when Ellen, having been somewhat gruffly informed of it, had made some afresh, Mr. Parfitt drank it, and resumed his shawl and his chair and his uncomfortable reflections. hardly a fairly big estimate, two miles The door bell rang again. thought he knew the ring. Sure

enough, it was Tom Danforth. "Laid up?" that young man demanded, coming in breezily, big and broadshouldered and bright-eyed and cheerful. "Too bad! On your lungs? Have you tried a capsicum plaster? I can get you one in five minutes if you want

ing at night they think it is the spirit me to." "It's in my head," said George, disof some dend Mohave returned. After mally. But he smiled his pleasure at anyone dies they do not eat salt or wash themselves for four days. They Tom Danforth's appearance, and had formerly an annual burning of property, and all would contribute wrung the young man's hand and took his coat and hat. "I'm glad you camesomething to the flames in expectation | glad to see you! Stay to lunch, won't of its going up to their departed friends you? Have this foot rest. Constance in Heaven, or "White Mountain," as | is home-upstairs," he said, in a breath. "Just wait," he added, eager- marble. - Young Men's Era.

ly. "I'll go and get her." But he came back sulkily. "She went out with Kate, it seems,"

something?

be explained in an injured manner. "I didn't know it. They're always gadding about. Have some maraschino or

"Cordial at this hour of the day?" Tom protested, looking the soul of reassuring good nature and betraying no excitement at the fact of Constance's absence. He even took up a newspaper. "He doesn't care," George mused, gloomily. "Maybe he isn't in love with her after all " And he sat and eyed his stalwart friend, and thought what a good husband he would have made for Constance, and how blind and contrary and exasperating they all were, and how

helpless he himself was to arrange matters as they ought to be arranged. He fell into unhappy silence. "Has the cashier of the Freesborough bank really gone off with the funds?" said Tom, with his handsome nose in the paper. "There's a rumor to that

effect. Stewart's his name. He's rich enough anyhow. He ought to The bell rang again! It was Mrs. Parfitt, looking pretty and pinkcheeked after the fresh air and as blithe as though going to the Carpen-

were not going to be a horrid neces-"Oh, you, Tom?" she cried, cordially. "I am so glad! Poor George is so wretched with that cold, and you can cheer him up!"

ters' reception in her old beaded wrap

"I don't need cheering up," said George, huddling his shawl closer. Where is Constance?" "Conny?" said Mrs. Parfitt, brightly. "Oh! we met Hugh Dudley in his cart and he took Conny along with him. What a stylish turnout he has:"

Mrs. Parfitt unpinned her bonnet.

"He did, did he?" Her husband twitched in his chair so violently that his elbow knocked the ginger tea cup to the floor. Tom picked

"I wonder if that scamp has taken the money-if it will burst the bank?" he said. "It's a shame!" "What bank?" Mrs. Parfitt ques-

tioned. An animated discussion ensued. Mrs. Parfitt knew the defaulting cashier's danghter: Tom Danforth had known his brother. George, who knew more about him than either of them, contributed nothing to the conversation. He leaned back and shut his eyes. He confessed to himself that he was ontirely out of temper; but he had-eertainly he had-ample cause for being so-ample distracting cause. He even began to think about going upstairs to bed as a temporary escape from his afflictions.

"And I'm sorry enough for Sally Stewart. There's Conny!" said Mrs. Parfitt "Said she shouldn't be gone Constance came sweeping in. Her

stylish long dress trailed after her with fine effect. Her light coat was open and showed the white silk vest of her dress. Her little but set back prettily on her fair hair, which was blown into many straying tendrils. George thought, with a mental groan, that she had never looked so

"Oh, Tom, you?" Constance cried, quite as Mrs. Parfitt had done. And then, not at all as Mrs. Parfitt had done, she gave him both her hands and-it was no ballucination. it was a fact-and let him kiss her. She turned upon her cousin with her

blue eyes sweetly dewy. "Do you like it, George?" she said. 'Are you glad? I know you like Tom. Aren't you pleased? We'd have told you before, but we've only been engaged a week, and nobody but Kate has known it so far." "And I thought I wouldn't blurt it

out," said Tom, standing, flushed and beaming. "I thought I'd let Conny tell you, you know.' "Are you two engaged?" George roared. He sought vainly to get his wife's eve. "Then how about Hugh

Dudley? "Mr. Dudley?" said Constance, vaguely. "Oh, George! You haven't thought that Hugh Dudley wanted me or I him? Why, it's all about Grace Quinby. They were engaged, you know, and then they had some ridiculous trouble or other; and Grace and I have been so chummy ever since I've been here that Mr. Dudley came right to me with it. He's been here two or three times to tell me things to tell her and I've told her all of them, for Grace was foolish and hasty, and it really wasn't Mr. Dudley's fault at all, and I've been anxious for them to make it up. And now they have. He came this morning to get me to go there with him, and he met me on the street and we went. And Grace began to cry when she saw him, and I came away and-" Constance was sympathetically tear-

"We'll never quarrel, will we, Tom?" she demanded, tenderly.

Tom stroked her hand "Kate!" cried Mr. Parfitt, sternly. But his wife, laughing until her pink cheeks were red, slipped her hand

through his arm. "You're a dear good boy," she avowed, "and I was a mean, dreadful girl to do it. But, George, you were so cross about my jacket that I wanted so-you're always a little cross when you're at home sick, you know-and I thought you'd know it so soon, anyhow, and it was a temptation, and-I'm awful sorry," said Mrs. Parfitt, pleadingly.

"Where's my pocketbook?" said George. "You shall have that jacket. meant you to all the time. I'm overjoved and rejuvenated and cured, and I'm going down to the office."-Waver ly Magazine

PICKLED PEPPERS. Some people are full of good works.

and some are full of good intentions. You will be remembered for how well you have done, and not for how well you looked. THE good you do in this life may live

after you but it won't grow any after you're dead. If a man expects to have wings in Heaven, he'd better not depend on the

marble cutter that is hired to chisel 'em on his tombstone. Ir a man wants the best epitaph, he had better put a hundred dollars into meat and bread for the hungry, than to put it into words chiseled on cold

MAT'S HUSBAND.

No One But Herself Knew Why She Loved Him.

She doubtless had a woman's reason for marrying him. That kind of reason may not satisfy other people, but it is invariably sufficient for the feminine reasoner.

Sam Toms was what is called "wuthless" by his Texan neighbors. Old Bill Bunn, his father-in-law, himself not a very energetic or useful citizen, used to sit on the steps at the cross-road tore and publicly bewail his sad lot in having Sam for a member of his famiy. Bill had a dramatic style of delivery that was very fetching, and invariably impressed strangers as being very much in carnest.

He would sit on the steps, silently chewing an enormous mouthful of tobacco and apparently listening to the sonversation of his co-loafers. If Sam's came was mentioned, he would give vent to four or five little falsetto squeaks, which found egress through ais nose; then he would draw in a long areath, puff out his fat cheeks, purse as mouth, and give a heavy whistling sigh; this would be followed by a large mantity of tobacco juice, carefully simed at some object in the vicinity. These preliminaries accomplished, Bill would rise to his feet, thrust one fat, listy hand into his shirt front, wave he other in a sweeping gesture as he lowered his eyes and rolled his head usily from side to side, and deliver himself profoundly, after the following

feshion: "Ab-hum! That Sam Toms is th' laziest, mos' shif'less, o'nery, triffin' cuss I ever seed-an' yere I've done got 'im f'r a son-'n-lawr. Hm-hm-hm!' Another whistling sigh would close this peroration, and old Bill would resume is sent, still shaking his head sorrow-

And Bill was more than half right. Nominally, Sam was a cowboy; but most of the time he would tell you he was "jes' layin' off a spell, t' rest up

He had always been just so-distinguished for laziness in an easy-going community, and nobody expected him people immensely when energetic, capable Mattie Bunn accepted bim for "reg'lar comp'ny," to say nothing of the sensation created by their wedding. Mat, as has been suggested, probably had some reason for marrying Sam; but it is quite certain that she never told anyone what that reason was. Sam was tall, and big, and handsome in his careless, slouchy way; he had always managed, no one knew how, to wear good clothes, too. These facts and his perennial good nature and triendly ways were the only points in his favor. Against him were the points so forcibly taken by his father-in-law, and, also, that he got drunk whenever he could possibly do so, and was morally so weak that anyone could easily lead him astray. How Mat and Sam got along no one

but Mat knew. Once in a great while, Sam would do some work and earn a dollars. If he got home with it without stopping at the saloon, well and good. But, oftener than not, he would "drap in jes" t' take a nip two," and that would settle it. At such times he would stay and buy lrinks for everybody present while his noney lasted. Then he would come iome in a maudiin, tearful state of intoxication, and invent some tale to account for his condition and the disappearance of his money, winding up with the promise never to let it happen again. And Mat would pretend that the believed him, and would stroke his eurly head until he fell asleep. Then she would look at the handsome scamp for a few minutes with love unutterable in her eyes-the tired eyes back of which were a world of unshed tears. But she never complained-not the first word; the firm-set mouth and weary look might indicate ever so much, but her lips never expressed it. And Sam gradually grew more and more useless and shiftless, trusting to his wife's ready wit and fertility of re-

source to carry them both over the bad There were lots of bad places, too. Twice Sam ran into debt several dollars at the saloon, and Mat found some means to pay the debts-only herself knew how. But the second time she informed the saloon man that he must trust Sam no more. And, besides these things, to live-how did they do it? Nobody could guess. Perhaps even Mat herself could not have told; yet live they did-or, rather, existed-and, for the most part, kept out of debt. Sam sometimes worked, but never

for very long. He always found some exease for leaving a place within a few days. He could almost always find another job easily enough, for he was an excellent "hand" when he chose to be -but lie did not hasten about finding a new job when he had given one up; not until they were reduced to the very last straits could Mat get him to hunting work again.

One day Sam left home for a ranch about thirty-five miles distant, where he had heard they wanted help. Two days passed-three-four-five-and no word came from him. Mat was not a little worried, although Sam had often been away for two weeks at a time without sending word to her. But this time it was different; there was no excuse for his not sending a message, as the stage came by the ranch he had gone to three times a week. If he had found work there, as he expected, he could easily have notified her. So, late in the afternoon of the fifth day, she threw her shawl over her head and went down to her father's, to find if they had heard anything of Sam.

The old fellow was standing in the doorway, talking to a couple of

"No," he was saying, "they hain't be'n no person 'long yere, las' few days, but what b'longs yere. Mebbe, though, he mout a be'n seed over yere t' Ba-con's. Ben thar? No? Wa-al, my boy's comin' in I'm thar purty soon, an' he e'n tell ye. Come in an' feed; Jack'll be yere right soon."

Mat stayed to help her mother with the supper, and during the course of the meal learned that the two strangers were officers trailing a horse thief, who had stolen a valuable horse at a ranch forty miles east and sold it at Pickett Station, and who was believed to have come this way.

As she listened to the conversation a sudden nameless fear came upon her,

making her feel faint and ill. As soon as supper was over she took her shawl and hurried home. Somehow she was not surprised to

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find the door open. She entered hastily. Sam was in bed asleep and breathing stertorous ly. He had evidently been drinking, as his clothes were scattered about the floor, and Mat, looking out the back door, could see his pony standing patiently where Sam had left him, waiting for some one to come and feed him. Mut leaned over the sleeping man and kissed him gently, her eyes full of love. Then she turned to pick up his clothes and put them away. The trousers were heavy, and something jingled in one of the pockets. Instinctively Mat thrust her hand into it and drew it forth clasping several gold pieces. As she did so her eyes opened wide and she stood as if stunned for a time, her heart chilled with the same strange fear that had stricken her

awhile ago and impelled her to hurry She rushed to the bed and shook Sam roughly. "Sam! Sam! -wake up!" she almost screamed.

The man turned over and looked at her stapidly. "H'lo, M-Mat! Yere, be ye? Gimme kiss," he said, in a dull

"Not twell ye tell me whar ye done got these yere things!" Mat's voice sounded broken and shrill.

Sam sat up and rubbed his head, looking at her in drunken wonder. "W-w'y, them-them thur, honey?" She shook him fiercely, and said, in a lower tone-a tone of earnest force:

"Tell me, Sam Toms, whar ye done got these yere coins! Quick, now!" Her tone partially sobered the man. whose eyes opened wider as he asked, quernlously:

"What ye so all-fired fussy 'bout? I hain't done nothin'." And he laughed in a half-drunken, half-nervous way. "Sam! wher did ve git 'em?"

He sat dumbly staring at her. "Sam!" her voice was full of horror, "did you steal that thar hoss?" No answer; but Mat saw by his eyes she had guessed the truth. Slowly the coins fell from her hand to the floor: slowly her head bent forward until her face touched the pillow. For minutes she did not move-not until Sam, who had been staring at her wonderingly, reached out his big hand and laid it caressingly on her head. Then she sprang to her feet, her hot eyes glaring, and her form trembling with anger and horror. She did not speak, but fixed her gaze on his face for a few seconds.

Sam, almost sober now, called after her but she did not answer. He got out of bed slowly and started to dress himself. He had almost finished, when Matt, accompanied by her father and

He did not meet her look, and present-

ly she turned and ran out of the door.

the two strangers, returned. "Thar he is-an' thar's th' money," she said, and passed on out through the back door, without looking at Sam.

There was a jail at the cross-roads: it was a primitive affair, but solid and substantial. It was a dugout in the side-hill, and had a heavy oak door and great steel binges and lock. It was plenty strong enough to hold a dozen men, all anxious to escape-and Sam Toms did not try to escape. He only sat still in the low, damp, darksome room and tried to understand how it had all happened. It must be a drunken dream-but, no, he was almost sober, and knew where he was and how and why he was there. But-he could not understand. Had Mat-was it really Mat, who had given him up?

There must be some mistake. The big, strong man finally began to realize it all. He lay down on the bunk and cried himself to sleep, like a

It must have been about one o'clock in the morning when some one silently entered the house of old Bill Bunn, constable. This some one entered by the back door, went stealthily into the room where Bill and his wife slept, rummaged about a few minutes, and then emerged from the house. It was a woman, and she had something in her hand.

Sam Toms was awakened, a little after this, by a rattling, jarring sound. He sprang up, just as the big oaken doors swung back and revealed the figures of a woman and two saddle-

an, with a sob. "I done brung both ponies an' ou' clo'es. Le's go, Sam; we e'n git 'crost th' rivah befo' mawnin'. He clasped her in his arms, and they clung to each other a little while.

Then Mut said, more steadily:

"I come f'r ye, Sam," said the wom-

"Come, Sam. Le's go ovah t' Mexico -an' mebbe we c'n try 'n' do better ovah thar." And they rode forth in the bright, free moonlight, down towards the Rio Grande-into a new and better life .-

R. L. Ketchum, in San Francisco Argo

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS. One of the latest practical applications of aluminum is in making carriage window frames. A large establishment at Neuhaussen, Switzerland, turns out large numbers of these frames

A glass factory at Liverpool now has glass journal boxes for all its machinery. a glass floor, glass shingles on the roof and a smoke stack 105 feet high built wholly out of glass bricks, each a foot square. Among the smallest products of man's

onstructive talent must now be numbered a ten-kettle which has been hammered by an ingenious foreign metalworker out of a small copper coin a

little larger than a copper cent. A MICHIGAN woman has patented a device for securing glass in the doors f stoves and furnaces, in order that the process of balcing may be watched without opening the doors, and also to

save fael by decreasing draughts. Among the most remarkable inventions at the recent paper exhibit at Berlin was a set of paper teeth made by a Lubeck dentist in 1878. They have been in constant use for more than thirteen years, and show absolutely no wear whatever.

-Giving Nobility Due Credit.-Miss Merry-"What makes you think Count De Poor will not return to the sea shore this year?" Mr. Hobson-"Because Mrs. Fool-Hardy sent her diamonds to town with him to be cleaned." -Jewelers' Weekly.

"Seeing is Believing."

Look for this stamp-Tun Rochesten. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine

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Mountain House

CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

The Afghans are probably the most veterate horse liars in the world. They have the most marvelous tales at their tongue tips about the extraordinary strength of their stout-built cobs. They boast little of their speed, for that would be useless, as their form would stamp the speaker as a Innatie; but when it comes to strength and endurance the wily Afghan will swear by his beard, Allah and all

"Sahib," said an elderly gentleman parade his leg would go clean through "Now, come; that's too much to be-

Cowboys in this country are the most awful fibbers about their horses, and their tales of buck-jumping show them to be men of a peculiar and inventive genius. No animal, to them, has the slightest value unless he is possessed of every vice which horseflesh could possibly be heir to. He must be a manealer, a bolter, a bucker and so ferocious as to endanger the life or lives of entire communities. When gathered

calmly munching grass, were such incarnations of deviltry. To an ordinary individual they showed more intellience than their riders, and certainly From the many horses Indians own t would be thought they loved them. but I don't believe there exists a race more cruel to their stock than the average Indian. They seem to have no appreciative qualities. Very careful that they do not overwork themselves, the human brutes heap on their animals every cruelty. They overload

There is not a whit of difference between the Indians of Oregon or those

dear at five dollars. Perhaps it is the fault of the whites Americans on the desert entertain great opinions of their horses. The ancient, one-eyed, spavined nag, whose hundred years, has been accredited with such exuberance of spirit in the bucking, bolting, racing line that he more: the intermission stroll and the is approached until the beauty of his | trips to the dressing-room to renovate her gown and complexion, half a mile; architecture bursts into view with greatest caution. One sight, however, grand total, eleven and a half miles. been entertained, and yet his proud

tween Salton and Palm Springs, when in the smoking-room of the Pullman the subject of horseflesh came up. There were several gentlemen from Arizona present whose tales were certainly as strong and as long-winded as their horses, but Mr. Carpenter, of Yuma, had the best horse stories to