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 20, 1893.

was set visterday.

Again we set off across the low, roll-

"You stay yere, lest you get the smell

A well-directed shot killed the

skunk, and the old man pulled it from

the trap and heaved it away with a

grunt of disgust. Then he untied the

trap, and taking from his pocket a

flannel rag and a bottle with a large

neck rubbed the contents over the

"Alcohol an' asafitty," returned

Peck, testily. "It kills the smell,

some of it, an' the covotes like it too,

The disinfecting process did not re-

quire much time, and when it was

finished Peck had acquired a new

flavor which was not pleasant, but he

did not seem to mind it. The trap was

taken up and carried to a new location

"It'll be a day or two afore I catch

anything in that trap," said Peck.

"Some fellers buries their traps to

make 'em clean, but I jist uses alcohol

and asafitty. The best stuff for clean-

in' is sulphuric acid an' water, 'cause

that cuts off everything, but you've got

to put asafitty on anyway to kill the

smell of the acid, see? Coyotes likes

the smell of asafitty an' I've caught

some by dragging a little bag of it over

the ground for a mile or so an' then

settin' down with my rifle to watch the

trail. They'll foller it sure if it's early

in the mornin' an' the grass is damp.'

Nine more traps were visited. Five of

them held skunks, one a fox, two were

not sprung and one had captured a

coyote. The skunks and the fox were

killed at once and Peck was fairly wild.

and set in a runway without bait.

but 't ain't as good as it might be."

on ver feet, an' I'll fix 'im.'

'What is that stuff?"

trap.

## NUMBER 3.

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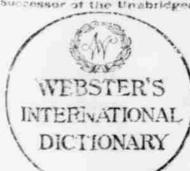


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THE NEW WEBSIER



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BOLD I' ALL BOOKSELLERS. A Tumpidy of specimen pages, illustrations, estimamula, etc., ent. 7, e. by the publishers. Caction is not to correspond a diction-tion phenography turnes of ne imperatively module - littor of Venez are being marketed GET THE BEST. S & C. MERRIAM & CO., SPON PUBLISHERS,

I YONALD E. DUFTON. ATTORNEY AT LAW. per ( freit ( jem lieuse, Center street.

### The clouds seem frowning heaviest, When, lot they open in the west: A fixint pink touches smoke and mist; One spire, its crowning cross atwist With golden mays, points upward to varocedeed, rare glumpse of blue nd through a narrow, brick-framed space ties suddenly the sun's dear face. ere are the long drawn hours, of rain Whispering to us, calm and clear. ne but ourselves, say they, may know The fullness of this sunset glow

Twixt streets of mud and skies of gray an read the symbol fair aright. "At eveningtime it shall be light." tack to the heart comes. Heaven sent, That guest it cannot spare—Content.
—Ruth H. Sessions, in Far and Near.

SUNSET AFTER A WORKDAY.

be dreary ranks of toil file past, be workroom's hum sounds tired and slow, behand moves listless to and fro.

one but ourselves, say they, must climb

Fired heads must throb and curved spines ache

Plod name ward through the darkening street.

eigh paths, while others have free time

Even our peedles seem imbued

and dull revolt against our will.

Like tensing sprites, to work us ill,

Whispering to us through the din.

For all life's joys, its beauties rare, Its music soft, its flowers fair,

Knowing to tasks for whose bard sake

We half the whistle's blatant scream

With chility hands and mud-solled feet

Break off the thread and fold away

With rustily rebellions mood,

invy and discontent'steal in,

## WINNING A WIFE.

How a Deserving Young Man Won His Sweetheart.

A Ghostly Vision That Materialized Into Beautiful Substance-An Incident That Startled a Household Out of Slumber.

Three o'clock in the morning is an uneanny hour the world over except at police headou arters or in the office of a morning newspaper, and it was in this latter place, at the hour named, that four or five reporters, having sent in all their copy and listened to the foreman swear for "Ifteen minutes because he had two columns of space and ten columns of matter that "must go in." sat with their feet on the tables and their chairbacks knocking the plastering off, talking over the subject which s just as new to-day as it was when Adam doffed-his beaver and said: "How d'y' do?" to Eve. Every fellow in the crowd was a bachelor, and each one was informing the other in all seriousness that he should marry.

"What for?" inquired Claude Brown of Frank Jones. "Because," replied Frank, "it's the only proper way to live." "A nice husband a reporter would make," said Claude in rebuttal, "coming in at three o'clock a. m. and leav-

ing home as soon as he got his twelve "clock breakfast." "But his wife would always know where he was, and if she didn't, she'd know wherever he was he was after an item and had to be back at the office on time," remarked Charlie Smith.

"Well," put in Claude, "if you think it's such a great snap why don't you get married? "Can't," said Charlie, very positively. "Why not?"

"Thunderation, man, how's a fellow o buy a whole steamboat when he iasn't money enough to buy a splinter off a stage plank? How's a man to buy house and lot when he can't buy a hovel full of dirt? How's a man-"That's it," interrupted Claude; how's a man to do anything if he loesn t do it? What's the matter with marrying a rich girl?"

"Where's the girl?" queried Charlie. "Plenty of them. Girls with money ilways need a disbursing agent and hey will trust a husband when they won't trust an elder in the church. Besides, what's the good of her money if a girl has her heart set on a husband and can't get him?"

Smith argued awhile against matrimony and at half-past three started for home. He was thinking the conversation over, and as he trudged along it occurred to him that a bachelor was not only a knot on a log, but he was a very lonesome knot. His way led him through the aristo-

cratic portion of the city, and as he passed a fine house his reverie was disturbed by the peculiar click of a turning lock and the matrimonial line of thought was all knocked awry by the eportorial instinct, and he saw, instead of a blushing, blooming Mrs. Smith, a burglar eracking a millionaire's dining-room and making off with his silver. He thought of the beautiful scoop he was going to have on the other fellows and, slipping into the shadow, he waited and listened. Click went the lock again, as if the burglar was nervous and was more anxious to open the door than he was to preserve the ordinary bur-

glarious quiet. The reporter scrutinized the door closely and discovered that the robber was not on the outside, but was evidently within and was working his way out, and he felt a thud of excitement at the thought of being able to capture his man with the soodle on his person. He slipped his evolver out of his pocket, trained it on the door and an instant afterward the door swung open and Charlie was ready to "throw up your hands," when, instead of a burglar, a ghost came out. "It can't be a ghost," he whispered in an assuring tone to himself, "for ghosts don't unlock doors. They just come right through them. But if it

isn't a ghost, what the dence is it?" He had long to wait, for whoever or whatever it was came out into the vestibule and down the steps slowly, as if uncertain of its movements, and when

> about half-way to the pavement stopped. "By garry," said the reporter, "it's a woman, and she's got on a night gown. I'll have to see about this," and with his revolver ready in case of accident, he stepped out of the shadow and spoke

to the ghostly walker "Good evening," he said, nervously. 'No, excuse me, I mean good morning. If you're going to market, maybe you'd better go back and put on an ulster." Ordinarily Charlie would have been more gallant, but this was anything but an ordinary affair, and he didn't require newspaper instinct to tell him so. The sheeted figure made no reply, but moved again and came toward him. The cold chills chased each other down his back and he looked for a policeman, with the usual result. "Stand back," he said, "this pistol

ain't loaded, but it might go off." But on it came and Charlie found that his legs wouldn't move in spite of all he

could do to make them. one, and he began to feel better.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but the night air is cool and you appear to be dressed rather lightly. Can I render you any assistance? Is there anyone in the house that has frightened

ened by his own words, stepped to the young woman's side and gently took her by the arm.

Sonnambula' off the stage with a reporter as first tenor and leading man. Well, this is a go!" "I've got to take her in the house, anyhow, that's plain," he said to him-

er back up to the door and rang the bell, and rang it with a forty-horse power draft. The next minute the beautiful sleepwalker was no longer asleep, but wide awake, and Charlie had a very plump

young woman in his arms in a dead faint, and he made a dash with his burden into the hall, only to meet a healthy young man in even less dis-"What's this?" he shouted, making a

grab at Charlie's throat. "Shut the door, you idiot!" gurgled Charlie, dropping the girl on the floor and almost putting 'sis foot on her, after the manner of sic semper tyrannis. "What does this mean?" again shouted the young man, and the remainder of the family came tumbling lownstairs, none of them fixed to see

and I'll tell you!" wheezed Charlie. You don't want to raise the neighborhood and bring the patrol wagon, do vou?"

family by this time had rescued the reporter and shut the door, and, while the mother and the servants carried the unconscious girl upstairs, Charlie told the father and son how he had met the young lady and what the trouble was. Both men knew him by sight and had met him on 'change and elsewhere, and it was not difficult to explain the situation. Half an hour later the reporter was

at home, in bed and dreaming sweet dreams of pretty girls and all sorts of romantic things. When he reached the office next day

a note was waiting for him and he was invited to call that evening on the mother of the young lady. He called, of course. He saw the

nother; he saw the daughter, blushing and beautiful, and now if Charlie is a pachelor much tonger there will be a breach of promise suit or some other dreadful calamity, for Charlie's mind is made up. - Detroit Free Press.

Some time ago the labor of deepening the harbor of Ciotat was completed. On that occasion the contractor gave to the members of his staff and the repesentatives of the press a banquet unrecedented for its originality. The table was set eight meters below the level of the sea, at the very bottom of the harbor, inside the caisson in which the excavators had been at work, and only the narrow walls of this caisson separated the guests from the enornous mass of water around and above their heads. The new fashioned banqueting hall was splendidly decorated and lighted, and but for a certain buzzing in the ears caused by the pressure of air kept up in the chamber in order to prevent the inrush of water, obody would have suspected that the slightest interruption to the working of the air pump would have sufficed to sphyxiate the whole party. After the anquet an improvised concert pro-

TO REFILL TWO SEAS.

the open air. - Chicago Dispatch.

onged the festivity for several hours,

after which the guests reascended into

The Object of a Great Movement That Is on Foot in Eastern Europe. There is a movement on foot in eastern Europe to cut a canal between the Black and Caspian seas; also to reconnect the Dead sea with the Mediterranean. The Dead sea is nothing more than a small but very old salt lake now in an advanced state of evaporation. It lies several feet below the level of the Mediterranean, just as the Caspian lies many feet below the level of the Black sea. In both cases the surface must once have been continuous. This being the case, it is clear that the Caspian and the Dead seas have both evaporated to an enormous extent. While all the surroundings prove that evaporation has been the prime cause of the shrinkage of the two bodies last mentioned, there is one remarkable fact which deserves particular attention in this connection: While the surface of the Caspian has fallen to a point only eighty-five feet below the level of the Black sea, the Dead sea has shrunk to the enormous depth of twelve hundred and ninety-two feet below the Mediterranean! I am not informed as to what the results would be if a canal should be dug between the Caspian and the Black seas, but it is said that a connection between the Mediterranean and the Dead seas would drown out the whole valley of the Jordan, join the last-named sea to the sea of Galilee and otherwise contribute to the complete change of Scriptural geography. A Snake Charmed by Bells.

A Denison (Tex.) dispatch says: Mrs. D. M. Madden is a lady of nerve Yesterday afternoon, her little girl Mary, aged two years, was seated on the ground under a tree playing with a tin hoop, to which were attached bells. The noise of the bells attracted a large blacksnake, which crawled to the feet of the child and stretched at full length, with its head resting on her left foot. The jingle of the bells seemed to charm it, for the snake closed its eyes and was motionless. Mrs. Madden saw the snake. She did not seream for assistance, as most women would have done under the circumstances. She darted to the child, grabbed the snake by the tail and hurled it through the air. The peculiar music of the bells had evidently placed the snake under a spell, as it did not move until it felt the touch of Mrs. Madden's hand.

## TRAPPING COYOTES.

a Living.

George Peck is an old-timer, having

as the Keystone. coyotes are numerous on the Keystone, dollars for each scalp an expert trapper soul together and have a little left over. But he must be an expert. The gaunt, turnal prowlings must be learned by

the trapper before he can expect to take more than an occasional scalp-The Keystone is a favorite yelping ground, and the rugged hills, with thick undergrowths, chaparral, cliffs and caves that abound along the Yuba at that point, furnish cozy retreats for hundreds of covotes, foxes, coons, polecats and now and then a mountain cat or lynx. The polecats are perhaps the most numerous, and as they are not suspicious, prudent animals, relying upon their offensiveness to carry them safely through life, are a great nuisance to the trapper, who must, when he has caught one, thoroughly disinfect his trap, not a pleasant or easy task in the hills where water is

easily obtainable. and doing his best to keep out of sight At first he was surly and gave short re-

It was quite early in the forenoon, and the eanyon down which we picked our way was yet cool. On either side were jagged, rocky steeps, gashed with innumerable cracks and crevices in which many nocturnal creatures were probably asleep. In the dust one could see the tracks of coons, foxes, coyotes,

polecats, rats, mice and beetles. "They preys on one another," said Peck. 'Ther's thousands on thousands o' beetles yere, an' the coons an' foxes an' polecats is great fer sich things.

"Do you eatch the coons?" "He, he! I should say I do. They's no harder to eatch than skunks. You eatch one by the end of his littlest toe an' he'll jist get right down an' stay there lookin' at his toe an' studyin' the trap, an' like as not he won't be through studyin' when you come in the mornin'. Coons is easy, an' foxes ain't hard, but they hain't wuth nothin' to me, so I generally lets the coons lay, an' the foxes, too, 'cept in the winter when it's real cold. Then the foxes' They's no good till the fur's on, see?"

at something sitting in the shade not far away. The animal shot was a jack-

there's anything crooked when they finds a jack hangin' by his legs. A jack's their nat'ral food, for sure. That's why coyotes is sich powerful runners. Whenever they catch a jack they's got to earn him fust, see?"

old hunter smiled knowingly and said:

we'll jist set one of 'em yere." ne of the nekrabbits was neatly o

"Lord, man, what's the use? If I digs a hole and buries my trap ever so nice the coyotes 'll see there's somethin' buried there an' they'll get suspicious right away. No, siree. Never bury your trap fer coyotes. Jist set the jaws open an' tie it fast and flop it down an' the coyotes 'll jist think it's somethin' the jackrabbits has dropped there, an' when they jumps after that jackrabbit down they comes with their forelegs into it. The way to catch coyotes is to make 'em think you thinks

## they's all durn fools, see?"

expiration the other three traps were set and baited. "Now," said Peck, "if you don't mind goin' we'll take a look at the traps as

Setting Traps in the Sierra Footbills-Unwelcome Guests That Are Plentiful-Traits of the Western Terrors-Talks with an Old Hunter.

ing hills, at right angles with the canyon, and tramped through a tangled maze of chaparral until we reached the lower edge of the Keystone range. As we skirted the flat the pungent aroma of the mephitis was wafted to us and Peck swore long and loud. "Another of them durned skunks! I've caught more'n twenty this week, an' it 'pears like there's twenty thou-

sand of 'em left." Sure enough, the first trap held a skunk, and the little animal, which had pulled and squirmed for hours, was standing still, looking at us with piteous trapping along the Yuba, and has eyes and trembling with pain. The pitched his tent on a little flat known smell was sickening, and Peck stopped me at a safe distance.

There are no valuable furs to be obtained in the lower foothills, but the and as the state pays a bounty of five can make enough to keep body and hungry, snarling coyote is more difficult to catch than a fox, and his habits. likes and dislikes, runways and noc-

caree and deodorizing materials not "Covote" Peck, as he is called, thoroughly understands the habits of covotes. When I met him, a week ago, he was errrying four traps on his back behind a clump of manzunita bushes. plies to all my queries, but persistent efforts thawed the iciness of his manner and he asked me to accompany him and see how coyote trapping was car-

"It does seem's though there ain't nothin' here but skunks. If they was worth ten cents apiece an' didn't smell so infernal I'd make a fortune sure. The ornery things is jist swarmin'. and they gits caught to spite me. I know it." The coyote was a large specimen of muscular starvation. The long, lithe

body, with its shaggy hair, the small, furtive eyes and sneering, snarling mouth made a threatening picture. Long before we reached the trap we could hear the chain rattle as the covote, frantic with fear and pain, sprang back and forth in fruitless efforts to escape. Peck was in a better humor now, and when he had shot the captive, taken off the scalp, flung the carcass

away and reset the traphe "talked coyote" at a rapid rate. "It's funny, they allus gits caught by the fore feet; allus. Now, a fox or a coon or the wildcat 'll get caught by the hind legs sometimes, but a coyote never does. It's allus the front foot that goes into the trap. This yere feller is the third I've caught in the last week That ain't bad; but I expect to do better afore long, 'cause the sheep's comin' down from the mountains now, an' the covotes follers the sheep No. I couldn't do better on the plains. I've

"Yas, onet. I had two cubs in the mountains last year. I thought I'd go into coyote raisin' on a big scale an' bankrupt the state, but it wouldn't work. As soon as the cubs was growed up they kep' me so busy huntin' for feed for 'em that I jist got tired an'

up some meat for myself. Come to my shanty some day 'an mebbe we'll have some o' the state's venison."

And "Coyote" Peck, giving his Winchester a flirt that landed it on his shoulder, turned quickly away and tramped out of sight in the thickets, leaving me alone, tired, hungry and burdened with the faint flavor of something which makes the most fearless chicken shudder with fear when it steals over the roost.—San Francisco Chroniele.

## HISTORICAL DATES.

tion of Nicholson in 1854. THE first omnibus appeared in Paris

in 1825; in New York five years later. STEREOTYPING was the invention of Didot, 1793, and came to America 1813. UMBRELLAS have been made in the United States since 1802, and in considerable number since 1802, but, except for the cheapest goods, until late years the sticks, the ribs, the stretchers and the coverings were imported.

whom the United States had paid tribute for the privilege of navigating the Mediterranean. Hostilities continued with slight practical result, much to the credit of the American navy, till peace was made in 1805

and has treated her guests to cups of the homemade beverage, which was pronounced delicious. She says that owing to rapid growth she has to cut off the bushes every three or four years, while in China this is done only once in seven years. She gathers three crops a year; the finest tea costs fifteen dollars a pound, but will not stand a sea voyage, and never gets farther than Russia. but her bushes furnish it to her for the picking.

One Experience on 'Change Was

said Mr. Curtiss, "distinctly." "Certainly," said his wife. "Beyond making a sufficient allowance for all ordinary household expenses, I will have nothing to do with

to accept the entire responsibility." the agent's offer, send to the warehouse for the furniture, have the house put in order by Jayne's people, pack your trunks, hire your servants and move in. I shall be absent ten days or longer. I

shall find you there on my return?" "Yes. I shall lose no time." Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss had been maried five years. During their first year of housekeeping, Mr. Curtiss discovered that the drainage of the house in which they were living was defective. He notified his landlord. He waited a month. No notice was taken of his complaint. He promptly canceled his

wife to a boarding-house. Mrs. Cartiss, after a year or two. found the life a wearisome one. She longed for the comforts of a home, and the agreeable occupation of the home-

Mr. Curtiss, on the contrary, preferred boarding. He was a man who disliked the small responsibilities of housekeeping. His business, he urged, was sufficient to occupy his mind.

A year clapsed. The contract was scrupulously carried out by both parties. Mr. Curtiss provided ample means. Mrs. Custiss gave time and enery to the making of a pleasant home. At the end of the year, Mrs. Curtiss had a balance of two hundred dollars. "Do what you will with it. It is yours," her husband said. "You have

make of it, when a friend came in. She could not resist the temptation of telling her how well she had managed. "What shall I do with it?" she asked. "You know all about money, Aurelia

Advise me."

"Stocks?" helplessly. "Stocks," with decision, "You have two hundred dollars, you say. You shall buy twenty shares of the Mud Land Company. They are a sure thing. It is a bull market now, you know." "Dear me!" ejaculated her bewildered listener.

"The bears have had it quite too long," continued Aurelia. "Everything is booming now. Put on your bonnet at once. Delays are fatal. I will go

way, Aurelia. "Why not?" sharply. "I ordered a new sitk yesterday from Madame Grettine. It will cost sixty

"Madame Grettine must wait for her

"Oh, no!" shuddering. "I have never had a bill unpaid." "You'll clear it fast enough. Mud Land can be bought to-day for nine and three-quarters. It is worth more; it will be worth twenty next week. Put

The stronger will conquered. Mrs. Curtiss yielded. In a week she should have four hundred dollars, she reflected. She would pay madame, send a ton of coal to the widowed washerwoman she occasionally employed, and put three hundred dollars in a savings bank Her husband would have his little joke about her capacity for business, but

may go up a couple of points while you

knowledge of brokers' phrases. "What's a point?" asked Mrs. Curtiss, coming downstairs, her gloves in her

"Surely you know. We must take a carriage. It may score twelve, if we wait for the right car." Score was Greek to Mrs. Curtiss. She had a confused feeling that it had

but she asked no questions. the next day. She carried it to Aurelia. "What must I do now?"

could have bought it on a margin. should, but," with a laugh, "I am used to taking flyers." "Yes," with a feeling of humility. How wise Aurelia was! how daring!

"Pay for your stock, of course. You

before handing it to the broker's clerk. "That's right," said Aurelia, approvingly; "I'll make you a woman of

business vet."

him of her successful venture. A week passed. Mrs. Curtiss waited

in agitated suspense. She consulted Aurelia daily. "When will it be twenty?" she asked from day to day, trying Aurelia's scant patience sorely.

"I cannot tell. The market has sagged a little. The reaction will soon

sent for Aurelia. "Madame has sent my dress," she said. "Can I have the money to-day?"

### Advertising Rates.

The large and rel'able circulation of the Caw-nua Freeman commends it to the inversible consideration of adverticers whose invers will be inserted at the following low rates: Business items, first insertion, life, per line subsequent insertions, fic. per line subsequent insertions, fic. per line Administrator's and [Executor's Notices. \$2.50 Auditor's Notices. \$2.50 Stray and similar Notices. \$2.50 Stray and similar Notices. \$2.50 Stray and communications design d to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest must be paid for as advertisments. Book and Job Printing of all kinds neatly and exectiously executed at the lowest prices. And don'tyou lerget it.

"Madame must wait. Mud Land dropped a couple of points yesterday The bears got control. You mustn't sell now. "I would rather pay madame prompt-

ly. This is her first dress." "She can wait. Mud Land is sure to rise. It'll touch twenty within two weeks." A month passed, during which Mrs.

Curtiss suffered an anxiety she had never before experienced. Point by point, Mud Land fell to five. For a week it held at that figure. Then, in one day, it rose to seven. "It's on the way to twenty now," said Aurelia. "It is a rampant mar-

ket. The bulls are in it. Haven't you anything to spare? Isn't your gas dividend due? What! you haven't cashed the check? Put your bonnet on directly. You must buy some more shares. Hurry! I dare say it has touched eleven by this time. Never mind how you look!"

Mud Land was still at seven, they found. Mrs. Curtiss ordered seven shares at that figure.

"Sell it at twenty," said Aurelia, in a loud commanding voice. Now up, now down, Mud Land drove Mrs. Curtiss to the verge of hysteries more than once. She grew thin and pale. She could not sleep. She lost all appetite.

Madame was cold. "In thirty days," she said. "I can wait no longer. Then my lawyer will collect." Mrs. Curtiss hurried to Aurelia. "She threatens to sue," she said, breathless-

"Nothing." "Nothing?" "A mere threat," explained Aurelia. 'She hopes to frighten you." "I wouldn't have it come to John's

"Leave it to me. Mud Land will revive in a day or so." If Mud Land showed no sign of reonce. "A month is a long time," she said. "It will rise, surely, as you say."

"Certainly," with decision. "You will double your money." Mrs. Curtiss flew to Aurelia at the expiration of a month. "Read!" she stammered, thrusting a letter into her

upon the floor. "Premeditated insult!" "What shal I do?" sobbed Mrs. Curtiss. "Oh, what shall I do?" "You must sell your stock. I see no

other way, unless you go to your husband and-"Never!" interrupted the unhappy

to me. Anreita?" "If ! only could," sighed Aurelia. But, my dear child, every penny I possess is in copper. I expect to realize a very handsome profit. Now if madame

"No!" said Mrs. Curtiss, "she must be paid. I never had a letter of that nature sent to me, and never will again! She must be paid at once." "Then your stock must be sold. It

"Sell it" repeated Mrs. Curtiss. "You must give the order," said Aurelia. "I will go with you, of

is a pity. But you are the one to de-

Aurelia was enjoying the luxury of a late breakfast the next morning, when Mrs. Curtiss was announced. "Show her into my den," ordered Annelia.

She found her friend pacing the floor. Her face and manner betokened great agitation. "What does this mean?" she exclaimed. "Here is a check for only one

hundred dollars! Aurelia.

"Mud Land has dropped, you must remember." "You said it would be worth twenty. You said - 1 - would - double-my-

Aurelia, coldly. "You should not have ordered that dress. You did not need it." "I'll never buy stocks again!" ex-

claimed Mrs. Curtiss. "Mud Land may go up or stay down-I'll never put "You did not need the dress," re-

Mr. Curtiss sat in his library that lay upon his reading table, the dog slumbered at his feet. He was in a mood, therefore, to listen sympathetically to his wife, when she falteringly began the recital of her humiliating

worthless."

"Well," with a long-drawn sigh: "1 shall lose no more money in stocks. And, possibly, it is well that I have had this experience. For, if I had doubled my money, I might have-"

"Never!"-Mary A. Sawyer, in Yankee Blade. Habits of "Gents."

The "gents" have a contempt for the ordinary decencies of life. They "cuss, chaw terbacker, and drink red licker.' and they desire that you shall be made aware of the fact. They were "raised" to do it, and if you don't like it you can "lump it-see?" They "pay their way," and "don't ask no man no odds." As they see him the gentleman is always a "dude," the lady a "high-flyer." They rush against you, jostle you, outrage your sense of propriety and rejoice in the discomfort they cause you. They "sport" paste diamonds and "take in the town," and are not afraid of the "whole police force." They will have you know they are "gents" and priv-

## One step more and he stood face to face with his strange discovery, and Charlie saw that it was not only a woman, but a young and bandsome

Still no answer, and Charlie, embold

She turned her face to him and then the mystery was solved. "Another Amina," he said. "La

self, and he gently led the willing walk-

"Let go of me and shut that door

Some of the other members of the

They's in the rocks now."

hides is with thirty cents apiece. We tramped on for half an hour, and then, leaving the canyon, crossed a little ridge where the undergrowth had been burned away and a few scrubby pines and oaks clustered about a little spring. Handing me his traps, Peck stole cautiously ahead with his rifle and a minute later made a rapid shot

rabbit "I nearly allus gits one here," said the old man. "They's the best kind of bait for coyotes. I've tried venison an' beef an' all kinds of meat, but jackrabbit beats 'em all. Coyotes is very particular about their vittles. You'd think a chicken would be better, 'cause covotes is awful rough on chickens when they finds 'em in a coop, but 'tain't so. The coyotes knows that chickens is domestic fowls, an' when they sees one a-hangin' by its legs on a tree four or five miles out in the woods they jist looks at it in a suspicious way an' sez: 'What you dom' out yere, anyhow?' an' they goes on. They knows a chicken ain't got no business hangin' by its legs to a tree in the woods. But they knows a jack belongs in the woods, and they don't never seem to think

As Peck talked he gathered his traps and the jackrabbit together, threw them over his shoulder and trudged on again. We had easier walking now, and it was not long before another hare started up in front of us. Peck dropped his traps, and as the jack, which had not been much frightened, loped softly up the hill shot it dead. It was a fine shot and well worth praising, but the

-arter he knows how. That makes bait enough for these four traps, so With a swipe of the hunting knife vided and then one-half was fastened to an oak sapling about four feet from the ground. A few bits of the fiesh were scattered about the foot of the oak and then a trap was set directly under the hanging bait and made secure with the chain. No effort at concealment

"That's nuthin'. A boy kin do that

was made and I asked Peck about it.

## Another hour of tramping and at its

A Difficult Way For One to Make

some to California some time in the early fifties, and has had the usual experience of fortune and misfortune, mostly misfortune. He has long since quit hoping for a "strike," and is now a wandering, poverty-stricken old chap, keeping himself as much as possible out of the way of the world, never looks at a book or paper, mines "at odd spells," and hunts the greater part of the year. Lately he has been

tried it there. There's no trees to hang your bait on, an' it's too settled up; there's too many dogs." "Did you ever try to raise any coy-

shot 'em. They's treacherous brutes, too, an' they bites wicked. A big one'll whip a pretty good dog if he's cornered. "I've seed a good many different ways of trappin' of 'em, but this way, with steel traps baited with jackrabbits, is the best. I c'd tell you an awful lot 'bout coyotes, but I ain't got time now. I've got to go out an' hunt

Wooden pavements were the inven-

In 1801 war was declared against the nited States by the bey of Tripoli to

Raises Her Own Tea. Mrs. Increase Sumner, of Starke, Bradford county, raises her own tea,

## MUD LAND STOCKS.

Enough for Mrs. Curtiss. "It must be distinctly understood,"

"I understand. I am quite willing "Then, if you like the house, accept

ease, stored his furniture, and took his

Yet now, to gratify his wife, he had acceded to her desire, stipulating, however, that he was to be utterly free from all the daily cares. Mrs. Curtiss gladly agreed. She disliked interference, and welcomed the assurance that she was to have the sole charge of the establishment.

She was planning the uses she would

Aurelia wore eyeglasses. She speculated in stocks. Her friends said she made enormous profits; her enemies leclared her grandfather would turn in his grave could be know of her losses. He had been aday laborer in his youth, they added. "Stocks, of course," replied Aurelia.

with you. Mrs. Curtis hesitated. "I do not think I can spend all the money that

on your bonnet."

what mattered that? Aurelia broke in upon her pleasant neditations. "Hurry!" she called, from the foot of the stairs. "Mud Land

Aurelia prided herself upon her

something to do with a baseball match. At the broker's office, Aurelia gave the order. Mrs. Curtiss signed it, a feeling akin to terror sweeping over her. If it rises to thirty! she thought. A notification of the purchase of twenty shares of Mud Land at 9% reached her

"I'll go with you," said Aurelia. "There'll be the commission-it's on the statement, probably." Mrs Curtiss counted her money twice

"Sell the stock at twenty," said Aurelia. "Not a fraction below." Mrs. Curtiss signed this order. A mine of wealth seemed suddenly opening before her. She thought of the surprise of her husband when she told

At the end of the week, Mrs. Curtiss

During this exciting month, madame

sent in her bill three times. Mrs. Curtiss took Aurelia's advice and said nothing. Upon the third presentation, she went to madame and explained

ly. "What shall I do?"

knowledge for the world!"

Aurelia frowned as she read it "Monstrous impertinence!" she exclaimed, flinging the lawyer's letter

woman. "Can't you-can't you lend it

can be induced to wait-'

course.

"It is correct, no doubt," replied "Correct! Why, I paid that broker over two hundred and fifty!"

money," sobbed Mrs. Curtiss. "So you would. So it will." "When?" spiritedly. "Your money is "You have managed badly," said

money into it! Never!" peated Aurelia, serenely. "Mud Land will rise to twenty. You might have made a good thing of it." evening. Everything around him gave a sense of satisfaction; everything told him of the loving supervision of his wife. The fire burned brightly in the grate, the latest magazine, ready-cut,

experience. "So you consulted Aurelia?" he said. smiling into the troubled face. "Poor Aurelia! She must lose far more than she gains. Only a very inexperienced person would have advised the purchase of Mud Land. It is practically

"Consulted Aurelia again?"

ileged under the law to outrage decency. -Birmingham Age-Herald.

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