t von must None but scalawings do otherwise - don't be a scalawing-life is too short.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XXVII.

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

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1893.

NUMBER 21.

_GANSMAN'S__

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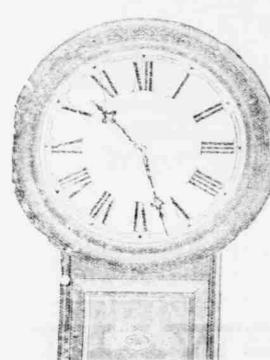
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ALL WORK GUARANTERD ... CARL RIVINIUS Ebansburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

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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. tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, 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 Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated eatalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the Largest Lamp Store in the World.

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CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

Parior is now located on Centre street, op-posite the livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Luth SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND POOING done in the heatest and most manner. Clean Towels a specialty. HAMPOOING done in the heatest and mos-costic manner. Clean Towels a specialty. The Leates waited on at their residences. JAMES H. GANT

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"HIS well-known Shaving Parlor is located on 1 Centre street, near the County Juil, has recently been handsomely returnished papered, and litted with every modern convenience, and is one of the pretriest, neatest, and best shops in Northerh Cambria. It is in charge of competent workmen who will give every attention to customers. Your patrohage solicited.

Highly Propositive Vour patrohage solicited.

Your patrohage solicited.

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Your patronage solicited. ROBERT CASSIDAY.

1794.

Policies written at short notice in the OLD RELIABLE ' ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies. T. W. DICK. AGENT FOR THE OLD HARTFORD

COMMENCED BUSINESS

Ebensburg, July 21, 1882. FEES BROS.

Main Street, Near Post Office

FEES BROS.

Hearts full of hope of many an attorney Must have leaped high when spinning out these Deeds, in the days when the longer the deed the

Here is a marriage settlement: how joyful name there:

ON SOME TITLE DEEDS.

Man, who builds houses, palaces and cities,

Say that the coin is struck upon his birthday,

Then where is he who schemed so very deeply

All the rich owners gathered in the churchyard,

New just remembered, most of them forgotten

Yet are their names here signed upon the

Just as they wrote them.

Man, who has empire over all the ocean, Master of music, color, and of verse, is

Not worth a ha'p'uy.

Thus to myself, while wearily perusing

To an old mansion

Musty old deeds in chambers in the temple, Deeds that the title bore upon their pages

Husband, and wife, and children all are buried, Leng, long ago now.

Yet I can touch where lay her gentle fingers, And I can wonder if her life was happy. Whether her husband treated her with kind Or like a husband.

Close "this indenture:" I must cease to ponder Over the dead past -lawyers are not poets: Work must be finished ere I can depart hence Home to my dinner. -St. James Gazette.

THE COUNTRY DETECTIVE

His Work Is Harder Than His City Brother's.

His Only Reliable Assistant Usually Is His Trusty Revolver-A Case in Which One Used His Weapon with Remarkable Effect.

The detective business, any way you take'it," said a member of the profession, recently, "is interesting and exciting, but out here in the 'wilds of West Virginia' the dangers go 'way by those met with in regular city work. The city detective has all the help and needful accessories he wants; out here he has to be the entire force himself, for when he is wandering around among these mountains looking for an escaped murderer or train wrecker he can't have an army of police officers at his beck and call. He and his revolver have to be the whole thing, and the only help he gets is what he has at the end of his weapon. It makes him self-reliant and pretty hard to get caught in a bad place, but he has a harder time than one thinks, keeping himself free. He plays a game of risky solitaire, in fact, and the worst of it is he doesn't even get into the paers like his more fortunate, but no braver, brother in the city."

"All right," said one of his listeners, as the country detective stopped to relight his cigar, "go ahead with your story. It reminds you of-"

"Wrong again, young man," returned the officer, smiling, "for it doesn't remind me of any hair-breadth escapes. Fact is, I have been lucky in not getting into any very close places, and I never did a thing that would warrant my having my picture published in the newspapers."

"I should hope not!" exclaimed the coung man, fervently,

"But," went on the other, without noticing the interruption, "we had one man down in Kanawha county whose life was one of the saddest and at the same time the busiest of any man's in the state. Never mind his name; he was at the head of an agency, and died only a few months ago. He had had more exciting meidents in the course of his life than any man I ever knew, and, if it is ever written out in full, it vill prove as interesting as any halfime novel you could find. He was a all, thin man, with the quietest ways maginable, and, strange to say, as modest as a girl when talking of any of the many fine 'catches' he made. He had been a newspaper man long before he became a detective, and that ave him a capacity for listening inead of talking himself. He rose rapily in the last profession he took up, and there is hardly a well-known case in the state which he wasn't connected with in some way. He always acquitted himself well, too, and showed he understood the business clear from A to Z. Perfectly fearless and as agile as a tiger, it wasn't often that he was caught unawares. But once he came near being lost, and by the grossest piece of carelessness he was everguilty of. He had two men, as desperate as mountaineer criminals always are, in his office. They were handcuffed, but that was all, the guard having gone to get the town officials to carry them to jail. My friend was entertaining them in the meantime, and he got up to speak to the porter in the hall for not half a minute, about getting them some water which they had asked for, when he heard a movement in the room. He stepped quickly back in time to see one of the men reaching with both hands for a pistol belonging to the detective, which lay on his desk. He had his hands on it before my friend could speak, but the detective promptly threw a chair at him, knocked him down, and, jumping clear across the room in one spring, he had the weapon and was covering the other prisoner before either of them could move. He saved himself by his presence of mind

me to kick him if he ever left another prisoner in reach of his dangerous "Five years ago he was on a famous ase-a train wrecking. It was a horrible thing; two men turned a train into a switch running down the river, as they afterwards confessed, because they had a grudge against the engineer of the train. Several people were killed, among them the conductor, who lost his life trying to get a brakeman out from under a burning earbut that is another story. As I said my friend had this case, and the way he worked it was worthy of the man. I never saw him so tireless as he was this time; he followed his men from farm to farm and town to town, working as a common laborer here, as a brakeman there, a machinist in another place, but keeping them in sight all the time. Not once in three months did they ever get over half a mile away from him, and he knew every move they made. And his reward came at last. They had crossed into Ohio and were working as harvest hands-all three of them-for he had used so many disguises they didn't know him -and one night one of them got drunk

and between his tears of repentance

that time, but he told me he wanted

and drunken biccoughs he let the whole thing out. The detective pumped him carefully and got every particular and then put bim to bed before his partner came home. The next day the drunk one sobered up, and the minute he came to his senses he knew he had let the thing out. He

went to his partner and confessed. That evening as the detective was going home from the fields through a stretch of woods they came on him from behind and both of them went at him with rails taken from the fence. He got turned around before they had struck him more than once, but he was so dazed he couldn't get his pistol out. Then those two devils stood up and beat that poor fellow over the head like they were 'striking' for a blacksmith. They knocked him to his knees three times. but they didn't know their man. He was grit from hair to heel, and the third time he went down the pistol got out, and as they started to run he emptied all seven shots into them, every one taking effect, which was certainly remarkable, considering his con-

dition. One of them was killed and the other was wounded in both legs. They were all three quiet when the rest of the hands came running up, but the detective came to in time to tell them who he was and what had happened. It was a fine thing for my friend in some ways, though it ruined his health, and small wonder. People got to thinking that a man that showed as much fight as he did must be of some account, and they gave him employment right and left. He told me afterwards that those seven shots he fired did him more good, gave him more satisfaction than any he had ever made before. He said that every time he heard the cartridge go and one of those scoundrels scream it made a good

that, too, for I've felt it myself, in my "What became of him?" asked one "Well, he never really recovered

taste in his mouth. I could understand

from the terrible hammering he got on the head that time. He was never quite as steady after it, and a year or so ago his mind went. He imagined he had hundreds of cases, of all sorts and as, and that he was being shadowed all the time. I've known him to get up in the middle of the night and with his revolver patrol the streets in search of the men who were following him, as he thought. He used to give the newspaper men fake murders, too, and he'd get them worked up over the details, and after they had hunted for hours for particulars, they'd discover it all came from my poor old friend's troubled brain. He had to give up his business at last, and the minute the pressure was taken off he took to drinking. He died a few months ago, a raving maninc. That is only one incident, but it is enough to show you what I said-that the country detective has a hard time, take it all in all."-Everard Jack Appleton, in Detroit Free Press.

OUT OF SIGHT.

Realistic Art in Theory and Practice for Harry is a ten-year-old boy who indicates a disposition to become an artist. In this he is assiduously encouraged by his father. The lad has a "box of paints," brushes, pencils and plenty of rough paper. Harry's father is devoted to the theory of realism in art and literature, and occasionally lectures the little boy on the duty of trying to represent things just as he sees

"If you are always accurate, faithful, true to the fact, if you try to give in miniature a representation of what your eyes really behold, you will be always in the right way. Do you understand what I mean, Harry?" said the father, recently.

"Yes, papa, I think I do." Not long afterward Harry invited his father to come and see his picture of a mountain. It consisted of a considerable quantity of sand and gravel shoveled around and upon the projec-

tions of a rough bowlder in the back "You have not quite caught my meaning, Harry, though you are certainly very conscientious," said the father, jocularly. "It's magnificent, but it's not art. You should not use the materials of your original in copying it. That would be to make a model. You must try to draw a picture of what you see; draw it with pencil and paper, and colors, too, if you like. Don't draw anything you don't see. I dare say that is the easiest way of telling you the sound artistic rule." Soon Harry came back with his draw-

"Here's a picture of a pigeon, papa." "Pigeon! I don't see any pigeon. Why, there is nothing but a straight up and down line, and two others meet-

ing it at right angles." "Well, papa, that's the corner of the fence. The pigeon went around the corner just when I was going to begin. You told me not to draw anything I couldn't see. "-Youth's Companion.

HOW ANIMALS BEAR PAIN. The Mute and Patient Suffering of the

Lower Orders When Wounded. One of the most pathetic things, says the Yankee Blade, is the way in which the animal kingdom endures suffering. Take horses, for instance, in battle. After the first shock of the wound they make no sound.

They bear the pain with a mute, wondering endurance, and if at night you hear a wild groan from the battlefield, it comes from their loneliness, their loss of human companionship which seems absolutely indispensable to the comfort of domesticated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for days wistfully but uncomplainingly. The cat, stricken with a stick or stone or eaught in some trap from which it gnaws its way to freedom, crawls to some secret place and bears in silence pain which we could not endure. Sheep and other cattle meet the thrust

of the butcher's knife without a sound, and even common poultry endure intense agony without complaint. The dove, shot unto death, flees to some faroff bough, and as it dies silence is unbroken, save by the patter on the leaves of its own life blood. The wounded deer speeds to some thick brake, and in pitiful submission waits for death. The eagle, struck in mid-air, fights to the last against the fatal summons. There is no moan or sound of them never to uncover again.

DAMAGED FOR REVENUE.

New Scheme for Obtaining Money Without Working.

People Who Claim Payment for Injuries That Are Never Received-Women Are Adepts to the Disrep-

who make a good living by claiming ever received," said Sergeant John Me-

"These fakirs are constantly trying new schemes," he continued, "by which to make it appear that they have been lisabled through being assaulted or by falling down somebody's stairs or being knocked down by somebody's horse, taking care that in every instance the person claiming to be at fault is amply

"Women are very clever at this new rick, and it was through a pretty little idow, who staggered into the stationouse one day, that I got the first intination that the game was being generilly worked.

"The woman was in the greatest dis ress apparently, and was scarcely able stand. When I had given her a chair he said in a faint voice that she had ust been run down by a wagon, and hat she was certain she had received nternal injuries of a severe nature.

take the name of the firm, which was painted on the wagon, and as it was one of the biggest dry goods houses in the city, she proposed to make them pay roundly for their driver's careless-

"I at once offered to send for a hospital ambulance," the sergeant went on. but at this she bridled up and declared that she would allow no one but her family physician to make an examina tion. Then for the first time I began to suspect that the woman was not as badly hurt as she pretended to be, and think she must have divined my thoughts, for she suddenly jumped up, and, thanking me shortly for my trouble, started hastily for the door. I was too quick for her, however, and barred her passage into the street. told her that she could not leave until she had signed a paper that I would prepare releasing the firm from all responsibility for her alleged injuries.

further test of the woman's veracity. and it worked beautifully, for she not only signed the release, but reluctantly confessed that her whole story was a A remarkable case which occurred

geon's threat to cut him open in order to find out what he had died of. out that a man had just been knocked down and killed in the saloon at the corner below. Suspecting nothing, l posted the dozen or so officers who hap-

find in the place. "In a few minutes they returned with thirty men and women prisoners, and in the rear of the procession was the

"After locking up the crowd in the on a table and a hurry call sent to Gouv-

"The story I got from the prisoner in chorus was that the saloonkeeper, struck the man on the head with a promptly fallen down dead. On looking at the man I could see no evidence of life whatever, but when I felt his pulse I found that it was beating away

"The surgeon made a great fuss getfakir was game and didn't betray himered their eyes and grouned.

of the cold steel the eyes of the corpse flew wide open, and with a yell that jumps was out of the door and on a lead run for the East river.

the fellow's friends in the crowd confessed at last that the saloonkeeper had merely pushed him out of the door and that he had fallen down and pretended to be dead in the hope that he might be admitted to a hospital, where he would come to life and as soon as possible sue for heavy damages."

William Gitbert, who lived during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was the most distinguished English scientist of his time. He was a physician of great skill and had an extensive practice, but found time to pursue studies not directly connected with his profession. Magnetism received much attention from him and he wrote a Latin treatise on this subject which gave him enduring fame. The theories advanced in it were new and most of them correct. The one of greatest importance was that the whole earth is itself nothno but a large magnet and that it this which explains both the direction of the magnetic needle north and south and the variation and dipping or inclination of the needle. This was before Gilbert's time never suspected, and he is therefore to be credited with having made a discovery which marks an era in the history of magnetic science. Fuller included Gilbert among the "Worthies of England" and predicted truly how he would be afterward saved from oblivion. "Mahomet's tomb at Mecca," he says, "is said strangely to hang up, attracted by some invisible loadstone. but the memory of this doctor will nevpain, and the defiant look never fades | er fall to the ground which his incomfrom its eyes until the lids close over | parable book, 'De Magnete' will support to eternity."-Chicago News.

A LOVE STORY.

For many a day,

By a man with a title,

And ancestry old.

Were stolen away

Who wild stories told

Of his great expectations

A coldness between us

There rapidly grew.

So I asked her to choose

You know how it ended,

I was left in the lurch,

And sometime next automn

She'll walk into church

With the "duke," if a charm

Doesn't make her new lover

I've looked up his pedigree,

In the record of work

Performed by the convicts;

Are waiting my call. And I think, when his lordship,

THE BARRICADE.

The Trouble It Caused the Opera-

tor at Louville.

The station agent at Louville sat

Ever and anon he would glance at an

inoffensive little yellow paper lying on

his desk. Each time he did so the

scowl grew fiercer. Finally he let his

chair down with a bang, snatched at

the telegram, and, for the fiftieth time,

"The L & R manager has appointed Miss Laura Walcott as assistant telegrapher at your station. Will be there on Wednesday.

Then he crumpled it up and tossed it

'I won't stand it," he growled

They have no right to treat me so.

With this consoling remark he paced

up and down the large, bare room. A

man in the lonely position of station

agent is apt to contract the habit of

"A woman!" he said, pausing in the

midst of the room and running his

fingers through his hair with inartistic

"I'll resign first!" he cried; and im-

In an hour back came the answer:

"Nonsense! Can't let you off. What

Samuel Tuttle said something, but

he said it very low. He sat bolt up-

right for quite a while, and then a

"I believe I'll be ready for Miss Wol-

cott when she arrives. I'll not be dis-

This rather enigmatical remark was

explained the next morning, when, in

obedience to orders from Mr. Tuttle.

two carpenters put in appearance at

the Louville station, and before noon

had constructed across the middle of

the large room, where he had held

sway so long, a high board fence of

After their departure Mr. Tuttle

walked among the shavings with a sat-

isfied air. He moved all his belongings

and for the next two days worked

On Thursday morning Laura Wol-

cott stepped off the express and came

towards him with good will shining

from her brown eyes. She was a hap-

py little thing, who, in her brief strug-

gle for existence, had learned to make

a most cheery smile that she unsus-

pectingly extended her hand to her

To tell the truth, Samuel Tuttle was

rather taken aback, and felt slightly

"This is your office; you will find

She stood still as he retreated, with

Mr. Tuttle, for his part, wondered

what she was doing to keep so still; the

novelty of the situation perplexed him

so that he could not enjoy his solitude.

Along in the afternoon his curiosity

made it imperative that he should

the best of conditions; so it was with

to one side of the novel division lin

wicked smile crept into his face.

turbed by her presence, either."

aggressively yellow pine.

away, again a happy man.

sworn enemy.

Why did I ask for an assistant at all?

"D. W., Secretary

"SAMUEL W. TUTTLE:

into the waste basket.

talking to himself.

As your friend's fiancee.

-J. Manning Roberts, in Brooklyn Life

And now, in the hall,

Appear less subl

No, not in "Burke,

But up at Sing Sing

A sheriff and warrant

Is out of the way.

The maiden will pose

I've been brewing some time

letween red blood and blue.

Until her affections

I did, my dear fellow.

utable Business

weeney, of the New York police, to a

able to pay.

"She had taken pains, she said, to

who feigned death in the face of a sur-"I had just come on duty the other evening," said the sergeant, "when a man ran in all out of breath and gasped

ellroom, the murdered man was placed

who, by the way, is a wealthy man, had bung starter, and that the latter had

"Certain now that the fellow was shamming, I determined to give him a good scare, so when the ambulance surgeon came we called all the mgn's friends into the room and told them we were going to cut him open.

man's bare breast. At the first touch from the surgeon's grasp and in two "Seeing that the game was up, one of

Do I know that fair maiden? The one standing there In the hall, dressed in white

"There is a certain class of people amages for injuries which they have

Journal reporter.

with his feet on the window sill, hands plunged into his pockets and a scowl upon his face. His eyebrows were straight, and the seowl brought them down into a long line across his forehead; this, with his heavy mustache, made him look quite fierce.

Of course, I did this only as

results. "Here all the time, and no but a few days ago was that of a man respite for me! I'd have to keep on company manners eternally-chairs on four legs, no smoking, couldn't even whistle, I suppose. I have an idea that women always have head-He paused and contemplated the situation again. It was too much.

mediately ticked off a message to that offect. pened to be within call on a dead run for the spot, telling them to bring back the dead man and everybody they might has struck you?"

lead man, laid out on a window shut

rneur hospital for an ambulance.

as regularly as a clock.

ing out his saws and lancets, but the self by the flicker of an eyelid. The crowd was all agape, of course, and as the surgeon and I tore off the man's waistcoat and shirt the women cov-"'Here goes, said the surgeon, at

ashamed; he had somehow expected last, and, grasping the fellow on the she would know of his antagonistic table tirmly by the throat, he ran the feeling, and met him in a suitably distant manner. There was no backing back of his knife quickly down the out, however; so he led her around to the door opening into her half of the room, and said: ould be heard a block he tore himself everything in place." Then, with a stiff bow, he retreated to his own dominion, without daring to glance at

a puzzled expression in her eyes; then she heard him on the other side, making a good deal of racket getting settled. Finally, a faint blue curl of smoke rose over the fence. At this, Miss Wolcott sat down with a look of dawning intelligence, mixed with a hurt expression, upon her pink and-white face, as she saw the fence A Great Discovery. was a new one. The smile grew as she grasped the situation, until there was a network of dimples around her mouth; she nodded her head sagely in the direction of the fence, and set to work quietly.

> consult her about a message, so he sauntered around to her door. She greeted bim with the same cheery smile, appearing utterly oblivious to any strangeness in the situation, and innocently gazed straight up into his eyes. When there was no longer the slightest pretext for his staying, he went back. Somehow his side looked forlorn and disorderly, and he awkwardly tried to put it to rights. This went on for several days, and their acquaintance progressed. He even owned to himself that she was "a nice little thing," and he had been a fool in regard to the fence; but it wouldn't do to give up. It was an-

noving, though, to be obliged to go out

of one door and in at another to com-

municate with her; so, one night after

she had gone home, he cut a square

hole in the fence. From his table,

through this opening he could catch frequent glimpses of her brown head as she bent over the telegraph instrument; but this does not necessarily point to any scheming propensity on his part. Frequently he caught himself staring at her steadily; sometimes she caught him, too, and then they would both laugh-he, rather confused-

ly, she, merrily. Gradually she brightened up her half and even carpeted it; there were flowers in the window, and new-made friends frequently dropped in. She seemed a capital entertainer, and Samuel Tuttle watched proceedings with quiet and envious eye. His half looked cheerless, and he felt out in the cold. She was as pleasant as ever, but persisted in treating him as a business acquaintance: she never laughed and joiced with him the way she did with other callers. He began to feel aggrieved, and his evebrows were often drawn down into a straight line, much

to her secret enjoyment. In a reckless moment he cut a gate in the hateful barricade; after doing it, he felt rather nervous as to how she would take it. When she came in she stopped short for a moment, and then

said: "How nice!" Mr. Tuttle could have blessed her. The gate stood open the greater part of the time, and he had a full view of her; they even conversed at odd moments, and he began to feel contented with life, and whistled again. She had no headaches, and surprised him by singing to berself now and then. In short, Samuel Tuttle was becoming more and more entangled by this careless, happy little woman, and he did not even try to extricate him-

self. But the fence! That monument of a perverse moment! Every morning he groaned when its staring yellow face met him, and he was daily overwhelmed with contrition when Laura Wolcott's bright face greeted him. Something had come over her of late; she did not avoid him, but she was quieter; she did not look at him so

bravely as at first. Samuel Tuttle was storried about it for he could not understand; and a dozen times a day he wanted to cross through the gate and end it all he tall ing her his feelings: but he was afraid she would simply look at the fence and smile. He knew he could never endure it if she should.

One day a message came for the operator herself, and with a little cry "I must go home," she said, as he came to her. "My mother is dying." He did not think of anything to say,

and silently helped her on with her "Thank you," she said, as she stepped out of the door, her eyes full It was very lonely for Mr. Tuttle the

week she was away. The office seemed dingier than ever. He sat one day looking through the gate, out of sheer force of habit, when an idea came to him so suddenly that it took his breath away. He laid down his pencil and went outside; presently he came back with an ax. There were blows and crashes, till, finally, Samuel Tuttle, red and perspiring, stood triumphant amidst the ruins of the long-hated

fence. His spirits rose wonderfully after that, and he could breathe easier he was wildly anxious for Monday morning and Miss Wolcott's return. He saw her coming down the street, and rose to meet her, with a great wave of tenderness surging over him as she stepped in the door, a blackrobed little figure. She hesitated in bewilderment as she looked across the cleared room to where Samuel Tuttle stood with a beseeching look in his eyes. She had not known before how

the fence had wounded her feelings, and she was suddenly overcome. "Laura!" he cried, "O Laura!" as he quickly crossed over to the chair into which she had dropped. She did not repulse him, and sobbed

out her pent-up feelings on his shoul-"I was afraid you could never forgive my-the fence," he faltered. She began to laugh through her

"Oh, the fence," she said. "It was hateful of you, Samuel, but I forgive yon now."-Cotton Woodruff, in Demorest's Magazine. A Shopkeeper with Two Prices.

I was buying a pair of spectacles not

long ago from the man who has sold

me every pair I ever had. Several people were standing at the counter. I laid down one dollar and fifty cents and started to go. He called me back. "Two dollars, if you please, Mr. Bystander." "Why-why," said I, in astonishment,

"I thought it was only a dollar and a "Two dollars, sir. I never sold a pair of spectacles in this shop for less.' I added the other half dollar, and turned to go. Again he interrupted me. "I wish you would step back into the rear of the shop, Mr. Bystander. 1

have a geological specimen I want to show you. I followed him meekly. As soon as we were out of hearing of the others he shoved a half dollar into my hand "There's your geological specimen," he growled. "Don't you ever play me a trick like that again. You never paid two dollars for a pair of spectacles

in your life." I felt that I had met a genius and was humbled accordingly. -Cincinnati Tribune.

THAT LAWN MOWER. A Wicked Husband Plays It on a Fond

and Foolish Wife. A Belfast (Me.) woman got indignant the other day at the shabby appearance of the lawn about the house. After mowing down her husband with wrath. the lawn mower. Back and forth she pushed the machine, while the sun beamed soft and melting on the downtrodden woman and everything else. From a shady nook her husband timidly watched her determined display. For an hour, in which she must have

bowed to her indignant endeavors. Finally her husband picked up courage enough to address her: "Hadn't you better turn the machine

traveled a dozen miles, she worked, but,

sad to relate, not a blade of grass

over, my dear?" She did turn the machine over-into the gutter and swept into the house with a look that kept her husband at a distance for several days.

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PERSIAN POETRY. The Knowledge of That Language Possessed by British Officials.

Sir Edward Strachev, in a recent paper on "Persian Poetry" in the Atlantic, speaks of the knowledge of that language and literature required by an earlier generation of English officials

"With the other institutions of the moguls we took over the use of Persian in all official business, and the munshi, or Persian secretary and interpreter, became a part of the staff of the English official in charge of political, revenue and judicial business. The language of business was soon discovered to be the language of a new and fine literature; and volumes illustrate the enthusiasm which the magistrates, judges and collectors in our older provinces, and our administrators in those newly annexed, our political agents and residents in the native courts, and our military officers threw into these studies from the time when

Warren Hastings set the example. "But then a generation of speculative reformers arose, who asked why we should not act in the spirit of the moguls, and, instead of carrying on their nethod with literal servility, make English the official language, and so bring the several nations of India into new and more intimate connection with our own literature and civilization. A retired Bengal judge expressed the general opinion of practical men when he said that you might as well make Sanscrit the official language in the courts of Westminster as Engish in the administration of justice in

"He, indeed, though a man of ability and eminence in the company's service, could see no inconvenience in the employment of Persian in the administration of justice; and such is the force of habit that when he had occasion to take notes of an important trial at the Somersetshire assizes he actually wrote them in Persian rather than in the English words in which the evidence was given, just as had done many years before when trying dakoits at Jessore.

"But though the general opinion of the native as well as the English officials was against any change, Lord Auckland, by the advice of Sir Charles detealfe, took what probably now seems to every one the obviously reasonable course, and by his orders in 1837, finally confirmed in 1868 by the home government, all official business was to be carried on in the vernacular language of the country.

"Persian remained, and remains, the language of diplomacy. It is not required in any other branch of the pubic service; and it is not possible that men so hardworked as our Indian civilians and soldiers now are should find time and energy for a purely literary study. They all fall back on their Homer and Horace; or, yet better, on their Shakespeare and Tennyson."

NEGROES AS MECHANICS.

They Would Be Successful If Their High Notions of Liberty Did Not Interfere Can the negro be trained as a mechanic, or is he by nature adapted to other work than that of an unskilled laborer? The question may confidently be answered in the affirmative, says ex-Gov. Lowry, of Mississippi, in the North American Review. While this answer cannot be successfully controverted, and while it may have a maærial bearing on the prosperity of the southern states, yet it involves grave questions, the successful solution of which would tend to a better undertanding of the two sections of this great nation. The negro was held in bondage in all the colonies save one before the adoption of the federal constitution, and whether or not he was the prime cause of the greatest war of modern times it is unquestionably true that he regards his liberation as the result of that struggle. Prior to the war there were a large number of negro mechanics in the southern states; many of them were expert blacksmiths, wheelwrights, wagonmakers, brick masons, carpenters, plasterers, painters and shoemakers. They became masters of their respective trades by reason of sufficiently long service under the control and direction of expert white mechanics, During the existence of slavery the contract for qualifying the negro as a mechanic was made between his owner and the master workman. Now the negro being, in his own words, a "freed man," will not consent to restraints. He cannot divest himself of the idea that apprenticeship in its most modified form is a species of slavery for a term of years. He may be assured of the relation of master and apprentice as it exists in almost every civilized country; still he is slow to embrace it. He appreciates the advantages of superior skill, yet his teachings of liberty are to his mind inconsistent with the exercises of absolute and continued authority over him.

A Dog Asks for Help

In East Boston lives a remarkable dog, which is a mixture of Newfoundland and mastiff. His name is Nero, and his master believes he can understand every word that is spoken to him. Not long ago Nero entered a lumber yard where he was not known, and limping up to one of the workmen held up an injured paw. Nero is not so handsome and gentle in appearance as he is intelligent, and the man ordered him out. Nero walked away as far as the door, turned around, came back, and again held up his wounded foot. The man stopped his work, and gently taking hold of the paw found a safety-pin imbedded deep in the flesh. He extracted the pin, the dog wincing at the pain, and when the little operation in surgery was over the dog licked his paw and then thanked his benefactor as plainly as a dog could, afterwards trotting away as if nothing unusual had happened.

Natural Blunder "You made these boots, didn't you?"

asked a mad man with a bad-fitting pair of shoes. "Yes," said the shoemaker, looking up from his last, "I made 'em."

"Well, confound it! I told you to

make one larger than the other, didn't "Yes, and I did." "No you didn't, either. One is smaller .than the other."

"But change that big boot onto the

big foot and see if it won't fit," said the

shoemaker. "By gum! you're right. One is bigger

than the other."-Shoe and Leather Re-