JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XXVII.

"HE IS A PREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ABE SLAVES BESIDE."

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1893.

NUMBER 23.

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We Louise waited on at their residences. JAMES H. GANT.

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Policies written at short notice in the

T. W. DICK, OLD HARTFORD

1794.

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Your patronage solicited.

I felt how much life's bitter mars its sweet. And foolishly kept thinking of myself. While vanquished day its sunset banner furled,

Floating along a quaint Venetian street,

VENETIAN WALLFLOWER.

I pondered o'er forgotten hopes and fears. And thought perhaps too hardly of the world, For patience does not always grow with High on the right there towered an old stone

Gay with a century's disregarded growth. Where wallflowers held their gaudy festival, Some red, some yellow, and some tinged with

From out the crumbling stones with flowers A little window could my course command;

And o'er the sill smiled a Venetian maid.

And leaned her pensive head upon her hand. Her softly lustrous hair as dark as night. Her features lighted by a thoughtful sm

She turned her splendid eyes to left and right,

And hummed an old Venetian air the while Her brilliant cheeks and red lips just apart Lit by the low sun's slowly dying flam She sat so still she seemed a work of art, With old gray stone and wallilowers for a

She saw me, and she seemed to know my Of grief and loneliness and selfish woe, And with a sudden impulse plucked a flower And tossed it to me as I passed below.

The breeze had died away. The blossom dropped, Fluttered, and wavered; it was falling wide; A tiny zephyr caught it up, then stopped, And brought the flower directly to my side. feebly waved my poor old wrinkled hand;

Her pretty features lighted up at this; the said some words I could not understand, And laughed, and threw me down a little kiss. And then somehow this dark world grew more And I could see with dim eyes strangely

How grim old time can smile in swiftest flight And somber fate forget to be severe. I love to think that you remember, too, Sweet girl so far away across the sea, And while I wave this grateful hand to you,

Perhaps you throw another kiss to me.

-Robert B Hale, in Youth's Companion. MR. BOYD'S BAD HABIT.

The Means His Wife Used to Cure Him of It.

Mrs. Boyd's eyes were wet with

"Indeed, Robert," she sobbed, "it breaks my heart to hear you say those dreadful words! It is bad enough for you to do so at your office, but a great deal worse in your own home-and at breakfast too!" eried the better half of Robert L. Boyd, Esq., attorney and counselor at law.

so hard if I happen to let a cuss word slip now and then!" "'Now and then,' indeed! It is considerably oftener than 'now and then' I know you don't care a bit for me, or you would at least refrain from using

such language in my presence!" "Now, my love, you make a great mistake. You are the very dearest little parcel of humanity in the world to me; so dry your eyes, and let's finish our breakfast," said Mr. Boyd, looking just a little sorry (for he did not like to see his pretty wife in tears), and, to a

close observer, just a trifle amused. "Oh, yes, you are always ready to stop talking when we are on this subjeet; but just let me ask you one question. If we had company this morning, especially any young lady, do you think for an instant that you would have given way to your temper in the manner you did, and used such lang-

"W-e-l-l, my dear, you know"-he

"Answer me!" she demanded. "Well, my dear, since you are so very persistent, I will say I don't think I hould, at least not unless"-He did not get a chance to finish, for

Mrs. Boyd interrupted him quickly: Which all goes to prove that you respect more and care more for the ppinion of anyone who chances to breakfast with us than you do for your own wife!" and her sobs began again. "Now really, my dear," began her husband, as he placed his arm around her, and lifting her tear-stained face to his, imprinted thereupon a regular lover's kiss. "you are a little unjust to a fellow. You know I love and respect my own little wife more than any soul on earth, but then, my dear, it relieves a man a great deal-when he is under any strain or excitement of his feelings -to swear a little. It is such a strong yet brief and concise way of expression that it gives instantaneous relief.

However, I will endeavor to quit it for your sake; so kiss me again, and let me see a happy smile before I go to the Mr. Boyd was not a bad or a vicious man, and he meant no harm at all when he swore a "blue streak," as he called it; but to his sensitive little partner this was a dreadful vice. She had talked a great deal to him about it, and always got about as much satisfac-

tion out of Mr. Boyd as on this particular morning. She made up her mind to give him a week to try to mend his ways, and then, if that failed, she determined upon a dreadful plan. She anxiously waited to see the result of her last effort, but the days rolled by and the change was not no-

ticeable. At the end of the week her heart failed her, and she said to herself that she would give him one more day's grace. That evening at tea Mr. "Nellie, do you remember my telling you about a schoolmate of mine, Al-

his short stay with us pleasant." And so they arranged a pretty luncheon, & drive, a dinner and a theater party in the evening. Mr. Boyd was in high spirits, and swore a little more than

usual, "just to express myself, my

see you again, my dear fellow. Of course I am anxious to meet that charmited with every modern convenience, and life that they have opened a shaving parlor on the public of the prefixer, near the post office where barbering in all its branches will be carried on in the thought you had the boys at school?"

The undersaged desires to inform the public parlor on the public pa laughed his friend. "Oh, yes," said Boyd. "Ours is a

model home, I can tell you. Nothing ever goes wrong; all is as agreeable and as smooth as clock-work. Come, 1 am anxious to prove my assertions; let's go at once." And so saying, they

started for Mr. Boyd's home. Mr. Newton was charmed with his friend's lovely wife, and congratulated him heartily on his success in securing such a dear little woman. It made him feel lopely to think of the difference in their positions. When he was at home, it was in a hotel, a "swell" one, to be sure, but here was his friend in a snug, pretty little home of his own, with a beautiful companion of whom he was so proud and who looked at her husband with such love shining out of her big blue eyes that it went straight to his heart, and he resolved to get married on the first opportunity.

Mrs. Boyd left the gentleman, to give some orders about lunch, and meditated thus as she went. "He is certainly a very agreeable gentleman, and Robert is so anxious to show off that it is a shame; but it must be done, now or never," and her lips were set with a look of determination.

Luncheon was announced. They were all seated at the daintily spread table, and Mr. Boyd was thinking with satisfaction that things were running without a hitch and that his friend must be burning up with envy (it will be observed that Mr. Boyd was a trifle conceited), when his wife rang the bell. No one answered, and she rang again, remarking, as she did so, in a cool and steady manner: "That is the

est girl I ever saw." No painter could paint the look of surprise and horror that overspread her husband's face. He was so completely overcome that words were beyond him. His beautiful, good little wife! What had come over her? And in the presence of the very man of all men to whom he would have things appear to the best advantage! It made him wild. How vulgar it sounded! To say that Mr. Newton was surprised, too, expresses it but faintly. He was thunderstruck; but, like the gentleman he was, appeared not to notice it, and the meal went on. Poor little Mrs. Boyd! Her heart beat fast. The nasty word was out, and she was surprised at herself, too, for the cool way in which she said it; but she had made up her mind to do it or die, and do it

Mr. Boyd tried to speak to her alone after luncheon, but could not find the opportunity, and so they all went to drive. All the time that dreadful word burned in Mr. Boyd's brain, but he tried to appear natural with his friend. His wife was in gay spirits, and entertained their guest by point-"There, there, my dear, don't take it ing out the objects of interest along their way. Arriving at home, she went immediately to her own room, and did not appear again until dressed for dinner, when she joined her husband and his friend, looking so sweet and pure that the friend forgot about the incident at lunch. Mr. Boyd was feeling a little better, too, and thought there was no danger of a repetition of his wife's offense; but he was mistaken, for as the servant handed her a dish of salad, it tipped slightly and soiled the table cloth.

"--it!" cried Mrs. Boyd. "What the devil do you want to be so careless for?" And, looking straight at Mr. Newton, she said in her sweet way, that contrasted so vividly with the language just used:

"I always swear when I am provoked. It is such a strong, yet brief and concise way of expressing one's feelings. and such a great relief, too. When Robbie (referring to their young hopeful) gets old enough, I shall teach him to swear. It is manly, and will give his youthful mind an excellent method of expression. I did not use to think so, but Mr. Boyd has so fully impressed this on my mind that I am convinced of the merits of being able to swear. What do you say, Mr. Newton?"

It is needless to say that Mr. Newton agreed with her, out of sheer politeness; but poor Boyd, Sr., was in a state bordering on insanity. The dreadful meal came to a close at last. The theater party was postponed (as Mr. Boyd was indisposed) and he drove his friend to the train. Mr. Newton thanked him for a most delightful day, and as he bade him good-by could not refrain from saying:

"Old man, you were mistaken. It is she who has controlled you!" And so it was. Mrs. Boyd never had occasion to swear again, and Robert

Boyd, Sr., didn't either.-Minneapolis Spectator. French Mail Line Show.

The department of transportation ex-

hibits is advised that the French line mail steamers will make an interesting and attractive display in the French section. It will consist principally of six large paintings or dioramas representing: The entrance to New York harbor, with two of the company's steamers, and showing the statue of Liberty and Brooklyn bridge; "Going on Board at Havre," showing the dock with one steamer ready to go and taking passengers, baggage, etc., and a special train arriving from Paris; the dining-room of a steamer at night, lighted with electricity; the arrival of an African steamer in Marseilles; a view of Algiers, with blue sky and sea and steamer in harbor; the coast at Penhoet St. Nazaire, with two steamers in process of construction. These pictures were painted by Poilpot, Hofbaur, Montenard and Motte. The remaining portion of the exhibit will consist of models of the coast steamers. The exhibit will arrive the latter part of this month.

Beans and Brains. One day during the period when Henry Cabot Lodge - now Senator Lodge-was a member of the house, a countryman and his wife were watching the proceedings on the floor from the gallery; one of the features being a speech by Mr. L. The old fellow had his eye on Mr. Lodge, in evident admiration, and at last he turned to the man next to him for information.

"Where's he from?" "Massachusetts-Boston." countryman.

had been listening. "There, Mary," he exclaimed, "just see what beans and brains will do for a man that ain't half as big as a haystack."-Boston Traveller.

UGLY JIM. His Kind Heart Under Cover of a

Rough Coat. "Ugh! What a night!" was my in-

voluntary exclamation, as I came on deck just before eight bells (twelve o'clock) on that night in March, '86, which fate had ordained I should never forget. I had heard the cry of "All hands on deck!" bellowed down the fo'castle, the scurry of feet, the hoarse command: "All hands aloft to shorten sail! Quick, lads, for your lives!" and had bounced out of my berth, jerked into my clothes and tumbled up the companion-way to the slippery deck.

What was I doing aboard the ship? Well, by profession I am a doctor and by occupation a rambier. Not that it is a part of my business as a doctor to ramble; but, you know, a doctor's mission is to try to restore nature's jewel. health, and I, being a doctor (as I said before), was endeavoring to do my duty to myself and find that which I had studied hard to be able to restore to others. So there I was standing, or, rather, trying to (for the northeast gale nearly blew me off my feet), on the quarter-deck of the little brig Jenny Lind, bound from Liverpool to Quebec. Horatio, wasn't it cold. And the sharp sleet, driven hard before the gale, seemed like a sandblast cutting the gravestones for the poor chaps who were to be that night laid for their last rest, "rocked in the cradle of the

"This is a fearful night," I say to the man at the wheel, and his answer of "Aye, aye, sir," comes through teeth set as a vise. With teet planted, or rather, rooted to the deck, body bent forward, eyes trying hard to make out the canvas he cannot see, he moves only as the orders shouted through the trumpet come faintly to him: "Hard a starboard!" "Steady!" "Ease her a little!" straining hard at the wheel to put it "port" or "starboard" as is ordered, and between his white lips growling back his "Aye, aye, sir!" By the fitful flicker of the binnacle lamp I see his face and know him to be Jim Peters, the hardest man in the crew. Nobody liked him or would have anything to do with him. was not a prepossessing object to look at. His face had as much sociability and kindness in it as a tombstone. Heavy, square jaw; large month; eyes black, or rather, one eye, for a large, red scar running across his forehead and down his left cheek back of his ear took that eye along with it; a shaggy head of sandy hair and un-Rempt beard did their part in his makeup of ugliness. I said nobody would have anything to do with him. I'll take that back, for there was one aboard who pitied and tried to be friendly to him. He was the ship's boy, a nice, likely lad, good-looking and smart and a sailor, every inch of him. There was one thing about Jim, however, which none could get back of, and that was he was strong as an ox and as good a sailor as ever trod a deck. He was the only man aboard who could have neid the wheel alone in such a night. On we drive, a reel and then a plunge, and the little brig comes out of the trough of the sea and shakes herself and then leaps on-

What's that ery for'd? Jim starts. and I see his face pale, as with all his mighty strength he puts the wheel to

port. "Hard, Jim, hard, down!" comes a faint voice, and the captain comes running aft. You did well, Jim, but your three times to port were too late to save her, for with a sickening, ghastly crash she strikes and commences to settle rapidly. A rough hand grabs my arm and a deep voice growls: "It's the ice, doctor; jump for it-

jump for it."

Before I can do so, I am taken off my feet; and the next moment I feel myself going through the air; then a sudden stop, and I find myself on a field of drifting ice. I turn to thank my deliverer, and find it was Jim whose clear head and strong arm had saved me. I try to thank him, but he says, shortly: "I'd a done it by the ship's dog, doctor, as soon as ye, had he been as handy." Nevertheless I shake hands, and say a few words to him, as he turns on his heels and joins his mates straining their eyes to pierce the blackness and see the little craft's last plunge. Like a bird whose wings flutter and then drop, her canvas shakes and she dives, never to come up. The crewsadly bid her farewell and even grouty Jim says: "Good-by, little 'un." You folks ashore can't realize the fear that came over us as the waters closed over the little craft that had been to us our home, our "all in all." A feeling of dreadful loneliness thrilled us as through the inky darkness we tried to read the expression in our companions'

I mentioned it was cold, but words are inadequate to properly convey the icy intensity, now that the blood which had been quickened by the strain and excitement had become normal. Added to the bitter cold was the chill of fear. We drew close together to diagnosticate our case. Naturally we looked to the captain for advice, and when asked what we should do, he said,

"Stick here till morning. Then we can get our bearings, and shape our course accordingly." Now, when the brig stuck, we had

had a close call, and so had a chance to save nothing but what we stood in. The captain's advice was excellent as far as it went; but to stay where we were, huddled together like so many frightened sheep, meant certain death, and the dawn, as it broke, would fall unheeded on fifteen frozen corpses that, a few hours before, had been the crew of the little gallant Jenny Lind. Jim now came to the front, and, in his rough, surly way, said: "As how I've made an observation of these here parts, and I calculate there is room enough to move round in, provided you feliers have brains enough to do it.' We accordingly acted on his suggestion, and Jim at our head as pilot, we commenced to walk around in a circle, thrashing our hands and endeavoring to force the blood into greater activity through our stiffening bodies. Almost from the minute we landed on the ice Jim had an eye always on Walter, the ship's boy, and now, as we commenced our dreary rounds, he had him close behind. Oh, how cold and desolate it was, going round and round and round in that contracted space, moving like a

chain gang, with one hand on the shoulder of the man in front, so as not to lose one another; for, small as that space was, the night was black and and the edge of the floe was we knew not how near. One by one the men grew weary, and Jim-almost overlooked aboard ship, our leader nowslackened his pace, to ease us up a lit-

Walter was the first one to give out. We heard him drop, the line stopped, and we closed around him. Jim got down on his knees beside him and spoke, not so gruffly as usual: "Ye ain't tuckered yet, are ye, lad?"

Half drowsily and wearily came the answer: 'I'm dead beat, Jim, and sleepy.

eatch on to the line again, soon.' We heard Jim mutter to himself: "Here, Walter, lad, here's my pea-

jacket; I'll wrap this and my comcomfortable like." he'd freeze to death without any pro-

tection. He rose quickly, and, in . savage tone, said: "What's that to ye, doctor? Yes never took any notice of me aboard

I spoke to him again, telling him between us we could keep Walter moving round, and thus keep him alive, and that he himself needed some protection. His mates joined me in my entreaty and tried to raise Walter to his feet; but he shook their hands off

and, facing us, spoke: "Mr. Doctor and mates, I ain't nobody, and it don't make no difference whether I die or not. All of ve have mothers or sweethearts waitin' for ye to come home. I ain't got nobody; no home. A vagabond, mates, I be, with nothing but the ship whose articles I sign for a home, and the sea'll be my grave sooner or later; so, ye see, it don't make no difference whether I freeze ter death here or go to the bottom across the line. Walter's got a mother, lads, as is waitin' ter see him soon; and if Jim can help her do it, he's a-going ter. I thank ve all, mates and Mr. Doctor, fer speaking ter me; and if ugly Jim freezes ter death, don't

think too hard of him." Again the line moves on, but the men are getting disheartened and overcome, and gradually, one by one, they lie down on the ice, and, crawling closer together, a sleep, sweet but deadly, holds them in its grasp. Jim and I are the only ones left now, and we walk walk, walk round and round the prostrate forms like a deathwatch.

"Can't ye stick it out, doctor?"

Jim, give me your hand."

ing off its icy clutch. how long, and then I partly awoke as Jim, tired out and exhausted, dropped beside me. I was in a dreamy state, but I heard these words, the last he

hardly knew it was his: shall be his thanks for the Master's

plaudit: "Well done!" "Peace and oblivion reign over all." That was exactly my state; and on awakening from my stupor, I found it hard to realize it was but a dream. Was it possible I was once more safe aboard a vessel, not frozen stiff on the desolate drift-ice, but tenderly cared for by rough but kind hands? Yes, it was true; for we-all that were left of us, ave, and the poor fellows whose awaking was of another sort-were being carefully looked after on board the American ship Yankee Tar, whose lookout had sighted on the field-ice black specks which, through the glass, he had made out to be human beings. A boat was put out, and all hands taken on board. Of our crew of tifteen, but five remained, with just a spark of life in their stiff bodies. Walter and I were among the survivors, and careful administration of restoratives had brought us round. I have stamped upon my mind, with the indelible ink of unforgetfulness, the morning when, for the last time, I gazed on the fixed, immovable faces of my companions of that fatal voyage. All in their winding-sheets of sail-cloth, shotted and ready for the waters to cover them. ranged in two rows along the deck, we bade them each good-by. Last of all I came to Jim, not "ugly" Jim, now, for upon the scarred face a peaceful smile. tranquil and happy, and his last words "Mother, mother," seemed to play upon the half-opened, smiling lips.

"All heads uncovered!" One by one, into the ocean's bosom they slid to rest, and, as poor Jim's body lies poised upon the rail for its final plunge, the captain's voice shakes and his eyes water, as he says:

this, that he lay down his life for his friends.' "-Russell Gardner, in N. Y. Ledger.

FOREIGN FARM NEWS.

A LARGE number of tea plantations ers finding that they have not been paying expenses and are not desirable property to hold.

THERE are two or three grass crops in Switzerland every year, the first in the beginning of May, the second at the end of July and a third often at the end of October.

previous ten years.

Don't mind me; let me sleep, and I'll "He'il freeze, lying here," and then movement on his part, and he said:

forter round ye, and ye'll feel more He was putting them on to the alrendy sound asleep boy, when I laid my hand on his shoulder and told him

ship, and a-getting mighty tender o'

"It's no use, Jim; I've got to join the And I step toward it. He stops me

"No," I say, despondently; "I am too weak and numb to keep it up. Here, "Good-by, doctor," he says, and moves on again, a ionely sentinel, fighting death inch by inch, and by his pluck and dogged determination shak-

It was a blank for me for I know not ever spoke. He was wandering, I knew, and his voice was so gentle and soft I

"Mother!" he murmured several times, and then: "Our Father which art-," and ugly Jim's hips had moved for the last time on this earth. Icy fingers closed them here, but where his noble deed and last prayer reached, warm, loving fingers shall bid the dumb to speak, and his first words

"Greater love hath no man than

THE French potato crop of 1892 amounted to 440,000,000 bushels, as compared with a yield of 390,000,000 bush-

els as the average annual crop in the RAMIE fiber is being used to a considerable extent in France as a substitute for silk in the manufacture of silk goods. It is also being used in the manufacture of paper that requires special strength.

THE OLD HEARTHSTONE. We gather 'round the old hearthstone, Without is heard the north wind's moan Within all is delight.
While 'gainst the pane the whispering rain

Speaks of a starless night. We sing the songs we used to sing. When youth was ours and pleasure king. Nor heed the angry storm, For kindly cheer makes bright the sphere

Of home where hearts are warm Stories are told of that dear time When life flowed on like smoothest rhyme In the far long ago: When castles rare were built in air, To melt away like snow.

Grandfather and grandmother tell Of olden days, when love's sweet spell Their hearts together drew; When hope was bright with tenderest light,

And sorrows were but few.

Tells of far distant lands, while we

Good Uncle John, just beme from sea,

Drink in his honeyed words As sweet they are, as sweet and fair, As sweetest songs of birds And thus with story, laugh and song, We pass the stormy hight and long. Our hearts all free from care;

Thank Heaven for this: To-night there is

At home no vacant chair.

—Calch Dunn, in N. Y. Ledger. THE ETHICS OF FOOD

George's Experience with Prof. Spatling's Course of Lectures.

Soon after our marriage, my wife, who is somewhat of a stickler for bygiene, found the advertisement of a course of lectures on the "Ethics of Food" under our knocker, and brought it in to me. "George, dear, isn't it fortunate?

You know you were telling me the other day that disease is often communicated by food-and here's the very thing we want. A course of six lectures on the something or other of food; only a guinea the course, and by Prof. Spatling, too. Don't you think, as you are always so busy writing, I'd better go and see what the lectures are like? It'll be so useful to know what one is eating." The only occasion on which I had

spoken on the subject at all was one Sunday afternoon, when I had read from the British Weekly a question from a correspondent, "whether tomatoes were ever the cause of cancer?" and had remarked on the improbability of such an event. But then I was newly married, and unused to the ways of women, or possibly unduly tolerant; so I made only a faint murmur at "the expense." "Expense? But wouldn't it be false

is concerned? Why, we don't know what suffering and disease we may escape by taking a little care." Well, the long and the short of it was that my wife was present at the lecture, while I remained at my fireside to thump out on my typewriter an article for the Olympian Review. 1 became so absorbed in this, that when a gust of cool air blew into my room, and

economy to study that when our health

clothes, came in, it seemed but a few minutes since she had left me. "Oh, George dear, I am so glad I saw that handbill. It's so providential; for if I hadn't gone to-night, goodness only

my wife, with the usual outdoor smell

that one notices in winter about her

knows what might have happened." "What on earth do you mean, love?" My wife was too agitated to answer, but went into the pext room and rang the bell for Pauline. As a matter of fact, Pauline's kitchen is almost as near as the next room, and she might have called her much more easily than by ringing the one perfect bell that we possess. But the principle of style was involved; and to that my wife is ready to sacrifice any amount of personal

comfort. Pauline, after repeated tinklings. 'came up smiling' from a novelette she had just been reading. Pauline is a good girl, with a character which some day I intend to work into a novel. But that, as Mr. Kipling would prob-

ably say, is quite another story. "Pauline," said her mistress, "take that meat away." The table was already laid for supper, and I attempted a feeble protest against having my meal spirited away thus before my eyes. But my wife was determined, and said: "Do you know, George, what the consequence of our eating meat may be? It's quite possible that we may go into consumption. Prof. Spatling says that went is a prolific cause of consumption, owing to the capacity of animals to contract, that disease. The 'basilica', or whatever you call those horrid little insects, get from the meat into your system, and do the mischief. Jews are much freer from consumption than we are, solely owing to the fact that their food is always rigidly inspected by the rabbis before being used"-

"For human consumption," I suggested, jocularly. But my wife was

very much in earnest. "Then those pickles, too. Pickles are simply poisonous. Sulphate of copper is largely used in their manufacture, accounting for their bright green colors. You can give the beef and pickles to Mrs. Priggs to-morrow, Pauline, to take home to the children."

"My dear," I ventured to suggest,

"if these are to disseminate the germs

of consumption and to poison their re-

cipients, do you think it quite the thing-" I was going to say "to give them to our washerwoman," but a vision of mothers-in-law flitted across my brain and I was about to suggest that her mother might be glad of them when my wife continued: "Then that becon -everybody who cats bacon gets trichinosis. And you know you said yourself, George, dear, that tomatoes

brought on cancer." "But, my love," I ventured mildly to suggest, "if we mayn'test meat of any kind, or tomatoes, or pickles, what on earth is there left to live on?" "Oh, heaps of things-eggs, fish,

poultry, vegetables, everything, almost. And I am sure it wouldn't be right to fly in the face of Providence after Prof. Spatling's lecture." So for the next week we were living on eggs, vegetables and fish, and by the time of the second lecture were

rather longing for a change of diet.

Pauline had just laid our supper-

oysters and sardines, eggs, pastry and

cheese-when my wife returned, tearfully anxious. "George, darling, do you-have you -are there any-any spots about you?" I said I had no doubt I could oblige her, but could not tell with any cerAdvertising Rates.

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tainty. But she was evidently severe-

ly serious.

a matter of life or death. Do run upstairs and see before it is too late." So finally, after useless protests, I was sent up to my bedroom with pencil and paper to report on the appearance and location of any "spots" I

"Please, don't joke, George dear; it's

might happen to possess. "Oh, I'm so thankful," said my wife when she was teld that but a few pimples that had existed long before the era of food lectures, my skin had a clean bill of health. "I am glad that our folly has not, up to the present, had any serious consequences. Dr. Hutchinson, the greatest surgeon in England, says Prof. Spatling, has proved conclusively that leprosy is solely caused by eating too much fish; coast districts are always the parts principally affected. Norway, the only European country where leprosy flourishes to any considerable extent, finds in fish its staple food. And oystersoysters for supper! Good gracious, George, how could you be so foolish!" "Pauline brought them in," I ex-

plained, feebly and rather meanly. Of course I had given Pauline the money. "I suppose you don't really want to get rid of me, George? I suppose you haven't got them with the deliberate intention of giving me blood poisoning or typhoid fever? Yet surely you ought to know that Thames oysters always-You haven't any pains about the-the

breast, have you, George?" When I had satisfied my wife on this point, she went over her notes of the lecture, and one by one knocked most of the principal articles off our bill of fare. To cut five lectures into one, week after week she did the same, terribly agitated about the ill effects resulting from this or that article of food, and in mortal fear lest, through our ignorance of the laws of healthy dieteties, typhoid or some other dire complaint should carry us off before the conclusion of the course of lectures.

"It is a comfort to have one's eyes open at last," she said, time after time, as this disease or that frightened her nearly out of her senses by being caused by some corresponding article of diet. After awhile she began to take a melancholy interest in discovering fresh facts and arguments, show ing some new association of eating and ill health; and her time was principally spent in comparing the cookery book with the dictionary of diseases. Pastry was knocked off as bad for the digestion; sugar in any form produced diabetes; jam was simply turnip poisonously colored; tinned provisions were notoriously dangerous; while anyone with sense and a natural desire for good wind and breathing apparatus would avoid cheese like a pestilence, Then butter, according to a medical journal, was known to carry the germs of consumption: eggs were responsible for serious derangements of the liver. and fruit and vegetables meant cholera at the very least.

I bore up as best I could under these deprivations, thinking it wise to humor my wife while the fit lasted; and consoled myself in the meantime with the pipe and drinks that had not yet been taken away. But their day was at hand. A special lecture was devoted to these subjects; and immediately after, the corner of my mouth was violently seized and examined by my wife for signs of cancer; blindness was threatened unless tobacco was instantly relinquished; and as for drinkswell, with typhoid caused by milk, gout by beer, loss of nerve-power by tea and coffee, and fatty degeneration by cocoa, not to speak of indigestion and sundry other evils, a man would be criminal indeed to run such risk.

For the last week I have been living on bread and water and haricots, and even these were not obtained without a struggle. Haricots were conceded doubtfully, with a pensive statement that "perhaps it might not do any harm, and haricots were certainly very nutritious;" so that since then, this white, fatty, insipid vegetable has made its way to the table mevery conceivable form and on every conceivable occasion. Water, my wife thought, we should be better without; the professor had said "the less one drinks the better;" and it certainly follows that if one does not drink at all, a condition of perfect health is likely to be attained. With regard to bread, its properties are so fattening, that my wife, who has a slight tendency to "embonpoint," and whom I once discovered running surreptitiously up and down stairs with the object of reducing her weight, called upon me on those grounds to relinquish its use, reminding me that, as Byron used vinegar for this worthy object, so ought 1 to deny myself a little for the sake of health, economy and above all, as a literary man, the preservation of a poetical and professional appearance. Here, however, I put my foot down,

and she did not insist. To-morrow is the last lecture, and then, after acting for a week or so the part of Succi or of Tanner, we shalt probably resume our usual reckless habits. I ventured to remark just new to my wife that our bill of fare was assuming rather narrow limits, and that the morrow's lecture would probably deprive us of even our remaining food. She smiled assent, but then said, encouragingly: "How healthy it will be though! How perfectly charming to know of one's immunity from disease!" -Chambers' Journal.

His Appearance Was Timely. "May I ask you, madam," inquired

door, removing his hat, "if there has been a large and successful cooking school in this neighborhood for some weeks?" "There has," replied the lady. "Some member of your family has been in attendance, perhaps," he ven-

"Yes. Two of my daughters attend

the gentlemanly caller at the front

"Ah!" rejoined the caller, pleasantly. "A good cooking school is one of the adjuncts of an advanced civilization. I am always interested to, notice the advance of a community in the knowledge of the gentle arts and sciences that go to make up the sum of human happiness. But I have allowed myself to forget the business upon which I have ventured to'call," he continued, briskly, opening a small valise. "I am introducing a small but comprehensive work, entitled: 'The Horrible Carse of Dyspepsia and Indigestion; How Cured and How Removed.' The price is only seventy-five cents, and I can assure you, madam-Thanks. Good morning!"

Mountain House

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see you, --- me if I aint!"

fired Newton? Well, I received a note to-day from him, and he is coming through here to-morrow on his way to the coast, and we must entertain him. I want to show him my wife, and make him disgusted with his bachelorhood. What do you say, dear?" "I shall be delighted to meet you friend, and will do what I can to make

dear," and next morning met his friend in a hearty way. "Well, Al, old boy, 1 am right glad to "Thanks, and I am most happy to

"Who is that down there in the aisle talking to the boys?" he asked. "Congressman Lodge," was the reply.

"Boston, did you say?" queried the "Yes, Boston." The old chap turned to his wife, who