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Cambria

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks
—JEWELRY—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
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Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
**Celebrated Rockford
WATCHES.**

Columbia and Fredonia Watches,
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND
OF JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed
and will see for yourself before purchase
in elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

CARL RIVINIUS,
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"WANT A WAGON?"

We have wagons, runovers, surreys, High grade, as light, strong, durable, stylish, as thoroughly finished as modern manufacture can produce. Built on honor by men of life experience. Honesty is our policy; prompt shipment our specialty. We want to know you. Write us. Costs you nothing. May lead to business by and by. Send for our catalogue. It is free to every reader of this paper. Binghamton Wagon Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

"BUILT FOR BUSINESS."

"You're too ridiculous, Phil," cried Mrs. Lorimer, laughing. "As a lady's maid you are not a success—go and smoke your cigarette on the balcony, and I'll be ready in a second."

Mrs. Lorimer obeyed with the submission and alacrity of a newly-made spouse, and, moreover, waited with a patience and resignation only to be found in a man whose married life can still be counted by weeks.

"What a lovely being, have I?" asked his wife, with delightful conviction, when she returned after an interval; "and oh, Phil, don't you think this is the most perfectly lovely place on the face of the earth?"

Mrs. Lorimer's answer was somewhat wide of the mark and by no means unworthy of record, but certainly Edmond was a delightful fellow, and the room door opened and a stranger stood in the doorway.

"Excuse me, I am afraid I have made a mistake."

"I thought this was my room, No. 34."

"This is No. 34," growled Lorimer.

"Thank you, a thousand pardons," and with a courteous bow the stranger withdrew.

"What a curious Phil, but Mrs. Lorimer interrupted him, "Oh, let me out! I can't let you out! I have money, every penny; only don't make me go back!"

A brutal, unqualified oath was the answer to his appeal; it was followed by a faint, smothered cry.

"Not a word! I will not go back into that horrible box! I had rather be killed outright!"

There was absolute silence for a second; and Blanche and Philip stood breathless; there came a muffled shriek and a cry.

"No, no, no, Frank! I did not mean it! I'll do what you like! Don't kill me! Help! Help!"

With a cry of righteous rage Phil dropped his wife's hand and dashed across the balcony. He shook the closed window vigorously, regardless of everything save the frantic desire to prevent a horrible crime.

A dead silence had followed the woman's last cry, and when at last Lorimer forced the window open and bounded into the room he found it in darkness, except for the streak of weird moonlight that followed him.

In the darkness he could just discern the figure of a man standing by a huge, black trunk.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the man, advancing, but Phil pushed him roughly aside.

"What have you done with that unfortunate woman?"

A feeble man struck on his ear.

"Where are you?" he cried, "I will help you."

"Oh, let me out! let me out!" came to him in feeble—it seemed almost dying—tones.

"You brute!" cried Lorimer, beside himself with excitement and indignation.

At this moment the room was invaded by a man, dressed in all stages of deshabille, for after Phil's departure Blanche had raised an alarm in such incoherent fashion that half the hotel was swarming in. No. 34, uncertain whether murder, fire or sudden death was the cause of the midnight disturbance.

"It is his wife," explained Phil, frantically. "He's been trying to kill her. She is hidden here somewhere."

"Here! here! Oh, I am dying!"

"The trunk!" cried some one. With one accord they bore down upon the huge black trunk; every one's fingers were thrust forward to unbar the straps, the moaning growing fainter and fainter, till, as the last fastening

AN ORCHARD IDYL.

The warm sun shines down on banks of white clover.
The robin sings, laden, fits by the wing;
And Jenny comes down from the peach trees
To see the fruit.
And Robin, gay roamer, is beginning to sing.
Blue, so blue, are the skies where the soft
clouds are sailing.
And blue, so blue, are the maiden's bright
eyes.
But, ah! their fair beauty with tapers are
burning.
While the sun has no hint of rain in the azure-
blue skies.
The robin trills louder his rapturous singing.
The pink blossoms drip on the breeze that
flows by.
But Jenny's heart throbs, and her thoughts are
a turmoil.
As she slips the white cloths on the cover
to dry.
There is a blackberry vine that is apple tree
hidden.
It will run, for the clouds by the breezes are
blown.
And the linen half dry and the washing half
done!
But the robin sang on. And the wind, like
rover,
Still stirred the peach blossoms down to the
grass.
For he would they know of a faithful young
lover.
And how could they read the sweet heart of a
still on moves the day. The sun, mountain
high.
Revered a new nest in the old apple tree.
And therapy read the vine that seemed dead,
and they sang.
A promise of hope that the summer will see,
And Jenny, soft tripping where blossoms bend
over.
Thinking silly mad, that blossoms bear,
As she picks, with a smile, the hand-kerchief
from the pocket.
That breath with good fortune and drives away
fears.
Ah, Jenny, the robin, his carol still singing,
Is waiting the song with wild wisdom and
And he notes, I am sure, that the wind is
bringing.
No hint of a shower in the blue of the skies.
So the peach petals drift, as the bee, busy
lover,
Flies hither at the close of the long summer
hours.
And sees blushing Jenny a greeting her lover
When the red robin nests and the white
clover flowers.
—Marion Houston, in Good Housekeeping.

MYSTERY OF A TR

It Was a Splendid Advertisement for Dolan's Darcy.

"Now, Phil, really, what do you like best—the white blouse or the pink?"

"My dearest Blanche, you look lovely in either."

"No, but really?"

"And truly?"

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"Seeing is Believing."

And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's oil, 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, send us your order, and we will send you a lamp exactly by express, your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the Rochester Lamp Co., 42 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester."

Ely's Cream Balm

THE CURE FOR
CATARRH
HAY-FEVER
AND
COLD IN HEAD

Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, sniff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

50c ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, NEW YORK. 50c

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO.

No. 1, Farm Horse, \$24.50
No. 2, Farm Horse, \$27.50
No. 3, Farm Horse, \$30.50
No. 4, Farm Horse, \$33.50
No. 5, Farm Horse, \$36.50
No. 6, Farm Horse, \$39.50
No. 7, Farm Horse, \$42.50
No. 8, Farm Horse, \$45.50
No. 9, Farm Horse, \$48.50
No. 10, Farm Horse, \$51.50

W.B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

Mountain House

1794. 1891.
Printed written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE 'ETNA'
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
**OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE CO.**
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 9, 1892.

CASSIDAY'S Shaving Parlor, EBENSBURG.

1794. 1891.
Printed written at short notice in the
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And other First Class Companies.
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gave way, it ceased altogether.

"We are too late," cried Phil, as he threw open the door. "The poor thing is dead!" He stopped, started back and looked around him in bewilderment. The rest of the company crowded forward and peered into the trunk.

"Why, it's empty!" they exclaimed in chorus.

"Gentlemen!" cried the stranger from the door. "Whose this means?"

"We don't know," cried everyone, uncertain whether to be greatly amused or intensely indignant.

"This gentleman," continued the proprietor, indicating his guest of the seraphic countenance, who stood smiling silently. "This gentleman is Delavere Darcy, the celebrated ventriloquist, who will appear to-morrow evening at the Winter Gardens. He has been amusing you with a little private rehearsal."

There was a most gratifying attendance at the Winter Gardens on the following night to witness Delavere Darcy's entertainment, for, as the poet tells us:

Great are the uses of advertisement.
But neither Philip Lorimer nor his wife was so fortunate. The big weekly had left Eden-on-Sea by an early train.

—London Truth.

REJECTED AND ACCEPTED

Why a Stenographer Lost Faith in the World's Honesty.

The rise of Reginald Flipp had been something phenomenal. No man was more sought after by publishers and the editors of magazines. Mr. Flipp had been somewhat prolific at the beginning, but he could not get practically any price he asked for his MSS. He became more careful. It was more and more difficult for a magazine to get a story by this now celebrated author.

One day there came to his room a man whom the world apparently had not used generously.

"I have a story," said he to Mr. Flipp, "to see you without any letter of introduction, or without any preliminary amount. I was afraid to let you know I intended to come, as so busy a man as you might well have refused to see a stranger."

"I am not a busy man," said Mr. Flipp. "I do not if anyone in the town has more leisure than I. Sit down. What can I do for you?"

"My name," said the stranger, "is Crosby. I am a shorthand writer and I want to work for you. I have a very clear head," replied Flipp. "I have no use for a shorthand writer. I have never dictated in my life, and I don't if I could. Everything I write I do with my own hand. I do not even use a typewriter."

"I do," said Crosby. "I have a typewriter at home, and if you will try dictating a few lines, you will see that I can do it. I have a very clear head, and I can do it very quickly. I have a very clear head, and I can do it very quickly. I have a very clear head, and I can do it very quickly."

"How can you be sure," asked Crosby, "that you are not a fraud?"

"I can be sure," said Crosby, "that you are not a fraud. I have a very clear head, and I can do it very quickly. I have a very clear head, and I can do it very quickly. I have a very clear head, and I can do it very quickly."

"I don't want any salary," replied Crosby. "I shall be very pleased to give you an hour a day for nothing. It is not for me to ask for anything. I have a very clear head, and I can do it very quickly. I have a very clear head, and I can do it very quickly. I have a very clear head, and I can do it very quickly."

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LOVE'S FIRST KISS.

Sweetheart, 'twas but awhile ago—'t was scarce
seems yesterday.
Though now my looks are white as snow and
all your curls are gray—
When, walking in the twilight haze, ere stars
had shined above,
I whispered soft: "I love you," and you kissed
me for that love!

The fraction did not tear your hand—your
little hand so sweet.
And white as the white white and that
curled above,
Laid tenderly within my own! Have these
such lovely hands!

No wonder that the hip-poor-wills made sweet
the autumn lands!

It seemed to me that my poor heart would beat
to death and break.
While all the world's sweetest: sweetheart
someday for your sake;
And ever love that barred the way in glad
and dying gaze.
Forgot its faded summer day, and leaning,
kissed your face.

I exist all the roses then, and all the rose
ways
That blossomed for your sake are still my life's
bright yesterday.

But thinking of that first sweet kiss and that
first day of hand in a holiday
Life's white-robed kiss sweeter now
through all the winter lands.
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlantic.

A PLUCKY WIFE.

How She Saved Her Husband from Judge Lynch.

Sage Bar was excited. Six horses were
missing from Bill Hines' drive.
Fifteen minutes after Bill had reported
his loss at the Bar a party had found
the trail and ridden off toward the
southwest. Presently, as they were
crossing a wet bit of land in a hollow,
Bill who led the party, looked sharply
at the hoof prints sunk deep in the soil
and reined up quickly.

"Look at the shoe mark," he ex-
claimed, pointing down at the trail.
"By gosh! it's the easterner's boss
shoe!" ejaculated Sam Pike after an in-
stant's scrutiny of the hoof prints,
among which were several large ones that
the rest showing the clear impress of a
shoe. The others were those of un-
shod horses. Then the party scanned
the markless road. Then the men looked
at each other with ugly frowns.

"Well," said Bill, tentatively, at last.
"No one answered for a moment. Then
Sam remarked: "It looks bad for their
customer, sure? The instant anyone goes
hoss shoes like them in th' district 'cept
him, I'm sorry 'f th' fellers put his
head in a rope's end, boys. But we'll
have ter foller him up. Wholl go
back?"

A couple of the party volunteered.
The men separated. Part of them
moved forward on the trail. The others
turned their horses at right angles to
the former line of march and loped
on toward the easterner's cabin.

The easterner, otherwise Jack Craig,
of whom they had been speaking, had
been in Sage Bar only a short time. He
was a tenderfoot, out and out. When
he came to the bar he brought his wife
with him. She was a bright, pretty
little woman, but they hardly knew
her in the settlement. Craig always
had been reserved, and the two had
kept by themselves in the little cabin
which stood a mile or so away from
town. So Sage Bar had come to con-
sider the pair a "queer lot," and to
designate them as "the easterner and
his wife," which was intended to be
anything but complimentary.

When the trailing party reined up in
front of Craig's cabin they found the
object of their search sitting on a log
before the door, smoking. From his
dress, bespattered with mud, it was
evident that he had just returned from
riding. The party exchanged glances
of understanding.

Sam Pike came to the point at once.
"Craig," he said, "yer waddled down ter
th' Bar."

"What's that?" demanded the easterner,
angrily.

"Yer wanted down ter th' Bar!" Sam
repeated. "For hoss stealing!" he
added.

Craig's face was as white as the instant.
He sprang from his seat, throwing back
his hand to his hip. But the others had
him covered, and his hand dropped
loosely by his side again. "As a -
lie," he said, "and you know it!"

Just then a woman's figure appeared
in the cabin doorway. It was Craig's
wife.

"What's the matter?" she questioned
anxiously, seeing her husband's attitude.

Craig spoke up quickly: "Go back,
Dolly! They've got up a dirty story
about me and want me to go to the Bar.
But I'll come back in a little while."

Sam had a great fear of women's
tongues and tears, and immediately or-
dered the party to dismount, and to
another man at a word secured from the
stable near by. The woman had looked
on dumbly, seeming hardly to compre-
hend what was taking place. Big Craig
saw her husband walk over toward the
horse, she ran to him, and threw both
arms about him, holding him tight to
her. He unclasped her arms gently
after an instant, and mounted to the
saddle, and, turning in the saddle, waved
his hand to her. Then they rode away,
and after they had gone a piece, Sam
looked back and saw the woman still
standing there, her hands loosely locked
before her, watching them with wide-
open eyes. "She's grit ter th' back-
bone," muttered that worthy, and
bashed his horse into a gallop.

All Sage Bar crowded around the
party when they drew rein in town,
and there were some who would have
strung Craig up on the spot when
Sam had told the story. Sage Bar was,
in that stage of progress where horse
stealing was a capital offense and a
southern crowd of India, there is a
species of fish which not only is able
to walk on level ground but can climb
trees.

Extraordinary qualities are pos-
sessed by the river Tinto, in Spain. It
hardens and petrifies the sand of its
bed; and if a stone falls in the stream,
and alights upon another, in a few
months they unite and become one
stone. Fish cannot live in its waters.

—Curtailed by State Lines.

At a recent club dinner in Boston
(says the Harvard Lampoon), a visitor
from Rhode Island had occasion to re-
fer in his speech to "Demosthenes," as
pronounced it. "Demosthenes," cor-
rected the toastmaster, "is our Rhode
Islander, firmly, who
knew good wine when he tasted it, 'we
shalt Demosthenes.' "You're very wise,"
replied the toastmaster; "your state
couldn't accommodate the extra syl-
lable."

Stetson rose to his feet, letting
his ride-butt drop on the ground, and
curiously surveyed the woman, who was
close to him now. It was the eastern-
er's wife.

"Is he in there?" she said, her voice
trembling a bit.

"Yes," answered Stetson, "only for
a moment," she added.

"Can't do it, ma'am," said Stetson,
decidedly.

For a moment she was quiet, looking
longingly toward the cabin and clasping
and unclasping her hands sadly. The
man hoped she would go. He had
hated to say no and he didn't know how
long his determination to refuse would
last. But they say they're going to
try him tomorrow. He would get
another chance." She looked at him
so sadly and yet so bravely that that
Stetson wavered and was lost.

"For five minutes, then, no more!"
he said, half repenting of his words
the instant they were uttered.

But he unlocked the cabin door again,
and looked out. Stetson was after her.
She stood outside the door, cursing
himself. Presently there was a rap
from the inside of the cabin, and he
relieved, he unlocked the door. But he
found the easterner's wife, no more!
he said, half repenting of his words
the instant they were uttered.

She came out quickly. Stetson turned
and bent to fasten the door. As he did
he felt something cold and hard in his
hand, and heard in her voice, now
without a tremble:

"Put up your hands and do it quick-
ly!"

"The other woman was after her, and
so emphatically backed up by the
cold metal, which Stetson knew only
too well was the dangerous end of a re-
volver, that he did not hesitate. As he
threw up his hands, the woman was
pulled open from the inside and a man
dashed out and melted in the darkness
of the prairie. A moment more, and
the hoof beats of the easterner's horse,
sounding clear and sharp on the still
air.

The men who had been asleep till
now, awakened by the noise, sleepily
raised themselves and looked at the
woman had not moved the pistol from
Stetson's hand. But she now dropped
the weapon quickly and started to run.
In an instant Stetson was after her,
and, wild as he had been, he had run
her down and caught her before she had
gone fifty yards. As he grasped her by
the shoulders the hoof beats were dying
on the air and the woman looked
into her captor's face with an exultant
smile.

Stetson brought her back to the cabin
and in a half-hour she was in the
story. The woman was quiet and did
not seem to care what they said. De-
spite their enmity at having been
wounded by a woman, the men could
not but admire her pluck and skill.
Then they argued as to what they
should do with her, and finally decided
to take her into town as soon as it was
dark. They locked her in the cabin
and then sat up and talked the rest of
the night. They felt that it would be
useless to attempt to trail Craig in the
dark, and to tell the truth, they were
glad on the air and the woman looked
into her captor's face with an exultant
smile.

When morning came a big party set
off in pursuit of Craig. But they had
scant hope of catching him, for he was
a horse under him and his many hours'
stated. The easterner's wife still re-
mained locked in the cabin. Sage
Bar, for once, had a pluck and skill.
Law and order had been re-
versed by a woman and the town had
the offender in custody. But smoke and
powder as it might be, the woman was
a loss to know how to proceed. In the
laws of the settlement, unwritten
though they were, had sprung from an
acute sense of frontier needs, and re-
ferred to men. There was no reason-
able feeling among the Sage Bar solons
that these laws could not be applied
with propriety to women, and so they
took no notice of the woman's pluck and
more, and did nothing. When the
Hines party came in, tired, hungry and
empty handed, no solution of the diffi-
culty presented itself, and so, with ad-
mirable judgment, the town decided to
free itself of further responsibility by
setting the woman at liberty. The
easterner's wife was pale and evidently
worn out when she was set free. She
of the cabin; but she said not a word
when they told her she might go, and
walked off in the direction of her home
with a smile, half of defiance, half of
satisfaction. The night's story, which
had gone in pursuit of Craig re-
turned, having made a fruitless search.

Two days later, just as Sage Bar was
preparing its evening meal, two men
were seen riding over a hill from the
northwest. Five horses were driven
loosely before them. When the men
got nearer the town one of them was
recognized as the easterner, and the
other man at a word secured from the
stable near by. The woman had looked
on dumbly, seeming hardly to compre-
hend what was taking place. Big Craig
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arms about him, holding him tight to
her. He unclasped her arms gently
after an instant, and mounted to the
saddle, and, turning in the saddle, waved
his hand to her. Then they rode away,
and after they had gone a piece, Sam
looked back and saw the woman still
standing there, her hands loosely locked
before her, watching them with wide-
open eyes. "She's grit ter th' back-
bone," muttered that worthy, and
bashed his horse into a gallop.

All Sage Bar crowded around the
party when they drew rein in town,
and there were some who would have
strung Craig up on the spot when
Sam had told the story. Sage Bar was,
in that stage of progress where horse
stealing was a capital offense and a
southern crowd of India, there is a
species of fish which not only is able
to walk on level ground but can climb
trees.

Extraordinary qualities are pos-
sessed by the river Tinto, in Spain. It
hardens and petrifies the sand of its
bed; and if a stone falls in the stream,
and alights upon another, in a few
months they unite and become one
stone. Fish cannot live in its waters.

MEN AND WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

In the United States there are thirty-two million men and thirty-one million women. Men are in the majority in all the states and territories except in the District of Columbia, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, North Carolina, Maryland, Connecticut, New Hampshire, New York, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, in which there are more women than men. The District of Columbia has the largest proportionate excess of females, and the smallest of males. The largest percentage of men in New Jersey the two sexes are most nearly equally represented.

Had Mistake.

"Terry," a monkey known to the habits of a popular saloon in San Francisco, has dispensed of late until he is a wreck. Said business should make fresh note of the fact that whiskey with monkey or monkey with whiskey is fraught with serious results.