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#### EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1893.

NUMBER 38.

### CARL RIVINIUS. -PRACTICAL-

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VOLUME XXVII.

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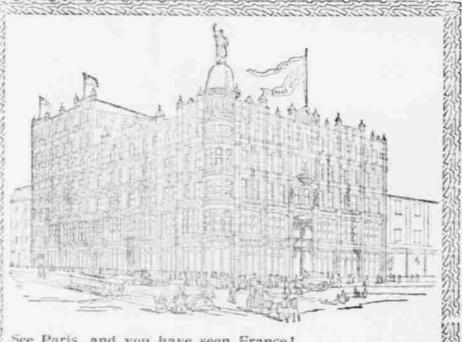
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#### ON THE OLD-TIME PORCH.

We sat there yester even' beneath the listening Where still the mornin' glory above the door-And the nightingales were singin' just as they

The same old place; the rocker in which she sat Half fearful that the stars would hear the secret in the sky, Leaned her way just a little, and said: "I love

love her more:

We talked it over, sitting there, near love's comes of holdin' hands:

each other more!
-Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

#### JOY AT THE FAIR.

The Delightful Experience of a Hard-Working Family.

"Wall, when be we a-goin' to the fair, Alviry?"

"Hev you gone plum crazy, Eben Jenkins? The fair ain't for the likes of us. It's only for rich folks an' such! Don't you read ev'ry night 'bout the big doin's an' the hifalutin' times of the d'rectors, an' the furriners, an' the fixed-up women, gallavantin' roun' ev'rywhere? How'd we look, I'd like to know, attendin' of them receptions they're a-havin' of pink an' yeller an' all sorts of colors, to suit the skins, I s'pose, of all them natives from faraway countries?"

"It's noways likely, Alviry, that we'd be obleeged to j'ine these doin's. I've b'en a-workin' an' savin' for a hull year, jest to go to the fair a few daysyou an' me an' the children. It seem like it would give us a taste of some-

thin' we've needed all our lives." "I s'pose you'll hev your way, Eben Jenkins; you most always do. But I can't for the life of me tell how we're goin' to pay for the winter's coal, an' the flannels an' shoes, an' ev'rything that'll be comin' along soon enough! Of course, if you go to the fair I'm boun' to go, too, for didn't I promise to be your pardner for better or for worse, and if it's to be the city of destruction, so long's I draw a bre'th you'll fin' me by your side!"

"Never mine that, Alviry! I know you for a savin' an' a helpin' wife, but as ong as I've two good hands you an' the children'll never go hungry, an' it's cause of all this that I think we ought to go to the fair, an' I'm mos' sure the money we'll spend'll be made up to us SOTHS WHY.

"I hope it's not flyin' in the face of Providence we are, Eben Jenkins, that's all I've got to sav!

"Next week the shop'll shut up a few days for repairs, an' then, Alviry, we'll all take a vacation an' see some of the wonders that the world has sent to Chi-

Full, indeed, were the next few days for the members of the little household. There were two children, Hiram, a sturdy boy of twelve, whose fertile brain was hourly working with tremendous zeal upon half-fledged impulses, and his little sister Ruth, who had quiet, dreamy ways, "for all the world jest like her father, imaginin'an' visionin', her mother said, "but sweet an' lovin'

for all that!" It was but a few hours' ride to Chiengo, and then Eben Jenkins and his wife and children drifted into the great human current sweeping on in ceaseless course to the White City and its won-

It was a pleasant sight to watch this family of four within the gates. The father was thickset and strongly built, with an air of rugged strength and purpose. His garments were chosen more for wear than nicety of fit; his necktie was awry and his stiff boots creaked, but there was something wholesome and helpful about him that rested all who saw him.

His wife was slim and spare and moved with nervous energy. Her clothing dated some seasons back, but this she did not mind. Fashion did not bother her. Hiram's jacket and trousers were of home manufacture, made from "father's," and large enough to "grow " The only bit of finery about the party was little Ruthie's hat, with its pink ribbons and apple blossoms, no prettier than the childish face beneath them. The children carried between them a huge lunch basket woven of sweet-scented grasses, a family souvenir

from "way down east." Through the streets, and over bridges, and on and on untiringly they went until they reached the Administration building. Scarcely had a word been spoken, the silence only being broken

by the children's exclamations. Suddenly Mrs. Jenkins stopped. She seemed strangely agitated. The veins upon her forehead were swollen, and her looks betrayed repressed emotion. "What is it, Alviry? Is anything the

matter? Are you feelin' sick?" "Feelin"! Eben Jenkins, what ain't I feelin'? I might as well out with it first as last! I'll give in, 'twas jest a burnin' shame of me opposin' you bout comin' to such a he'venly place! Seems like I can't get over it, an' I ain't got no words to tell how sorry I am, nor how glad I am that you went right on so quiet like an' had your own way. Why, it's worth livin' a full lifetime to leave the housework an' the drudgery, and forgit it, as if it never was! With in', an' the peaceful feelin' everywhere, it's mos' like the fulfillin' of the blessed

"It's paid already, Alviry, bein' its done you good," said her husband, in gentle tones, turning toward her a beaming face, with a kindly light in his honest eyes. "It is real helpin' an' upliftin' like. An' don't you notice, Alviev, how there's nothin' noisy, nor boisterous 'mongst all the people. It's jest as if there was somethin' of a Sunday sacred feelin' in the grandness of it

Frugal and hard working and industrious. Eben Jenkins and his wife had found little time for even the simple pleasures within their means. But now there had come to them a priv- the donkey," drawled the rustic, "let ilege passing beyond mere pleasure, brotherly love continue."

#### and wakening to life the unworded delight of new thoughts and purposes and

The same earnestness that entered into their daily duties ruled them, in

their visits to the various buildings and exhibits. The children asked questions, and the parents answered them as best they could. Every moment of the few days they could spend at this marvelous world gathering, must mean something to all of them. Eben Jenkins was a machinist, and possessed, to a large degree, the inventive faculty. Many were the devices fashioned by his skill, and used by his employers with profit, but thus far they had brought him no financial gain, a never ceasing cause of regret to his wife, who often remonstrated with him, for "spendin' so much time evenin's at somethin' that didn't bring no pennies to their pockits." His answer always was, that he "didn't count as wasted what might do somebody good some

time." He was standing one day before an exhibit of a machine in which he was greatly interested, when his wife reminded him of the passing time. "I do declare, Eben, it seems like you was measurin' every inch, an' countin' ev'ry screw, an' calculatin' ev'ry thing 'bout

"Don't grudge me a little time here, Alviry! This seems to clear up somethin' I've b'en studyin' on for ever so long, an' as sure as I can make it work we'll none of us ever be sorry we come to the world's fair."

to rest and recall more vividly life's

"My name is Hiram Newton Jen-

kins," responded the boy, "an' my sister's name is Ruthie Newton Jenkins, an' our father an' mother's over there, an' we've all been in the Maine buildin' 'cos they used to live there when they

place where their parents sat. "Alviry, have you forgotten me?" Mrs. Jenkins looked up at the pronzed

had been down to the old home in Maine, and was taking in the fair on his return trip. And still more news he had to tell, about the death of an

a certain charity. Words cannot paint the blessedness of

"Eben Jenkins," said his wife to him, in tones of unwonted gentleness, "don't you know the hull world seems different from what it ever did before? Sort of swimmin' roun' in smiles like! An' shall feel a bit skerry 'bout your havin'

in' to all who go to seek the knowledge He's set out like a feast before 'em! It's sure enough like settin' down to our He'venly Father's table an' partakin' of His bounty!"-Ella Dare, in Inter

A Queer Little Quaker Custom. turned to go, she offered the old-fashioned maid in gray some candy out of a sweetmeat box which she carried at her

"Please take the candy," urged the lady, "I want to give it to you because you have been so kind to me." She put out her hand, as if yielding to

olutely, as she said: the candy now, because when thee asked me first, if I would have some, I told thee no, and now I may not take any until thee comes some other day.' -N. Y. Ledger.

Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, England. told a good story the other day at a reception given him by a Boston gentleman. He said that the English rustics are sometimes regarded as rather feebleminded and not very promising persons for ministers to work among, but they once in awhile show a native shrewdness by no means to be despised. One of them, one day, leading his donkey, was met by a sportsman, well dressed

## ARITHMETIC LOSING GROUND.

The Principal of a School Notes a Change

ered from the principal of one of the Detroit public schools by a writer for the Free Press. What he says applies only to the Detroit schools, though it would seem that the failure of what was ten years ago regarded as the most important grammar school study might not be confined to the city limits of the place named. In the latter part of the '70s, and well along in the '80s, he says, the pupil who was quickest and surest in arithme tie was also the quickest and surest to gain the esteem and influence of the teacher. He might be an ignoramous in geography. an undecipherable penman, slow to perceive the principle of grammar. and a miserable speller, but if he grasped the point and pith of a catch problem in decimals or in fractions, his future (promotion to a higher class) was assured. But a change, gradual and sure, has been going on in the curriculum of the common school. The arithmetical despot has taken a sent in the rear, while the young fellow who seeks after real information in the form of history of lands, peoples and government, correct spelling and speech now sits on a front bench. The human mind is unsettled in its youthful stage. It requires training, and

the school exists only for this purpose. Arithmetic was once supposed to be the best form of mind-training. It brought into full play the powers of reason, and was placed first in importance. But experience proved that while the reason was to a certain extent exercised the memory was neglected. Again, the longest time and hardest work were devoted to arithmetic, and the other studies were disregarded. With all of these concessions the arithmetic lesson was not more than half learned. To-day the pupil delves deeper into the more intellectual researches of civil government, grammar, geography and reading. He can tell you now something about the destinies of government and people that He takes an interest not only in the loings of Mayor Pingree in Detroit, but of Mr. Cleveland at Washington, Mr. Gladstone in England, Senor Castelar în Spain, Premier Crispi în Italy. and the young emperor in Germany. He knows all about the late Hawaiian incident, and with delightful accuracy describes to you the location and importance of the islands, their climate, people and government. He has begun to read the standard authors, and with assurance that is attractive, because an evidence of a bright mind, he compares Thuckeray, Scott and Dickens. and tells you where this one leads and

#### CALLING UP TRAVELERS. A Brace of Odd Experiences in Western Village Towns.

the other lacks.

Every traveling man has had his experience with the intelligent bell boy who "calls" for the early train.

"I was pounding my ear pretty lively one night in a Texarkan hotel," said a Texas man to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter, "when a big thumping on my door brought me up sitting in bed.

'What is it?' I asked. . "'Boss!' said the darky, 'is you de man what wants to go on de two o'elock train to Big Sandy?" "I had left no 'call' and I made that

darky understand so in a few short words. He tackled the next door, and I heard him ask again: "Boss, is you de man what wants

to go on de two o'clock train to Big

Sandy? "The answer was terrific. The darky was awed. For about five minutes he was still, as if absorbed in thought. Then I heard him say to

himself in an argumentative tone: " 'Dar's some 'un in dis hall who wants to go on de two o'clock train to Big Sandy. I dun forgot de number. He went down the line repeating the performance at seven doors before he renched the man who wanted to go

on de two o'clock train to Big Sandy. " An Illinois man thought he could parallel this evidence of sagacity. He

"I stopped one night in the hotel at Shawneetown, and left a 'sure call' for the boat which was expected along about four a. m. I went to bed and slept peacefully until the racket at the door aroused me. " 'All right,' I said.

" 'Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones!' sang out the darky. 'You wanted to catch de Padooky boat? Well, dey ain't no use o' you getting up. De boat's done

Everyone His Own Life Preserver.

The children of Italian beggars are

often seen to be covered with tumors and wens, while otherwise they are perfectly healthy. An inquisitive surgeon has found the cause of the swelling. It is a trick of the father or mother to appeal the more strongly to the charity of the world. With an instrument like a hypodermic syringe the skin is punctured and the breath is blown into it, causing it to stand out like a tumor or other excrescence in a way that would deceive almost anyone. Dr. Sylvester, an English physician, has made practical use of the discovery by converting a man's skin into a life

preserver. His method is to puncture the flesh of the cheek, from the inside of the mouth, until the small holes reach to the outer skin. By then closing the mouth and blowing hard the cheeks are filled with air, so that a person seems to have a little balloon on each side of the face. It is almost impossible to sink in that condition. After leaving the water a gentle pressure of the hand forces out the air and the check resumes the normal shape. It is therefore possible for every man to be his own life preserver.-Paris

#### American Register. Australian Outlaws.

The bushranger, of Australia, and our own western road agent have objects and methods of business in the main identical, but they differ in minor details and in their distinctive slang. The unfortunate traveler who meets a western road agent is "held up;" his experiences with an Australian bushranger would be practically similar, except that he would be "bailed up." a shot at that donkey?" "O, don't shoot while if he met one of the craft in New Zealand be would be "stuck up."

## A TEXAS GATEWAY.

Wonderful Ingenuity of the Tiny Ants in The author of "Tenants of an Old Farm" tells of one of the remarkable habits of the cutting-ants in Texas, as observed by him. It relates to the opening and shutting of the gates which communicate with the interior of the mound nests, which he found were opened and closed before and after every exit the ants make. These gates are simply little heaps of dry

When I first saw them I was completely deceived, and thought them nothing more than accidental accumulations. I found out, however, that these piles were raised above the surface opening of the galleries that penetrated the mound and filled the mouths to the depth sometimes of an

inch and a half. The leaves and chips were intermingled with pellets of soil, and occasionally below them the galleries were quite sealed with pellets. The galleries frequently slant inward from the gate, and at as great an angle as forty-five degrees. Sometimes they defleet a short distance from the top. These comformations allow more readily the process of closing, as they give a purchase to the material used.

The doors are opened about dusk, First appear the minims, the very small forms, creeping out of minute holes, which they have doubtless made by working inside and carrying grains of sand away from the heap. Presently larger forms follow, carrying away bits of refuse, which they drop a couple of inches, more or less, from the

This is a slow process, and apparently nothing is accomplished for a long time. But evidently the whole mass of plugging is thus gradually loosened. Then comes the final burst. with soldiers, majors and minors in the lead, who rush out, bearing before them the rubbish, which flies here and there, and in a few moments is cleared away from the gallery and spread around the margin of the gate

These chips are doubtless gathered together for this purpose, and are among the treasured properties of the ants, being kept near by for such service. I easily identified many pieces as being thus used several days in suc-

are gradually closed, the process continuing in some cases until half-past ten. In shutting up the house the minors appear to begin by dragging the

usting the longest stalks and leaves that can stretch across and wedge into the mouth of the gallery, and then laying the shorter ones atop of these. As the hole gradually fills up the smaller eastes of workers appear upon

their slighter frames are adapted. terstices with minute grains of sand. and finally the last laborer steals in behind some bit of leaf and the gate is

GLASS bricks are on exhibition at the world's fair. They are intended for buildings wherein great light is needed. The national congress of San Sal-

Capt. Magnus Anderson, who brought the Viking ship from Borgen to this country, is a Norwegian editor off on a vacation that lasts till August 1. He s taking the Viking's trip chiefly for

Visitors to the world's fair will do well to provide clothing for cold weather, even in July. The lake winds have a trick of sending out aretie gales at the most unexpected periods, and the weather of Chicago is capable of as many changes a day as

there are hours. An interesting feature of the Harvard university exhibit in the educational department of the world's fair is a collection of glass flowers representing the flora of our own country, so delicately painted and modeled that the closest observer could hardly detect the counterfeit.

## FLOWERS AND TREES.

THE water lily is largely used in some parts of India as food. The fruit of some species that grow plentifully in the lakes of Cashmere is rich in starch and has much the flavor

THE Jerusalem artichoke has no connection whatever with the holy city of the Hebrews. It is a species of sun-

and fauna as being far more nearly related to the northern part of the western world than to South America.

eaves an accumulation of living cells upon its surface, and toward midsummer these cells produce an abundance of new ones until the aggregate is sufficient to form a new annual layer. This process on common trees requires

## BRIGHT AND BRIEF.

man who never gives. No hoxon can be conferred upon the memory of a good man by a monu-

it will be sure to crop out when he is hungry. THE best lighted streets are traveled the most. Wear a smile if you want to

A coop thing to do on cloudy days is to try to push the clouds away from somebody else's windows,-Ram's

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still a hundred yards distant, are stricken dumb and motionless by sheer wonder. One half-second of suspense; then we break once more into wild cheers, for the powerful stallion has cleared the chasm and reached the opposite bank. Ah, no! Something is wrong. From where we stand we can see the head and shoulders of rider and horse; but both are stationary. Neither

shows out in full, and instantly we

understand, that, although the latter

may have jumped far more than twenty

feet, he has been obliged to "take off"

too far back from the crumbling edge

of the ravine and has fallen short of perfect success. A low moan of horror runs through our helpless crowd. All seems lost! Not for ten seconds can the chest and forefeet of the good horse maintain their precarious hold. He and his rider must fall backward into the terrible abyss. Tom Ross sits in his saddle not twenty feet away, paralyzed by the emminence of the danger. Not otherwise can we account for his in-

action while fractions of seconds are One instant more, and the gallant pair must perish before our eyes. But, no; the old plainsman, Joe Carroll, had come within fifty yards of the gulch when the leap was made, and now, as he spurs on still faster, we see his right hand whirling around his headthough too far off to see what the hands hold, we know what the motion means-and in another moment, while yet a score of feet from his mark, he has thrown the loop of his lasse around the imperiled man's body and his horse upon its haunches at the same time. The well-trained animal instantly pulls backward; the tough rawhide line

tightens, and Kit Carson lies safe upon the sward! Alas, though, for the poor steed! Before his master has been fairly drawn from his back, he topples over and, with a shrill cry, more fearful than that of a human being in its agony, falls down

-down-down to a swift, but happily painless, death. Then we awoke from our trance of terror and ran with might and main toward the scene. We found our leaders each clasping a hand of the famons scout, and were in time to hear

him say: "I've squeezed through lots of tighter places than this, men, but have never before paid such a price for my life. No amount of money could have tempted me to part with that horse. He's saved my scalp over and over again and has at last died for me. But." turning to us, "quick with your rifles, boys! Those red devils are going to run for it."

"Steady men, steady," enjoined Kit. Carson. "Shoot to kill."

"Now boys, now!" prompted the veteran fighter, as the cloud of pomies turned tail to us, thereby partially exposing their riders. Thirty rifles cracked at the word, and

four mustangs and nine braves went down; but before we could reload, every dead or wounded Indian was caught up between two of his unhurt comrades and, with demoniacal yetls of rage, the whole crowd skurrled away. Then we brought our wagons down to the ravine, made a temporary bridge

with their poles lashed together end to end in pairs, and quickly recovered Kit Carson's weapons "How was it, Mr. Carson?" asked Carroll, "the reds seem to have got the

start of you this time?" "Yes," quietly replied the renowned pioneer. "I was fairly surprised for once. I've been out for some days trying to locate an easier road through the foothills. Having seen no Indian 'sign' about these parts, I rode carelessly round a bluff this morning and ran lmost on top of that band of Apaches. They were coming straight toward me, not more than forty rods off, and nothing but the speed of my horse saved me. They've paid pretty dearly for their fun, though, You'll see no more of

them this trip." "But why did you take the chances of such a jump, instead of riding off in another direction?" inquired another of

"Well," replied Carson, "it was risky. But I knew the width of that narrow spot to an inch, and believed Blackbird could clear it, thus in a moment gaining three miles. The reds would have given up the chase then, even if your party hadn't been in sight, for they would have been obliged to ride a mile and a half twice over to get round the ravine; whereas if I'd taken to the open country they would have followed me for days. Those wiry mustangs have no end of

"My poor horse did jump more than far enough, but as you can see by the marks of his hoofs on the other side, he started fully four feet from the edge, and so fell short in his landing. Still, he would have saved himself if he'd been perfectly fresh, for he has more than once, with me heavily armed on his back, cleared a space of twentyfive measured feet." Kit Carson, with whom I afterward

became acquainted, was at this time in the prime of life-about forty-two years of age, I think; and from his rather slight form, low, soft voice and modest demeanor was the last man in the world a casual observer would have pitched upon as one of the most adventurous pioneers, daring seouts and successful Indian fighters known to American frontier history.

He remained with us two days, but on the third day we overtook a large party of emigrants, from one of whom he purchased a thoroughbred Kentucky mare, and bidding us a hearty Godspeed, rode off toward his temporary headquarters on the Rio Verde as unconcernedly as though totally unaware that everywhere in that region lurked ruthless enemies thirsting for als blood.

#### -W. Thomson, in N. Y. Ledger. THE BARNYARD.

As THE comfort of the animal is destroyed, so is its profitabless reduced. THE time to get rid of old or otherwise unprofitable animals is before the

pastures fail seriously. HAVE a good shade for the hog lot if it has to be built of boards and during haying. It never pays to let swine cook

in the hot sun. THE work team is kept in the best

If there is any rule more important. in stock raising than to have the animal gain something every day from the time it is born until it is put upon the market, we have not heard of it.

condition more by regularity and manner of feeding than by the greatest amount of food.

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Mountain House

STAR SHAVING PARLORI

sang of yore, When first she said "I love you," but now she loves me more!

I meant it then, and loved her true, but now I

The old days seemed to come again while sit-Where first she said she'd be my wife-we didn't call it 'bride'—
I told her then: 'How sweet you are!" an' felt my polses thrill With all that sweetness close to me—but now she's sweeter still!

ows happy lands.

And once more felt the first sweet joy that She seemed to be my sweetheart still-'twas all just as before-But we clasped each other closer, and we loved

that machine!"

They had spent nearly a week at the fair, and had but one more day to stay. They had been to Maine's state building, "just to see," they said, "if it would seem like home," and, sure enough, they fancied that the hills were nearer and that they could almost taste the salt sea breeze. The childhood days came back, and the village schoolhouse under the bending maples and the old-time memories were full upon them, as they sat down

The children, Hiram and Ruth, had wandered a little distance and were talking to a man seated alone upon a bench. "And so you little folks have come to the world's fair?" he was saying to them. "Can't you tell me your

was little, like us." Suddenly the strangerrose, and, calling to the children, bastened to the

face of the strange man for an instant, and then cried out: "Brother Jacob, that we've mourned as dead for many years? For all the world, a miracle, an' Explanations quickly followed. Jacob Newton had left his home in Maine loug years before for the far west. Siekness and lost letters and removals had followed, and so the brother and sister had drifted apart. This year he

old aunt who had left three thousand dollars to this brother and sister in case they could be found within two years, failing which, the sum was to revert to

such rennions. Tenderness and joy and strength spring up like flowers and wreathe with beauty life's duties and

I'm so glad, it's all come bout through us goin' to the world's fair. I never your own way after this!" 'Sometimes, Alviry, I'm thinkin' it ain't our own way we're havin' so much as 'tis the Lord's way. Wa'nt it the Lord that put it into the minds of all the nations to come together an' bring their treasures an' show 'em to each other, an' how can it help bein' a bless-

Ocean. Near the city of Philadelphia there are a few quaint old villages where Quakers and Quaker customs are to be found just as they were in the days of good old William Penn. You have no idea flow odd some of these customs are. A few days ago a New York lady was traveling through one of these little villages, and, being tired, she stopped at an old brick farm-house to rest. Im mediately there came out a little girl, dressed all in gray, who invited her to come in the house and have a cup of tea and some cakes. When the lady had partaken of her refreshment and

"No, I thank thee," said the little one bashfully. "I thank thee-but

For a minute the little one hesitated. temptation, and then drew it back res-"I thank thee, no. I may not take

Rustic Wit. and equipped, who hailed him with the request: "What shall I give you to have

## in Favorite Studies.

These facts about the decline of arithmetic as an educator were gathleaves, twigs and other refuse, which are seen scattered here and there over the mound as one approaches it in day-

gate.

The doors remain open to give exit and entrance to the swarms of leafgatherers until morning, when they

scattered refuse toward the hole. One by one they are taken in and the ingenuity shown in this is very great. The workers proceed by ad-

the field and take up the work to which The last touches are carefully and delicately made by the minims who in small squads fill in the remaining in-

# AT THE CHICAGO FAIR.

vador has granted President Carlos Ezeta a six months' leave of absence to visit the Chicago fair, and voted him ten thousand dollars "to cover probable

his health and pastime.

of a chestnut.

flower and gets its name from the girasolo, one of the seientific names of that genus of plants. ALL the West India islands down to Trinidad just off the coast of Venezuela, are recognized by their flora

THE last annual circle of wood

THE right kind of a man never loses THERE is no poorer man than the rich

If there is any selfishness in a man

be useful.

One of Kit Carson's Many Daring Adventures. In the summer of 1851 our party was crossing the great plains en route to

California. We numbered thirty-eight men in all, and our outfit, with its eight wagons, teams and necessary supplies, was a very valuable one. In those days overland emigrants had literally to fight their way. Eternal vigilance was the price at which life and proper-

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

ty were preserved. Nevertheless we had reached well into Arizona without a serious mishap, having lost neither a man nor an animal on our long journey.

One day we were toiling along between Mogollor mountains and Black Butte when far away to the left, riding diagonally across our course, we saw a single horseman whom, even at that distance, we knew to be a white man. Splendidly mounted on a jet-black torse he was making rapid progress, but we could not at first imagine why he pressed on so furiously, nor why, as he could plainly see our white-topped wagons, he did not make directly for us. Our surprise at his apparent avoidance of us was increased when our guide, Joe Carroll, riding in advance of

the train, presently called out: "Close up, boys, and form corral. We'll likely have a fight before long. There's sixty or more Apache chasing that lone ricer, and they'll have him, sure! See how they're spreading out, the murdering villains! They know the ground shead of them."

Sure enough, we could now see, just

coming over the ridge of a distant rise

in the plain, a band of mounted In-

dians, who, as they advanced, gradually extended their line as if to prevent the hunted man from swerving to the right "Why in thunder don't the blamed fool ride straight for us?" impatiently.

exclaimed Tom Ross, our captain.

"For a mighty good reason," replied Joe. "Retween us and him, right in the middle & that smooth-looking plain, and running square across his a, lies Devil's gulch. It's more than three miles long, very wide in places, and no living thing has ever seen the bottom of it. The reds say it has none. There's no rise on either side of it, and it can't be seen till one gets close up; but those devils and that poor fellow, too, know it's there. He's opposite the center of it now, and the bloodthirsty brutes see that he wen't have time to clear either end before they overhaul

"They'll pay dearly for that scalp, then," savagely shouted Capt. Ross. Grab your rifles, boys, and thirty of you come along. Let the others stick to the corral. I'm afraid we can't save the man, but if a lot of you can get to the gully before the reds retreat seyond rifle-shot we'll have revenge, We had no saddle horses except three

him. So they're sure of his scalp, but

they'll have to ride around the gulch to

ridden by Ross and Carroll, and as we were barely a naif mile from the ravine, no time would be gained by anharnessing and mounting the draught animals. So our leaders spurred on shead and we followed on foot as fast as our legs could carry us. At the moment we started the beset horseman was about as far from one side of the guich as we were from the other. He was still riding at top speed,

but to our amazement, as we judged

within four hundred yards of the bar-

rier he brought the pace of his horse down to a hand-gallop, thus enabling the yelling, exultant savages to gain rapidly on nim. It seemed strange that the apparently doomed man should deliberately, in this manner, shorten his brief span of life. It must be, we conjectured, only because he wished to sell it more dearly, for now we saw him half turn in the saddle and throw up his rifle. A puff of smoke, a report, almost inaudible to us, and the foremost warrior, who had come within a hundred and

earth, his trained pony remaining motionless by the dead body. Never checking the easy lope of his horse the white man reloaded with incredible speed, turned once more and brought down another of his pursuers, while the scattering volley fired at him in return proved harmless. Our mounted comrades had by this time nearly reached the gulch. Sud-

denly one of them, Joe Carroll, turned

back and, galloping toward us,

fifty yards of his hoped-for prey, reeled

in his seat and pitched headlong to the

"It's Kit Carson, boys! And sure as you live he's letting his horse gather himself for an attempt to leap the gully in one particular spot where it's only twenty feet wide. Hurry along like lightning, so as to get within shot of the reds if they're fools enough to follow him to the edge." Loud cheers greeted this startling revelation, and every man of us ran as if the world's fate depended upon his

individual speed. But, strain as we

might, we were still over three hundred

yards from the to us invisible ra-

vine, when Kit Carson twisted about,

fired again with unerring aim, and a

third savage fell. Then he dropped his

rifle, threw his heavy holsters and pistols to the ground, and sitting well down in his saddle, rode straight for the yawning chasm. Tom Ross had gained the hither-side of the gulch, and the guide was hurrying back to join him; but we, now that the crisis had come, were so fascinated by the sight of Carson's sublime daring that we involuntarily came to a full stop, breathlessly awaiting the result. On, with short, springy bounds, came the black stallion, and Ross, as he afterward told us, was close enough

tomark how his mighty muscles seemed

to bunch and gather into hardened

knots as he caught sight of the awful

leap before him.

Calmly resolute, his unblinking gaze fixed upon the spot selected for his desperate venture, sat the rider. With tightened rein, he holds the noble horse to his course until within fifty feet of the ravine's sharp brink, then gives him a free head and, for the first time, lets the cruel Mexican spurs touch his glossy flanks, while from his own lips rings out a deflant cry of triumph, as if victory were already assured.

Shortening yet more his stride and crouching like pather about to spring, the beautiful animal nears the gaping void, and we see him shoot, rocketlike, high in the air, while the Indians,