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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1893.

NUMBER 42

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The world, my dear, bath millions-But one there is hath trillions-The light of thy dear eyes! Dear eyes! that are so tender, No riches can replace. One gleam of their bright splendor-The sunshine of thy face!

The world, my dear, with wonders But shine above its thunders (Dear eyes! that are so tender-That light the years to be; One ray of their rare splendor

The world, my dear? 'Tis freaming Le! Love the dream denies: I wake: the light is streaming Bright from thy beauteous eyes! Dear eyes! the kind-the splendid! Far over land and sea, Shine soft, till life is ended—

Shino sweet, dear eyes, for me. Frank L. Stanton, in Atlantic Constitution.

How They Were Caught by an Intended Victim.

from the shore and built my summer crowd's ignoble strife. Being a bachecellent housekeeper and cook.

on the island. In the morning I took every day Henry went over after the mail, unless it was stormy. Sometimes I had a friend or two to drive with me, but no woman was allowed to come ashore there.

She had, and for that I had forsworn As I say, I was supremely happy all

by myself, excepting, of course, the hurt Isabella had done me, and I think hat was healing slowly, when one ight the entire scheme was over-That night was a dark one, but quite

still, and I went to bed feeling fairly comfortable, as a couple of my friend had been with me until seven o'clock and were to return early in the morning the door and locked it.

"What's the matter?" I exclaimed. in the house, and I'm done for."

The light showed me Henry covered with blood, his throat slashed, lying there dead or dying, as I sup-

nly arms in the house were across the molishing my door.

They swore and pounded, entirely repardless of the ordinary rules of burglary, for they knew that so far away from the shore they were perfectly safe. "Go downstairs and get that ax," I heard one of them say, "and we'll have his blame door out of the way in a minute. We've done up one of 'em, and now we've got to do up the other; so there won't be any tellin' tales out of school."

Then he laughed, and I heard footsteps down the hall and stairs.

into it. Over the rocks and stones I flew, going I knew not where, thinking of othing but escape.

What brought me to my senses someand at first I thought of swimming out and trying to reach the mainland, but I was only a poor swimmer and I knew I should be drowned or caught and knocked on the head in the water by the burglars as a hunter might horror of it drove me back. Then I thought of my own boat, but before I started that way, I remembered that my friends had moved it over to the the sailboat, leaving me only my - waets to signal the shore in case of need, and what were signals now? Only a

liscover me. One thinks rapidly at such moments, I fancy, and all this took place in much less time than it requires to tell it; but there was time enough for the burglars to learn I was not in the room, and with their quick eyes see the window through which I had escaped, and I course I had taken, and one going down towards my boat landing to cut

"Here he is, Bill; we've got him; we'll fix him now." I thought about as the burglar did, but as I tried to get up I found I was in a boat drawn half way up on the

made this discovery. It was their boat and once in it and on the water I was safe! By this time I could hear their footsteps along the shore, which was quite rocky and rough here, except the little bit of beach where the boat lay,

then as I heard an oath, more wicked

than the others, as one of the bur-

glars fell over a stone, I felt the boat

move, and a little wave rolled in and

lifted it, so that with one more push it

slid off into deep water. I jumped in,

caught the oars, and as the burglars

dashed down through the darkness to

where they heard the noise, the boat

shot out into the water and I was safe.

They might have shot me from the

shore, but they had either left their re-

volvers in the house or had none, the

revolver being too noisy a weapon for

Whatever the cause they did not fire,

and I did not wait for it, at least that

close. A hundred feet out I began to be

myself once more and I stopped rowing.

"Why don't you come on?" I shouted

"Hold on," they yelled, and I could

"Oh, you're all right," I laughed

shrilly. "I'll come and take you off in

the course of a few hours," and then,

fearful that they might get their guns,

I rowed away as fast as I could for the

I think I made that three miles in

half the record, and when I found the

in as a lunatic or a sleep-walker, but

first policeman, he was for running me

he knew me, and as soon as I told my

story, a force of ten men boarded a tug

and we returned to the island. By this

time the first gray streaks of dawn were

showing in the summer sky, and as we

cautiously ran up to my wharf, it was

We saw no burglars, however, nor

any signs of them, though I knew I had

them penned up on the island and es-

cape was impossible. We waited until

daylight, and then, deployed as skir-

mishers, the policemen began to move

across the island, expecting any mo-

ment to flush a burglar or get a shot

As we came up to the house one of

the burglars appeared in the doorway

and was covered on the instant by a

"Come in, gentlemen, come right in,"

he said, cheerily. "We were expecting

you and we've got a nice breakfast

The man's coolness almost gave me

the hysteries, for I knew by the sound

of his voice that he was the fellow who

But he was uttering the truth-they

did have a nice breakfast for us (out of

my larder), and not that only, but they

had found that Henry was not dead,

and they had washed him and done

what they could in caring for him, and

had done it so well that he is alive to-

day with only an ugly scar on his neck

Th re were four in the lot and we

soon had them handcuffed, and then

we sat down to breakfast and enjoyed

it, though I must confess that by this

time the condition I was in physically

"You're a queer gang," said the

lieutenant of police to the leader, who

had invited us to breakfast. "What did

"And all the rest of it," said the

"Well cap'n,"he replied, "it's like this:

We wuz here fer de swag, kill er no.

and we thought we had killed the fust

one, and, of course, the other one had

to go, to stop talk. Then when he got

away and had us penned up like rats

we came to the conclusion that we had

better git out the best way we could.

The one we thought was dead only

needed repairs, so we repaired him, and

we knowed you'd be here bimeby to

look fer us, and probably coming out

so early in the morning you might be

hungry. So, beggin' the gent's pardon

fer trespassin', we turned in and fixed

you up a nice breakfast. Now, wasn't

I had had enough to put most men in

a bad humor, but this candid statement

struck my funny-bone somehow, and I

laughed until the tears ran down my

cheeks, and even the policeman smiled.

best thing possible for themselves and

the very unique plan they had adopted

of necessity was in their favor, and

they only got ten years apiece. Henry

testifying so earnestly to their polite-

ness and care that that part of it was

But I can assure you I did not go

back to the island again. I gave it to

Henry, as it stood, and he lives there

with his wife, respected and admired 1

do believe, by every burglar in the

guild, for he holds them in the highest

On, yes, I almost forgot. When this

story came out in the papers, and my

part of it was set forth, as only report-

ers know how to do such things, Isa-

bella, of course, heard of it, and one

the kind of a man for a woman to mar-

"Major, I thought once you were not

I feel under obligations to those bur-

The Photo-Corrector.

structed an instrument to which he

gives the name of "photo-corrector,"

the object of which is to regulate and

body, irrespective of the pose which

the sitter may select. The result is

that while the actual likeness is faith-

fully preserved, the hands and other

with the formed the rest of the figure.

-"What was Van Chrome's last pie-

ture about? He's the still life artist,

you know." "Ah, yes; it was a moon-

shine scene in Kentucky,"-Kate

A London photographer has con-

glars myself.-W. J. Lampton, in De-

moonlight night she said to me:

ry, but I've changed my mind."

troit Free Press.

Field's Washington.

not taken into the count at all.

Of course, the burglars had done the

that about the white thing to do?"

"The breakfast, you mean?"

almost light enough to see the house.

hear them running up and down the

burglars as a rule.

back, half hysterically.

shore in the darkness.

mainland.

from ambush.

dozen guns.

wanted to "fix" me.

as a memento.

was not pleasant.

you do this for?"

through the rocks. But they were coming fast enough and cursing at every step, and with the energy of despair, I caught the boat in my arms, and with a wild

strain I tried to shove it into the water. But it would scarcely budge. Again Makes earth a heaven for me!) and again I tugged, the blood almost bursting through my ears by the exertion and the skin tearing from my hands and bare arms. So near I thought to safety, and still the danger increasing every second,

BURGLARS IN A TRAP.

People said I was very foolish when I bought a ten-acre island three miles nouse on it, but I laughed and said quiet was what I sought, and there I would have it, far from the madding lor, with few wants, I took with me only my man Henry, who was an ex-

I don't think I ever enjoyed myself more than the first four weeks I spent to the water, or took a walk for an hour or so; then I wrote for three hours, and the afternoons I read and loafed, and at night I slept. Some days I would row over to the mainland, and

I was rigid in my determination on this point, for had not one Isabella Ventnor told me two weeks before I bought the island that she did not think was the kind of a man that any wom an oneht to marry?

thrown.

with a sailboat for a fishing trip out to deep water. About one o'clock, or perhaps later, I was awakened by hearing a disturbance of some sort downstairs. and before I had my eyes fully opened Henry rushed into the room, slammed "For God's sake, major," he gasped, get up and help me. There's burglars

Then Henry went down on the floor in a heap and I lit a lamp, as there came a terrific hammering on the

What to do I did not know, for the

all and the burglars had me shut off from that direction and were rapidly

I knew there was no help for me there, and only a chance anywhere, and I took that. One window of my room pened out on a back roof, and from hat it was only a short distance to the ground. Once out of the house I had one chance in a million of escape. In a minute I was out of the window, over the shed and on the ground. I had on only my pajamas, and the sharp stones cut my feet cruelly, but I did not think of that. It was life, and life is very weet to us, even though some fair Isasella may have slipped a drop of bitter

what was my rushing into the water, knock a muskrat in the head, and the nainland to return at daylight walk means whereby the murderers might

heard some of them coming along the me off there.

Then aimlessly again and utterly dazed, I began to circle the little island, running on the beach. They could not see me and my bare feet made no noise in the sand and I rushed madly ahead, when all at once I went with a terrible crash over something on the beach. They were near enough to hear my fall, and one of them shouted:

I almost shouted with joy when I

and they could not make such headway as I did, as they did not know the way

Opium Traffic. The Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade has republished in fac simile a most curious set of Chinese eartoons on the national vice, which has an almost exact parallel in the famous Cruikshank series, known as "The Bottle," says the London News. The native Cruikshank begins with a picture of a happy home, at any rate of a happy summer house. The native debauchee is taking his first whiff. He reclines on a couch of ebony, inlaid with marble, and all his surroundings are elegant and luxurious.

A CHINESE CRUIKSHANK.

His Fascinating Cartoons Attacking the

This is No. 1 of the series. No. 3 represents parental expostulations the youth on his knees before his father and promising never to do it again; No. 3, relapse, and No. 4, the wife painting scrolls for a livelihood in the miserable home. In No. 5 the smoker is at it again, while the wife and children, with a reckless indifference to perspective which is in itself suggestive of despair, weep by the side of the besotted father's couch, and the old mother does the work of a domestic drudge.

In No. 6 the wife loses her temper and dashes the smoking gear to the ground, while the infuriated debauchee tries to beat her with a bamboo. In No. 7 he is again sucking at the recovered pipe, while compassionate friends vainly offer him the food for which he has lost all appetite. In No. 8 wife and child regard him with horror, but he does not seem to mind. In No. 9 he has been sold up and his lodging is on the cold ground. In No. 10 the dogs are after him as he crawls through the villages. No. 11 is the same as No. 10. 'only more so." In No. 12 we see him. or rather the wretched skeleton of him, crawling into a hole in the rocks, in a wintry landscape, to die-still hugging the pipe that has brought him to ruin.

SYMPTOMS WERE ALARMING.

Both Affected Simultaneously with a Desire to Find a Doctor. The following is a true account of the development of a curious and alarming complaint which suddenly attacked Chappie and Cholly as they were driving back from the -- elub the other day, according to the New York Tribune, and which is still affording great amusement to their friends. One of these young gentlemen who was driving his companion in his buggy suddenly complained of a stitch in his left side. The pain grew more and more intense, until he became quite seriously frightened, when, to the consternation of the pair, the other man was attacked precisely in the same fashion on the right side. With a fifteen-mile drive ahead of them, and fancying themselves seized by some mysterious and inserutable disease, with the pain increasing every moment, the prospect was not a pleasant one. Wildly they lashed the horse in order to reach the nearest village and a doctor, and on they dashed over stones and ruts, leaving the rustic passers-by agape with astonishment. Suddenly, in the midst of his lamentations over the pain. Cholly exclaimed: 'Don't you smell something burning?" and a strong smell of fire which, if it had not been for their excitement and

fright, they would have noticed long before, made itself very apparent. "By Jove," shouted Chappie, as he clapped his hand on his waistcoat pocket, "it is those matches!" And to their immense relief they found that a paper box of matches had ignited itself by friction and the fire had not only slowly burned its way through the garments of the owner of the box. but had extended itself to the trousers of his friend, burning a large hole in his last Poole suit, and causing no little consternation in the minds of both.

CARE OF TAN SHOES.

How the Ingenious Bootblack Still Earns His Dime. When tan shoes became fashionable three or four years ago the bootblack stood aghast. Some of them turned pale, says the Washington Post, but most of them did not because nature debarred them from that manifestation of apprehension. As man after man passed their stands with his feet shod in coverings that did not admit of the old-time "shine," they believed that their race was run.

The ragamuflin who makes his living upon the corners is an individual hard to down. When the second season of tan shoes came around a new method of polishing had been devised. It has been amplified until it has become a science.

As at present practiced by the high priests of the art it requires first a thorough rubbing with a damp rag: then the application of a half lemon; then some mysterious unguent that is put on with the ball of the thumb, and lastly a brown polish invented especially for the occasion. This latter is brushed with a piece of canton flannel. No well-educated and self-respecting bootblack would use any other kind. The man who is put through this course of ornamental sprouts finds himself wearing a pair of new russets, and he pays for it one dime. As this is double the old price the operator is happy. He has not lost, anything by the shoes whose introduction promised to prove his bane.

Men in 4000 A. D.

A French statistician, who has been tudying the military and other records, has found that in 1610 the averare height of man in Europe was five feet nine inches; that in 1790 it was five feet six inches; in 1820 it was five feet five inches and a fraction. At the present time it is five feet three and pree-fourths inches. It is easy to deduce from these figures a rate of regular and gradual decline in human stature. The calculation shows that by the year 4000 A. D. the stature of the average man will be reduced to fifteen inches.

correct the various proportions of the Naming Children in Germany. Parents cannot name their children just what they please in Germany. By imperial order government functionaries parts of the body which are distorted are forbidden henceforth to register any by the ordinary process of photography infant in a Christian name bearing the are at once brought into harmony slightest relation to politics. Socialists are very fond of calling their children Robespierre, Lassalle, Bebel, Liebkneet and the like, but Emperor William objects to the practice. So the child's name must be chosen from the Bible, the calendar of saints, or from the roll of princes and national heroes.

WE'LL DO THE BEST WE CAN. Cheer up, cheer up, my moping mates

And chase away the We cannot all be at the head, Nor yet our places cho And some have ruled, and some have served, Since e'er the world began; So, if we cannot be the first, We'll be the best we can

Would never reach the land, If men, because they could not rule, Refused to bear a hand: The tar who swings the salls about Is none the less a man Than chief or mate, if in his place He does the best he can

Not all can win the prize For some most fail, as some have failed, Since ever time began; So, if we cannot be the lest, We'll be the best we can! The ribbon flue on noble's breast May cover greed and pride

Than he who battles in the rear And does the best he can! Cheer up, cheer up, my comrades al And chose the dumps away. To mope because we can't be first, We'll find it doesn't pay

I'll do the best I can't -M. A. Maitland, in Golden Days.

Is Not True.

'didn't you ever hear of George Washington and his little hatchet?" "Peleg!" replied the Old Settler, looking sternly at his inquiring grandson, "'arly an' late, an' late an' 'arly,

"Don't you, gran'pop?" exclaimed Peleg. "Well, do you know that it has been found out that it ain't so?"

"Why," replied Peleg, "what his tory says about Washington and the hatchet. He didn't cut the cherry tree down with his hatchet." "Go 'way!" ejaculated the Old Set-

"Nothing." said Peleg. "He didn't cut the cherry tree down at all." "An' George didn't go up to his pop an' say: 'Father, I can't tell a lie! I

here has added sumpin' like nineteen or twenty years to your gran pap's life. It has took a load offen his mind like liftin' a fifty-pound weight offen a pressin' o' head cheese! That's the only thing I had ag'in Wash'n'ton. Jist to think of a man ez liked his little hooter o' the ol' stuff in the mornin's like he did, with tanzy in, mebby; an' a man ez could handle a cuss word now an then without spilin' it, ez the record said he did when his men wa'n't fightin' jist to suit him, an' then to hev him handed down to hist'ry ez sayın' that he were a chap ez couldn't tell a lie! Why, I usety say, if that's so, George Wash'n'ton mowt jist ez well a not keered fer bis mornlet his sojers act foolish without chuckin' a swear or so at 'em, fer this here little statement that he can't tell a lie

spiles the hull business. Some things about ye, George, 'I usety say, 'is great. but I can't go that little statement 'bout lyin'! It ai'n natur'.' An' so the never were no hatchet an no cherry tree, hey, Peleg? An' George Wash'n' ton never said he couldn't tell a lie! allus said he were the greatest man I liked his snifter, an' he could handle cussin' when he were mad, an' he never said he couldn't tell a lie-which has allus been a siniwation, Peleg, that anybody ez could tell a lie were pooty fur along on the down-hill side o' the turnpike! I can hardly wait fer nex' Wash'n'ton's birthday to come around, I want to celebrate it so bad! Peleg. makes a p'n't o' gettin' a reputation fer bein' a man ez can't tell a lie! Folks done their best to git me up a reputation like that un, but I fit it and fit an' tol' 'em they mustn't.

Jist 'cause I don't lie,' I says, 'hain't no savin' that I can't.' I says. "Even up to this very time folks often meets me an', shakin' their heads. says: 'You an' George is like two peas! What a team you an' him would a made!' they says. That has allus made me madder'n a hornet, sonny, but now when they say that to me I kin clap'em

matched to a T, and sound in hoof an'

The ship, with all her treasure store We cannot all, in field and hall,

To fame and giery rise: Though hosts may don the student's gown

While attributes of noblest worth, The hodden gray may hide. The soldier may no braver be Though he may lead the van.

The soundest motto e'er was framed For either boy or man, is: "If I cannot do the best,

THE OLD SETTLER. He Hears That the Hatchet Story

"Gran'pop," said little Peleg one day,

I've sot ye a warnin' ag'in siniwatin'. Do you think that 'cause Sugar Swamp wa'n't swellin' an' bustin' with popu lation like the ridge is here that folks never heerd nothin' there? Do you think that 'cause the schoolma'ms that usety ketch the young idees o' and the pap o' the neck an' churn 'em till tha were blisters on 'em-do ye think that 'cause them schoolma'ms didn't chaw gum an' wear their hair down in their eyes that the young idee o' Sugar Swamp didn't know nuthin'? You're siniwatin. Pelev! You're siniwatin' that your poor old gran'pap didn't git no furder along in his eddication than to stan' up ag'in the wall an' spell b-a ba, k-e-r, kerbaker, an' hol' up his han' to ast wuther him an' Bill Bonutt couldn't please go out an' git a pail o' water. But I kin tell ye, sonny, that the young idee o' the Sugar Swamp deestric' grabbed l'arnin in great big chunks, and the schoolma'm never had to ast more'n wanst how much twotemstoo was. I hadn't orter say nuthin' more to ye 'cause ye siniwated, but just to pour coals o' fire on your head I'll let ye know, b'gosh, that I have heerd o' George Wash'nton an' his little hatchet, an' the onfortinit cherry tree, an', more'n all that, I don't think a durn sight o' the hull business,

"What hain't so?" asked the Old

tler. "What did he cut it down with?"

done it with my little hatchet?" " "That's what the teacher says has been discovered," said Peleg. "Sonny," said the Old Settler, "this

in' snifter, and he mowt jist ez well a ever heerd on, an' now I know it! He allus keep your eye on the man that

"'Don't do it,' I says. 'Tain't right!

on the back an' say: "'Right you are, b'gosh! Me an' George 'd make that team now,

"Which gives me a chance to recomember sumpin' fer ye, sonny. It's about a feller citizen I had wanst, who lived in the Sugar Swamp deestric'. His name was Tugg-Coriander Tugg. Now somehow or other he got the name o' bein'a man ez couldn't tell the truth, but it wa'n't so at all. Tha never were a truthfuller man ever lived in Sugar Swamp - an' I don't 'cept mysel' nother-than Coriander Tugg were. But folks wouldn't b'lieve anything he said, an' things got so bimeby that Coriander begun to git worked up over it, an' said that if folks didn't look out he' show 'em one o' these days wuther he didn't tell the truth or not. I usety argy with folks and tell 'em they was wrong, 'cause I know'd Coriander wa'n't the all-pervadin' liar they said he were, an' they actu'ly got to sayin' that the fust thing they know'd they'd be a 'spectin' me o' stretchin' things! The folks that had fust set ev'rybody ag'in Coriander was Jepthy Hibbly an' his of aunt 'Mandy. They was in the storekeepin' business an' so were Coriander, an' Jepthy had grow'd up with the reputation o' bein' a man ez conldn't tell a lie. He said he was setch, an' folks somehow had got in the habit o' b'Levin' him, an' so when Coriander Tugg started in the storekeepin' business in Sugar Swamp Jepthy give it out that Coriander couldn't tell the truth, an' folks had to

went kind o' tough with Coriander, an' one day he come to me an' says: " 'Sile,' says he, 'I'm gointer turn this here deestric' topsy-turvy,' sags he. " Coriender, says I, 'how?"

know the hain't no doubt ye kin."

b'lieve what Jepthy said. So things

"Sile," says he, 'I kin out-bewitch, the witchin'est witch es ever lived when it comes to bewitchin' things, says he. " 'Corinnder,' says I, 'I never know'd ye could, says I, but if ye say so I

boots fer ten ginerations that I kin. says he. 'An' w'at do ye s'pose I'm gointer do? says he. 'Coriander,' says I, 'I dunno,' " 'Sile,' says he, 'you know, and so do I, that Jepthy Hibbly is the biggest liar on the face o' the earth, an' so is

" 'Sile,' says he, 'ye kin bate yer

his Aunt 'Mandy,' says he. " "Coriander," says I, "if tha's anything I do know, it's that, says I. " 'Sile,' says Coriander, 'I'm gointer bewitch Jepthy's store things so's he'll show all his customers what a durn lyin' feller citizen he is, an' vit he'li be a-tellin' them the truth all the time!" says be. 'Ye couldn't do rangh ways to a chap than that, could ye?' says he. " "Coriander, says I, b'gosh ye

couldn't."

jist ez it alfus did, till in comes of Sister Duntubbs, a p'tie'lar friend o' lepthy's an' Aunt Mandy's. She ordered a pound o' perk an' a yard o' caliker. Jepthy weighed out the pork, an' ez he done it up I see that Sister Dantubbs looked kind o' starey at Jepthy. Then he measured off the caliber, and Sister Dantables says: " 'Brother Hiobly,' says she, 'I said

"So Coriander he tells me to go over

to Jepthy's store nex' day an' hang

around. I did, an' ev'ryth.r g looked

a pound o' pork an' a yard o' caliker." 'Yes, Sister Duntubbs,' says Jepthy, 'that's w'at I heerd ye." " But ye only give me half a pound ' pork an' half a yard o' caliker, ' says

" 'Oh, yes!' says Sister Duntubbs. "Then Jepthy weighed the pork over ag'in. It weighed a pound. He measared the callker. It measured a yard. " There! says he. That's right, sister! A pound o' pork an' a yard o' cali-

" 'Oh, no!' says Jepthy.

ker! " 'It's no setch thing!' says Sister Duntubbs, mad. 'It's only half a pound an' naif a yard!" "And then Aunt 'Mandy come an'

fined the chorus, an' pooty soon there were the liveliest kind of a quarrel gon' on, an' Sister Duntubbs hustled out ' the store, yellin' that she'd never ome in setch a cheaty place ag'in. 'oriander's witchin' were workin' fine. The pork were a pound an' the caliker were a yard, but the store were bewitched to Sister Duntubbs, and she could only see half a pound and half a yard. An' so it kep' on goin'. Folks came in an' ordered things, an' Jepthy weighed an' counted an' measured 'em, but they never came out right, an' ev'rybody bimeby got it into their heads that Jepthy were an of cheat an' a liar arter all. So they quit his store, an' had to do the nex' thing, which were trade at Coriander's store, an' when they found that he could tell the truth about ez well ez anybody, they

Coriander had turned the deestric' topsy-turvy! "Well, sir, the consekence were that Jepthy an' Aunt 'Mandy had to pull up an' leave the deestric', an' they'm rec omembered there now ez the most onbiushin' liars ez ever lived, an' it were tellin' the snuggest kind o' gospel truth-sumpin' they hadn't done afore-that give 'em the reputation. An' so, Peleg. I were allus giad I fit ag'in folks buildin' me up a reputation for bein' one ez couldn't tell a lie, though they know tol'able well that I fight shy o' doin' of it. An' I'm glad that thar hain't nothin' in that story bout the little hatchet an' the cherry tree, 'cause now I kin look folks in the face when they say to me that me an' George Wash'n'ton 'd made a match team, an' kin slap 'em on the back an'

kep' on tradin' there. Sure enough,

"'Right you are, b'gosh! Me an' George 'd make that team, now, b'gosh, matched to a T, an' sound in hoof an' wizzen!" "-Ed Mott, in N. Y.

State Insurance in Germany. John Graham Brooks, the bureau of labor expert, describes in the Forum the effect of compulsory state insurance in Germany. Ten years ago the first step was taken to bring the whole body of German wage-earners under compulsory state insurance. To-day nearly thirteen million laborers are actually insured against sickness, accident, in validity and old age. The peoele are fairly satisfied with the provisions excenting those concerning old age and invalidity, which they would eagerly vote out of existence if possible. The limit of age has apparently been placed too high. Mr. Brooks thinks the experiment on the whole a great success, particularly in its indirect sociological results. Foreign English.

The difficulties and dangers of using a foreign language are exemplified anew in a paragraph quoted from Notes and Queries. In a hotel not a hundred miles from the top of the Rigi, the following notice is posted: "Misters and venerable voyagers are advertised that when the sun him rise a horn will be Blowed." After that the visitor is sufficiently prepared for an entry in the wine list: "In this hotel the wines leave the traveler nothing to hope for."

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DECEIVED BY HIS CAUTION.

A Counterfeit Package Mistaken by Its Owner for One That Contained Money. I arrived here just before the first bank suspension, says a Denver correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and one of the first calls I made was on a merchant whose pervousness made it painful to do business with him, no matter how large a bill could be sold to him. On this particular occasion he seemed afflicted with an ex-

cessively severe attack of his chronic

complaint, and he told me he was too

much worried about finance to talk

about giving orders. After awhile he became communicative and told me he had succeeded in withdrawing from the bank that day rather over four thousand dollars. which he had put away in a strong box in an actually burglar-proof vault, into which thieves could not possibly break through and steal. He proceeded to tell me in addition that he had made up a dummy package representing. and indeed counterfeiting, the package of currency, which he had carefully labeled with the actual contents of the valuable roll. The dummy package, he explained, was in the back of his ordinary cash drawer, which he showed me. His explanation of this peculiar precaution was that as he had been seen by several people who had helped start the run on the bank he was afraid his place might be burglarized, and that if it was the dummy package would undoubtedly be taken without being opened and examined, and the thief would hurry away with-

out searching for further booty. I smoked a good cigar with the merchant and tried to convince him that his bank was all right and that he had taken a great deal of unnecessary trouble. Late in the same day, however, the bank had to suspend, and when I saw my customer the next day he chuckled over the success of his precautionary measures. When I got him down to talking business he suddealy remembered he lowed our house a few hundred dollars, and said if I would wait he would go to the vault and get the money. He came back in about ten minutes looking as though lightning had struck him. He carried in his hand what I presumed was his roll of bills, and when he threw it on the counter and rushed headlong to his eash drawer I began to doubt his sanity. But in a minute his peace of mind was restored and the explanation was obvious. He had made up the real and dummy packages so much alike that he had deceived himself and had placed a roll of brown paper in the vault, while the package containing over four thousand dollars had been lying loose in his each drawer without any protection against fire or thieves. His remarks on his own blunder were abusive in the extreme.

A LOCOMOTIVE EXPERIENCE.

How a Rejected Flyer Turned Up as a Prize Machine. Strange things happen when men make up their minds that they can't

help happening. It is now over twenty years, says a writer in the Locomotive Engineering. since Superintendent Healy, of the Rhode Island locomotive works, built a passenger engine for the Old Colony. This engine had seventeen and onehalf by twenty-two inch cylinders, with a five-foot wheel, and the only innovation on the standard engines of the day was the trial of two and onequarter inch tubes instead of two inch. there being about one hundred and sixty of them. Before the engine ever made a turn the general superintendent heard of the big flues and openly announced that the engine would never make the time with the Fall River boat train for which it was built. The master mechanic admitted that he didn't believe it would ever steam, and one by one the engineers shook their heads and allowed that it couldn't make it-because it couldn't. Then the firemen announced that no man could keep it hot, and no one ought to expect that it could be done. The engine was doubted from the start. Everybody said it couldn't make the run-and it didn't. It went on the road and was a failure from the start, and after eighteen months' service it was rebuilt. The general superintendent paid the Rhode Island locomotive works \$1,000 extra for a new boiler (returning the old one) like the old one

except that it had two-inch tubes. He said he knew that the new boiler would steam and the engine make the time. The master mechanic said he knew so, too, and the engineers and firemen agreed with them that now it was all right.

made the time-because everybody said it could and would. Some months afterward John Thompson, general mastar mechanic of the Eastern railway, wanted a seventeeninch passenger engine, and wanted it as cheap as possible. He was induced to take the boiler discarded by the Old

It was all right, steamed well and

Colony (after being thoroughly repaired). None of the engineers knew the engine had an old boiler or flues larger than the ordinary. Mr. Thompson said she was a fine engine and would just play with their fastest and heaviest express. The men all counted on her as a good steamer, and a good steamer she was. This engine never lacked for steam, did her work well and as economically as the best engine on the road, and is in the service yetrunning in sight of the scene of her former failure.

A Snake Laboratory Founded. An enlightened Bengali, Babu Govind Chandra Laha, has contributed fifteen thousand rupees toward the ex-

cutta. Two main lines of research will be followed in the laboratory. Socalled cures for snake bites will be tested under strictly scientific conditions, and the properties of the ranke poison as such will be investigated. The laboratory will be the only institution of its kind in the world, and the committee of the Calcutta zoological gardens which has taken the matter in hand expects that it will be largely resorted to by the scientific inquirers who visit India during the cold weather. In accordance with the practice of scientific laboratories in Europe a charge will be made for the use of the tables and instruments at a rate sufficient to cover working expenses.

Work done on behalf of the government will also be charged for according to a regular scale.