nest None but stalawing the churwlen - | be a stalawing-life is fee Short.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XXVIII.

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

BEREAVED.

I wonder how he could have slipped away.

Thou could'st not need him. Lord, so much

My tender child, that knew no stain of sin:

Thou had'st so many lambs within Thy fold-So many buds to bloom Thy meads within;

While I, my head sinks down upon my breast,

I spread my arms to meet a springing form,

The lisping tones, the sunshine of my home! Dear Lord, did not your human heart grow

E'en when you bade my little one "to come!

-Adelaide Preston, in Good Housekeeping.

MR. MARTIN'S COUSIN.

How a Delayed Train Caused an

Embarrassment.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Martin, mis-

She was handing Perey Carr his tea

"I would find it easy to fall in love

"Ah, listen to his flattery!" she said,

as she spoke, and smiling at him ap-

with any relative of yours, Mrs. Mar-

appealing to the others gathered around

her low, sparkling tea-table that par-

ticular winter afternoon. "It is very

evident he is meditating an entreaty

for another cup of tea. But, seriously,

she is not my cousin at all-but my

isn't he? Poking among those dreary

Pittsburgh mines, as usual, I dare say,"

"And Mr. Martin is away just now,

"Yes, poor darling," assented Mrs.

Martin. She knew that it was from

those particularly gloomy places that

her wealth came, and that her husband

should make occasional visits of super-

vision to them was to be properly de-

"Is she young?" questioned Mrs.

She was a charming widow whose

beauty somehow suggested that of

a very full-blown rose. Her car-

riage gown of violet cloth was trimmed

with gold passementeric and fur. She

rather dreaded the advent of any new-

comer who might attract the languid

"I really know little about her. You

see, I never contemplated the possibili-

ty of her remembering or recognizing

our existence by a visit. I think she is

young. I believe she is pretty. I have

attention of Percy Carr.

husband's. I have never seen her."

said Horton Miles.

plored.

Thurston.

chievously, "you will be falling in love

with Cousin Clarissa at first sight."

provingly.

And only clasp the empty, empty air!

I miss his footsteps all about the house.

To meet the one that once was pillowed

I cannot think him dead, it is too strange;

If seems to me as if 'twere yesterday' I held him here within my arms so close

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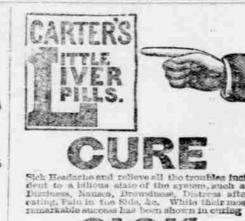
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the impression she is cultured. I know "That final statement will cover a multitude of sins," murmured Ralph Sommers, "How long must we pine for a glimpse of her face?" "Her note said she would arrive Wednesday morning. You may all come

up to dinner Wednesday evening, and be presented." Wednesday dawned, steel-skyed, gusty, stingingly cold. Mrs. Martin, occoing out between her velvet eurtains, drew back with a little shaver. "I wish," she said to herself, in reference to Mr. Martin's cousin, "that she had mentioned over what road and at what hour she would arrive, and I'd

have the carriage meet her." But the day blustered on to noon, to afternoon, toward evening, and still Clarissa Martin did not put in an appearance. From feeling absolute vexation. Mrs. Martin began to regard the situation with amusement. "flow disappointed my guests will be

if she fails to materialize! I shall tell them it is truly a version of 'Hamlet,' with Hamlet left out." At five o'clock the curtains were drawn in the beautiful, imposing home of Philip Martin. Within electric lights shone with white brilliance, and

grates of burnished metal held beds of

robies. In the long amber drawingroom the guests assembled. Six tinkled out from a hidden clock. The chief article of Mrs. Martin's social ereed was that dinner should not be kept waiting. So, after privately giving directions to the footman and housekeeper, she apologized for the absence of the expected guest, and led the way to the dining-room.

But hardly was the soup-tureen uncovered in the dining-room, when the tinkie of a bell in the kitchen announced an arrival. The footman opened the door to a tall, stout young woman with very red cheeks and snapping black eyes. She wore a plaid dress, a plush coat, a hat with two green parrots confronting each other antagonistically, and a voluminous veil of red gauze.

"Is this Mrs. P. Martin's house?" On being assured that it was, she turned her head and shriffed down the steps to the backman:

"All right. Bring up that there trunk." "That there trunk" having been duly brought up, the nackman paid, and the housekeeper summoned, the newcomer was informed of the message of her

"If you please, miss, Mrs. Martin says, as she is having a few friends to dinner, she will be pleased if you dress and come down, if you do not feel too fatigued."

"Mercy, no! I ain't tired. I'll be ready in a jiffy." The trunk was carried to the luxurious room prepared for Mr. Martin's consin, and from its depths the visitor

quickly drew her most festal attire. "There!" she exclaimed, as she regarded her completed toilet in the mirror, "tony as they be, judging by the house, I guess this'il fetch them!" She was not mistaken. She created a sensation when the entered the dining-room. Mrs. Martin and her guests glanced up as the door opened, to behold a buxom woman of thirty-two or

three, clad in a gown of blue, bright, slenzy silk, elaborately trimmed with took in the latest guest, from her frigzled bair to her red hands and clumsy shoes. She felt a little faint as she rose to meet her. She held out her slender fingers.

"You did not mention the train. " I should have sent the carriage," sae apologized. "Oh, law! that didn't matter!" de-

clared the other, giving her an explosive kiss. "This ain't such a big town but it was easy to find my way. I just told a backman to drive me to P. Martin's, and here I am!"

There she was, indeed, and very

much of her. Acutely conscious of the demure laughter in Percy Carr's

dark eyes, Mrs. Martin heroleally made known her husband's cousin to vor with the Fair Sex. her guests. Miss Martin insisted on going around

the tuble to shake hands with each "And now," decided that frank Custom of Kalmuck Mothers young person, "I'll eat some dinrer. Smoking Infants. didn't have but two bought ham sand

wiches on the train, and seemed like they was all sandwich and no ham." If, while the meal progressed, her manner was not all that might have been expected in Mr. Marfin's cousin her appeciation of the viands was evidenced in word and deed. It was a relief to Mrs. Martin when they all rose and went into the drawing-room. But here fresh agonies awaited her; for the visitor, on being requested by Frank Sommers to sing, promptly seated herself at the piano, and, to a mighty pedal accompaniment, poured her soul into the rollicking strains of 'Sunday Night When the Parlor's Full."

"Oh, thank you!" said Maud Hamilton, suavely. "I never heard that song before.

There was a ghastly silence. "Oh, that's nothing," averred Miss Martin. "I know lots as good. We have an organ at our house, and me and the young man I kep' comp'ny with last winter used to sing all the time 'most. I'll sing you his favorite now!" And she tittered as she swung around

to the keyboard. Mrs. Martin had grown white under the strain. She could not endure this much longer-not even for Philip's sake. But even as she cast desperately around for some possible means of reease the portieres were thrust wide. "Miss Clarissa Martin!" announced the footman.

Into the room came a slender, ele gant figure, richly and sedately gowned in dark cloth and fur. Asmali, lainty bonnet rested on a head of softly-waved, golden hair. A hand, looking as if carved out of marble, was gracefully extended. "The train was delayed," she explained. "You are Cousin Philip's wife,

I know. Mrs. Martin beld the slim fingers as the drowning hold straws. "Who," she asked of the figure at the piano, "are you?"

Miss Jennie Sophronia Martin, from lifre's Hollow." A soft little ripple of mirth ran around the room. "May I ask, Miss Jennie Sophronia

Martin," said Mrs. Martin, coldly, "to what I am indebted for the-the embarrassment of your visit?" The damsel from Hire's Hollow opened her eyes and mouth in amaze-

"Ain't you Mrs. Peter Martin, wife to the boss drayman, that's my father's "Decidedly not," her hostess as gred

And explanations followed. "I never seen Peter's wife," Jennie Sophronia assured them, "but when Peter was down to Hire's Hollow, this fall, buyin' hogs, he made ma promise to let me come visit his folks. And ! s'posed the hackman was a-takin' me there."

In her sense of immense relief, Mrs Martin became positively kind. She ordered the coupe and had her mistaken guest driven to her correct destination. And the others laughingly elaborated the whole affair for the benefit of lovely, high-bred Clarissa Martin. And the evening turned out beautifully after all, except perhaps for Mrs. Thurston, who beheld her worst fears verified.

"Your prophecy has been fulfilled," declared Percy Carr, as he shook hands with his hostess. "She is entrancing. I have fallen in love at first

She arched her pretty eyebrows. "With Jennie Sophronia of dire's Hollow?" she asked, quizzically. "No; with your husband's cousin Oh, you needn't laugh, nor lock incredulous. I'm tremendously in ear

nest."-Kate Cleary, in N. Y. Weekly, Venison and a Tender Conscience. There was an interesting episode attending the observance of Thanksgiving day by the Puritan fathers which was recorded in a newspaper para graph found not long ago among the effects of a Councetient citizen. It was written in 1714 by Rev. Lawrence Conant, D. D., of the South parish, Panvers, Mass. After the church services a goodly company partook of a Thanksgiving dinner at the residence of Mr. Epes The chief meats served were venison and bear's meat. The reverend chron iclor relates the following episode of the feast: "After ye blessing was erayed by Mr. Garrich, of Wrentham, word came that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day by Pequot, an Indian who came to Mr. Epes' with a lye in his mouth like Ananias of old. Ye council therefore refused to est ye venison, but it was afterwards decided that Pequot should receive forty stripes, save one, for lying and profaning ye Lord's day, restore Mr. Epes ye cost of ye deer, and considering this a just and righteous sentence on ve sinful heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it but Mr. Shepard, whose conscience was tender on ye point of ye venison."-Boston Journal. Starboard and Port.

The term starbeard or port, when applied to the wheel of the ship, is a conundrum to a landsman which he has difficulty in getting through his head. How the turning of the wheel which acts on the rudder brings about the desired result of starboard and port can be illustrated by reference to a Chinaman. A starboard wheel throws the stern of a vessel to starboard, changing the course of the bow to port and vice versa. So with the Chiraman when he turns his head to the left. silk of the variety known as "blonde," which is port, his pigtail swings to the Mrs. Martin, in one swift glance, | right, which is starboard. Opposite results are obtained when he turns his the western edge which fill up like head the other way. Wooden Church 800 Years Old.

The oldest wooden building in the world is the church at Borgund, in Norway, which was built in the eleventh century, and has been preserved from I the effects of the weather by repeated coatings of pitch. It is built of pine, and is of fantastic Romanesque design, with strangely-carved wooden pinnaeles and a great deal of carving in high relief all over the interior of the clurch.

The old stone after still stands, but the

church is no longer used for service.

FEMININE SMOKERS.

A Practice That Is Growing in Fa-

Royal Russian Women Who are Very Fond of Their Cigarettes-A Peculiar

A brisk controversy has been going on about cigarette-smoking women in the columns of the North American Review and other periodicals, and those who broke lances for and against were women. Mrs. Lynn Lynton whose novels are read here as feaille tons so extensively and with so much gusto, is quoted as lending the assault against the lady smokers. Is it tene that she calls the cigarette when in a lady's mouth the emblem of revolu-If so, she is not up to date, so far as continental practices go. The eight ette has not yet found its way with after-dinner coffee into the official drawing-room, but it soon will. At all the houses setting up to style it is served at intimate dejeuners and

small but lively dinners. Nobody is shocked at ladies smoking not merely one eigarette apiece but two or three. A minister of Queen Christina says that highly respectable and respected royal lady is an inveterate and a vet eran smoker. She got in the habit of smoking a cigarette when she was abbesa of the Hradschin, I sinceure she lost on getting married. Her cousin. Archduchess Mathilde, who was engaged to King Humbert when he was prince of Savoy, lost her life owing to her fondness for eigarettes. She was forbidden by her father, Archduke Albert to smoke, but none the less went on doing so. One summer's day. or evening as she was standing smoking on the balcony she saw, him enter the courtyard on which she was looking down. The archduchess, who was wearing a muslin dress, whipped the eigarette out of her mouth and hid it behind her back. It came in contact with the muslin, and she was in a moment enveloped in flames, there being a strong draught where she stood.

Most of the Russian grand duchesses are smokers. Grand Duchess Wlademir thinks a husband and wife who smoke are less likely to fall out not known whether the queen of Italy smokes, but some of her ladies cortainly do. When I was at Stress I saw them enjoying cigarettes when boating on the lake, and in the grounds of the duchess of Genoa's villa, where the queen was staying. The crown princess of Saxe-Meiningen could not live without her cigarette. It neither takes from her good looks, nor spoils her teeth, nor diminishes her activity. She is nearly thirty-four, but appear scarcely twenty-six. The Infanta Eulalia spoke when she was last on the Riviera of the comtesse de Paris as having set her an example as a smole; As the French say, the infanta a benncoup d'imagination, and saw in the eigarette or eigar of the comtesse a pipe which she believed that royal lady moked in the streets of Seville. Spanish ladies are gratuitously credited or discredited with being great smokers. They may do so in Cuba, though they are there more conservative and greater sticklers for the proprieties than at Madrid. The ladies who best patronize tobacconists are, next to the Kalmucks, the Russians. The ruling passions of Kalmuck women are ribbons to twist round their long tresses, tea, tobacco, and bright handkerchiefs. But if they have to choose between tobacco and tea their option is for the former. When a little Kalmuck comes into

the world-an event that happens rarely twice in the same menage, the mamma is given a well-filled pipe to smoke before she nurses the beby, The little one talks to smoking before it is weared. The pipe is the great cure for nervous headache. Fredensborg, where the ezar and exarina summer, is the dullest place in the world. The queen of Denmark is exacting of respect for the proprieties. The last charge that anyone could think of bringing against her court is that of fast behavior. Yet most of the young and young ish ladies there are smokers. There is no better way of showing off pretty hands and rings than toying with a cicarette. A court party from Fredensborg one evening was dining at the Copenhagen Trivoli in the col onnade of the restaurant. There was a large threatrical party near them; the actresses did not smoke, but the ladies in attendance and those whom they attended did. Some of the fair smokers were Russians, and not in the least inclined to unfurl the flag of revolt. That evening it was learned that the crown princess of Saxe-Meiningen is not the only granddaughter of Queen Victoria who finds a soluce in the eigarette. Why should not a princess use it, as an old Irish woman uses the pipe to take the edge off neryousness? The only harm is in the abuse. But there is no good thing under the sun that is not mischievous if taken in excess. There is no more harm in mild smoking than in mild tea drinking. George Sand.who lived to the age of seventy-three and was so active and hard-working to the end, smoked eighrettes and eigars-and in excess. The smoke curling before her eyes roused up her imagination. Victor Hugo hated smoking. Java's Fire Island.

One of the greatest natural wonders

in Java, "the fire island," a large lake of boiling mud, is situated almost in the center of the plains of Grobogana. fifty "paals" to the northeast of Solo. It is almost two miles in circumference. and in the center immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great black timbers thrust forth and then suddenly withdrawn by a giant's hands. Be sides the phenomena of the columns there are two gugantic bubbles near huge balloons and explode on an average of three times per minute.

-Clough was once a narrow valley or cleft between hills, and to this word the Cliffs, Clives, Clewes, Cliffords, Clevelands, Tunnyeliffs, Sutcliffes, Radeliffs and Faireloughs owe their names.

-Ancient Plate. - "How wealthy Miss De Riches is! She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth." "Was it a sonvenir spoon?" "No"-spitefully-"it was an antique."

THE PRINCE'S CHOICE.

His Experiences With Father Time's Three Daughters.

Far away in the gray country, in his gray, windy castle, lived Father Time with his three daughters, Past, Present

that it dazzled the eyes to look at them; but Present was made to work all day in the kitchen, and her hands and face were dusty with ashes. One day a prince came riding up to

Past and Future were so beautiful

the eastle, seeking one of Father Time's daughters for a wife. So a great feast was prepared for him, and Past and Future sat, the one on the Prince's right hand, the other on his left; but Present, who had cooked the feast and spread the table, waited on them all; and the prince paid no heed to her

"And now," said Father Time, after the feast was ended, "which of my daughters will you choose for a wife? The prince looked at Future and he looked at Past, and it seemed to him that Future was the more beautiful of the two.

"And what," said he to her, "can you do that is worthy of a prince's

"I can make beautiful clothes," said Future, "fit for a king to wear, and I make them out of nothing at ail." "Then," said the prince, "if you will make me such a suit of clothes before morning, I will take you for my queen

to live with me all my life." So that night while the prince slept Future made royal clothes out of nothing at all, and in the morning the suit was done. It was made of silk that shone a different color for every way that it was turned, and crusted so thick with precious stones that one could hardly see the cloth beneath

"Yes," said the prince; "that is indeed a suit of clothes fit for a king to wear." Then he lifted Future upon the horse in front of him, and they rode away from Father Time's castle toward the prince's king-lom in the east; but the way was long, and the sun shone botter and hotter, and the jeweled clothes weighed heavier and neavier until the sweat rolled down he prince's face. At last, just as night was falling, they reached a great city where the prince thought to rest for awhile; but when they rode into the streets, the people began to shout and point. "Look -look." they eried. "See the beggar on horseback!"

The prince looked downward at his clothes, and then he saw the false i-wels had melted in the sun as though they were drops of tallow, and the fine clothes were so spotted and smeared that they were hardly fit for a beggar

The prince was so ashained that, tired and hungry as he was, he turned his horse's head and never stopped until he was back in Father Time's eastle again. "For," said he, "one who makes clothes that fall into rags with one day's journey is no wife for me." But there in Father Time's eastle an-

other feast was served for the prince even finer than the first had been, and again Present waited upon the table Then the prince turned to Past. "And what," said he, "can you do that is worthy of a prince's wife?"

"I can sing such beautiful songs," said Past, "that he who listens to them will feel neither cold nor weariness nor hunger, but think only of what

"Then," said the prince, "I would rather have you for a wife than Future; for it is better to sing such sengs as that than even to make beautiful clothes out of nothing at ail." So the next morning he called for

his horse, and he and Past rode away off into the world together. But when the sun beat down like fire upon his head he began to grow sick and weary, and then he asked Past to sing to him. Past laid her upon his shoulder and began to sing, and her song was so sweet that the prince forgot everything else. He dropped his rein on his horse's neck and left it to pick its own way, and whither it went he neither thought nor But even Past cannot sing forever.

After awaile she stopped, and the

prince began to look about him again.

Then he found they were in a deep black

chasm; he could not tell how they had come there nor could be tell bow to get out again, for everywhere there were great rocks and stones, and cliffs upon either hand, and it was growing darker and darker. Then the prince cried: "Sing, sing again. Past, sing us out of this black chasm," but that Past could not do; she only wept and wrung her hands and begged to be taken home. Then again the prince looked around upon all sides, but he could find no escape, and he and Past might have died in the black chasm had he not heard Present calling the cows home far away. The prince followed the sound of the voice, and before long he saw a path open be-

Then once more, for the third time, the prince sat down to supper. "Tell me," said he to Father Time, "have you no other daughter than these

fore him, and there stood Father Time's

great gray eastle, and as soon as they

had reached it the prince lifted Past

down. "Never again," said he, "shall

you sing me into such a black chasm as

"Yes," said Father Time. "I still have one daughter, and 'tis she who has cooked the feast and waited upon Then he called Present up from the kitchen; she was dressed in her ster's cast off clothes, and her hands were red and rough with work Then said the prince: "What can

you do that is worthy of a prince's "Not much," said Present. "I can cook and keep the house clean, and I

can spin." "That is not much for a prince's wi'e to do," said he; "but better these than to bring one to shame or to sing one's thoughts away."

So the next morning the prince took Present upon his horse, and they rode away without turning back until they came to his own kingdom. But the prince had been away so long

that his own people no longer knew him, and the old king had died and the false minister had selzed the kingdom. So nothing was left for the true prince, but to serve as goose herd. Every day the prince drove the geese out in the meadow, but Present stayed behind in

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the goose herd's but and cooked his dinner and made the house neat. All she asked of the prince was that, as he followed the geese, he should gather up the feathers that fell from them and

bring them home to her. The prince was willing enough to do that, for he had nothing else to do all day long but tend the gees and watch the clouds floating in the sky; so every day he brought her home a handful of feathers. These Present kept, and at night, while the prince was asleep, she rose and worked in the moonlight until at the end of a year and a day she had made for herself a pair of great gray

Then at night, when the prince was fast asleep. Present rose up and took the great gray wings and fastened them on her shoulders. She opened the door very softly, and, spreading the wings she had made, she flew away and away under the stars until she came to the eastle where the false king lived

There was a window wide open, and into it Present flew. There lay the faise king, fast asleep in bed, but Present went by him so quietly that he never stirred, and she opened door after door until she came at last to the room where the royal robes were kept. She put them under her cloak and then she flew away home again.

There she hid her wings and the royal robes in the closet and lay down again beside the prince, and all the while he never stirred nor woke. The next evening when the prince

came home he said: 'There is a great stir over at the castle, for thieves were there last night and stole the king's rovai robes. What is that to us?" said Present: 'you had much better sit down and ext your supper while it is hot." So the

prince sat down and ate and drank, and after supper he feil fast aslees. Aguin Present took out the winers and fastened them to her shoulders and flew away to the palace, and this time she brought back with her the false king's golden crown.

The next evening when the prince

came home he said: "The thieves were

in the palace again last night, and now it is not only the royal robes but the golden erown that is gone." "What is that to us?" said Present; "come and eat your supper while it is still not." So the prince sat down at he table, and, after he ha

threw nimself upon the bed and fell again into a deep sleep. Now, for the third time, Present fitted the wings to her shoulders, as she had before, and flew away to the false king's palace; and this time it was the royal scepter itself that she took.

When Present reached the gooseherd's but again the dawn was just breaking. She hid the scepter in the closet with the royal robes and the erown, and then she woke the prince and bade him come to breakfast.

After the prince had eaten, Present rose from the table. "And now," said she, "the time has come for you to go to the false king's palace and claim your own." "But how can I do that?" said the

prince. "No one would know me, and

they would all laugh, as they did when

I first came home, if I were to go in my goose-herd's dress to claim the king-Then Present brought out the royal robes and bade him put them on.

The prince looked at the robes and wondered. "These were once mine," said he, "and never did I think to wear them

again. Whence came them?" "They came neither by land nor sea; but as they once were yours, so are they now," replied Present. The prince clothed himself in the royal robes, and there he stood as

stately and noble as any lord. "But how shall the people know that I am indeed a prince," said he, "when I have no crown to wear?" Then Present brought forth the golden crown from the cupboard where it lay hidden, and placed it upon his

"But," said he, "how can a king govern a kingdom with no scepter to show his royal power?" Then Present brought forth the

head, and then in truth he felt himself

royal scepter and placed it in his hand, and now at last he looked the king he "And now come," said Present, "and together we will go up to claim the kingdom that is yours." Then even as she spoke Present cast aside her rags, and lo! she was clothed all in cloth of gold and jewels so radiantly bright

that the whole but shone as though with sunlight. The prince gazed at her in wonder and awe. "Who art thou?" he cried, for it seemed as though a cloud and dropped from before his eyes.

"The same I always was," said Present. "Only now at last you see me as I truly am.'

Then, still wondering, the prince took her hand in his, and they went forth together; and all the people when they saw the prince knew him, and the gates flew open before him. So the prince and Present passed through the gates and on up the stairs and into the palace: and when the false king saw them he was seized with four and trembling and fell down before them: but all the people shouted aloud for joy because the true prince had come back at last to claim his own.-Katherine Pyle, in N. Y. Independent.

A MUSICAL MELANGE.

Ex-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI is the author of several creditable musical com-ALBANI began to learn music when

she was four years old. A Spanish musician has devised a system of musical notation by which

the sharp-and-flat system is to be done away with. Venue's next opera will be on the story of Romeo and Juliet, a theme on which a dozen composers have tried their hands, using Shakespeare's trag-

edy as a basis. * His Business, Exactly.

It was on a quiet street in Washington, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the cry of an old colored man who was peddling bivalves from a push-cart. His noise evidently disturbed somebody, for a window opened and a woman thrust out her head to say: "Dear me! what a great clamor!" The man stopped his cart, took off his hat and said, with a bow: "Thanky, lady, thanky! Dat's what I is. I's de greatest clammer in de

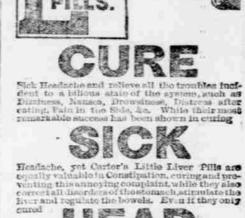
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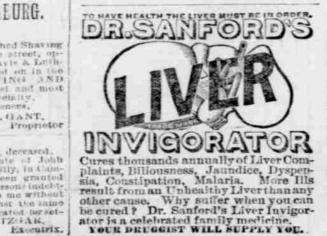


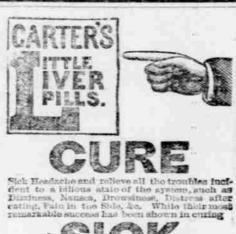
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