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JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOLUME XXVIII.

### EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1894.

afield, but no matter where he might

be, at the sound of the Bornese boom

he would turn his feet, and his hands

too, toward the sound, and the yellow

athlete would soon be seen trandling

himself Dyakwards, his tireless spokes

flashing in the sun like the vaulting

legs of some gigantic grasshopper. Ar

rived at where the Dyak stood, he

would sit at the feet of his dusky Gam-

aliel until the speech was over when

with a plunge of his bands and a sky-

ward kick of his feet he would whirl

himself off until the next call for rest

Among the dozen or so of men men-

tioned as being loungers and not list-

eners was a little old colored man who,

squatted under a tree with his knees

drawn up to his chin, was, indeed, car-

rying on a very lively little address of

his own. Only he was not so noisy

about it as the Dyak agitator, but was

confidentially chattering to himself

like a loquacious and weazened grand-

pa monkey, which simian ancestor, by

"That's an Australian 'black fel

low," said the doctor, following my

eyes, "and though he never heard of

the telephone he is the possessor of one.

That sounds contradictory, doesn't it?

Yet it's the fact. He was found one

"Went mad on some passing vessel

and jumped overboard," I suggested;

"Got put off in a dingy, most likely,"

said the doctor. 'I don't mean to say

he didn't, or couldn't swim, only there

are certain other creatures that swim

like fish-sharks I mean-which might

aid in making a break for shore a good

deal like an obstacle race. But come

and hear the telephone. The owner

and patentee speaks very little Eng-

lish, but good enough for the purpose-

unlocked his hands from around his

ear, and with the other scratched his

left side in another familiar apish ges

"Clk-clk-clk-clk-clk," he cried

with great rapidity, repeating with his

lips the little scratching sound made

"Dik-dik-dik, glg-glg-glg-glg,

"Had your supper, Uncle Billy?"

Both hands went back again, one

other scratching away at the left side.

dlk, glg-glg-glg, mzz-mzz-mzz, nzz-

"He's run through the consonants,"

"Or, going back to your telephone

idea," I said, "he calls up the initial

of his phrase and then gets the mes-

a truthful old fellow, according to his

lights. Another curious thing about

his method is that never yet in my

hearing, or in that of those I have

never begun a sentence with a vowel.

By the way, it is rather amusing to see

the race between his method and his

desires if he is in a hurry to get at

the reply. I'll ask him, for instance,

something to which he's bound to an

swer 'Yes.': 'Want some 'bacey, Uncle

the tobacco at the same time.

The hands flew back to their places

Billy?

"That's just it," said the doctor.

said the doctor, "until he reaches the

nzz-nzz No, sah."

nickel-in-the-slot machine.

Blk-blk-blk, elk-elk-elk, dik-dik-

with his naits against his snirt.

Uncle Billy stopped his chattering,

Good evening, Uncle Billy."

"those black fellows swim like fish."

the way, he strongly resembled.

got there nobody knows."

and audience.

### NUMBER 8.

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the Hawarian Lunatic Asylum. Every visitor to Henoiniu hears of he leper settlement on grim Motokgi. nd rouse ordent students of the pitiful and repulsive venture across the short clard sea to the abode of the living heath. Very few visitors, however, acts of the receiving hospital, or corral, where the heper round-up is brought in sclore shipments are made; and fewer till bear of or visit the insune asylum. near Honolulu, where the true South Sea madness is to be seen.

I have called it an asylum, but this term is hardly a correct one—that is, it is not correct if it conveys to the reader the idea of imposing administration buildings and constant expert medical atterdance. The place is a mile or two outside the city, past the coral prison on the reef, and, judging by what one ces from the road, might be a farm or plantation with the modest mannion of the proprietor and several extensive outbuildings set down at the foot of a steep bit of volcanic hill land, and with ts confines outlined by more or less. well-defined fences. There are no walls, not even a stockade-or so it was when I recently visited it. The mate patients were scattered all over the grounds, while the few keepers were still more scattered. The women, who vere quite numerous, were confined in low, compactly built house, and were iosely tooked after, but neither of these, nor of the methods of treatment. our of the system of care do I intend to write, but only of the peculiar forms of resunity which I saw that August afterroon, when the air felt like a kitchen

there is a Marquesas islander who you like about his history."

So I began in the usual catechism of the police station: "What is your name?" "John Taurekka, sir,"

next October." "What has been your occupation?"

"Cook on board a Pacific whater for nearly twenty years, sir," "Well," I said, turning to the doctor, of course there is no doubt as to his baying sanely answered my questions

What's the joke?" "His answers to my questions," said he doctor. "Listen. Who made that tree, John?"

that one" (pointing to a big guava). "I unde the day before yesterday about alf-past three," 'Yes," assented the doctor, "and who

sun, he might have added.

anything else." And so it was with the answer to very question asked; he had made everything, his replies being as simple

stand" where he stood. "That's a fine case of megalomania," said the doctor. "Why, no, of course not; he's not here because he thinks he

n the soup. conrdon note of the choir organ

through a priest's prayer.

ongs really to Borneo. That's our Dyak orator-a head-hunter, by the way. Do you want to see him? I needn't ask if you want to hear him." porch of the barracoon we saw him, tanding with the score hing August an enveloping his nearly naked body n a glow through which his glistening kin shone and gleamed like a polished settle. His throat outside was a col-

shouted in a deep guttural bellow. soth bands nipping hard at the big pectoral muscles, and with a long deep

assignation on the n. "Kokokuma! kokokama!" the whole body brought rigidly around on the

didden down with a quick whip to the ips, and the head thrown back unil the skin tightened on the big Adam's apple like a black drum head. With another man's neck in that position, and a good, heavy, chopping griss in his own hand, he could have sliced off the trophy with the same neat expedition and dispatch with which you would slice a crisp radish. What his oration meant no one had ever found out. It sounded to me like n invocation. At any rate there was orthing denunciatory about it, and it night have been to dread Siva herself or aught I know. He had so haangued ever since he had been an inmate of the asylum; so declaiming for an hour or two when the sun came hotly spying out the porch; taking up the story when the sun was afar off, fierce and unwinking eye in the meridian; thirdly and lastly, repeating his shouting apostrophe when the coppery orb iropped quickly behind the volcanic

"Uncle Eben," said a young man who was disposed to be jocular, "do you believe that there is luck in a rabbit's foot?" The old man's eyes twinkled. Putention to his trumpeting than they ting his hand in his vest pocket he drew forth a velvety rabbit's paw, and said gravely, as he held it at arm's length:

"See dat?" "Yes." "Wall, derc ain' no use tryin' ter tell me dat luck doan go wid dat rabbit's foot. I'se got the proof right hyur in de kitchen." that rabbit's paw?"

laid himself down beside them.

"As soon as they are moderately

dry," said the doctor, "he will put his

plunge into the tank."- N. Y. Sun.

"Proof of the luck that goes with "Yassir." and the old man's eye twinkled more than ever. "De rabbit de pot dis minute. An' if rabbit stew A WINTER RACE.

Susquehanna River

It was a bitterly cold afternoon in December. On the river shore, in front of the little village of Port Treverton, were assembled nearly a score of men and boys. The latter were largely in the majority, and they were as noisy as most boys are. There was some excase for excitement. This was the day fixed for the race between the rival iceboats. The finishing touches had been put to them only that morning. Very fascinating they looked, with their fluttering white sails and polished runners, as they rested on the glassy ice behind a jutting promontory of rocks and timber. They were alike in size and construction. Each had a movable runner behind, worked by an ordinary tiller. Each was fitted with a sloop mainsail and jib. The Alfratta belonged to Andy Clayton and Frank Snyder; the Elf to Phil Wardle and

Jack Salyard. The four lads were chatting together in low tones, and paying no heed to the impatient shouting of the crowd. The advisability of postponing the race was the subject of their conversation. Andy wanted to wait until the next day. Phil and Jack vehemently opposed this, and Frank was inclined to ide with them. Andy was less rash and impetuous than his companions. He was not a coward, as the others well knew. But he had a streak of caution in his nature, and he hesitated to incur needless peril for the sake of racing his rival's iceboat.

The danger was more than imaginary. Out beyond the sheltering promknees, placed one of them to his right

abating. "O, come," said Phil. "What's the use of putting it off for a little wind?" "That makes the sport all the better," added Jack. "We can run down

to Halifax like a streak.". then, with a burst, and replacing both "But it's more than a little wind," dehands around his knees: "Good ebenclared Andy. "It's a regular hurricane. funnel shape at the right ear, and the

wind ain't that strong. Jack and I can manage the Eif, I'm sure. What do you think about it, Frank?" The old man went through it all as "I'll leave it to Andy," was the reply.

eriously and simply as possible, with "As far as the air holes go, I think we no more apparent volition or interest can steer clear of them." in the matter than if he had been a Andy shaded his eyes with one hand and looked out over the ice. "I don't want to spoil the fun" he said "but one on which his answer is pitched, so

we had better wait until to-morrow be really dangerous to race now."

the Alfratta in such a good wind." He turned his back on Andy, and moved toward the crowd. "There won't be any race to-day," he shouted. "Don't you hear the cyclone out on the river? Chesapeake bay!"

The disappointed spectators began to hoot and jeer. Some few shook their heads wisely. Andy's face flushed. He sat down on a rock near the edge of the

ran up to Phil and caught hold of him This was Phil's brother, and, though there was only seven years' difference between them, Dick regarded the elder as a full-grown man, and looked up to asked to observe, has he made use of a vowel sound in these calls, and has him accordingly.

> Please do. the humor for sport. Then, seeing the

> shadow of disappointment on the lad's face, he relented. "Come on, Dick," he said. "I'll give

you a short spin. You mustn't ask for "No, I won't," promised Dick, as he

eagerly followed his brother over the

Phil had no intention of going beyond the sheltering bank of rocks and trees. But his plan miscalculated, as plans often will. When the outermost verge of the promontory was eight or ten feet distant he concluded to slacken speed. Just then, as ill-luck would have it, his foot tripped on a projecting ridge of ice. The rudder was jerked out of his hand and he sprawled headlong. He rose to his feet as quickly as possible and started after the runaway ceboat, which was gliding slowly toward the open river. The loud outery told him that the crowd saw and reatized Dick's peril. Phil ran as he had never ran before. He strained every muscle to overtake the fugitive. But he was destined to fail. Just when another stride would have seen his hand on the titler the Elf glided beyond the promontory. Then quickly the wind filled her sails and swung her around. Away she went at a frightful speed, spinning diagonally down the river. In almost less time than it takes to tell she was lifty yards away. Little Dick could be seen clinging to the seat, ly out on the grass, where the low sun had a last chance at them, and then apparently helpless with fright.

> "It's all my fault," he cried, hoarsely. "Poor little Dick don't know what to do. He'll run into an airhole and be drowned. Save him, someone. O! save

> The appeal was answered unexpect edly. One in that half-stupefied crowd did not lose his wits. With a life at stake Andy Clayton no longer dreaded the gale. He seized the Alfratta and drove it toward the open river. Frank and Jack pleaded to go along, but permission was almost roughly denied

"You'll take me?" eried Phil, as he caught up with Andy by a swift rush. "No," replied Andy, "you'll make the boat too heavy. I'll go alone. That's dat used ter wear dat paw is cookin' in the only chance of overtaking the Elf. Brace up, Phil. I'll do my best to save Dick." ain' luck, what is?"-Washington Star. |

Phil seemed determined to go in spite of this. But Andy eluded him and pushed ahead. Now he was clear of the promontory, and the next instant the Alfratta was skimming swiftly in pursuit of the Elf with Andy perched firmly on the seat

The crowd cheered lustily and Andy turned long enough to wave his hand. Then he gave his undivided attention to the task that lay before him. That it was likely to prove a stern and difficult one he quickly realized. His conception of the wind's force had not been exaggerated. The speed of the iceboat was something fearful and he found that he had but slight control over it. At first he was content to swing along on the track of the Elf, which was more than a quarter of a mile ahead of him, and still speeding diagonally toward the opposite shore of the river. He could see Dick perched on the rear end, but could not make out what he was doing. A moment or two later there was proof to show that the little fellow had been experimenting with the sails. The Elf suddenly swung about, and slipped straight down mid-river for one hundred yards. Then it tacked diagonally toward the Port Treverton shore. Possibly these movements were due to the vagaries of the wind, though Andy thought otherwise. He quickly hauled on the jib and altered the Alfratta's course to that of

His satisfaction vanished when he spied a reef of out-cropping rocks between the two boats. Their presence above the ice was due to the fact that the river had frozen when at a low stage. The barrier extended clear from mid river to the Port Treverton shore, and the Elf had been below it when she tacked. The only course open to Andy was to

circle around the rocks, so he at once tacked toward them. But when he had reached and passed their outermost edge and was minded to tack in the opposite direction such a spurt of wind came on that the jib-sail was helpiess. The Alfratta darted nearly across the remaining half of the river. Then it swung straight down stream, parallel with the shore, and at a distance from it of several hundred feet.

For a time Andy made no attempt to alter his present course. He was on one side of the river, the Elf on the other. Finally the other toat came tacking over as far as mid-stream, when it turned and kept parallel with the Alfratta. Andy was undecided what to do. He could see Dick waving his cap at him.

"If I tack across now," he reflected, "Til likely drop behind the Elf, and be driven clear to the other shore before I can turn around. But if I fool away any time Dick may blunder into an airhole. It's a mighty awkward fix."

He hesitated a little longer then all choice was suddenly taken out of his hands. As he glanced down the broad vista of glittering ice he saw something that made his heart leap and his blood turn chill. Half a mile ahead, in midriver, was a great sheet of open, black water. The Elf was dashing straight toward it.

For a moment Andy was sick with despair. Then his resolve was taken. He tugged madly at the jib-sail, and to his delight the Alfratta instantly tacked outward. It sped faster and faster. The two boats were now traveling on opposite sides of a triangle. Would they meet in time, or would both find a watery grave in the vast

nir hole? Andy knew that there was scarcely a chance. Yet he did not flinch in the face of almost certain death. He steered the Alfratta steadily on, deter-

could see moving black specks over on

the Port Treverton shore. Now the gap of yawning black water was just ahead. Nearer and nearer swept the Elf. Closer and closer came the Alfratta. The sides of the triangle were rapidly dwindling to a point. Andy feit his heart rising to his throat. He scanned the distance between the two boats and thought that he saw a gleam of hope.

"Dick," he shouted with all his might, "crawl up front. Be ready for me. If I miss jump off. Do you understand?"

Dick nodded. Then he quickly obeyed orders. Now the critical moment was at hand. At a distance of

swiftly on. She plunged into the black water, and was sucked down by the swift current. The sails floated for a moment and then disappeared. The Alfratta barely cleared the furthermost edge of the air-hole. She tacked rapidly across the river with her double burden, and five minutes after she ground safely on the Port Treverton shore, a mile and a half below the village. Most of the crowd were on the spot, having run swiftly along the bank. There was great cheering and applause, and Andy blushed to find himself a hero. Phil burst into tears when little Dick jumped into his arms. Later on he begged Andy's forgiveness, as did also Jack and Frank.

cago Tribune.

History of a Word.

The way in which the name "bureau

and when bookbinding was an expensive luxury, for those who were connected with literary pursuits to have on their tables a piece of cloth of a thick nature, to prevent the bookbinding receiving any injury. This piece of textile fabric, origiv wool, bore in France the nan ureau, and in course of time that ....... has attached itself to articles of furniture which have a space protected by some material for writing operations.

Mrs. Molly Vannoy. Glenn, a fairly educated, energetic

twenty-five years ago, Graham said:

"I am wondering, Molly," acknowledged the doctor, "if your petted maid. will remain content to serve her patient teacher. She will probably disappoint

"I do not think she will, Graham," said Mrs. Vannoy, confidently. "If I command her respect, she will take kindly to my teaching. I have faith in Anne's common sense. She can be taught the difference between good housekeeping and slipshod methods. Graham, a strong boy can serve you. Mrs. Marct tells me that her Jamie is overwhelmingly anxious to learn 'the doctor's trade.

" "Trade!" That lanky, green boy!" eried Dr. Vannoy.

"I am speaking of a neglected, ambitious lad whose parents consider him the ugly duckling in their broad of to Jamie. We had better have Anne and Jamie here soon. I have time now to spend in looking after them a bit." "Of course, Molly, you'll have your way. Twe no faith in your succeed-

"Only wait-wait, Graham, and see,"

urged the wife. lady" wore a similar dress.

"You see, Anne," said Mrs. Vannoy, "it makes every difference the way housekeepers go about work. The wise woman who wants to keep tidy every day wears in the kitchen gowns and aprons easily laundried." "Shall I eat at the table with the

forget I'm not a common servant." dined there Master Willie performed that duty. He was proud, too, of be-

ing able to serve without making ounecessary noise. Minnie Jaynes considers it one of her accomplishments." "I shouldn't think the richest man in Wingate would let his girl do such work. I thought Minnie Jaynes took

her musical talent. But she is ambitions to become a really good housekeeper and home-maker. To do this, one needs to begin at the beginning. It's an art to be able to serve a dinner correctly," explained Anne's mistress.

reluctantly.

looked his willingness to serve the doctor faithfully. When winter advanced, Dr. Vannoy's practice in creased to a degree which necessitated his absence from home many evenings. He said regretfully:

"Molly, do abandon this night school of yours. Since Anne has shown a your work was paid."

ham," advised Mrs. Vannoy. "Jamie and Anne are worth the little I do for

During the ensuing two years Anne Bolyn, a pure blonde, grew into a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother oc-

but I must spare him soon. The boy is too bright to remain here longer. Can you look up a successor?" "I think so, Graham," replied Mrs. Vannoy, thoughtfully. "I must spare Anne, too. My old teacher needs a utility girl, one who will earn board

and tuition in the girls' school at Corry. She will give Anne vocal les-"Graham, would you have me selfish-

"No, my dear, only you receive no re-"I shall receive the very highest re-

ties. I have a second maid in view al-"I have no doubt, Molly, that you will continue keeping a preparatory

"So long as I am able to conduct

will get a home for Willie and me." Marjorie is a nice girl. She dis anxions to become papa's housekeeper. She

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yourself, my boy?" inquired Dr. Vannoy, when Patrick Planket, Jamie's successor, reported for duty. "A dentist, sor, by 'n'by. I hopes ye'll give me the helpin' hand if I'm

"Well, we'll see, Patrick. Don't forget that Jamie has spoiled my horses. by petting them," said Dr. Vannoy, In time Mr. Moran returned to Win-

gate, and a winsome, happy Marjorie became "papa's houseke-per." Patrick Plunkett gained confidence also in his own ability to be somebody. "Our ungrateful servants have given

us the opportunity to look up success sors. Here's my second boy, Patrick Plunket, off to the dental college just when I find him of value to me," complained Dr. Vannoy, with a twinkle in his eye. New maids and new boys continued

to enter the Vannoys' service and to leave their kind employers, until twenty-five years went by. Much had happened during that time. When young Dr. James Maret sought an opening, Dr. Vannoy's increased practice enabled him to take him as a partner. Anne Bolyn, while paying her way through college, continued her friendship with Jamic. "Another going agiev of your plans.

quite as well off in every respect as you were when I married you, and now we are very comfortable," replied Mrs. Vannoy, placidly. On the noon of Mrs. Vannoy's fiftieth

listened to Jamie's wooing. Jamie is

tered her parlors. "Graham," cried Mrs. Vonnoy, "it is

Patrick, David, Paul, Sylvia, Rachel and the others!" "It was Anne's idea, this wholesale invasion," explained Dr. Maret. "Size has spent three months in locallogyour ex-masts and boys, who each

"Molly," eried Dr. Vannoy, "you are responsible for great deal. Here are eight men and seven women who were once members of your training selecal. Patrick Plunket is making more money than I am. Otto Baum thinks he will go to the legislature. Jamie expects to step in my shoes. Do you notice, Mrs. Vannoy, Sylvia Moore's fine gown? You never owned such a gown. You never will, since she married a successful business man and you murried a poor young doctor. Your papels do you credit. Kuchel Dane has netually chosen my profession: Dr. Rachel Dane. permit me to congratulate you and wish you success! There isn't a failure in the number. But, Molly, I can't for-

get that your maids were in baste to leave your service." "Graham, not one left me until an opportunity"-"Exactly! and when an opports-

nity to enter another training school presented itself, you were left lament-"Not lamenting, but glad that my pupils were so apt. At any rate, my maids tarried with me quite as long as

"A true word you said, dearie! The ungrateful fellows developed aspirations in no time, and away they scampered. Such a state of affairs is only possible in a democratic country, where the pluckiest people climb to the top of the ladder. I note with pleasure that our guests have brought with them suggestive baskets. Suppose we

begin the banquet." Dr. Vannoy viewed with pride the company of self-reliant men and women, each occupying a creditable place in the work-a-day world. His beart thrilled with pride as he looked upon her as the dearest, wisest, most patient

Mrs. Vannoy looked her impoiness. The childless wife had not in the beginning planned work by any set ideas. Being a born teacher, possessing the ability to stimulate and being out each one's best, the natural result followed, and Dr. Vannoy, despite his teasing, proved an able assistant in the home training school.-Waverly

Utility of the Cycle. "We have all seen men run for a train," said a traveler; "the other day senger car came along and the bicyclist stepped aboard, a winner."

Hindoo Superstition. A spectacle was witnessed at Madara India, which shows how little "the progress of education" has as yet affeeted the ideas of the people. To propitiate the goddess to whose malignity the dearth of rain is, according to Hindoo superstition, attributed, the barbarous practice of "hook-swinging" was revived. Iron books were pushed through the skin of the man's back who had consented to be the victim in this hideous rite. A rope was fastened to the hooks, and by this the wretched fanatic was hoisted into the air. Thus:

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### KANAKA PECULIARITIES.

Strange Expressions of Insanity in

with a day's heavy washing in full "Here," said Dr. Webb, the visiting stysician, who at one time had been a the staff of Blackwell's island peaks English very nearly as well as on or I; now ask him any questions

"How old are you?" "I shall be fifty-four on the 29th of

"I did, sir; made it last night, and

made that sun?"-that boiling, broiling "I did," said Taurekka, "and it was he hottest day's work I ever hadburned my fingers so I couldn't make

"What is particularly curious about the matter is," he added, "that though in their faith as though he had said: "I he doesn't always give the same num ber of consonant sounds, he never varies the order of those he makes use of. For example, he may at one time say b, c, d, f and g, while at another has made everything, but because he time, although he again wishes to carved up the mate of his ship when reach g, he will only use d, f and g. he mate said there was too much sait but he will never use c. f, b and g, or any other mis-sequence. This is all the All through this talk a booming more curious because he persists in ound had made itself heard like the saying that he has never learned the alphabet, our A. B. C. I mean, and he is

"Is that a noise of the country?" I asked at last, wearied at its persist-"No." said the doctor, "that noise be-I certainly did, and there at the

amn of tense cords and swollen veins, while inside it must have been made of triple brass. "San-n-n-ku lirang koti natuna!" he "San n-noku lirang bulangan!" with

"Bulangan kodakala!" the hands

hills of the west. No one-with an exception-seemed o heed the brazen-tongued orator of Sarawak, and, although there were a lozen men near by, they paid no more lid to the breeze from the Pali, so wrapped up was each in the exaggerited self-absorption of insanity. The exception was a Japanese, an athlete who had at one time been a star at the kwong-hi theater in San Francisco. He had not such a gladiatorial torso as the oratorical Dyak, but his arms and egs Dr. Sargent would consider splendid, and on these four shapely and incwy spokes, with his trunk for hub, he would go turning "cartwheels," or handsprings, all over the grounds, up the hills as easily as went the king of France, and down the hills as rapidly

as tumbled the unsympathetic Jill.

Most of the time his gyrations led him

An Iceboat Adventure on the

day out by Diamond head, but how he

ontory a fierce wind swept and howled down the broad, frozen surface of the Susquehanna. Here and there it lifted the white patches of snow and drove them forward in swirling, mist-like clouds. Such a gale was rarely known at this time of year. It had been blowing all day and showed no signs of

Ten to one we won't be able to manage the boats. We'll be blown into some of the big air holes that lie between here and Halifax." "No danger," replied Phil. "The

The wind may drop over night. It will "You're making a big fuss about nothing," replied Phil, half angrily. "It's a shame to disappoint every one. I guess you're afraid the Elf will beat

Andy is afraid we'll be blown down to Amid the confusion a plump, rosy cheeked little lad, about nine years old,

"Take me for a ride on your iceboat, Phil," he pleaded. "Just a little one. Phil shook his head. He was not in

and the scratching and calling went on at a lightning rate, the "dlk" falling over the "mzz," and that stumbling over the "rrrr" until with a sibilant "yzh" he leaped on his "yes, sah" and The asylum had evidently been a pri vate residence at some time, for at about a hundred paces from the house stood a small grove of shade trees, in the midst of which was a deep, cool bathing pond, grass-grown to the very edge and with one corner a blaze of crimson water-lilies. From the pond, as we drew near, there came the sound of much blowing and splashing in it, and as we came to the edge we saw a big fat Chinaman wallowing and tumbling about over and over again like a sea pig. There was nothing remark able about this, of course, because tak ing your bath is one of the necessitie of the climate, but this fellow was taking his bath with his clothes on, even to his hat and boots. After disporting himself for some few minutes longer, until he and the water were alike thick with yellow mud, he clambered out with much commotion and immediately proceeded to strip himself. His wet and filthy clothes he laid very careful-

At first there was wild excitement. The crowd ran out on the ice. No one knew what to do or what to suggest clothes on again and take another I'hil was the picture of despair and remorse. He started madly after the boat, but seeing the folly of ithe turned

mined to save Dick or perish with Meanwhile the Elf encountered some rough ice and fell a little behind. This made Andy's chances brighter. The next minute was full of horror and suspense. The two iceboats rushed madly on, one headed straight for the air holes, the other striving to cross above it. Dick saw the peril now, and his shrill cries echoed far on the air. Audy waved his hand cheerily. He

only twenty feet from the brink of the air-hole the Alfratta dashed obliquely across the bow of the Eit. There was a crash and a quiver, and that quickly. Andy snatched little Dick and dragged him from his place of peril. The Elf swung about, and ground

"There's nothing to forgive," said Andy. "I'm only sorry the Elf is lost. We can't have that race now."-Chi-

became applied to articles of furniture intended for literary purposes is rather curious. It was the custom in the days when writing was done on parchment,

## THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

The Good Work Accomplished by Wnen Graham Vannoy and Molly

young man and woman, were married "Molly, you have no maid. I have no man. Even a poor young physician with a practice scattered over a good bit of country must keep horses and a man. How shall we manage the ex-

Dense?" "I have selected my maid-one of your poor patient's young daughters Anne is fifteen, healthy and intelligent, and I mean to make even homely duties attractive to her. A mistress may be companionable with her maid, and yet not descend to being familiar and contidential."

"You are planning, Molly, to be a household missionary," said Dr. Vannoy, laughing

"I am planning, Graham," said the little woman, earnestly, "not to miss an opportunity to arouse in our servants an ambition to do their very best. Anne will serve me better when she finds I have a real and kindly interest in her affairs. We shall get along nicely. Oh, you doubting Thomas! you are questioning my ability to arouse in her a wholesome ambition to serve well."

seven. Why not try Jamie?" said Mrs. Vannoy, persuasively. "He has no encouragement at home to make the slightest effort to attain anything desirable. He will care for your horses, burgy and office for small pay, his board, and the help you may give him in preparing for college. Sarely, Gra-ham, when you remember the hardships you endured to gain a medical education, you are willing to lend a hand

Anne Bolyn accepted without a demur the uniform provided by Mrs. Vanmov, when she noted that the "doctor's

doctor and you, Mis' Vannoy?" inquired Anne. "Maw says I mustn't "Some one must wait on the table," replied Mrs. Vannoy, calmly. "In the Jaynes family, the three daughters take turns in waiting. Once when I

music lessons," commented Anne. "Minnie's friends are quite proud of

"I s'pose maw won't mind my waitin' on table when I tell her Minnie Jaynes waits, too," replied Anne, Jamie Maret's expressive blue eyes

wish to study, you must be sorely taxed by hearing recitations and directing your students. In the schoolroom "Spare your pity until I need it, Gra-

casionally instilled into her soul a slight rebellion-a distrust of the kindly mistress, who, with vare patience and tact, speedily righted matters at such "My dear," said Dr. Vannoy, "James has become almost invaluable to me.

sons if'-"Aha, Molly, your trained help"ly keep Anne in my service when this chance has come to her?"

ward if Anne improves her opportuni-

one," said Mollie, laughing. "Only yesterday Sailor Moran's Marjory said to me: 'I do wish I knew how to do things as Anne does them. When I am able to keep house and not spend more money than papa can earn in Wingate, he need not go to sea. He | deities.

will have a motive to do her best." "And what do you expect to make of

desarvin," responded Patrick, brightly.

Molly," said Dr. Vannov, handing his wife some wedding cards. "You've planned a musical career for Anne Bolyn. The young woman, after six years of close application to study. settles down in a cozy cottage with my young partner, who has his fortune yet "I'm not disappointed that Anne

hirthday, a company of well-dressed men and women unceremoniously en-

realize the debt of gratitude they owe

your boys remained with you."

his wife's sweet, placid face. He valued and unselfish woman in the world.

I saw a man make a break for one on a bicycle. We had halted at a station. from which a straight level road ran back at a right angle to the rallroad. At a considerable distance up that road we saw a man coming on a bicycle. A man afoot couldn't have got anywhere near us from that distance, and it didn't seem as though the man on the wheel could get within rods of us, but he came down the street whizzing. When he had got about half the distance the conductor gave the signal to start, and the engineer sounded the whistle and started the train. It was astonishing how fast the man on the wheel was coming now. There was a broad level space around the station. The bievelist swept over this in a great curve that landed him alongside the baggage car. Dismounting, he lifted his wheel up to the waiting bands of the baggagemaster; a fraction of a second later the steps of the first pas-

he remained "swinging" for upwards of an hour, his agonies being regarded as a welcome offering to the offended