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VOLUME XXVIII.

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The Harpooner's Story.

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Respectfully yours, 'Allen Y, Wingate.

The Trooper's Experience.

The Trooper's Experience.

The Trooper's Experience.

Masser, Baustoland S. Africa, Marchi. 1893.

Dr. J. C. Ayen & Co.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Europeanilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live to tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldte-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarasparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am how quite well.

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GENTS WATTED by an old redship for throught, and opportunity. Geo. A "set, 842 Broadway, A. Y.

A UATO LESSUN.

Bend to the breeze, 'tis the lesson the Teach as each day in their lowly estate: Hetter to bend weath the sterm as it passes Than to be broken by pitiess fate.

Bend but a little, the cloud will p is over. Then in the luff you can lift up your head. Straighten yourselves like the grass and the

Better be bruised and be living, than dead Stand like a rock". That may do for a hero. toward with mail, and well used to his Itus there are mortals, too many, as we

Weakened by failure, coerced by a glance. Noter give up." It is easy to say it. When all your weapons in order are found: Courage grows fast when we need not dis-

All can be brave when the fions are bound Nothing succeeds like success," that is cer-True as the gospel in these latter days Put out the footlights, and ring down the If you have nothing that people must

Bend to the breeze. 'Tis the lesson the Teach to to-day: 'tis a lesson of love: Hend till the steem of adversity passes. And the glass summing is once more above -Clara B. Heath, in Good Houskeeping.

### BEAVER.

The Story of Capt. Lawson's Intelligent Canine Messenger.

"I don't at all like the idea of moving away off up here to Westford, said Mother Lawson, as she stepped briskly about, putting the long kitchen, that was also parlor, bedroom and hall, in order, so that the new home might have a cozy look when the tire I family drew up about the bountifully spread supper table.

"Why mother," laughed her daughter Ruby, turning about from her work in front of the glowing fire, "our neighbors up here in Westford all will say: 'I want to know if you used to live away off down in Willington? and I have no doubt you will soon grow into the same manner of speech.

"Perhaps I shall," replied Mother Lawson, cheerfully: "I have tearned in my many years of life that home i home, whether it is in one Connecticut hill town or another. If daughter Lucy lived near by, as she did when we were on the old farm. I shouldn't at so much; or if we were on th same turnpike, where people are all the time driving and teeming, so that we could send word back and forth But there she is, down there on the Hartf-rd and Providence, and here we are on the Hartford and Beston, and on the cross roads between us there is no mail route, no stage route, no regular teams. We must drive the dozen miles on purpose every time we hear from poor daughter Lucy, all alone, without a relalive near her, away off down there in Willington."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Ruby; "who would ever have expected the dear woman to so soon fall into Westford ways? Do you hear her. James? Bless me, what is the boy thinking of? This is no time to go off into a brown study or to write a Latin exercise for Parson Loomis to correct."

"This is no Latin exercise," replied James, who in later years became an eminent scholar. "This is a little enterprise upon which Beaver and I are about entering. I do the writing and Beaver does the carrying. Here, Benver, good dog, Beaver! Do you understand, old fellow? Do you see this? and he showed the large, handsome shepherd dog that stood by, wagging his bushy tail, a small, leather money bag. "Do you see this paper, Beaver: I have written a message upon it to Lucy. I have told her that we have arrived away up here in Westford safe and sound, and that Ruby is frying flapjacks for supper, and that mother is worrying about her, as a matter of course, and I finished up by begging

her to write and tell us how she is, and send the letter back by you." The bright-faced lad put the carefully folded paper in the little bag. and tied it by a strong hempen cord about the intelligent creature's neck. "Now, Beaver, you must go as quick ly as you can and earry this to Lucy." Opening the door, Beaver trotted out in very important fashion, and James

repetited: "Go, Beaver! Go!" "He will go a good deal!" laughed Ruby, who was always laughing. "He would be as likely to obey if you told him to chop an armful of wood

and bring it in.' "You will see," replied the lad, closing the door. "Beaver is no common dog; he understands a great deal of my talk to him. He will pass the night in Willington with sister Lucy, and will return to us to-morrow with a let-

"Strange Beaver don't come back," said unbelieving Ruby over and over, during the evening, and she even sat up mutil far into the night momentarily expecting to hear the familiar bark

of the favorite dog at the door. He did not come, however, and she arose in the morning convinced that he considered himself sent away for some reason, and that they should never see the fine old fellow again. "He will get home by dinner time," said James, and, sure enough, about noon he came trotting screnely in,

wagging his tail and barking sharply to express his joy. James opened the little leather bag, finding, as he expected, a note from

"I cried all day after watching you out of sight," it said, "and you don't cnow how glad I was to see Beaver when he came barking at the door early in the evening. Your letter was a great comfort, for I had no idea of hearing from you for a week at least. I shall not feel half so forlorn now, for a dog that will fetch a bone will carry one, they say, and we can write as

often as we please." They did write often, you may be sure, and Capt. Lawson's Beaver, with the little leather wallet suspended beneath his white throat, came to be a further sight to the dwellers in the tarmhouses all along the pleasant country way that stretched between the two great turnpikes.

The old residents say that in the fore part of the present century there were ten taverns between Daleville, in Willington, and Westford hill. At all of these houses of entertainment New England rum was sold, and refreshment for man and beast could be pro-

Beaver had no occasion to call at any of these places, neither did he hunt for squirrels and woostchucks along the way. He attended strictly to his business of mail carrier, and exchanged very few compliments with his ensine acquaintances who saluted him with a cordial bow-wow as he trotted past their abiding places.

This went on for several months, and then one winter day Mother Lawson was taken suddenly and violently ill. Capt. Lawson and James were away, and merry Ruby knew not what to do.

"It I only could send to Willington for Dr. Skinner I should be thunkful indeed. Beaver!" she said to the old dog, who from one corner of the hearth was very gravely taking note of his mistress' distress, "I might send old Jerry, who is entting wood at the door, to be sure, but he would call so long at every tavern in turn that he would never get to the end of the journey! Do you hear, Beaver! 1 want to have Dr. Skinner come to see poor mother. Of course, you don't know Dr. Skinner from any of the other friends who call here. Poor old dog. You know enough to go for Lucy, and that is what you shall do." Taking a slip of paper she wrote upon

"DEAR LUCY Mother is very sick. Get Dr. Skinner here just as quickly as you can.

"RUBY." "There, Beaver! Go. Beaver!" she said, and closing the door, she returned to her herb teas and hot water applications.

"The old doctor can't get here until sundown, at the quickest," she said, and it is not high noon."

What was her surprise, therefore, when, in little more than an hour after Beaver started out, the skillful physician cantered up on his fleet gray horse, with Beaver following close at

"Now, this beats all," said the old man, entering the house, saddle bags in hand. "It certainly beats all that I ever heard of. I was just turning up to Col. Britt's tavern to get me a little drop of something hot-for it is an amazin' chilly air-and the old dog came along, running like a streak, and headed me off. 'Go long about your business, Beve.' I said: 'Lucy is waiting for her letter.' But he answered, in as plain dog talk as ever I heard. that he was after Dr. Skinner. So I made bold to tell Col. Britt when he came out to see what all this box wowing was about to open the little leather bag and see what message was inside. But the old dog showed the whole length and width of his teeth in such a way that the colonel retreated forthwith, and upon that Heaver opened his conversation again at me. So I got off my horse, as much out of curiosity as anything else, and, if you will believe me, he raised no ob ection to my finding and reading the etter, and, sure enough, there I found in black and white that Dr. Skinner

was wanted. "However, before I started up here I put the bag on Beaver's neck again and told him to go to large with it. but he would not budge an inch in any direction excepting this."

"I told him he couldn't be expected to know Dr. Skinner," said Ruby, laughing and crying in the same breath, and sitting down on the white floor to hug the intelligent dog, while the doctor took charge of her patient. Mother Lawson recovered and Beaver's praises rang far and wide all about the country side.

The fine old dog lived several years after that episode and died of old age. lamented by many friends and admirers. I had this story from one of the family, who was my neighbor, and it is all true but the names.-Mrs Annie A. Preston, in Springfield Republican.

#### A REASONABLE REQUEST. She Thought She Would Take Her Husbund's Advice.

"I don't see as this butter we get from the creamatory is much better than cow's butter," said Mrs. Vancover, one morning at the breakfast

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Vancover. excitedly.

"I say I don't think the creamatory butter is a bit better than any other. "My dear," replied Mr. Vancover, rying to calm himself, "do you know what a crematory is?" "No: not unless it is where they

make oleomargarine." "Well, my love, I will inform you. A crematory is a place where dead

"O, gracious!" "A place where dead bodies are burned to askes, and the askes carried home in a jar and stored away among the family archives.

"You are thinking of a pickle creamery, darling, but don't for heaven's sake ever get on this subject again in the presence of any of our friends. Don't do it for my sake, will you. love?"

And she said she would be eternally cremated if she would .- Tammany

His Striking Feature. A certain judge who is blessed with a tremendous head of hair, which is generally in a state of wild disorder. was questioning a youthful witness, to make sure that he comprehended the character and importance of the eath ne was about to take. "Boy," he said, with his severest and most magisterial manner, "do you feel sure that you could identify me after six months. Now be eareful. Think before you speak." "Well, your honor," replied the boy, after a prolonged survey of the judge's portly figure and rugged features, "I ain't sure, but I think I could if you wasn't to comb your hair.'

A Confusing Clause. A famous London will bequeathed "all my black and white horses" to a

certain devisee. After the lawyers had wrangled to determine whether all the black horses and all the white ones were meant, or only the piebald, or black-and-white ones, a witness testified that all the horses of the dead man were mares, and the confusion was worse confounded.

-Minnie-"Here is a story about a girl who refused to marry a man because his complexion didn't match her hair." Mamie-'Goodness. The silly thing must have thought that married time."-Indianapolis Journal.

### HE NAMED THE TOWN. A Choking Indian Responsible for Keo-

kuk's Peculiar Cognomen. "Just been out in Keokuk. Hottest place in Iowa." said a weary traveler the other day. "Wonder why they have such towns on the map. Only place there that appears to do any business is the steam laundry. What does the name Keokuk mean, anyway?"

"Indians named it." said a traveling man, in the rotunda. "Wish they had forgotten to," sighed

the weary way farer. "Ever hear how it came about?" asked the drummer.

"Never," replied the traveler, as he sank, exhausted, into a chair. "Well, it was in this way," said the commercial man, sitting down. "Years ago a lone Indian walked across the plains looking for game and trouble He shot a prairie chicken, built a fire near the river and cooked his bird on what is now the site of Keokuk." "Was this in the summer time?"

asked the traveler. "It was," said the drummer. "Don't see why he needed a fire to

cook a chicken, then,' "Never mind about that. He cooked his chicken and proceeded to demolish it. As he sat upon the river bank engaged in this pleasing pastime it suddenly occurred to him that some day there might be a great city built where he was sitting.

"The red man was fooled," said the traveler

"Well," continued the drummer, not heeding the interruption. "he thought to give that great city a name, and he crose, the chicken still in his hand, and prepared to register the name with the vinds of heaven. Just then a bone stuck in his throat and all he could say was 'Ke-o-kuk.' " Then the two men clinched and the

#### porter pulled them apart. TREE MINES.

A Curious Industry of Southern Asia-Logs Excellent for Coffins. One of the most curious industries in the world is the business of mining for offin planks which is carried on in pper Tonquin, a portion of the French sessessions in southeastern Asia. In a ertain district in this province there exists a great underground deposit of ogs, which were probably the trunks of trees engulfed by an earthquake or ne other convulsion of nature at a

omparatively recent period. The trees, says the Youth's Companon, are a species of pine known to the catives, and also to some extent to Euopean commerce, as nam-hou. The wood is almost imperishable, and has be quality, either through its nature or as the result of its soujourn under ground, of resisting decay from damp. his quality makes it particularly valtable for the manufacture of coffins, nd for this purpose it is largely exorted to Europe. The trees are often a yard in diame-

er. They are buried in sandy earth t a depth of from two to eight yards. and are due up by native labor as de mand is made for them.

In many other places in the world rees are found underground in a very fair state of preservation. In Vermont certain meadows, which now are ultivated every year, are known to be underlaid with great masses of logs which were brought down and deposited n great jams in floods within the recallection of living men, and left where they were. In the course of time the interstices between the logs filled up with earth and all were covered over evenly with more earth and vegetable growth.

Whenever any of those buried logs are dug up they are found to be in a surprisingly good state of preservation; but the business of "mining" them has not yet become an industry.

#### STORY OF THROCKMORTON. How He Obtained a Verdict for a Client in a Texas Court.

The late Gov. Throckmorton, of Texas, was once engaged in the defense f a man accused of murder. The evience against his client, says Kate field's Washington, was too strong to e overcome by any plea except that of elf defense; but the man killed was in is shirt sleeves at the time, and no one had seen him with a weapon exposed. Mr. Throckmorton at the proper june ture of affairs suddenly pulled off is coat and waistcoat and, turning around so that the jury could see every side of him, inquired whether, in their adgment, he was armed or not. The inswer in the negative was unanimous. With a knowing smile Mr. Throckmorin proceeded to draw from under his ft arm one pistol, another from under daright, one from each of his boots, and, finally, a huge bowie-knife from under his shirt at the back of his neck. As he laid the weapons in a row on the able, he said: "You, see, gentlemen, although in my shirt sleeves, it was not afe to consider me unarmed." The ounsel for the prosecution knew from that moment that their case was gone.

The Doctor's Eash Promise. This is a true tale, and it points a moral. A physician of this city had freated a certain gentleman and was asked the question: "How much do I

owe you?" "Three dollars," said the physician. But when the patient drew forth a ten dollar gold piece the healer looked chapfallen, and asked, anxiously: Have you no change?" "No," was the answer. "Only this

and two nickels." "Then give me the two nickels," said the physician, "for if I take the gold I shall be seven dollars out."

The unhappy man had rashly promised his wife that all the gold taken in by him in the discharge of his calling should be his wife's perquisite.-Lousville Courier-Journal.

Queen Victoria's statue in Madras was recently marked in a way that was supposed to indicate a spirit of rebellion on the part of the Hindoos, but it appears now that the marks are such is they put on the statues of their deities and that they were made purely in a spirit of worship. The queen, indeed, seems to be highly venerated in India. Her life has been translated into nearly all of the almost innumerable dialects of India, and in Madras the natives sometimes burn incense and break cocoanuts before her statue people had to be together most of the as they would before the shrine of a deity.

## INCOMES IN ENGLAND.

Wealthy Men Not So Numerous as in America.

Notwithstanding Which the Wealth of This Country Is More Evenly Distributed Facts Gleaned from Figures.

If the evidence of the British government returns showing the number of persons assessed for the income tax is trustworthy the number of very rich people in the United Kingdom is small. Only 250,000 subjects of the queen confess to an annual income of over \$1,000 a year derived from trades or professions. The whole number of them who live on the scale represented by a family income above the \$1,000 mark, derived from any source, is set down at about 2,000,000, or one in nineteen of the population. In other words, says the Baltimore Sun, not more than a per cent, of the inhabitants of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland are living in the moderately well-to-do state, implied by a family income of \$20 per week. Going up in the scale of incomes we learn from these official returns that 122,000 British families, aggregating 615,000 persons, are all who are in receipt of incomes of \$1,500 a year and over. Commenting on these figures the Westminster Gazette says of the limits of wealth and income in the realm of Victoria: "The possession of what is ordinarily termed a modest income, of anything, in fact, above £150 (or \$750) is a rare stroke of fortune. which comes to very few in this world. while the chance of becoming a Crosus is so wildly remote that it will hardly enter into the calculations of a reasonable man." It appears that about 5,000 persons in the whole United Kingdom have incomes of over \$25,000 a year. Gen. Booth some time since took servant girl census of London and found that only 94,000 houses in that city hired any servants at all, and that in one-half of that number there was only one maid-of-all work employed. And this in the richest city of the country, containing one-ninth of its entire

population. Making due allowance for the fact that Britishers, like mankind generally, can be trusted not to overstate their incomes for purposes of taxation, it is still evident that the wealth of this country is not only greater than that of Great Britain, but that it is better distributed. Far more American families than British have incomes exceeding any given figure above \$1,000 a year. As against the 5,000 British families with incomes of \$25,000 a year or larger, the famous tabulation made by Thomas G. Shearman shows that there are more than twice as many American families possessing that degree of wealth. These Shearman figures have not been disputed by anybody, and, if true, they show that at least 40,000 American families, or 2,000,000 persons. live on a level of comfort represented by an income of \$2,000 a year or more. as against the same number living on the \$1,000 a year plane in England. It is estimated that 85,000 persons will be called upon in this country to pay the new income tax on incomes exceeding \$4,000 a year. The British parliamentary returns indicate that this is three times as many persons as are assessed over that figure by the queen's tax collectors. On the whole it seems safe to conclude that the average incomes of families in the United States are still higher than in the most favored, or at any rate the best governed, country in Europe. Wealth is still distributed more evenly here than anywhere alsein the world.

#### ALL HAD SEEN HARD LUCK. The Actor and the Man Who Rents Out-

done by the Dry Goods Clerk. "I think," said the actor, "that the toughest luck I ever ran against was when I was playing Lorenzo in a comic opera company which I prefer shall be nameless for reasons of my own. We had an engagement at a pavilion in a summer garden. It was a good engagement, too, and we went out there with our hearts as full of hope as our pockets. were empty of money. It happened. though, that we struck one of those nasty cold summer months. This was the coldest that I ever saw. It was positively arctic. But the place was popular and a lot of people came on the first night. Show was a dead frost, though, and we had to walk back." "Didn't the people like it?" asked the

Buffalo Express man. "Couldn't tell. You see, there was a big crowd, but it was so blamed cold that they all wore ear-muffs and

couldn't hear the gags." "Huh," said the man who rents, "that ain't a marker to the luck I had to-day. Here I am a man with a sick wife and a lot of other things on my hands, and when I got home to-day I found that it would be absolutely impossible for me to stay there any longer All there is to it, I've got to move. When you think that my wife is flat on her back, you will realize what an affliction that is. Fve got to move; think

"Well," inquired the reporter, "what have you got to do that for? Shy on the rent?" "No: I'm not shy on the rent, but a

lot of my old creditors found the place

the other day, and there's nothing to do but get out of their way." "You fellows make me laugh," said the dry goods clerk. "You actually make me laugh. You talk as if you knew what hard luck really is. Why,

you ain't in it with me! I had a job as floor walker that paid methirty dollars a week. Part of my duties were to paint the signs used so extensively in the store. Talways was handy with a brush, you know. I had a big sign to paint for the candy counter last Wednesday. It was to read 'Fresh To-day,' meaning some particular kinds of candies. I painted it, but an infernal imp of a boy who worked in the store painted another just like it that read 'Fresh Toddy' and hung it in place of mine. The highly moral head of the firm had a fit when he saw it and fired me without giving a chance for an explanation.

-Statistics show the all occupations that expose the person to dust predispose to tuberculosis, and that persons who follow sedentary occupations are likewise predisposed to the disease. Those who live out doors are almost entirely free from it. Contagion, especially due to floating germs, seems to explain these facts sufficiently.

## HAD ENOUGH OF SUBSTITUTES.

Homemade Bootblacking and the Embar-

rassment it Caused a Texas Woody.

Some gentlemen were discussing current topics in the lobby of the St. George the other evening, when hopfenweiss, the new prohibition substitute for beer, was drawn into the discussion, says the Baltimore News. Some had tried the new drink and pronounced it equal in point of flavor to the genuine article, and various opinions were exchanged relative to the right of persons to sell it in local option communities. "I am not competent to venture an opinion upon that phase of the question," said one of the party, "but as a rule the man who monkeys with substitutes usually comes to grief in one way or another. At any rate, that is my experience, and I will give you a ease in point. In the early days of Texas, when few of the modern conveniences that we now enjoy were obtainable. I was living in the country. working on a farm. A man named Brown lived near my father's, Well. one day I learned that a couple of young ladies were visiting Mr. Brown and family. Of course, now, I would have to go over and see the young ladies. I had a tolerable good suit of clothes, but my shoes were considerably worn, and never having come in contact with blacking, very miturally were tough and unpleasant to the sight. So I set about trying to hit upon schemes whereby I could improve the complexion of my shoes. Finally an idea struck me and I smiled triumphantly as I congratulated myself on my shrewdness. I would take some soot from the chimney, use molasses as a vehicle, as the druggists say, and polish up my shoes with the compound. The soot would certainly make the shoes black enough and the molasses would hold it on. Capital idea. Therefore I got to work and soon had my

substitute ready and applied to the "The effect was not to say artistic. but it made the shoes black, and that was the end I sought to achieve. A short walk soon brought me to our neighbor's, where the girls were visiting, and on my arrival I was invited into the room which did service as a parlor. The young ladies and I had exchanged a few compliments, relative to the weather when I unconsciously shifted my foot on the floor. Then my heart sank within me and I cursed the upper hand of me and I monkeyed with substitutes, for when I moved my foot a swarm of flies filled the room and roused like bees. They had been after the molasses on my shoes, and the shifting of my foot had put them to flight. I felt that my face was getting unbecomingly red and my nerve began to fail me, but I made a heroic effort to renew the conversation and stand my ground. But it was useless, I could see that the girls were all but dying to laugh, and reenforcements of flies were constantly appearing upon the scene. They roared and buzzed and fought each other for first place on my shoes. Directly I heard Mrs. Brown from the other room say: "Johnnie, I think I hear the bees swarming. Go out and see about them. That was too much, and, gathering up my hat. I bade the young ladies a hurried goodday and departed, enveloped in a halo of flies as big as a balloon. As Lebes I the gate behind me I heard Johnnie shout: 'Maw, the bees ain't a swarmin'; they're after that young feller what just left here. He's been stealin' honey and they're after him about it. Wush they'd sting the triffin' rascal to death, I do.' No. gentlemen, no substitutes for me, please. The bare mention of them makes my hair pull."

### FIRST STRIKE ON RECORD.

Roman Flute Players, B. C. 300, Successfully Resented Exclusion from a Banquet. Livy, in his famous book, "The Anonls," ix., 30, relates in the following suggestive words the story of a singular strike which occurred at Rome in the year 300 B. C., and was probably the first strike ever known: "That year occurred an event lit-

tle worthy of being related and which I would pass in silence had it not appeared as involving religion. The flute players, dissatisfied because the latest censors had forbidden them to take part in the sanquet in Jupiter's temple, according to the ancient custom, withdrew, every one of them, to Tibur, so that nobody was left at Rome to play during the sacrifices. This incident shocked the religious sentiment of the senate, and the senators sent messengers to invite the inhabitants of Tibur to make every effort in order that the players should be restored to the Romans. The Tiburtines, having promised not to neglect anything necessary for that purpose, caused the flute players to come to the place where the senate met and exhorted them to go back to Rome. Seeing that they could not prevail upon them to do so they employed a stratagem in keeping with their character. On a day of festival, under the pretext that music would increase the joy of the feast, every citizen invited the flute players individually to his house, and wine, of which people of that profession are usually fond, was given to them in such quantities that they fell into a deep sleep. They were thrown into wagons and transported to Rome. They only became aware of what had happened on the day after, when dawn surprised them lying on the earts. which had been left in the forum. A large crowd had assembled and they were induced to promise that they would remain at Rome. The right of attending the banquets was restored to these flute players."

### Camels as Draught Animals.

A substitution of camels as working animals for horses and oxen has been going on for a few years past in several provinces of Russia, and they are now comm n on many large estates and on smaller properties. They perform all the work in farming for which horses and oven are used as well as being efficient in transportation. A camel market has grown up at Orenburg, and the animals bring sixty or seventy roubles, or about thirty-five dollars, delivered at Kiev.

-When Princess Anne, afterward queen of England, was married she wore a headdress two yards high and three yards in circumference.

-Passenger elevators were in use in Paris in the seventeenth century under the name of "flying chairs,"

# vidual interest must be paid for as advertisments. Rock and Job Frinting of all kinds neatly and exertionary executed at the lowest prices. And don'tyou forget it.

Business items, first insertion, loc. per line ubsequent insertions, Sc. per line Administrator's and Executor's Notices. \$2.50 Auditor's Notices. 2.50 Stray and similar Notices. 2.00 & Resolutions or proceedings of any corpora-

tion or society and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited of indi-

Advertising Rates.

The large and relumble circulation of the Caw-naria Francian commences it to the favorable consideration of advertirers whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

#### EATING SNOWBALLS. A New Fad Enjoyed by the People at

column, 1 year ......

Washington. "Look yer, mister, put some more of that juice on dat, won't yer?" The speaker was an infantile representative of the class termed street arabs. He held in his hand a round ball, colored red, that might have been taken for a popeorn ball had not the lad shifted it measily from one hand to another, as if it were uncomfortable to hold, while drops of water trickled from the ball down through his grimy fingers. The person addressed was a typical Italian street vender, with all the peculiarities of his class. He did not heed the

youth's appeal, but began to repeat his monotonous cry: "Snowballs! Snowballs! One cent." Selling snowballs on the street in the most torrid portion of the hottest month of the year is a decided novelty, says the Washington News, and persons who have wearily remarked that there is nothing new under the sun will see something to think about if they will take their stand beside one of these carts at the curb and watch the ebb and flow of humanity that surges around them to obtain cooling relief from the hot and purched taste in the threat. It is a wenderful place in which to study human nature, and many a well-dressed, substantiallooking man has paused on the street to smile at the scenes enacted around one of these carts.

To the person who has heard the monotonous cry of the vender and who has never taken the pains to investigate, the ingredients of a "snowball" may be mysterious. Nevertheless, there is nothing more delightfully simple. The vender's stock in trade consists primarily of a big block of ice -the bigger the better. Next he has arranged along the front of the wagon a row of glistening bottles, with tops just like a Worcestershire sauce bottle These bottles, filled with various-hand liquors, contain nothing more than the fruit sirups that are in a soda fountain, only the vender's siraps are weak and diluted to the utmost degree. The third implement in the manufacture of snowballs is what is called a scraper. This looks very much like a lemon squeezer. It is simply an empty tin box with a handle. At the bottom of the box is a rough scraper. As the scraper is run swiftly over the ice shavings are taken off, and soon the box gives the compressed ice chips their ball shape. When the ball is taken out of the scraper the vender poises it gracefully in one hand and then begins to squirt sirup over it, as one would perfume on a hundkerchief. When the ball is duly colored it is turned over to the waiting purchaser, who grasps it eagerly and begins to suck it at a great rate. That is the whole transnestion, and a ball can be made in less

than ten seconds. It is a peculiar sight to see a vender surrounded by a dozen children, of all colors, races and nationalities, each penderously sucking a snowball and gazing at him with great owl eyes. wondering how long this one will last and where they can get another.

#### THE LIVE WIRE DID NOT KILL. A Workman Resuscitated After Sustaining a Shock of 4,500 Volts.

A few months ago a sensation was created by the assertion of D'Arsonval, the French expert on electrophysiology, that the electric current, as applied to condemned criminals for purposes of electrocution, did not kill but only suspended the vitality of the subject operated upon. He maintained that all those who had apparently been electrocuted had died, not from the effects of the current, but by the knives of the physicians who made the autopsy, and he dared the American physicians to try to resuscitate the next criminal who was subjected to the death-dealing current. The challenge was, according to the St. Louis Hobe-Democrat, discreetly ignored by the authorities interested in this country, but an instance of the restoration of a person apparently electrocuted has just occurred, which can only be taken in the light of an absolute confirmation of M. d'Arsonval's theory. In such cases M. d'Arsonval insists that the same treatment should be triedwith the object of inducing the lungs to recommence their normal respiratory functions-as that for restoring the vitality of the apparently drowned. A workman at the St. Denis generating station was putting up a telephone wire. While scated at his bracket he inadvertently touched a wire on the main transmission line and instantly had forty-five hundred volts through his body. It was some minutes before the current could be cut off, and it was three-quarters of an hour before he could be got down from the bracket. Artificial respiration was immediately tried. In two hours the man could talk, and he is now apparently none the worse for the accident.

Most travelers while in London pay a risit to "London stone." This historic tone is oblong in shape, of a grayish solor, and is imbedded in the slabs of the Candation of St. Swithin's church which is situated right in the heart of he city. This stone was crecied by the Romans half a century before the birth of the Saviour as the central milestone of point of their possession, in Britain, From it all reads, divisions of property and distances throughout the province were measured. It has been recognized as the heart of England from which all its arteries flowed by every historian or antiquary known to English literature. A feeling has always existed among Englishmen about this stone which was not altogether superstition. that as all distances were reckoned from it so it was in a certain way the

#### base of the stability of England. England's Flowers.

Of the 4,300 kinds of flowers growing in Europe only 420 are odoriferous, Less than one lifth of the white kinds which number 1.194—are fragrant. 77 of the 951 yellow kinds. St of the 823 red kinds, at of the 504 blue kinds, 13 of the 308 violet-blue blads and 38 of the 240 kinds with combined colors.

-"Goot muscek," said the German professor, benuing kindly on his class, 'aidts der dichestion undt ingreases dot appetite." "I wonder," mused the thoughtful girl who were glasses and had a high forehead, "if that is the reason why pianos in boarding houses are never tuned?"-Detroit Free Press.