

Camden

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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A GRAND

SPECIAL SALE

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

AT THE ECONOMY

Nothing dressier, nothing more stylish than a Black Suit this season. We have a tremendous stock in Cutaways, Single Breasted Suits in Cheviot, Clay, Worsted, Trecoat and Corkscrew. Our efforts in selecting our fall stock have been to give the biggest value, the best made, the finest fitting clothing for the money. Give us a call and see how we have succeeded. The prices have been marked to the free-wool standard and we are ready to defend our claim to sell the best goods for the least money. Consider this an invitation to come and examine our goods. The prices speak for themselves.

NOTICE A FEW OF OUR PRICES.

Black Suits	at \$10.00, worth \$15.00
Black Suits	at 12.00, worth 15.00
Black Suits	at 14.00, worth 20.00
Black Suits	at 16.00, worth 25.00
Black Suits	at 18.00, worth 30.00
Black Suits	at 20.00, worth 35.00
Black Suits	at 22.00, worth 40.00
Black Suits	at 24.00, worth 45.00
Black Suits	at 26.00, worth 50.00
Black Suits	at 28.00, worth 55.00
Black Suits	at 30.00, worth 60.00
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Black Suits	at 86.00, worth 200.00
Black Suits	at 88.00, worth 205.00
Black Suits	at 90.00, worth 210.00
Black Suits	at 92.00, worth 215.00
Black Suits	at 94.00, worth 220.00
Black Suits	at 96.00, worth 225.00
Black Suits	at 98.00, worth 230.00
Black Suits	at 100.00, worth 235.00

We Will Now Offer You Great Bargains in Shoes. We have also a fine line of Ladies' Coats from \$1.00 up to \$15.00, the finest fitting garments in the country, and they are 33 per cent. cheaper in price than in any other store in a similar city. We will now give you a few prices on GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Next Door to Bank, CARROLLTOWN, PA

ECONOMY DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING HOUSE,

Next Door to Bank, CARROLLTOWN, PA

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HORSES FOR UNCLE SAM.

The government has been picking up horses for the cavalry and artillery service very cheap in Washington and Oregon this summer. The average price paid out twenty-five dollars for each animal, which is uncommonly low when the style of animal required for the army is considered. A government purchasing agent says: "We inspected recently at Tulsa, Ponca, Pennington, Walla Walla, Ellensburg and North Yakima, and at each place found about one hundred awaiting examination. I selected such as met the requirements, which are that they be sound and gray, fifteen hands high and upward, and from four to eight years old. These were passed upon by the government officials, and if found satisfactory were accepted. The horses were purchased at a very low price, as the sellers had but little money, and were anxious to dispose of their stock. The animals bought are of fine class, and especially suitable for the cavalry. The lowness of the cost of horses this year may be attributed to the small demand, which is insignificant when compared with the supply. Never before during the fifteen years so that I have been inspecting horses for the government have I seen times so dull in the stock regions, or the stock dealers so anxious to sell their animals at a small price. The small quantity was due, in part, to the supplanting of horse cars by electric and cable railways, the shutting down of logging camps and the general dullness of trade. In Portland cars which would require thirty-five hundred horses are operated by cable and electricity. The freight cars operated on these steel railways have shut out trucks and delivery wagons on which a large number of horses were used."

SONGS OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

What Peculiar Associations Produce These Powerful Auxiliaries. Association, which has so large a share in the operations of the human mind, often contributes much to the effect of music. Smith in Lippincott's. Some airs possessing no intrinsic merit owe their influence on the destinies of nations almost entirely to this principle. The making of a national song, which is not to be attributed to happy accident; it cannot be accomplished by taking thought or by any amount of burning of the midnight oil. Monarchs have no power to command it. And often the greatest poets and musicians are most incapable of producing a truly national hymn. No, the great popular lyrics of the world have been the result of accident and not of design. The song of the United Kingdom was brought to land through the lips of a sailor, who, in the midst of a storm, sang to himself the words of a hymn which he had learned in a foreign land. The song of "My Maryland" to prove the loyalty of the thousands of the soldiers of the confederacy kept their hearts from deserting. The song of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written by a poet who was in the midst of a battle. The song of "The Marseillaise" was written by a man who was in the midst of a battle. The song of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written by a poet who was in the midst of a battle. The song of "The Marseillaise" was written by a man who was in the midst of a battle.

TIPS FOR THE QUEEN.

They Are Called Perquisites, But She Gets Them Just the Same. Queen Victoria gets more tips than any other functionary in Great Britain, and what, in more, she insists on getting them. Of course they are not called tips. They are called perquisites, and she insists on getting them. Of course they are not called tips. They are called perquisites, and she insists on getting them. Of course they are not called tips. They are called perquisites, and she insists on getting them.

OUR LEGS TO VANISH.

In the Course of Another One Thousand Years May Cease Walking. Dr. Emil Young, professor of physiology at the University of Geneva, is in great distress concerning the future of our legs. He has written an essay in the Semaine Littéraire, says the Westminster Gazette, that in the course of one thousand years the human race may have lost the necessity of the use of our legs. He has written an essay in the Semaine Littéraire, says the Westminster Gazette, that in the course of one thousand years the human race may have lost the necessity of the use of our legs.

MEMOIRES OF A PAST RACE.

PADUCAH, the Indian chief, gave his name to the Kentucky town. MATAKATTA, Pa., is an Indian name, meaning a mountain. POKOHKESKE, N. Y., has an Indian name, meaning a pleasant harbor. AN INDIAN word meaning young grandmother gave a name to Kokomo, Ind. CONANSETT, Mass., was so called from an Indian term signifying place of pines. MILWAUKEE was the Indian name of a Wisconsin river. It means rich country. FEMINA, the Dakota city, is said to have an Indian name meaning red berry. CHOCHELE, Mass., was called from an Indian word signifying the birch bark place. COCHITUATE, Mass., was named from an Indian word meaning the place of the falls. KEOKUK, an Indian chief, furnished the name of an Iowa town. The word means sky fox. THE KAWAS or Kansas Indians gave a name to Kansas City, Mo. It was adopted in 1829.

WHISTLING ON SHIPBOARD.

Whistling, as let us honor this sweet tradition—is very much against the proprieties of sea life, writes Lieut. J. D. Jerrold Kelley, in an article on "Superstitions of the Sea," in Century. You may, in a calm, if not a landsman, go with soothing whistle San Antonio and St. Nicholas, and a lagging wind may be spurred in consequence by these pious whistles of the mariner; but once the ship is going, never, and wary passenger, whistle if you fear keel-hauling, for like the padrone in the Golden Legend you may find only a little white air. I was whistling to St. Antonio. For a cup-full of wind to fill our sail. And instead of a breeze he sent a gale.

TOOK HALF IN RATS.

How China's Dowager Empress Mitigated the Force of the Pestilence. A recent number of the North China Herald, just received in this city, tells this story of the Empress Dowager of China. "A rather good story is told among the Chinese about the empress dowager and the plague. The empress keeps constantly burning day and night in her palace, eighteen lamps, which represent the eighteen provinces of China. Not long ago one of the lamps, although it received precisely the same attention as all the others, was extinguished, and the empress sent for the chief astronomer to learn the reason. The chief astronomer having carefully considered the matter and consulted the archives, told the empress that the lamp which was burning so badly represented the province of Canton, which was about to be afflicted with a serious epidemic, in which the god of pestilence, who is called the 'Yellow God,' would take off eight-tenths of the people. "The empress was very much concerned at being told this, and asked the chief astronomer how such a dreadful calamity could be averted from the province of her people in this province. The chief astronomer said that the god might perhaps be moved by prayer and offerings, and everything was done to the effect of penitence, who were ordered. After this the chief astronomer was asked what success had been achieved, and after much consideration and consultation, he replied that the god of pestilence had consented to compromise—but this was absolutely the best he could do—for four-tenths human beings and four-tenths rats. Thus the frightful mortality of rats and human beings at Canton this spring is explained."

HAVE THEIR OWN METHODS.

The Cassowary Pursue a Plan of Their Own for Catching Fish. The methods employed by the cassowary in catching fish differ materially from those of the common fish-hawk. The fish-hawk employs very much the same methods as the birds of prey, while the cassowary fishes according to a method of its own and uses a good deal of strategy. A number of years ago I was standing near the bank of a river when I saw a cassowary come down to the water's edge and stand for some minutes, apparently watching the water carefully. It then stepped into the river where it was not very deep, and, squatting down, spread its wings out, submerged them, the feathers being spread and ruffled. The bird remained perfectly motionless and kept its eye closed as it slept. It remained in this position at least half an hour, when it suddenly closed its wings, and straightening its feathers, stepped out on the bank. Here it shook itself several times, and a number of small fishes fell out of its wings from amid its feathers, which the bird immediately picked up and swallowed. The fish, as you see, were not very large, but they were very fresh. The smaller fishes often seek a hiding place in these weeds to avoid the larger ones that prey upon them.

TIME AT THE NORTH POLE.

The Man Who First Reaches That Point May Be Surprised. If ever the north pole is reached, the adventurous spirits who get there will find that they have actually outstripped Father Time altogether; in fact, he will have given up the rate entirely, for at the north pole, and southern extremities of the earth's axis there is no fixed time at all, says the London Globe. At any moment it can be noon or midnight, breakfast time or supper time, winter time or summer, whichever one likes. Clocks will be a fraud and delusion, for at the pole all degrees of longitude converge into one, and therefore all times are equal. The possibilities of such a position are endless. Not only, too, will the clocks be out, but the calendars as well. It can be, at will, either yesterday or to-day, or to-morrow, or any day of the week, and fish people ask what the use and pleasure can be of getting to the north pole, but a little reflection will show us advantages can be gained there which cannot be found in any other part of the globe. There, at any rate, instead of being like the poor inhabitants of lower latitudes, the slaves of time, we can turn the tables and be its masters.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Sixteen Hungry Boys Filled with Veal Pie in Dickens' Pieshop. An exchange tells the following story of the pieshop in London before which Charles Dickens used to play when a child, he dragged in a blacking factory. Every day, on the way to and from his work, he paused to devour the viands with his eyes, and sometimes he pressed his tongue to the window-pane, as if by so doing he got a taste of the good things which were "so near and yet so far."

NAMED AFTER THE PRESIDENTS.

Philadelphia Maintains Her Record for Patriotism in Her Nomenclature. Of the twenty-three presidents of the United States named in Philadelphia, the largest number of namesakes, twenty-three, in the Philadelphia directory. James Buchanan ranks next, twenty-one men of nearly as many vocations bearing the name of the only Pennsylvania president. There are fifteen Andrew Jacksons and fourteen Andrew Johnsons. The name of the father of his country is borne by eight day laborers, one caterer, two waiters, one janitor, and one real estate dealer, or thirteen men in all, says the Record.

THE GRANDFATHER OF BENJAMIN HARRISON HAS THREE NAMESAKES, WHILE ONE LABORER AND ONE UPHOLSTERER HAVE THE NAME OF TIPPECANOE.

The grandfather of Benjamin Harrison has three namesakes, while one laborer and one upholsterer have the name of Tippecanoe. There are four James Monroes and the same number called John Quincy Adams. One hostler, one puddler, and a weaver are known as James Madison, and a butcher, clerk, and a superintendent answer to the name of Zachary Taylor. There is but one Thomas Jefferson, whose occupation is not given, and the only John Tyler is a weaver. A brickman and a minister of the Gospel are Franklin Pierces, but there is nobility with the name of Presidents Van Buren, Polk, Fillmore, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, and Cleveland, except as a handle to the surname.

—Coming and Going—Collector (mad) to a woman.

"—What are you doing to pay this bill?" "Debtor—" "Never. What's the use?" "As long as you are coming after it, why should I pay?"—Detroit Free Press.

ENGLISH LIFE.

As It Is Viewed By an Educated Native of the Orient. Behramji Malabari, of India, who visited England in 1885, considered the English climate as the most remarkable of all the things that came under his notice. He thinks a race that could conquer such a climate and carve the comforts of life out of the elements of nature, is a race that is entitled to admiration over all the elements of nature. He says, in "The Indian Eye on English Life," that it makes one laugh to hear the English talk of their "fine day." "One may speak of a fine five minutes, a fine half hour or hour—nothing beyond that, so far as I could see. "The climate of a country reflects itself pretty clearly in the temper, habits and general surroundings of the people. It is mainly the climate, and the peculiar mode of life which the people have to live in obedience to climate influences, that make them so keen about everything. "The quantity and the manner of their eating puzzled and sometimes frightened me. Men and women eat, as you know, nothing of the nature of bread, or railway carriage, or the absence of delicacy and deliberation about the matter, at which the grave oriental may well lift his eyebrows. "The English eat what they eat before breakfast, and the most common proportion in seasoning his food: a little of variety, and has a rough, slovenly touch. The English are heavy eaters, as a rule. I have never had a regular dinner with friends in England, being unaccustomed both to their hours and their dishes. But I have had to put in an appearance at lunch or breakfast, to catch a friend about to leave town. "On one such occasion I saw a company of poets, philosophers and fanatics at table, presided over by a young lady, the daughter of the house. I sat there, sipping my wine, and watching the eating, I felt perspiring—as if vegetables, mustard, etc. I was pressed to join, but pretended to make a hurried retreat. "The host then asked me slyly what I thought of the food and their mode of eating. I replied, instinctively: "It is horrible!" "The reply set the gentlemen roaring, and my hostess blushing. But I could not help saying what I felt. How can a little stomach hold such an enormous quantity of food? The waste of vitality in their climate, and the conditions of life, must be enormous, and it has, of course, to be replaced.

BURIAL OR CREMATION?

What the Noted French Authors Have to Say Concerning Them. Some of the noted French authors have been giving a Paris editor their preferences in regard to burial or cremation. The Boston Herald summarizes the expressions of the noted French authors, as to whether they prefer burial or cremation. "Either would be exceedingly disagreeable to him, and when one remembers that Daudet is a great sufferer from an incurable disease, his answer is a triumph of hope. Henri Bernier frankly curses the editor for spoiling his dinner by such a query, and Armand Sylvestre is very French and poetic for his reply: "To become a puff of smoke in the sky or a blade of grass over a grave, that is the choice given to us. Well, I prefer the ground, from which flowers spring for lovers." "Surely, the great critic replies: "Theoretically, cremation appears to me the favorable method of disposing of the rubbish, the body, but I am not intolerant or exclusive in anything." "Burial," he says, "is the only method which will afford me the great pleasure to be burned. Warmly yours." Another author says: "You ask me which I prefer, to be burned or buried? After mature reflection, I prefer to be buried, to desire neither the one nor the other." Emile Zola signs his name to the most sensible "preference" of the lot. He says: "My personal choice in the matter is the great critic replies: "I believe it is best to leave the thing to the decision of the loving ones we leave behind us. They alone can have pain or pleasure in it."

ETIQUETTE FOR GIRLS.

ALWAYS rise for an older person. In entering a room the gentleman always follows the young lady. THE young lady always seats herself first, and the gentleman will do so. In making introductions the young man is always presented to the girl, never the other way round. IT is a lady's place to recognize a gentleman first, as it depends on her whether the acquaintance continues or not. NEVER introduce any young man to your girl friends without first asking their permission, and then say: "Miss B., I want to present (or introduce) Mr. A. to you." IT is sufficient to acknowledge an introduction by a simple bow, unless there is some special reason for more cordial forms. Handshaking is not good form in an introduction in a ball-room. HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS. TO REMOVE odors from a sick room, it is a good plan to sprinkle coarse ground coffee on a shovelful of burning coals, and thrust it into all the corners of the room. HAND PUTS may be easily softened by passing a red-hot flat piece of iron over it, so that it can then be removed with the fingers or the edge of a knife, without any difficulty. CAKE needs to rise to its full height before browning, especially sponge cake. The lightness of this cake depends, first on thorough beating, second on baking just right. TRY. IS the water for purple and blue calicoes, soda added. PUMFIFYING jars from grease, by soaking in strong soda water. FOR washing ceilings blackened by a kerosene lamp, soda water. IN the rinsing water for pink or green calicoes, vinegar added. WASHING an oilcloth with a flannel and warm water, wiping dry, and rubbing a little skim milk over.—Good Housekeeping.

UNAPPOINTED HIS OPPONENT.

Dramatic effects are hazardous agencies to use, as it is impossible to spoil them by an opponent. A member of the English parliament found when, at the close of a fiery adjuration to the government to declare war, he cried out: "Insulted! the sword!" and drawing a dagger, threw it on the floor. "Ah!" coolly said an opponent; "there is the knife, but where is the fork?" A shout of laughter was the result.

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NAPOLEON FOND OF HOMER.

He Thought the Poet Was the Encyclopedia of His Time. The emperor, says Fignaro, admired Homer in every way, and thus expressed himself on the subject: "The Bible is the sign and token of its time. Homer in his work is poet, orator, legislator, geographer and theologian; he is the encyclopedist of his time. Homer is the most admirable of all the poets. Hardouin had the temerity to impugn this sacred monument of antiquity and to attribute it to a monk of the tenth century, an impertinent imbecility. Never have I been struck with his beauties as now (1816), and the sensations which he aroused in me confirm the justice of the approbation accorded to him by the whole world. What strikes me especially in reading the pages of his work is the grossness of the customs as compared with the elevation of the thought of the epoch. We see heroes killing their own beef, preparing it with their own hands, and yet pronouncing discourses of rare eloquence and worthy of a high civilization. In the Odyssey I greatly disapprove of the combat of Ixus against Ulysses on the thresholds of his palace, both disguised as beggars. I consider this episode wretched, coarse, unbecoming and unworthy of a king." And then, after having eliminated everything that is objectionable, I feel what still affects me. I put myself in his place. I am seized with the fear of being beaten by a common fellow. I have given to every prince, to every general, to every hero, to every guard or of his grenadiers, to convert himself into a street porter at will. "The good Homer remedies all this by making his heroes so many colossi; but this is not the case of the king of France. We must agree, then, that civilization does everything for the mind, and favors it exclusively at the expense of the body."

ANNOUNCING A KING'S DEATH.

How the News Was Spread That Victoria Was Queen. Some quaint and delightful glimpses of "Old Windsor" are given by Lady Elvey in her "Life and Reminiscences of G. J. Elvey, Esq." Here, for instance, is an announcement of the death of King William, which probably is a unique delivery by one of the men to whose lot it has fallen "to tell sad stories of the death of kings." "Roach, the beefy keeper, says that Westminster Palace seems to have received a broad hint that the king was near his end, and waited about until he received the news that all was over, when with haste he repaired to the doormen, arranging the inmates by ringing the bell at the porter's entrance with all his might and main. It was useless for the butler to ask him, 'What do you want here at this time of night?' His expression of the king's death and no one else. This distinguished person, aroused from his slumbers and clad, not in his surplice, but in another garment which should be always white, came from the top of the stairs: 'What is the matter?' 'Billy be dead. Be I to ring the bell?' 'What Billy?' 'The king, to be sure.' 'Oh, yes, Roach; you may tell the bell.' Thus was the news spread that the king was dead, and that the young Princess Victoria was queen.

STAIRS IN SAMOA.

How a Little Islander Carried Water to a Second Floor. In Samoa, where he makes his home, Robert Louis Stevenson has done much in the way of instructing the natives in European methods of work. He tells an amusing story in connection with a new house he had been engaged, and on his arrival was lost in awe and admiration of the magnificence of the mansion. He was given a large bucket of water and told to take it to the bedroom up above. He looked up and, pointing, asked if it was there. On being answered in the affirmative, he seized the bucket in one hand and the water in the other, and then he got to the stairs with a look of getting to see the stairs first thing.

SCIENCE IN COREA.

It Explains Phenomena in a Way Peculiar to the Country. Education in Corea is of the Chinese order—the committal of whole books to memory. On all other subjects than knowledge of Chinese, says the Boston Herald, the knowledge is the fashion when it is not a reality. Philosophical speculation is stated to be common, but Corean notions of natural science are indeed very chaotic. If the following story may be taken as a guide, the merchant of Chemulpo was asked by one of his native employes—a man of some education—whether or not he had died a natural death. The person questioned did not remember that he had. He was then asked how the foreign servants accounted for such a phenomenon, for such it was, considering the vast number of men in the world and the huge families they raise every year. The answer to this query being unsatisfactory, the Corean gave his explanation, which was a popular one among the young sparrows, dove into the mud and became clams. "How else," he triumphantly declared, "could you account for the number of clams along the coast?"

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