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JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOLUME XXVIII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1894.

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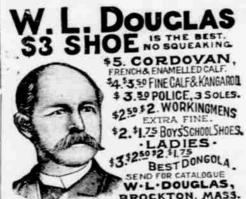
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tsparagus Is a Vegetable with Some-

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thing of a Pedier c. Of all the plants used for food, there smore which has been so long known, cha-had, o to ray, so distinguished Thenre as a parasus, says Chambers' bornal. Its record, in fact, reache and, to almost the commencement of authentic history, as it is mentioned by the comic poet Craticus, who died thent 425 B. C., and was a contemwere of, though slightly older than, Aci-topliane-

Amore the Romans, also, the tasty

vessetable was held in high esteem.

ato the elder not the rentleman who was of opinion that Plato reasoned well, but his great-grandfather, who usisted upon the destruction of Carthage, and who was born 234 B. C .wrote a work which is still extant. "De Re Rustica," and in it he treats at length of the virtues and proper cultivation of a paragus. Pliny, also, in his "Natural History," (about 60 A. D.). has much to say on the subject. "Of all the productions of your garden," he feelingly observes, "your chief care will be your asparagus," and he devotes several chapters and parts of chapters to its many beneficent qualithe and the best modes of raising it. He asserts that, even in his day, the soil about Envenna was so favorable to its production that three heads grown in that district had been known to weigh a Roman pound. As, however, this pound seems to have been equal to only about eleven of our ounces, it would apparently have required four of the stocks to reach a pound of our weight; but this result, considering the state of horticulture in those days.

been equaled in our own times. HOME HINTS.

may be looked upon as wonderful

enough, and has, in point of fact, only

Tooth powder is an excellent cleaner of fine filigree jewelry. Time formes of a brimstone match will remove berry stains from the finger : or still better, use a little lemon juice

or ripe tomato. A LITTLE alcohol will do wonders in brightening glass. Turpentine is excellent for washing sinks which have become dull and dirty.

In a long experience I have found nothing that will clean brass so easily. quickly and satisfactorily as a paste alled puty pomade. It comes in small tin boxes and can be had of leading

grocers. RUBBER rings such as are used on fruit cans, often become hard and brittle. They can be restored by letting them lie in water in which you have put a little ammonia. Mix in this proportion: One part ammonia and two parts water. Sometimes they do not need to lie in this more than five minutes, but frequently a half hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

MISSING LINKS.

THE best bricks in the world are made by the tribes of Central Asia. NEW YORK CITY has thirty-four thousand miles of underground wires.

EVERY American warship has an outfit of over one hundred and fifty flags. In England householders have to pay a tax on each male servant in their em-

STREET bands are not permitted in Germany unless they accompany pro-

MUNEY CAUSES THOUBLE. Many Fierce Hatreds Begin at the Read-

ing of the Will. Of all things, after jealousy-of which, indeed, it is part and parcel, the visible substance of the unseen feeling-money is the most potent factor in the creation of domestic rows. To see a set of expectant heirs all waiting on the reading of the will, and to note the disappointment of those who have not been well endowed, and their frantic jealousy of and fiery anger against those who have, is to see an object lesson in human nature among the most saddening and degrading that

By reason of those legacies all the former love is forgotten, and a hatred like to nothing so much as the fire of hell takes its place. Brothers and sisters glower at one another over the lump sum given to one and the small annuity doled out to another, with the thundering residuum that goes to perhaps the already richest member of the family, or the portion which ereates the head out of one of the minor joints of the tail. How many affections have received their death blow by the side of that divided heap of money-where each legatee thought himself defrauded by all that the others had received, and where there were disappointed heads by as many as there were joints in the tail left in their natural condition.

It is an exceptional nature that can take coolly the disappointed expectation formed by vanity or cupidity of the legacy to come after such and such a death, writes Mrs. Lynn Linton, in the Queen. For, indeed, money is the touch-stone par excellence of character, and baser hopes do sometimes so often mingle in even with love where the lover is poor and the beloved is wealthy. Then comes the crash, and then follows the row; and flames burst out where the flowers once bloomed and the sweet waters once flowed.

A Human songbird. It is said of Alboni that she "warbled tike a bird all day long." She used to sit in her garden and sing as she worked at lace making or some other feminine occupation, and the rent of the house adjoining her villa was raised a thousand francs because of the free musical entertainments thus furnished. In regard to her great size, her body became so unwieldly in her last years that the rose with difficulty from her chair, and usually had to be helped to rise. The great singer was so fond of the homely art of darning tockings that it was said she "would have darned stockings for the universe" if she had had time.

Another Yellow Jacket. The "Yellow Jacket" of which Li Hung Chang was recently deprived is the symbol of Chinese royal and imperial favor, as well as of the highest power. It is a much-coveted and, therefore, little worn garment. The first Marquis Tseng Kow-fan rose so high in his opinion of the emperor of his day that his majesty drew off his own coat and placed it upon the worthy subject's back. To show his appreciation of the gift, and the manner of it, the marquis, who lived for many years, never allowed it to be re-moved from his back. Years later, it presented a local coating of its own grease and indescribable filth. It had become from this cause as stiff as a board. When the marquis died his

yellow coat was buried with him.

The summer fields bestarr'd with flowers-The plumed grasses drenched with dew-Serve but to calendar the hours That space me from my past-and you.

Of quiet pulse and leaden peace, That time had brought his healing balms

Though I be dumb, dost thou not know What peace and silence mean for me-Poor soul, a-toss 'twixt bliss and woe, Cursed with the dower of constancy.

Who hath one song and may not singl

"Margarita!" beneath a linden heavy with bloom. cat for companion, sat knitting.

eyes?" the child answered, affecting im-

"For me, then?" Franz captured the needles and scrutinized the work with "They were to be thine, but they

garita sighed.

me stockings another time." He looked dreamily across the garden to the quaint old house which for three years had been his home.

university, three years of unremitting kindness from the busy housewife and her aged mother, who had opened their doors to the lonely student, three years close

the rattle of drums, a bugle note and the sound of cheers. "It is a band!" shouted Margarita,

seizing pussy and preparing to leave the shade his tones. "I have something to say to

the drum is crying? It is war!" "War?" she responded, with childish indifference. "The mother said this morning that to soldiers were going to France. But why dost thou care, dear Franz?"

"Then there will be no more lessons on the beautiful trumpet for thee! I am sorry. But don't mind. Thou wilt

have me. "Margarita," be said sorrowfully, "I shall not have thee, for I go too." "Thou!" She stared with wide, in-

credulous eyes. "Surely, not thou!"
"Liebchen," he whispered huskily. "Liebchen, wouldst thou have me idle at home when the rest are going? Wouldst thou have me a coward? I have no father or mother, no sister to mourn

"Thou hast the mother and grandmother-and thou hast me!" she sobbed. "True, I have thee, and thou wilt be a brave little German maid and make

my going happy." 'When wilt thou go?" she asked, bravely trying to suppress the sobs.

when thou art gone?"

charge-that would be glorious! But it is not possible, of course. I hope I shall be near Steinert. But come; it is time I was making ready." The hours crept away with rapid preparations and tearful partings. Through the little town sounded hurrying feet

rolling drum or bugle's blare. In the midst of the turmoil Margarita was Krummer anxiously. "Margarita, Mar-

garita, Franz is going!" But no childish voice responded. "We must go," cautioned grandmother, tying her bonnet strings with trembling fingers. "Come, Lotte."

"Margarita!" shouted Franz, but only a mocking echo gave answer. With sad eyes he gazed once more about the dear home, then turned away. At the little station all was confu-

farther south, all pressing forward to join the crown prince's army at Landau. The moment for departure was at

"Margarita, you will give her my dear love. I wish"--"Franz, wait!" cried a small voice,

and Margarita clutched his arm. "From thy mother's grave," she cried, thrusting a bunch of blue cornflowers into his hands.

his arms. "Thanks, liebchen," he whispered, then, setting her down hastily, ran through the crowd and jumped upon the slowly moving train. "Auf Wiedersehen!" he cried, way-

head. "Auf Wiedersehen!" echoed Margarita, trying to smile through her tears.

Under the shelter of a friendly hill a detachment of Bavarian cavalry awaited the strnal to charge. To the left sounded the continuous roar of musketry punctuated by the detonations of artillery. From his post as right guide of the platoon Franz gazed along the lines of his comrades in dusty sky blue uni-

regiment, but the intelligence of the young student had already made him conspicuous, and the time had been long that time the boy had become a man.

German artillery, which had cannonaded the French infantry to prepare the Fran Sucher and Fran Biedermann to way for the charge, was slackening. meet the soldiers. I am a big girl now-From over the hill Franz heard the

fierce crack of the enemy's rifles. On Franz's right waited the two trumpeters of the squadron. The nearer one, eager faced and alert, scanned the heavens, where shells shricked above their heads.

Steinert nodded. Just then the order came. Clear and ringing it was sounded by the chief trumpeter. Clear and ringing sounded the trumpets in response. With a great clatter the cavalry swept up the hill to plunge into the fiery rain

and a shell had exploded to the right. Before it fell Holtz, the farther trump-

was on his feet and running by Franz's side. Behind him came thundering line upon line of galloping squadrons. "Can you take me up?" gasped Stein-

ert, unmindful of the red stain which widened on his side. "Up!" cried Franz. He checked Prinz's pace an instant, and the trum-

horse, and down the hill he clattered under the double load, soon fully abreast of the squadron. "You are hurt!" cried Franz. "Put your arms around me. So."

black! wavering effort Steinert raised his in-

charge!" There was no time for question. Seizing the trumpet, Franz raised it to his lips. Clear and strong his repetition of the call rang out above the turmoil.

let me drop. Steinert's hands loosened their grasp. His strength ebbed fast. But Franz caught the flaccid hands firmly in his left fist and drew the limp form closer to his broad shoulders. He dropped the bridle rein upon his pommel, thrust his right arm through the cord of his trump-

and so met the shock of battle. Nightfall found the army of the crown prince gathered in and around a French village, far from the ground on which Franz, after the first charge, had delivered Steinert to the ambulance, the nurses and the doctors. Through the successive actions of the day the young

tured town. After darkness had come on Franz, pushing his way through the crowded thoroughfares, found himself before an inn where many of his comrades were eating. They shouted to him to enter.

hasty scraping of chairs on the bare floor, a clatter of feet, and the survivors of Franz's squadron sprang to their feet.

With an uplifted sausage the signal was given. Then "Hoch! Hoch!" rolled through the room and reverberated in the corners. Smiling faces turned to greet Franz; eager hands drew him to a seat. Dazed, uncomprehending, he slipped into his chair, and only upon repeated explanations did he understand the cause of the demonstration.

"Why, man," growled the burly dragoon, "don't you know it was a brave thing to cripple yourself with Steinert in the midst of a charge? Ach, but it was fine!"

simply, "my comrade." There was a stir at the door and the clatter of a saber upon the floor. In an instant every hand was raised in salute.

It was the captain. himself another's office. But there was no severity in the answering glance.

"How came you to know the calls?" the captain asked kindly. Franz told briefly of the lessons he had received from Steinert back in the fatherland.

And again the room resounded to shouts, deep and sonorous, "Hoch, Hoch, Hoch!"

A year! Joy and sorrow, hope and despair, laughter and tears, victory and defeat-these are its harvest. But above the sobs of those who will not be comforted rolls a tide of rejoicing. The troops are returning! "Mother!"

An eager face was thrust in at the half opened door, followed after an interval of serious inspection by a small body. Margarita was unusually excited. Her round cheeks burned cherry red, her blue eyes shone. She held the yellow cat tightly under one arm. "Well, child, what is it?" asked her

"Thou knowest godmother gave me money for a gold chain?" Margarita ventured, emphasizing her remark with a plaintive yowl from the compressed

bought. Tomorrow"-

"What then?" asked Frau Krummer. Margarita burst into tears, cast away the cat and clung to her arm.

NUMBER 45. "Dear mother, let me go to Berlin with

will take care of me!" She opened her previously hidden hand and revealed a little hoard of money.

"It will be enough, and Franz will be so glad to see me!" she said. With round arms choking her into sequiescence and fresh lips pressed against her cheek, Frau Krummer con-

sidered the question.

Well, the good mother had a warm place in her heart for the lad who had no kin to rejoice over his homecoming. So when Frau Sucher went up to Berlin a small girl, beaming with joy, at her side gazed from above a huge bunch of cornflowers at the strange sights slipping past the car window.

For Margarita the journey was far from tedious. At every station, laughing, light hearted people crowded upon the train, all bound upon one errandthe welcome of Germany's warrior sons. When other amusements palled, the cornflowers were woven into a large wreath by Margarita's deft little fingers, and her heart swelled with joy at the thought that she would greet dear Franz on the morrow and make him forget that neither father nor mother nor sister nor sweetheart awaited his com-

The morning dawned fair, and Fran Sucher and her charge were early abroad. They found the streets already thronged and gay with flowers and banners and lined with benches and platforms. Frau Sucher established herself, with

Margarita, as near the statue of Frederick the Great as possible, proceeding to make herself comfortable with her lunchbasket. Far away sounded strains of martial music. The troops were passing around the old town wall. There was an eager movement in the throng. All faces

turned by a common impulse toward the Brandenburg Thor. Yes, they were coming! Carefully holding the blue wreath of cornflowers, Margarita craned her small neck, but, alas! could see nothing be-

After all, Franz would think himself forgotten in the general rejoicing! The journey would be in vain! It was not to Slipping unnoticed from Frau Sucher's side, Margarita wormed her way

through the crowd until she stood behind the police who mounted guard along the way. Thrusting her head out as far as possible, she paid scant heed to the passing troops until the sky blue uniforms of the Bavarians filed by. Catching her

breath with auxiety, she scrutinized the brave array. Among so many could she find her Franz? Suddenly her heart gave a quick bound, for, with the sunlight dazzling his sad blue eyes and glinting from his shining trumpet, came Franz-browned, thinner and with a strange vellow down upon his lip. But Margarita knew him. With a joyful cry she darted between

two astonished policemen into the open space beyond. At this sudden apparition in white Prinz swerved sharply, then stretched out his head in recognition. "Franz!" cried a childish voice, "Dear Franz!"

It was not a finished speech, but it served its purpose, for a loving welcome shone in the child's face, and high above her head she held the cornflower wreath.

All sadness faded from Franz's eyes. "Margarita, liebchen!" he cried, and with a quick movement bent and caught the wreath before the laughing policemen led Margarita back to her distracted guardian.

No, he was not forgotten! Turning in the saddle, he kissed his hand to the child. Then with trumpet wreathed with the flowers the monarch most loved, with head erect and happiness in his heart, Franz Hennig, the trumpeter, rode before the aged emperor. - Marion Dickinson in Youth's Companion.

An Ant Army's Victory Over a Snake, "While camping in Alabama during the late war," said Colonel Crossman of Dayton, O., "I witnessed an attack of a band of black ants upon a striped snake. One evening, while I was trying to go to sleep after a long day's march, I felt something move under my head. I lifted one corner of the blanket and found a snake between 3 and 4 feet in length. I quickly hit it with a small stick, but the reptile seemed hardly stunned, so I picked it up on the end of the stick and threw it about 15 feet

"The snake landed on a large ant hill.

Almost instantly the ants poured forth from their nest, which was underneath, and began a vigorous attack upon the intruder, who was soon covered by scores of his assailants, biting him fearfully. The battle raged with fury, the snake writhing about in torture. The contest at first seemed an unequal one, for the snake was rapidly thinning out his persecutors; but, on the other hand, the ants were very numerous and quick in their aggressive movements. The snake, with one blow of his tail, would kill or wound a long line of ants, but the active little creatures were soon re-enforced by fresh troops and fought with a desperation wonderful to behold. I was astonished beyond measure to see the tactics of the ants. When they saw their numbers were being lessened, they dispatched couriers for fresh relays of soldiers, who appeared on the scene in due time to replace the killed or wounded. The moon, after a time, lit up the scene, but as there appeared no near termination of the struggle I gave up watching it and went to sleep. Before striking tents the next morning I went to look at the battle ground. The slain insects were scattered in every direction, but there were six or seven watchful ants upon the back of the snake, which lay stretched out dead near the ant hill."-St. Louis Globe-

A Great Recommendation. Miss Dukane-I want to have some photographs taken. Where would you

Miss Humly-I'd go to Mr. Snapshot if I were you. He made some perfectly lovely pictures of me. Miss Dukane—Did he really? Well,

if he is such a clever artist as that, I'll

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MINE OF LAGER BEER 9 years old, almost-and Frau Sucher | IT WAS LOCATED IN BALTIMORE'S

FAMOUS OLD HILL.

When It Was Uncovered, Residents of South Baltimore For Three Days Drank For Nothing-A Saloon In Federal Hill Which Evaded the Sunday Closing Law.

Famous old Federal hill, over in South Baltimore, was not always as it is, and many still remember its unsightly appearance when it was private property and sand and clay were dug from it to supply the glass works and potteries. This was before the w but General Butler stopped the undermining

The only excavation that has been since made there was the magazine built by Colonel Duryea of the zonaves in 1863. This magazine was dug by John H. Walton, called "Groundmole" from the fact that for over 30 years he had been burrowing into Federal hill for the sand and clay.

In the early part of 1850 one of the periodical spasms of a rigid enforcement of all laws swept over the local police department in a virtuous wave, and the

order for Sunday closing went forth. After the populace had gone dry for almost two months a couple of young men felt that duty called them to the rescue of suffering humanity, and having by hard work succeeded in laying by a few dollars they invested it in beer for the public weal. They selected a cave having its entrance on Hughes street, near Covington, they walled up the sides of the entrance, a stout oaken, door was put in place, and they took out a license and opened a saloon in the bowels of Federal hill.

the "Underground" became more popular, as in the darkness of the cave it was always cool and dry, and the flicker, of the tallow dips made a weird scene which was a novelty. On Sunday the hig door was tightly closed and padlocked, and no violation of the law was noticeable. No other cave on Hughes or Covington street near the entrance to yond a sea of heads. Tears of disapday. But around on Warren and Johnsen streets occasionally some one would enter the caves. There was no saloon on: that side, however, and the police were not suspicious. Those who entered the hill went by many different tunnels to the northeastern part, and there they found, in a large amphitheater, lights and tables and many a jolly party telling stories and drinking in the cool, dry atmosphere of the cavern. From one of the many passageways that led off from this large subterranean room waiters came with the foaming glasses. Fifty, feet down this passage was the bar. The

business thrived for two years. In the summer the air in the cave was cooler than it was outside, and in the winter it was warmer. All the year tho "Underground" was the favorite resort. The two young men made money, and they increased their liquid stock. Toward the close of the second year they had \$2,000 worth of beer stored away near Federal hill.

the weight of loose sand that had fallen and choked up the entrance. The huge padlock had been thrown across the street by the force, and it, with the broken staple, was picked up and is

who was then a mere boy. Biddle, on discovering the ruin wrought by the storm, sought out his partner, George Snyder, and they tried to effect an entrance to the "Underground" through the other passages, but it was useless. The amphitheater was filled up and all the passages within 100 feet of it. The whole northeastern corner of the hill, at Covington and Hughes streets, had settled down.

With many a regret the buried been

was abandoned and in time forgotten. Biddle and Snyder went into other lines of business and afterward left the city. One Sunday morning in the fall of 1858 two boys, one of whom was David, Clark, now living at 223 Cross street, were playing on the hill. A fresh slide had occurred during the night and left an opening which seemed to be the top of a cave. With boyish glee, unmindful of the danger, they proceeded to explore the cave. They climbed down into the darkness, and as their eyes became used to the gloom they found themselves at the entrance to quite a cavern. They explored it and found it filled at one end with barrels half covered with sand. They soon climbed back out of the hole, and reaching the street told of their find to some young men standing on the cor-

ner of Hughes and Covington streets. The news spread like wildfire. A "rescuing" party was formed, a big barrel was hauled from the cave, glasses appeared as if by magic, the bung was driven, and the amber fluid escaped, the thirsty residents of South Baltimore drinking their fill. There was no stint. Beer flowed like water truly, and as fast as one barrel was empty another was "rescued." The beer had aged and was heavy. The cool earth surrounding it had kept it sweet, and people came from all parts to drink at the fountain which flowed for them without money and without price.

An Honest Ounker.

his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home, said he was, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time, when, the fair Quakeress roming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he might see her husband. "Nay, friend, I promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee. He did not like thy looks. Therefore he avoided thee and hath departed from the house by another path."-

A SILENCE BROKEN.

Love, hast thou dreamed, in these gray calms And ancient sorrow found surcease?

Who hath one plaint-and must be muter Dear, you would weary of a lute

THE TRUMPETER.

"Here!" came a child's voice from Franz Hennig entered the shade where Margarita, with a sleek yellow

"What is that?" the lad asked. "A stocking, stupid. Hast thou not patience.

covert amusement. grew so small I'm afraid they will be only large enough for the cat," Mar-

"So! Well, little one, thou shalt knit Three years of preparation for the

brightened by the enthusiastic devotion of a little child. Now this chapter must From down the village street came

"Wait," Franz said, with a thrill in thee, liebchen. Dost thou know what

"Herr Steinert returns to the army today," he said gravely.

for me, while many go from dear ones

who can ill spare them."

"This afternoon." "And who will ride thy horse, Prinz, "Prinz will go with me, for I shall try for the cavalry, as my father did before me. Hark to the trumpet! If I might go as trumpeter! To sound the

eager voices, snatches of warsongs,

"Where can she be?" queried Frau

sion. Tearful women clung to the fathers, brothers, sweethearts, who laughed and joked with heavy hearts. The long train was laden with troops from

"Auf Wiedersehen, then, dear friends," said Franz, pressing a hearty kiss upon the cheeks of the two women who had taken him into their hearts.

For an instant he caught her up in

ing the blue flowers above his blond

Only a month had he passed with the

enough to knit his ties of friendship with the men. Only a month, but in Gripping his saber hilt, he settled himself firmly in the saddle. The fire of

"This will be a hot place if we don't move soon," he growled. "There is a hotter place over the hill, Steinert," said Franz.

There came a shrill singing through the sulphurous air, a deafening crash, Steinert's horse recoiled, then plunged

heavily forward, throwing his rider over his head. In an instant Steinert

peter was mounted behind him. The sight of battle had entered the cavalry

A dimness spread before the keen eyes of Steinert. There was a humming in his ears. The heavens were growing Again came the trumpet call. With a

strument, but found no strength to "Franz," he groaned, "sound the

"Bravo!" groaned Steinert. "Now et, grasped his saber with that hand,

student had served as trumpeter. Shouting, foraging for provisions, cheering, singing and laughing as though on a holdiay, the Bavarian troopers surged through the little cap-

Winking and blinking as he came from the darkness into the strong light, Franz failed to see the signal slyly given by a burly dragoon. There was a

"He is my friend," answered Franz

"I find that both trumpeters of this squadron were disabled early in the action today, yet a trumpet has sounded the orders as they were given. How was that?" In eager words the story was told, and Franz found himself hustled and shouldered until he stood before the captain. With some uneasiness he raised his eyes to his superior's face. Had he transgressed in taking upon

"Then keep the place you have taken today, as Holtz is dead and Steinert too badly wounded for service. It pleases you, I see. It pleases me also. Good night!"

.

"Surely. It is high time it was "Mother," cried Margarita desperately, "I want the money for something

"Do let me do let me!" she sobbed

go there too. - Pittsburg Chronicle-Tele-

when he camped there in 1862.

As the summer months approached

One night in April, 1852, there was a terrible thunderstorm. About 4 o'clock in the morning a crash shook the whole neighborhood, and when Adam Biddle went to his saloon under Federal hill the next morning he found that the door had been burst open by

still in possession of Robert Henderson,

For three days the carousal was continned. Then another cavein occurred. and the beer was again buried, this time probably forever, as no part of it has since been recovered, and piles have been driven into that part of the hill to sustain the terrace and prevent further landslides. - Baltimore World.

A sheriff was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at