hise who don t consult their

hat scalawage do otherwise .-

ne in advance must not ex

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A PREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

VOLUME XXIX.

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sof many years, should be an be meet skeptical, that

HAR ERSEWER know that star or faded hair; pre-healthful and clear of is the hair falling off or auses it to grow long and nts, which invigorate



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A narrow house and towly, but no sounds Of weath or fear or grieving mar its peace; To him who rests within its quiet bou There comes from all life's bitter pangs, sur-

And autumn's brown-leaves drift about its

Of hopes long dead, of anguished prayers def silent voices, so beloved of old.

strange, sad mystery of love and life! O Denth, at once the Judge and Paraclete The Master giveth His beloved sleep.

His Wolf-Hunting Steer and Bear-

the Steer Found His Mission How Susan Showed the Kind of Woman She Was.

towns during the summer.

" off hours an wall him, for it was a cold winter, an' the mixed up with his bellerin' I could hear a snappin' an' a snarlin' an' a growim' that I know'd didn't come

hungry wolves a tryin' to chaw up that

its fangs socked plumb inter the sleer's nose, while another un. bigger yet, was gnashin' away at one o' his flanks. The steer was rushin' around the shed. bellerin' an' snortin' an' tryin' to whang the wolf ag'in the log sules o the pen. He did whang it, too, but the wolf had got a few doses o' the steer's

one fast to his flank, an' stickin' straight out in the air as the steer come out. I grabbed the wolf that had holt o' the how I squeezed him so bad that he let loose o' the steer, wriggled an' kicked

an' scratched himself loose from my clutch, and then turned on me. He sprung straight fer my throat. Now. I tell you, I had a time a fightin' that wolf off! As soon as the steer found he was free from the well that had him by the nose he jist turned an' spread himself ag'in t'other wolf. He lone it he ketched the tarnal varmint on his horns. He chucked it up in the lown ag'in the steer was ready for it an' ketched it square on his horn-

Precaution. After a row with his wife, who viomowt say, just about 'midships. He lently expressed a wish that he was ketched it with them horns, zip! an' dead, an Irishman said: "Oh, it's a wislow you're wantin' to be, is it? Bethe wolf was laid open like ye mowt cut a watermelon, half an' half. dad, I'll take good care you're no widow as long as I live." "I wa'n't well fer a month arter that,

but the steer didn't seem to mind the scrimmage a bit. It seemed to wake him up to an Idee that life had sumpin in it that he badn't knowed afore. He wouldn't stan' it no more to be shet up

in his shed, but was bound to be left out in the yard. So I let him have his on the staff of the Weekly Ray. way. One mornin' I found seven dead wolves strewed in the yard an' outside the fence. 'Nother mornin' I found nine, an' they was ripped an' stomped oncommon awful! Arter that, wolves give that clearin' o' mine the go-by. I

For some time I wrote at random, tell ye, an' I was sorry, fer the steer sending in contributions to all sorts of jist pined an' pined, an' one night umped the fence an' went away. suldn't find him to get him back, but I heerd on him now an' then. He was erang, faithfully returned to me. spendin' his time in the woods huntin' wolves, an' when the last wolf that

tin' sun. I think that steer follered his trail: 'eause I never heerd o' him nor the wolf ag in "One night I woke up, down yonder on the clearin, an' heered my two pigs a squealin', an' my cow an' the oxen bellerin' an' thumpin' in the barn like

was left in the Injin creek deestric got

lonesome an' dug out to'ards the set

"So I got up an' slid my clothes on.

an hustled out to see what the fuss

was all about. The moon was shinin

most like day, an' as I trotted over

to'ard the pig pen I see what the

trouble was. Two big bears was in the

pen workin' their very pootiest to hist

one o' my pigs out over the side o' the

pen, which was only a sort of a square

concern, laid up with logs four foot

a-feedin' them pigs up to this notch o'

"So I run back to the cabin an' cot

my gun. If the gen had had sumpin

in it with more business to it than pi-

geon shot, the hull trouble would a ben

settled consurned quick. Pigeon shot

was all it had in, though, an' if Susan

herself hadn't been loaded fer bear, I

dunno know how things would a come

out. When I run back for the gun.

takin' away our pork!"

she. 'We'll see about that!'

'Susan,' says I, 'bears! They'm

" 'He they?' says Susan, gittin' up an

grittin' her teeth. Most astoundin

woman, Susan was. 'Be they?' says

stockin's on. She grabbed a double

bitted ax, an' hollerin' fer me to come

on with the gun rushed out to her a

"The bears was still strugglin' to git

the squealin' pig over the fence, an' the

eattle was thumpin' an' kickm' an' bel

berin', sympathizin' with the pigs, an

Susan got to the pen, an' I rested my

gun on the top log of the fence un

blazed away. The end of the gun bar's

wa'n't two feet away from one o' the

bears, but my nerves must a ben a

beetle most for instead o' borin' a hole

escan through the bear's nead I only

jist shot away his fore paw. That was

sumpin the bear wouldn't stand with-

out findin fault. If I'd n-bored a hole

through his head he wouldn't a said a

word. But to hey his usefulness

knocked inter a cocked ant by the

blowin' off o' one o' his paws was too

much, an' he lifted up his voice an'

made the woods ring and my hair raise

"Good by, Susan, says L. Till see

"Cause I thought my time had come

" Ye'll see me at breakfast! says

Susan, an' she riz her ax an' sunk it

clean to the hand'e in the well bear's

brain. The bear dropped back into

the pen an never said another word.

but the ax was sot so deep in its head

that Susan couldn't yank it out, an' as

the bear fell back it wrenched the han-

dle outen her hands. The wounded

bear came right on. My gun didn't

hey no load in it, an' Susan's weepon

bein' stuck in tother bear's head inside

the pen, we was in pooty ticklish quar

ters, an' I was so domfuddled that I

guess I'd a squatted right down an' let

the bear chaw me up, but Susan was

"An' I scooted an' she scooted. We

second for the house, the darn ugly

bear limpin arter us on three feet. We

got in the house jist in time to shet the

loor in the bear's face. Great Jem-

intal how he did how! an' rear an'

scrape! He was bound to git in an'

evit out with us. 1 jist wilted down

ea' beliered. I say it now. That's

and I done. But Susan! I had kep

nolt o' the gun, an' she grabbed it 42

louded it. The bear was bangin' an'

howlin' at the door. When she had

londed the gun Susan flung the door

night! I wouldn't hev ye stay out

there an' suffer, not fer a double-geared

"The bear come a bouncin' in on three

feet, an' his mouth wide open. Susan

jist socked the muzzle o' the gun ag'in

"An' that's the way it usety go, down

on that clearin', 'fore I was a widderer!

That was forty-five year ago an' better.

an' things is different now But what

a woman my Susan was!"-N. Y. Sun.

He Was Too Critical.

'Come in!' says she. 'This is a cold

" 'Job.' says she, 'scoot!'

at the same time. An he come for me

you ag'in when Gabriel blows."

So did Cother bear.

little argument with them bears.

try in to skeer the bears away.

"Susan didn't even stop to put her

heft for bears to come in an lug off,"

"Pork is pork!" I says. "I hain't ben

as if they'd kick it down.

em up.

" Susan,' I says to the old woman, tha's a most onheerd of rumpus goin on out there among the critters, I says. "Seems so, Job, says she. "Git up. greeted me that he had some special she says, 'an' go see what's a-stirrin' of commission in store.

and commenced. few days, and has taken up his quar-

that I had not heard of it."

coming remark, "what you suggest is that I should endeavor to obtain the same? "That's it," said the editor. "There-

by, if you succeed, rendering your paper a great service and covering yourself with glory." Next morning I had spent all the previous day and night thinking about my task-I presented myself at the

much to my delight. "What name?" he in turn passed to a boy in buttons, who disappeared upstairs with it. step this way, miss!" Was the great

be something even to receive a refusal direct from his own lips. or fourth landing, a man servant, hold-

explained, with a bow, eying me currmadame's business?" Perfectly well aware that I might as

well beat a retreat at once as hope for success if I answered hts question. "My business is with monsieur." I said, calmly. "Kindly hand him my eard, and he will see me."

an adjacent door. it and peeped through the crack, being mustache of enormous proportions.

"Mees Margareet Neveel!" I heard him say. "No! I do not think I know the lady." Then he added, turning to the servant: "Is mademoiselle young

"Young, sir," said the man; and in my anxiety I had almost called through the opening of the door "and pretty. "Did you ask her beezneez?"

"Vell, I vill see her in one moment, followed by: "But shust make sure her beezneez has nosing to do with zenoospapairs." A groan almost escaped me. It was

no use prevaricating when, in a moment's time, I should be in the great man's presence. I told the servant candidly that I did indeed come from the editor of the Weekly Ray, a paper that had always expressed its greatest admiration of M. Coussot and all his works, to bid him welcome to our shores.

The man's face relaxed as I said this He returned to the room, and a second after I heard M. Coussot's voice from

"Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Ver' goot! ver' goot indeed! Tell Mees Neveel I feel ze honor greatly, but"-and here he interviewed."

"So much for the glory I was to be covered with," said I, as, hurrying from the scene of my defeat, I turned into Regent street. Next morning, still feeling a bit ashamed of myself, I went into the

city to keep an appointment that the editor had made for me. That over, I was coming down Threadneedle street, intending to walk back to the office, when, passing the entrance to the Bank of England, I saw a sight that made my near go

Three genial - looking gentlemen, locked arm in arm, were emerging from under the famous portals, and in the central figure I recognized M. Jean Conssot himself.

on the back the words in English: "To the Victor from the Vanquished."-Pall More Pathetic Than Humorous. An aged couple living south of Brazil, Ind., who had devoted their three score and ten to rural life and the

to do to suit myself."

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a Winchester. Throwing a shell into the magazine he handed the rifle to the butcher's boy. Ther: was a pause.

the butcher's boy.

er's boy by the throat-

"You young skunk," he thundered, wrenching the rifle away from the butcher's boy. "Thought yeld be naowerful cannin', didn't ve? I see that there puppy when he came daown to the center. Thar an't nothin' the matter with that dog; he's been used awfully. Henderson's folks had him, and them young ones liked to kill

The old max bosened his vice-like grip, and the butcher's boy slunk into the store. One by one the crowd followed sheepishly, while the puppy trembled against the old man's bootleg. When the latch clicked on the last men Israel took the puppy in his arms. "Poor leetle cuss," he said, as he carried the puppy down the road to

And so the puppy lived with Israel, and one August day the old hunter left his cabin at daylight with his dog. "Hadn't ye better git a couple of the boys to help ye, Israel, if you're agoin' logit aout them hemlock?" said Jeru-

dry his wife, as he left. "I presume likely I had," said Israel, leaning on his ax at the gate. "Frank -he's ought to went to the center today to git them shingles, and Pete calcalated he'd go fishin'. No," he continued. "I guess I'll make aout well enough alone, thar an't so much but what I kin handle it," and, shouldering his ax, he disappeared in the woods, talking to the dog. It was about noon when Jerushy fin-

ished her washing and sat shelling The door was opened by the postpeas in the coolest corner of the sume bitches autable in the towerland daown in Fort Ti." Henderson conthe flowers and the vellow jackets tinued, "writ that they had one of crawled in and out among the bunches them St. Bernaras and wanted we of dried herbs hung under the caves of should take it. I told my wife, sez I, the rickety porch. Below from the we got enough fraounds to feed withvalley, swimming in the August heat, came the harsh droning of the mill, broken at intervals by the delicate ping, as the log left the saw.

"Thar!" she said to herself, starting up as the mill whistle, blew, "I bain't more'n had my hands out of the dish water and it's plumb noon." She feit something tugging at her skirts and looking around she saw the dog "Wall, if that don't beat all," said the old lady, readjusting her steel spectacles. "What ails ye stop it, ye fool." But the dog kept tugging at her

"tiot a mushrat, have ve?" said the old lady, coaxingly. "Wall I presume we'll have to go and see it fore ye'll git your satisfy. At her willingness to follow the dog

ing incessantly. When Henderson reached his cabin Mandy, his "womern," came out with a candle to see the new dog, and the

> alders, saw the print of Israel's shoe in Then the truth seemed to flash across

warrant ye," she said, hurrying on. The dog barked sharply and plunged on through the woods, the old lady following as best she could, calling at

"Israel, Israel, whar be ye? Be ye hart? Suddenly the dog stopped and list-ened, and Jerushy heard far up the Ten minutes later she found the old

As Jerushy stood by wringing her hands the dog tried to ferret himself beneath the pile of debris, tugging at Israel's cont.

"Oh, Israel, be you a dyin'?" moaned

"Dyin'? No," Israel replied. "I han't hurt none ye see. I mistrusted this here tree wan't agoin' to fall right, but 'fore I knowed it she come down top of me. If it wan't for that young spruce I presume likely it'd n killed me. And he came and told ye!" said the old man. "Wall, I

SWED. When the neighbors came and hauled the old man out the dog's joy knew no bounds.

"Thought he wasn't no good, did ye. friends?" said the old hunter, turning to the bystanders.

"Ye han't no bines broke, have ye, Israel?" asked a mild old man, once sheriff of the county.

"I'm tickled to see ye wan't hurt," said another, as the procession filed

town the mountain. But Israel did not answer; he was talking to the dog. - Detroit Free Press.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

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MILES' OLD TIMES.

Killing Wife. Wolves Prowled Around the Cabin Till

five years ago an' better," the old busket-making recluse went on, "me an my of woman fived down the creck ben ever sence. When we fived on the clearin' it kep' us busy a good deal o' an' painters. I had a two-year-of brindle steer that was the greatest wolf fighter anybody ever heerd on in this country. We didn't think nothing o' seein' wolves prowlin' around the dearin', an' they killed every dog we'd git, jist as reg'lar as we got 'em-But they found out by an by that they better let that steer alone. He was nice an' fat, that steer was, an' I know'd the wolves had their eyes on snow was deep, an' the wolves was powerful hungry. One mornin' 1 got out to feed the steer an' the cow an' the oxen an' the pigs. As i was goin' to the barn I heerd a tremendous hellabaloo in the log shed where I kep' that steer. The steer was beller in' as if he had a belly full o' the most gripin' ache that ever griped, an'

from no belly ache.

struck a gallop an' started to give the steer a lift ag'in 'em. I slying the door open, an' there I see one big wolf with

huck it loose of his flank, an as he ir. I'll bet ye, twenty foot, an' as it arned a summerset up there an' comg'in. I heerd sumpin' rip an' tear. then I see the wolf go up in the air "in an' a shower o' blood come a jour n' down from him. The steer had ixed the wolf so's it wan't no use for

havin' my hands more'n full fightin' the wolf that was tryin' t' make me sorry I had mixed in with the fight an' sp'iled his chance o' makin' his breakfast on the steer My clothes was all tore to tatters, an' I was blood from nead to foot; an' all my own blood, too. that the wolf had drawed outen me by his claws an' his teeth, which he wa'n't noways shy in usin', I tell ye. But I kep' a-chokin' of him, an' by an' the steer ketched t'other wolf an' ripped it from A to izzard. I put all an' slammed it ag'in the log fence on that wolf was tough. He got right up on his feet as if nothin' hadn't happened, and come fer me ag'in as fierce as ever. I'd a ben a goner sure if it he had done fer t'other wolf, an' he didn't wait fer it to land ag'in, but turned an' went fer the wolf that was comin' fer me. With a beller ye could a heerd fer a miled that steer made a plunge. He ketched that wolf, as ye

AN INTERVIEW.

I am a lady journalist, and engaged I never was a pudding-and-pie sort of girl; and I think when I started going to town, and left the household duties to my sister, my people actually felt a

papers, some of which reached their

"A lady interviewer, you know, Miss Neville," said he to me, "can frequently attain her object where a man would fail, and I shall be glad to see what success you may have at the business." Time went on, and I had "fixed" hundreds of notables, when one day, entering the editor's room to submit some

"Good morning, Miss Neville. The very person I wanted to see. Take a I sat down, while the editor pushed

his papers aside, laid down his glasses "You have no doubt heard that the famous Frenchman, M. Jean Coussot. has arrived in London for a stay of a

ters at the Hotel Bristol?" "What, the 'unapproachable' in London!" said I. "No. I am ashamed to say

epigrammatic plays and jingling as an art critic, a wit, evnic, and leade of fashion, yet he has 'a vogue,' and whatever opinions and impressions fall from his lips people will greedily de-

"Therefore," said I, anticipating his

I handed him one of my cards, which A minute later be returned. "Kindly man really going to see me? It would

Up and up we went, till, on the third ing my card in his fingers, confronted

ously all the time. "What might be

Still hesitating, but evidently im pressed by the assurance with which I spoke, the man turned and tapped at

"Enter!" responded a voice from within. The man left the door agar behind him. Silently I stepped up to rewarded for my temerity by the sight of a rather stout figure of medium height, clad in a long frock coar, with a buflet-shaped head, hair cropped tight, a well-formed nose, and a straight

"Yessir. She said it was direct with came the welcome words; but, as I stepped back from the door, they were

raised his tones-"M. Coussot is nevair

Falling back a pace, I "shadowed" them. They got to the corner and stopped at the edge of the pavement,

tions "Excuse me," said I, in my softest possible tones, "I am not sure if I am on the right car. Does this one go to Hyde Park corner, can you tell As he heard my voice M. Conssot jerked round on his seat, and, as he looked at me, politely raised his hat. "Ah, mees! I am a strangair in London," he said. "I vill inquire of the drivair."

A Hammersmith car drew up, and,

with unsuspected agility, he jumped

on to the steps and nimbly climbed up-

I followed, and took a seat behind

As we neared the top of Cheapside.

I thought it time to commence opera-

yet befriend me.

they came up.

him.

pass ze Hyde Park cornair?" he asked; and then turned to me again with: 'Yes, zis car pass ze cornair.' "Thank you, so much," said I, sweet ly, trembling inwardly lest this should prove to be the conclusion of our conversation.

But the gallant Frenchman showed

no intention of again turning his back

And bending over the rail, "Do you

towards me. On the contrary, he wheeled still further round, and, keeping his eyes fixed upon my face, said: "Zere are so many 'buses and things in your London that it ese ver' conconplexing, confusing." "Very confusing," I agreed. "Have you never been in London before?"

to come, but somehow never do till this. "And are you disappointed or please: with London now you have seen it?" ventured, feeling that this question marked an epoch in my life.

"Vell," said he slowly, and I hung on

his very words. "I am both disappoin

and pleased. It is a grand city, but it

"Ne-vair," said he. "I vant mouch

makes one's head ache, there is so mouch beezneez. (How I remembered that word!) And I do not find it pretty It is too mouch duil, too gray, too 'neutral tint,' as you say." He seemed to enjoy chatting like this, and, just as the shops and sideturnings flitted by us, so we went lightly from one subject to the other,

until I knew the cause was won, and

that, if I could only remember all be

had said, I had enough material to fill a whole page of the Ray. At Hyde Park corner I prepared to alight, having, just in order to prevent wounding his feelings, assured him that I believed Apsley house, which had attracted his attention, to be the habitation of the Guard's club.

Will mademoiselle exchange cards in memory of our deelightful conversationg?" "Oh! Pray excuse me!" said L "1 have been too indiscreet already." "No! No!" he protested. "I have en joy ver' mouch. But mademoiselle

may have curiosity as to who she has

"Ah! You get down here! I regret!

same tones as the intelligence might be announced. "I am the German emperor!" the versatile Gaul, again raising his hat, said: "I am Jean Cous-"Really." I gasped, in affected sur-

seended the steps. A second after I jumped on to another bus, which soon landed me at Piccadilly circus. Into an aerated bread shop I rushed pulled out my note book, and began to

"What can I get you?" murmired an

scribble for dear life.

attendant.

"Coffee," said I, laconically. "Anything to eat?" "Yes, please," I answered, writing on, oblivious of the girl's proximity. "What?" she persisted. "What what?" said I, looking up, angry at the continued interruption. When I had jotted down all that I could remember, I took a hansom to the

interview was written, revised, and re-"Knock out those two columns of Parliamentary Gossip," directed my editor when he had just east an eye over my copy, "and the contents bill must be altered to 'Jean Coussot's Views of London.' Well done, Miss Neville! I'll have a chat with you

later." As may be remembered, the publication of that interview caused a great sensation in the journalistic world. But the most pleasing memento of this little episode that I possess is an exquisitely fashioned small gold brooch, embellished with the letters "M. N. in diamonds, that M. Coussot himself sent to the Ray offices for me, bearing

eall my own and spend it as I may wish

-You take something from the burden of sorrow when you give it somet'ing to do.-Ram's Horn.

A MISUNDERSTOOD BOG. "Look out-don't ve come near me, said the butcher's boy.

The next instant a well-directed boot rolled the pappy into the road. He staggered to his feet and stood gazing up at the crowd on the porch, his limbs trembling. The storekeeper came out with a box of cartridges and

> "Git that hind sight fine on him." It was the man in the slouch hat telling

"Hyar!" came a stern voice out of the dusk, and the next instant the old. hunter, Israel Lukens, and the butch-

loosened his hold and ran ahead, bark-The two crossed the road and followed the trail of the path leading to Israers "leetle piece," as the hunter called his lumber cutting. When he reached the brook the dog stopped. spuffing to the right and left; suddenly he stopped and began to howl, and Jernshy, looking at the edge of some

"Suthin's happened to Israel or that dog wouldn't perform like that, I'll children. One morning he growled. Henderson's "womern" said "she knowed that the dog was ugly soon as she sot her two eyes on him," and that

mountain a faint halloo. the next day the puppy was hitched under a peddier's wagon and departed man buried under a hemlock, unhurt, but unable to move band or foot.

"Guess he's dead," said one. "Looks like he'd been ugly, anyhow," said the

"It's a good thing the dog come daown and told your woman, Israel, wasn't it?" drawled a tall, lanky fel-It seemed to him that he was back

missioners arrived at Juneau, Alaska, a week or so ago, to begin a survey of a trail 2,300 miles long, from Taku inlet. to the head waters of the Yukon river. In a newspaper from Schwarza, in Thuringia, this notice appears: "L. J. Schmidt, apologize for having said

A Belgian inventor has devised an immense lamp such as has probably never been seen before. It is 6 feet high and measures 7.10 feet in diameter. It is fed with lard oil, and the consumption is said to be very small.



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A NARROW HOUSE.

Fling down its scented blessoms o'er and The summer hirds, elear throated, round it sing.

The timid[wildlings of the field and wood,

"It does me sort o' good to git holt o' ome un that likes to hear 'bout of imes," said Octogenarian Cutlibert Miles in his snug cabin near the head a Indian Run, Pa., where for forty cears be has busied himself with fashloning willows into baskets of various hapes and kinds during the winter to peddle them among the backwoods

blood, an' he hung on like a levch onto. a swelled leg. "There was a little yard to the shed, with a log fence 'round it, an' when the steer see the door open an' me tandin' by it, he made a spring fer it and come bouncin' out inter the yard, fetchm' both wolves aflyin' with him. the one hangin' to his nose and Cother steer's nose an shet both hands around his throat, chokin' him all I knowed

aothin any more 'cept for fodder for "I seen all this a-goin' on spite o' me y I got him so I could give him a good ol' soundin' toss, an' this was jist as v stren'th in the fling I give my wolf, one side o' the yard. But I tell ye hadn't ben fer that steer. He know'd

sawmill! says she.

"Well," returned the woman, "as

Beaten by a Girl Reporter.

How a Great Frenchman Was

mark. The majority, however, like carrier pigeons or the Australian boom-At last I attracted the attention of the editor of the Weekly Ray, or at least my work did; and after a few more successes he offered me a post on

copy to him, I perceived by the way he

"Well, it is nevertheless a fact," contimued my chief, adding with a smile: "And very aptly you have christened him, for not only has he never been interviewed, but has declared his decision that he never will be: Now, although Consset has never done anything so very remarkable, beyond writing some verses, and posing with great success

"Is M. Jean Conssot within?" "Yes, miss," said the hall porter,

"Monsieur has so many callers," he

thump!

talking, laughing, gesticulating wildly.

Suddenly they shook hands violently. and, with much raising of hats and vociferous interchange of good wishes. The Eventfol Life of a Wellleft him. He crossed over to the Mansion house. I followed. Why I did so, Meaning Pup. can hardly say, except that I still

He came in a crate by the evening felt a lingering hope that fate would stage—an ungainly St. Bernard puppy with legs long enough for a dog twice Arrived on the opposite pavement, his size. A card on the top of his M. Coussot stopped and took up his station on the curb, critically eying wicker cage read: the various road cars and omnibuses as

BILL HENDERSON, Keene Uester, Aittronducks.

The crowd on the store porch waiting for the mail to be soried looked the newcomer over and expressed their several opinions as to his breed. Some calated he had shepherd in him. and others "swan he hadn't." "See that; have he bobs that head of

er, peering into the crate, "Helio thar, 'Long Lega,' haow goes it? hungry, be ye?" and the puppy licked the old man's "What we got in thar?-a lion?" shouted Alfred Hamner from the road, on his way to the fumber shanty.

his'n," said Israel Lukens, an old hunt-

By this time the mail was sorted, and the crowd scuffled into the stere. A kerosene lamp sent long shadows seurrying over the low ceiling and diffused a mellow light half way down the counter, at the further end of which was strewn a tumbled assortment of lumbermen's shirts and some old pairs of children's boots, the remnant of the winter stock. Great drifts of blue to bacco smoke floated lazily toward the lamp and, ascending, were lost in the shadows:

The puppy, left alone on the porch. beard the laughter and the voices of the men inside; and began to whine When realizing that this only a bled to his loneliness, he cocked his head and looked up at the stars and the great range sleeping clear out against them. He could hear the roar of the river as it swong through the valley and far down the road the baying of the hound. Then came the sound of a wagon clattering along and the next instant Bill Henderson reined in his team and called

"Dog here for aour folks?"

out goin' into no lancy breeds."

master.

Ten minutes later the puppy was lifted out of the erate and tumbled into the warron and Henderson drove off. As they rattled down the road the good air seemed to revive the puppy. It felt good to get out of the close crate, and though at first he cowered against the dashboard he began gradually to feel more like himself. Now and then he would put up his foolish shaggy head and try to make friends with Henderson. But Henderson was surly. He regarded the puppy as more of an encumbrance than anything else. Such friendly beginnings on the part of the puppy were greeted with a kick that sent him shivering under the seat again. Henderson hadn't much heart even toward his neighbors, and when

been talking." And then in much the puppy was brought into the hitchen. where he walked about awkwardly and was mauled by the children. After a scanty supper he was turned out among the bounds in the wood-shed, where he lay shivering with cold and fear until Henderson's eldest boy came for him in prise, and without another word dethe morning and bitched bim to a cart. If he was not harnessed to the cart by the eldest boy and lashed up and down the road in the broiling sun, he was dragged into the cabin on wet days and mauled by the rest of the

It came to animals he had less.

amid the gibes of the Henders in chadren and the snarling of the Henderson hounds. The peddler dreve along offices of the Ray, shut myself up in an in the blinding heat and dust, and beempty room, and never stopped till my fore he had gone two miles the puppy had hard work to keep his chain slack his feet began to bleed and he whined When the eart reached the valley six miles distant, and stopped in front of the post office, the puppy lay un-conscious against the hind wheel his

eves were closed and blood cozed from

his nostrils. Some one unhitched the

chain and dragged him a few feet away

The shadows lengthened until only

"it was nothin' short of Providence he

Henderson said he'd take him where

he wouldn't get back in a hurry, and

hadn't bit some of the young uns."

the great slides far up on "Great mountain" were high enough to catch the rays of the red sun. A few lamps beamed at the windows down the single street, and a gentle breeze rustled the leaves overhead. When the dew fell the puppy opened

his eyes.

on the grass under a tree.

other, and they passed on.

Two men passing stopped.

once more in the crate at the store. He could see the stars glitter and hear the roar of the river. As the wind freshened and blew down the valley he staggered on his feet and tottered up the road, whining. For a moment he stopped in front of the store and stood in the glare of the lamps. Some village curs marled at him. Limping up the wooden steps, he waited until a man opened the store door, then he should in bobbed his head and wagged his bedraggled

mad," said a rough lumberman in a slouch hat. "I goll, Bill, you're right," replied his partner, nodding approvingly. "This dog your'n, Ed?" he shouted, sarcastically, to a big fellow in a blue shirt, as he opened the door, and the

"I'll bet ye the eigars that dog's

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said

counter bet he could hit him "first Just then the puppy settled slowly

erowd reared to a man.

another. "I'll give half a dollar for his hide if anyone 'll shoot him." A butcher's boy lounging against the

on his haunches, looked up at the butcher's boy and wagged his tail.

CURE HEAD

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wanted by the series of the se

sweet sleep, to dream no more of hearts grown

"Fore I got to be a widderer, fortycender, a couple o' miled, on a mee clearin', but it got lonesome down here when she died, an' so I come up sere an' put up this cabin, an' here I ap about sun-up, as usual, an' went

" 'Wolves!' says I. 'A passel o' brame "That was enough for me, an' I

the bear's upper jaw an' whanged away. The top o'his head flew off like settin' off a blast in a quarry He tumbled on the floor, an' Susan yanked him out in the yard 'fore he had time to muss up the floor with a drop o'

blood as big as a sixpence!

Everybody is familiar with the adverse criticisms passed by shopkeepers on articles not purchased from them Here is an instance: A woman had a to her, with head and feet in perfect condition. She took it to a furrier to have it made into a bow. The furrier examined it closely. "Beautiful skin, isn't it?" remarked the woman. "Yes, replied the shopman, "but I don't think you have the right kind of a head on it happens to be the kind that God put on it, I think it will stay."

making of a farm, sold their possessions for the snug sum of sixteen thousand dollars. When the purchaser called with a notary to close up the deal by taking the deed of title, the husband having signed and passed it to the wife, she positively refused to sign without a consideration, saying she had spent her life in making the farm, and had never realized anything she could eall her own and now was her opportunity. The husband failed to satisfy her and secure the signature. Then the purchaser asked to know what she would take and sign the deed, fearful that she would be exacting beyond his inclination to comply. After a good deal of hesitancy she said she thought she ought to have two dollars, which he promptly handed her, and she signed the title. She turned over the silver dollars time and time again, laughing over her good luck. She said: Well, well, this is the first money I have ever had in my life that I could