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head very determinedly, and made the

most of the exceedingly dimpled chin,

which only represented one-third of

Mr. Waterbury's, During the whole

of that week Dick had never once been

out. The kitchen commented severely

on this point. It savored more of the

"man in possession" than anything

"He's been sent, and he's got to stop,"

was the cook's verdict. "And mistress

is making the best of a bad job by treat-

ing him as a gentleman guest. I've al-

ways understood that the poor master

left her comfable off, and I can't un-

derstand how she's lost her money. I

suppose it's a mine or something.

Thank goodness! I've got all my little

savings wrapped up in a stocking and

Seven days had gone - the seventh

night had come, and still Ethel re-

mained obdurate. But she paid, her

mother noticed, considerable attention

to her toilet, and wore her prettiest

III.

Mrs. Fielding sat up, bathed in cold

What was there it was again - a

scratching on the window. She

listened—her heart beating a wild tat-

too against her ribs. Yes-there again

somebody was trying to break in!

Only a sliding door separated Mrs.

Fielding's room from her daughter's,

Her teeth chattering in time with the

wild throbbing of her pulses, Mrs.

Fielding crept out of bed and, the slid-

ing door being partly open, into her

daughter's room. Ethel was slumber-

ing peacefully, but a touch woke her.

There was a hurried explanation in

whisper from Mrs. Fielding, and then

the two women, clutching each other

for comfort, stole into the outer bed-

room and once more listened. The

scratching had ceased, and only the

shuffling sound could be heard; then

there were footsteps on the gravel

walk, and then the scullery window

(which was immediately beneath) was

shot up with a force that denoted a

careless haste on the part of the mid-

"A burglar!" exclaimed Ethel, pale

to the lips, for she was only 19, and

an ordinary girl with ordinary nerves.

Unconsciously her lips formed the

Mrs. Fielding. She tripped swiftly out

of the room, down the passage, and

relate it. Dick found himself standing

at his door, in dressing gown and

trousers, trying to instill some ealm-

ness into the troubled breasts of Mrs.

Fielding, her daughter, the cook and

the housemaid-for Mrs. Fielding had

aroused the servants, there being com-

"Stop here," said Dick. "I'll go down.

If he dosen't use arms I can manage

So saving, he moved quietly down-

stairs, and the women, afraid to be left

by themselves, followed him at a re-

spectful distance. A few moments, and

the darkness had swallowed up Dick's

form. An anxious interval followed,

during which nothing could be heard.

Suddenly there was a crash of crockery

and a savage exclamation. Then an-

other crash. Then a whole series of

crashes. The cook and housemaid

shrieked with fright. Mrs. Fielding

grasped the banisters and trembled.

Ethel trembled, too, for Dick. Yes,

fort in numbers, even scared ones.

In almost less time than it takes to

rapped at her guest's door.

"I'll wake Mr. Waterbury," said

else he had done.

locked in my box!"

dresses.

What was that?

perspiration.

night intruder.

word "Dick!"

NUMBER 36.

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THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

"What outrageous conduct!" exclaimed Mrs. Fielding, gazing at her daughter with wide opened eyes. "Very extraordinary!" agreed Ethel. "I never heard of such a thing in my

"I should hope not!" returned Mrs. Fielding, "What would your poor, dear father have said if, during his lifetime, a young man had come to propose for your hand, and, on being refused by you, had expressed his intention of staying in the house until you accepted him? I've not even read in novels" (with a fine touch of seorn) "of such a preposterous notion. Did he did did

he seem firm about it, my dear?" "Frightfully!" Ethel assured her, "frightfully firm, and you should just see what a chin he has. It would make three of mine!" "What did you say?" asked Mrs.

Fielding. "What could I say? I've already told you everything. I met him, as you know, at Merchant-Mainwaring's, and after our first introduction saw him almost every day during the following month. The night before I came home he proposed to me, and I-well, you know what I said. He then declared his intention of asking me again every six months, and didn't seem to care in the least when I assured him that my answer would be just the same, however many times he asked. Well, it is exactly six months to-day since the the first time I told him that I couldn't think of marrying."

"And he expressed his intention of staying here in the house till you said 'Yes?' put in Mrs. Fielding.

Ethel nodded. "Then," was Mrs. Fielding's decision, we must send for the police."

"Oh, no-no-no-no!" ejaculated Ethel, springing up. "Please don't do that. He's sure to go. He-he's very gentlemanly, mother, and I'm sure he'll behave himself if he does stop. Besides, if he fought the policemen (and I am sure he would fight them) there would be such a scandal!"

Yes, Mrs. Fielding agreed that the affair would give Market Norbury a month's food for tittle tattle, if the strong arm of the law were to inter-

"I will see the young person myself!" exclaimed the elder lady, majestically "Don't be harsh, mother," said Ethel, blushing a little, "because, after all, you

"Head over heels in love with you? Of course," rejoined Mrs. Fielding. "Of course he is. If he weren't I should suspect him of having designs on the plate. Leave him to me, Ethel!" So saying, Mrs. Fielding swept mag-

nificently into the drawing-room. But severe as was her tone and stern her mien, Dick Waterbury declined to budge. He apologized for the gross rudeness of his decision, but, nevertheless, refused to spike his guns and retire. During the altercation Mrs. Fielding discovered that he was a young gentleman of twenty-five, with an ample income, and a small country seat that stood sadly in need, of some one to look after it.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Fielding returned to her daughter. "My reasoning had no effect whatver," she informed Ethel; "none whatver. I suppose he must remain. He may be in a more sensible frame of mind in the morning. Don't let the servants know anything about the real state of things, and say his luggage will

ome clothes. (8) That the letter was

addressed to Mr. John Blunt, Friar's

Court, Temple, London. And (9) that

in the opinion of the kitchen, "Friar's

Court" sounded like a low place for any

Dick Waterbury had been with the

Fieldings a week, and still showed no

signs of departing from his resolution.

He had soon made himself at home;

be had broken the ice over the dinner

table during the first night of his stay.

Mrs. Fielding and her daughter had

opened the ball by treating him with

rigid politeness; but Dick had pre-

tended not to notice their manner, and

attled on so gayly that he effectually

dispersed the cold barrier which the

adies had attempted to place between

hemselves and their self-invited guest.

After dinner he regaled them with

omic songs, anecdotes and news of the

lay which had failed to penetrate to the

astnesses of Market Norbury. So very

agreeable did he make himself, indeed,

that by bedtime he had quite won Mrs.

Fielding over to his side. Ethel kept

very close to her mother all the even-

ing, he noticed, and would neither play

nor sing, although she could do both

very nicely. On the following day his

clothes arrived, and on the third day

a letter, addressed to him in a bold mas-

culine hand. He appeared to peruse

this letter with much interest, and the

one he wrote in reply he delivered to

the housemaid with special instruc-

tions that it was to be posted before

six p. m., at which hour the Market

Norbury mail cart was dispatched. The

housemaid told the cook that, for a

all right"

man in possession, the new comer wrote

ous weather signs, I cheerily called

"Whoa, Pete! Whoa, good fellow; it's

On hearing my voice, the sagacious

beast ceased to pull, and stood quietly,

though still gazing intently ahead, and

gentleman's friends to live in.

for Dick. She loved him, she knew it arrive in due course." now. His life was in peril. The result was: (1) That Mr. Rich-A desperate fight was going on in the ard Waterbury gained his point and passage leading to the kitchen. The stayed at Pleasant View. (2) That only women could dimly discern the forms his fixed determination to win Ethel of the two men, who, breathing in short Fielding would have led him to take quick gasps, were struggling furiously such a desperate step. (3) That Ethel for the mastery. Backward and for by no means deceived her maternal ward they swayed, with clenched teeth adgment when she expressed herself and straining muscles. Still the women indignantly about Dick and his resoludared not move. The couple had fought tion. (She let slip his name-"Dick"their way down to the extreme end of several times unthinkingly.) (4) That the passage, and were close to the scullery door. Suddenly a pistol shot rang it was the general opinion in the kitchen that the gentleman who had out, there was a cry, a splintering of come so suddenly-without any lugwood and a crash of glass, and the two rage—was a "man in possession" (5) That he seemed to the kitchen a very vell dressed man in possession. (6) That the gentleman immediately sat

A few seconds later Dick returned. his dressing gown half torn off his back. "He got away," he exclaimed; "but down and wrote a long letter which he didn't take anything. I'll get some was given to the housemaid to post. (7) thirgs on and be off to the police sta-That he wired to another address for

The women gazed at their hero with fond admiring eyes. Once again they breathed freely. Slowly they moved upstairs—all but Ethel. "Are you hurt?" she asked him, with

infinite tenderness in her voice. "Only a bruise or two," he replied. "I'll soon set the police on his track. But first-"

He took her hand in his.

"I said I would not leave the house," be began. Ethel looked swiftly up the stairs to make sure they two were unobserved. Then she bent forward, quickly breathed

"Yes" in his ear, and fled to her room. The police never caught the burglar, who got back to Friar's Court quite safely, after catching the earliest train

from a roadside station six miles from Market Norbury. Ethel quite meant "yes," and in due ime was married to the "man in pos-

session," much to the cook's and housemaid's wonderment. And Mr. John Blunt, reading the wedding announcement, chuckled softly to

"It was a good idea of Dick's!" was all he said.-Tit-Bits.

EXERCISE A NECESSITY.

Early Decline of Physical Powers Due to Neglect of Athletics.

Beyond the age of 40-at a period when so many are physically lazy-the superior value of exercise is apparent, but ordinarily this is just the time when the hygient of athletics is neglected, aptly observes Rev. F. S. Root There is no reason why a punching bag, rowing machine, pulley weights and man in possession, the new comer wrote a very elegant hand. This letter, too. The ser apparatus should be relegated to a very elegant hand. This letter, too. was addressed to that low place, Fe of Court, Temple, on isg that he, thus left is merely alarmed by the omin-

a good deal of work in his time, ch nost impossible to persuade a and or professional man turning inge any sort of attention to phys-Sture if such training has been sly neglected. It is an inexoraological law that we can only our bodily or mental powers by rly using them. Exercise is not tter of choice, but of necessity.

DINNER-GIVING ETIQUETTE. Points to Be Observed by Both Hostess

and Guest. The dinner is the most important of social ceremonies. It is a function, an observance, a solemnity, the most flattering form of entertainment that can be offered to a guest; and as such it should be duly respected and appreciated. The art of giving dinners that are at once dignified, delightful and distinguished, is a rare one, yet it is possible to achieve it with a mere expenditure of time and pains so well jaid out that it is a marvel that such dinners are the exception and not the rule among us. As a rule, the dinner is regarded as an affair of reciprocity, and people who do not give dinners themselves are but seldom asked to dine, except in the case of stray girls or bachelors, asked chiefly to stop a gap. Dinner-giving is about the most costly form of hospitality when it is largely indulged in, and people who cannot give dinners as they should be given had much better not attempt them at all, but confine themselves to less formal entertainments of dances, luncheons, breakfasts and ordinary "At Homes." The dinner is the one social function in which the host plays as important a part as the hostess. His name appears with hers on the invitations, and he dispenses hospitality in the same active measure as herself, But though modern custom has robbed his post of much of its ancient glory in the way of carving heavy dishes and passing wine, he is still the holder of the foot of the table with all the dignity which that position entails.

The length of a dinner invitation varies with the size and importance of the dinner. For a large and ceremonions one two weeks' notice is required, and this notice is sometimes extended to double that time. For small and informal dinners, from five to ten days' notice is sufficient. Printed cards my be used on which blanks are left for the names of the host, hostess and guests; data, address and hour. These cards are, as a rule, only used when the dinner is one of ceremony. Invitations to small dinners are generally written, and vary in friendliness with the informality of the entertainment. They are written in the third person, if it is a friendly and impromptu matter. In any case, whether the invitation be friendly or formal, it should be answered within 24 hours after it has been received. Dinner-giving is unlike any other species of entertainment in that it is all-important to have a certain number of guests to count upon and to select them with discretion. It is necessary to allow a hostess ample time to invite other guests to fill the places of any who may disappoint her. An invitation to dinner, it has been said, is issued in the joint names of host and hostess, though, of course, the hostess writes the note, if a note conveys it, The answer must be addressed to her, though the host's name is mentioned in accepting or regretting. The invitation may be sent and answered either by post or by the hand of a servant.

Some people are perpetually invited out to dine, not because they give many dinners in return, but because they are recognized as good dinner guests. They are generally provided with plenty of light small talk and the gossip of the day; are pleasant, popular and gifted with that tact which is one of the rarest, as it is one of the most valuable, of possession. There are others who must be asked as a duty, on account of the dinners they themselves give, and who vex the righteous soul of a hostess so often as she has to include their names among the list of her guests. She knows very well that their mere presence will call for a mighty effort to keep the whole dinner from being "a frost," and that they will probably outweigh all her efforts.—Philadelphia Telegram.

#### BARNUM'S LONG PROCESSION. How He Faithfully Kept His Billboard

"I was traveling with P. T. Barnum once," said Mr. Stow. "long before the railroad shows were in existence. We traveled by wagons from town to town in those days, halting on the outskirts of the town to enable the circus people to put on their show clothes and prepare for the parade. We were to show in a small town in Pennsylvania. and I had noticed that a bridge over which the wagons were to pass was weak. I sent word to Mr. Barnum to put the rhinoceros wagon at the rear, but he did not do so, and as it was in advance it broke the bridge. The show did not reach the town in time to make much of a parade.

"That night Mr. Barnum was seated in the village hotel when an angry lot of people who were disappointed at the size of the parade waited upon him and told him that he was a fraud.

"'How so?' said Mr. Barnum. "'Well,' replied the spokesman for the crowd, 'you advertised two miles of parade and there was only one.' "'Yes,' replied Barnum, 'there was

one mile of parade and another mile of cussed fools following it. That makes two miles, doesn't it?" - Syracuse

#### BITS OF KNOWLEDGE. It is estimated that the rails of the va-

rious railroads in the country weigh altogether 83,000,000 tons. When a pound or a bushel of corn is burned it yields about one-twentieth of its original weight in ashes.

It is said that a room 24 feet in cubic dimensions would hold all the gold there is above ground in the world. The onion is a historic vegetable, hav-

ing been used since the dawn of history by the Greeks, the Romans and the Egyptians. Only 70 years have elapsed since the

first railway in the world was finished. During that comparatively brief period 400,000 miles have been constructed. Bank Notes Make Good Fuel.

The novel spectacle of a steamer's furnaces being fed with bank notes was recently witnessed at a Mediterranean port. Forty sacks of the apparently valuable paper were tossed into the furnace under the longing eyes of the stokers, who stood restively by with an evidently burning desire to possess themselves of at least a handful of that which they somewhat inelegantly styled "rum fuel." The notes were canceled notes of the bank of Algiers, whose manager superintended the operation of their absolute combustion

TWO GOOD TURNS.

BY WALTER LEON SAWYER.

Mr. Balcom rose early that morning, and he hurried off to the city as soon as he had swallowed breakfast. That was not his way, and Mrs. Balcom wondered; but, being a good wife, she asked no questions. Before she had fully accommodated herself to the novel event, the man-of-all-work gave her another surprise, presenting a telegram which set forth that his sister was ill and needed him. Of course Mrs. Balcom let him go. It did not occur to her that the double departure left her and the children unprotected, and if it had she would have smiled at the idea of danger. She did not know that there was a burglar in

Mr. Balcom did know. As he came up from the train the evening before, his neighbor Jones had stopped him to whisper that the Hartshorne house had been entered and judiciously ransacked. The Hartshornes were in Europe, Their caretaker had been sojourning in that other foreign land, a drunkard's paradise; but as soon as he came out of it he discovered the robbery and hastened to ask Jones' advice. Jones, who had a nervous mother-in-law, suggested that the matter be kept as quiet as possible; and he wanted to know if Mr. Balcom-"You did just right!" Mr. Balcom interrupted, when the story had gone thus far. "These country constables would frighten every woman into hysteries, but they wouldn't eatch a burglar once in a thousand times. Pro-

fessional, is he?" "So I suppose. He seems to have gone into the house and through it as though he knew his business."

"I'll back my burglar alarm against him!" Mr. Balcom chuckled, confidently.

"How about Ben Ezra?" the neighbor asked.

"No fear of him. You see my stable is as well protected as my house," Mr. Balcom explained. "Fact is, I'd sooner lose half there is in the house than that horse. Little off his feed, the poor fellow is. I had a veterinary out yesterday to look at him, but I can't drive him for a week. I guess I-" "I suppose we ought to do some

thing," Mr. Jones ventured to hint. He knew if allowed to go on, Mr. balcom would talk about his horse until the burglar-and the listener-died a natural death.

"Oh, of course we must trip the fellow before he goes any further. Tell you what: I know a private detective who was on the Eoston force for yearslong enough to get acquainted with every rascal in the country. I'll bring him home with me to-morrow to look over the ground. It would be better to pay him a hundred than have the thing get out and bedevil the women." "Yes, indeed!" said Mr. Jones, fer-

Soit was decided. And after the neigh

bors had exchanged the usual remarks on the dryness of the season and the need of rain, Mr. Balcom sauntered homeward, calm in the contentment which a managing man has a right to feel. He kissed his wife and children, and then he went out and caressed his horse. He looked carefully to the locks and the alarms. They were perfect and in order. He went to bed in peace. That night, however, he had a horrid

dream. It seemed that Ben Ezra was stolen; that he had expended his fortune in seeking the horse; that finally when he had sunk to a beggar's onteast he found the wreck of Ben Ezra bauling a garbage cart! The dream so wrought upon Mr. Balcom that he awoke in a cold perspiration. He rushed to the stable, and proved it only a dream. But it might be a warning! That superstitious fancy lingered with him through the hours of dusk and dawn, and the early glare of an August sun did not dispel it. It hurried him to the city, as has been told.

Looking at it in the light of his new knowledge, Mr. Balcom could see many reasons why Maple Park should attract a burglar. Its isolated and unguarded location is one; the smallness and sleepiness of the town that it fringes is another. Seekonket has only two constables and one hand fire-enginethough, to be sure, it has four churches

and the aristocratic residents cut themselves off from all these blessings by building on the farther side of Greenleaf's hill. As Maple Park holds aloof from Seekonket, Seekonket keeps away from Maple Park; and Mr. Balcom wondered, the longer he thought of it, that some frowsy Napoleon did not organize his army of tramps and obliterate Maple

Mrs. Malcom was not imaginative. and no such terrors ever oppressed her. She was young enough to enjoy her money, and old enough to appreciate her health; and since her daughters had not reached a marriageable age, neither her health nor her money seemed in danger. Of course, she should have been, as she was, a bappy woman. She spent her day as the truly happy must in small activities that amuse one and make one feel useful but not fatigued. So accustomed was she to the routine of quiet that when Abbie, the cook, appeared excitedly before her she was slow to realize that this particular day might prove an exception. "The stable's afire, Miss Balcom!" the

cook proclaimed. 'Is it?" the mistress absently answered. "Tell Henry to put it out please. Oh, I remember; I allowed

Henry to visit his sister." She closed her writing-desk and stood considering. "(an't you throw some water on it?" she asked, presently. "It's the roof. I s'pose it caught with a spark from one o' them pesky ingines; bein's 's everything's dry's tinder. Ain't nothtin' to git scairt about, 'cause the wind's away from the house.

what little the' is. But the hoss is in the stable, you recollec'."
"Oh, my!" Moved beyond her wont, Mrs. Baicom swept electrically through the kitchen and out of the back door. "Oh, my!" she repeated, as she came i sight of the blaze, "Ben Ezra will be

burned, won't he? What will Mr. Balcom say? What can we do?" "D'know," was the depressing answer. "I sent Jane to the corner a'ter the firemen; but the land knows how long it'll

take to git 'em here." "Ben Ezra must come out!" Mrs. Balcom asserted; but there was an accent of despair in the words, determined as the

"Can't break that door down! 'n' that air paytent lock on Mr. Balcom's got

the key with him." Mrs. Balcom stared straight before

her like one fascinated into helpless ness. The servant's conscience would not let her rest until she had kicked the door and thrown herself against it. It did not even tremble. She mopped he flushed face with her apron, and, shaking her head mournfully, drew back beyond the heat of the flames that were laying bare the rafters.

Hen Ezra must come out!" Mrs. Balcom said again. The horse's agonized whinny had broken the spell that was upon her. Her eyes filled at the sound and she ran forward aimlessly and glanced desperately about her.

"Man! You man!" she cried, all a once, "Come here and get our horse," Though the stranger had seemed to spring from the ground he showed no alacrity about coming further He took time to survey the landscape before he climbed the fence He looked past the women, not at them, as though he feared a possible somewhat behind; and when he had advanced to where they stood. though he abruptly took the manner of haste and impatience, his shifty eyes still seemed to cover every point of the horizon. "Now, then," he demanded, "where's

your aven "In the stable, I suppose," was Mrs. Balcom's dejected reply. " N' it's a paytent lock!" the cook

chimed in, tragically. "Hey?" The stranger started and stared at them suspiciously. He turned again to scan the hill road. Then he ran up to the door.

"Huh! That thing!" the women heard him say, contemptuously. The smoke floated lazily off and left

the vision unobscured, and the spiteful snap of flame overruled every other noise. The women looked and listened with an intentness that would have been painful had it long endured. From the bag he carried the stranger took a glittering something which he applied to the lock. Instantaneously, almost, the door flew open. Stripping off his blouse, the man passed through, and when he reappeared the horse, safely blinded, uninjured, was with him. Mrs. | also appeared on the floor, under the Balcom fluttered after as he led the trembling brute to a safer place. For once in her life she could not meet the occasion with graceful words.

"Oh, I don't know how to thank you!" she faltered, at length. "Mr. Halcom values Ben Ezra so! I'm sure he'll-Why, here he comes! Oh, James!" she cried, as her husband-hatless, coatless. and visibly perspiring-took the fence in a bound and dashed up to the group. "Oh, James! If it hadn't been for this - this honest workingman, Ben Ezra would have been burned!" Mr. Balcom's eye was on his favorite.

but his hand went into his pocket and brought out a roll of bills. "Thank ye, boss," the stranger said,

souriv. "Not-enough!" Mr. Balcolm found breath to add. "Come to-morrow-my office give you as much again!" The thought of another duty occurred to him at the same instant, and it made him face toward the road. "All right, Parker!" he called. "No hurry."

"All right!" The man who had just come into view moderated his pace. After the first keen, comprehensive glance in the direction of the others, he conspicuously ignored them, and look ing at the stable delayed his approach. Mr. Balcom returned to the fondling of Ben Ezra. The horse's rescuer had been standing at the corner of the house. No one saw him slip around it.

"Sound as a dollar, Parker!" Mr. Balcom said a moment later. There was suspicion of tears in his voice, and he blew his nose energetically before his trusted himself to speak again "Thanks to this worthy man- Why where is he?"

Mr. Parker smiled screnely to himself as he bent to lift Ben Ezra's leg; but he said nothting. "Guess he must 'a' been in a hurry."

the cook put in; "he went off 'n' left his satchel. I s'pose I better lay it away. hadn't I 'fore these 'ere firemen go to trampin' round?" She offered the stranger's bag to Mr. Balcom, but Mr. Parker took it from his unresisting hand and coolly pulled it

open. Then he drew Mr. Balcom to one

side and bade him look in. "For," said

he, "you won't often see a neater set o' burglar's tools than that is!" Mr. Balcom seemed less horrified than he should have been; but it was evident that he was puzzled. He looked from the bag to Parker and back again.

"Well," he suggested, at length, "he ain't likely to hang around Maple Park any more, is he?" "I guess not," the detective made

proud rejoinder. "He knows me-knew me's quick's I knew him!" "Yes-well-you see-" Mr. Balcolm buttonholed Parker, in his turn, and led him still further from the crowd. "Of course-I'm responsible-I pay all the

bills," he went on, with disjointed earnestness. "I-you-don't you understand, I haven't anything more for you to do here? Why, hang it all, man, he saved Ben Ezra!" "Oh, I know how you feel," the detective answered. He spoke as though he

really did. "I like a good hoss myself. See? There's a train back to town in 'bout 20 minutese, ain't the'?" - Demorest's Magazine. The Next French Census.

The visitors who are living in hired villas on the Riviera are all to be included in the next French census. Among those who will fill out the sensus papers are the queen of England, the empress downger of Russia, the ezarowitz and her two youngest childrep, the grand duke and duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the duke and duchess of Parma, the duchess dowager

bury. The king of the Belgians, the

prince of Wales and other birds of passage in hotels or yachts will be exempted. Why He Came Early.

Mother (sitting down just as the train starts)-Oh, would you mind changing seats with me, sir? My baby wants to look out of the window

Mr. Haven Hartford (with sarcastic politeness)-With pleasure, madame I have been saving this seat for him for half an hour.-Bay City Chat.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Salt sprinkled over the earpet will effectually lay the dust and will make

the color bright and last longer. To take out iron rust, cover the spot with fine salt and saturate with lemon juice and lay on the grass. Repeat if

A pitcher of ice water laid in a newsaper, with the ends of the paper wisted together to exclude the air, will comin all night in any summer room with scarcely any perceptible melting of the ice. To remove an odor from a barrel, half

iff it with cold water. Heat half a dozen stones the size of the palm of the hand mail they are red-hot and throw them into the water and let the water remain in the barrel until cold. Then rinse the barrel with clean cold water. The average watering pot is made of in or zine, but fancy watering pots are

made of china in white and other colors and decorated. The quart sizes in the decorated china pots are used in a conservatory for watering plants; these are also frequently employed to hold out flowers in place of the usual vase. Never let the laundress, in her com-

nendable desire to give a gloss to table linen, starch it. To produce a high, satiny polish on damask it should first be thoroughly dampened and then ironed with a heavy flatiron until it is absolutely dry. Tablecloths and napkins should never leave the ironing board in a limp condition.

#### ODD AND UNUSUAL.

Part of a cornfield at Joplin, Mo., which has never been undermined, has settled 20 feet.

Lightning struck a wire on which a grapevine was trained in the Pellicek vineyard, at Moultrie, Fla., and stripped the fruit from it, jumping then to another wire and repeating the effect.

A Danbury man has hit upon an original and profitable way of committing suicide. He announces his intention to enter a cage containing a ferocious lion, and permit the beast to eat him. Spectators are to be allowed, on paying an admasion fee of five dollars each. Strange black spots appeared on the

body of Jeff Wallis, just before he died, at Luverne, Ala. Similar black spots bed, and all efforts to scour them out The scrapings of iron ore are eaten with great relish by the three-year-old

daughter of James Gardener, of Bessemer, Mich. Her parents have vainly tried to break her of the habit by mixing nauscous drugs with the ore. Attorneys December and January are wo Nevada lawyers, who are amusing the Kansas people just now, where they have gone on business. The two men are

## ttorney at-law." THE MUSTACHE.

distinguised lawyers in Nevada, and

their firm style is "January & December,

How It Became a Symbol of Liberty an Fraternity. The mustache, that questionable adornment of a man's upper lip, is trembling in the balance. The fashionable man of the hour who eschews this ime-honored ornament will tell you that it is a crying and unnecessary evil, and is bound to go. And where can one find a better criterion of such momentous subjects than the fashionable man of the hour? In years to come the grandchildren of a beardless race may have to turn to their encyclopedias to find out what a mustache was. Anticipating this, says the Cincinnati Enquir-

n the following: The home of the mustache is in Spain. After the Moors first invaded the counry the Christian and Moslem populaion became so mixed that it was difficult to say which were Moors and which were Spaniards.

er, a sort of advance sheet may be found

The Spanish then hit upon a means by which they could at once distinguish their brethren. They did not shave their lips any longer, and they allowed a tuft of hair to grow below the mouth, so that their beards formed the rude outline of a cross.

Thus the mustache became a symbol of liberty and fraternity.

# OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

In Hebrew marriages the woman is placed to the right of her mate. With very other nation in the world her place in the ceremony is on the left. In Russian Poland all trains most stop at every station until the chief

of police (or gendarmerie) of the place gives permission for their departure, A boy of 16 and a girl of 13 were married at Ford, Ky., a few days ago. There were two 16-year-old brides in the same region recently and several bride-

grooms under 20 years. Roentgen is beginning to inspire terror. A French woman writes to a Paris paper asking if it would be safe for her to continue to wear her false teeth set in a metal frame, "because," she says, "I should not like to have

that frame showing in a photograph of Down on Him. Young Mr. Camsuphen, who has one of the cunningest little cream-colored mustaches in the world, so faint and modest that he has to color it in order to

establish its identity, called again last evening. "I've just been dying to see you. Maud," he gushed, soon as he had got his cane through the parlor door.

Mand looked him over with a criticaly unfavorable eye. "I see you have," she said, coldly; "there's a lot of it come off on your

And young Mr. Cumauphen was so abashed that he didn't know what to say. But that wasn't anything unusual.-N. Y. Recorder.

-"By hook or crook" recalls the days when the poor of the English country districts were allowed to go into the forests and pick up such branches as had fallen from the tree. As a hook at the end of a short stick was frequently brought to assist in this labor, and as the straight branches must be left for the landlord, the expression, "by hook or erook," came to mean the accomplishment of an end in one way or another.

- The department of agriculture estimates that in the state of Connecticut it costs \$26.34 to raise an acre of wheat,



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OR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY

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