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Mane but scalawags do otherwise.

VOLUME XXX.

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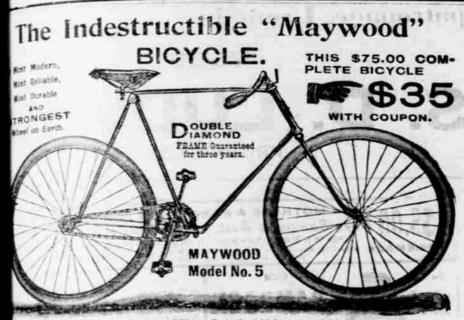
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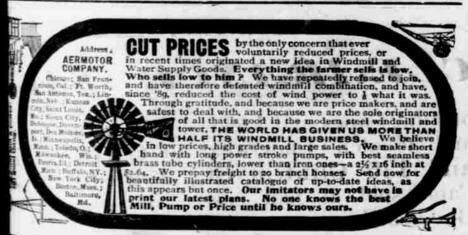
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Amelia Sanford, in Ladies' Home Journal

A MERE SUGGESTION.

BY A. HOOD.

Phyllis was young and very happy, as fortunate as herself. At least as fortunate as was possible, for naturally and he was to be her own husband. But there were plenty of other men, really quite nice ones she must see what she

They were sitting together, Maud had come to tea with her friend to talk about her trousseau and the presents. "Yes, I am very happy," said Phyllis, presently; she had been giving Maud a

"You must be!" said Maud. "That silver tea service is lovely! You are a lucky girl," and she sighed a little. Phyllis was reminded of her friend's lonely state. "I do wish you were as happy, dear," she said. "But I believe you will be very soon," and she smiled meaningly.

"Why? What makes you say that?"

Now Phyllis had meant nothing definite, she only wished to be comforting. and vaguely to suggest. There was no actual prospective lover in her mind but she could not bear to raise poor Mand's hopes only to destroy them the next moment; so she smiled again mysteriously while she ran over in her thoughts every probable suitor. "I wish you wouldn't look so knowing,

Phyllis," said Maud, impatiently, "Who were you whom did you mean?" "Ah, I mustn't say; besides it was only an idea—a mere suggestion." Maud looked disappointed, and it dis-

rather -? Don't you think so, dear? It has struck me so several times." "Oh, nonsense, I'm sure I've never noticed anything-at least-" and she

paused and blushed a little and wondered if Phyllis had any good reason for her suggestion. "There! Now you know you have

hought so!" said Phyllis, delighted to find she had made so good a guess.

Maud; and she sighed as she remembered the fickleness and flightiness of

Some men are," said she; "but not Mr.

if I had encouraged him-" "Why, of course; every man wants encouragement. I expect he has been

like him?"

hesitation. "Then why are you so horrid to him?

cruel to Mr. Stratton.

"Oh, it won't hurt him!" she said carelessly. "I can't help laughing at men when they say silly things, can you? Even George Mr. Stratton." "Oh, call him George. I'm sure you think of him as George," Phyllis said, gayly. "And I'm sure you would be awfully sorry if he went away and you

never saw him again!" "I might get over it," Maud answered, with the light indifference of a con-

"No, you wouldn't; you're really very fond of him. Now do tell me, dear, when did you first suspect he cared for

Carters, and and everywhere." "You will be kind to him, won't you Mand? Wouldn't it be delightful if we were both married on the same day?" said Phyllis.

"Oh, there is plenty of time for that; besides, he may not care about me now, though."

"You will have yourself to blame if he doesn't," Phyllis said, severely. to be horrid," Mand exclaimed, with some anxiety.

"You must be very nice to him then. Let him see you do care for him just a little. Oh, I do want to see you as happy as I am, dear!" cried Phyllis. "A sensible woman can be just as happy unmarried," said Maud, who had

DRESSING A FISH. "Nonsense, you know she can't; and

The Quickest and Best Method for Small Ones. At this season of the year many are camping or living in summer cottages by lake or ocean. To those who can

take with them a competent cook the knowledge of a quick method of cleaning fish may not be of any practical use; but the real campers are those who eatch their fish, and clean and cook, as well as eat them. To these, although the catching and the eating may be most enjoyable, the cleaning is always a bugbear.

The quickest and best method for dressing all small fish like perch, bass and croppies, is as follows: Put the fish in a large pan and pour over them scalding hot water. Shake them about in this for a moment, then pour it off and rinse the fish in cold water. Now with an old pair of seissors cut off the fins and tails. With a sharp knife cut off the heads and cut through the skin of each fish in a straight line down the back. Beginning on each side of this incision, easily and quickly pull off the skins. Some epicures prefer the skins left on, but if they had the scales to scrape off, they would perhaps change that opinion. It really makes very little, if any, difference in the flavor.

The fish are now ready to be opened and clenned as usual. Each one should then be washed thoroughly, inside and out, in cold water; wiped dry; rolled in corn meal or flour; seasoned well with salt and pepper and laid on a clean platter. They may be set aside in a cool place or fried at once. When fried brown and not too fast in hot butter and lard, one part of each, the flesh is firm, crisp and delicious.

Wash the tins and knives which have been used with plenty of hot water and soap. After the hands have had a good scrubbing, if they still have a fishy odor, as they doubtless will, wash them in a little cold water, in which has been put a half teaspoonful of listerine, which will entirely remove the odor.

A very nice thing for the woman who fishes and is the possessor of a delicate skin is a fishing collar. She may wear a veil, big hat and old gloves, but the hot sun and the reflected glare from the water will get at her neck, do the best she can. And a red neck is detestable above all things. Take any light wash goods, linen, calico or gingham, and cut from it a flaring collar at least three inches high. Starch it and take it along the next time you go fishing.-Good Housekeeping.

THEY SWING THEIR ARMS. This is the Terrible Charge Brought

The queer habit men have of regarding women as mysterious beings whose actions and modes of thought are quite incomprehensible, was amusingly illustrated recently by a writer who wondered, through a column and more, why women, when walking, seemed embarrassed about how to dispose of their hands. The custom of the sex of carrying purse, card-case, umbrella or other something was explained to be an effort to solve the question of what should be done with her hands. Most peculiar, so it was averred, and very unlike the habit of men. It is indeed quite ing the dust of her friend's house from true that the sexes on the streets manage their hands and arms after different fashions, but unlikeness in this particular is artificially produced, as the wondering writer could have easily ascertained if he had taken the trouble to investigate.

Men of high and low and all intermediate grades swing their arms as they walk; that beautiful, natural and comfortable movement is not permitted to a woman or girl with any pretensions to good breeding. Don't swing your arms is among the earliest of the appalling long calendar of "Don'ts" prepared exclusively for girls. In fact, among the very awful sins that conservative people charge against the bicycle girl is that when off her wheel she strides "along and swings her arms." What she should do, according to these censors, of course, is to glue her elbows to her sides and to take lady-like steps. However, athletics is likely more and more to claim the homage of woman, and it is more than possible that ere long convention will permit her arms to swing as freely as those of her brother, and when that time arrives one more woman "mystery" will be dissipated.—Philadelphia Times.

nourishing properties.

For removing grease spots from white linen or cotton goods use soap or weak nesia or chalk.

Fresh fish, if wrapped in a cloth wrung from the brine and kept from contact with each other, will keep dency to arrest decay.

lodged in the throat is, according to the Medical Times, to give the patient

a pint of milk and 40 minutes afterwards an emetic of sulphate of zine GOSSIP OF EUROPEANS.

cil-making family of Nuremberg, left at his recent death \$500,000 to beautify that city.

Eyvind Astrup, Peary's companion, who perished in a Norwegian snowstorm last Christmas, has now a memorial stone 26 feet high erected in his memory in the forest of Holmonkollen, at Christiania

When Goethe was first in love he carved upon a tree in a neighboring forest a couple of hearts united by a scroll, and a little later received a sound thrashing from the forester for damaging the tree

fished out with difficulty, but the horse bowling alley had lulled him to rest.

SHAMEFULLY NEGLECTED. Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty in

New York Harbor.

The Splendid Testimonial to America Allowed to Fall Into Decay Present Appearance of the Great Figure.

Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty is so sadly out of repair that \$150,000 will be required to place it in proper condi-The gigantic work of art France

proudly gave to light and ornament the harbor of New York is rapidly becoming a monument of earelessness. Instead of insipring the admiration of the visitor, it gives birth to disappointment.

As you pass meath the first arch the looseness of the brickwork is prominently in evidence. The walls are seamed and searred. Climbing the stairs, rifts through which the light streams are observed on all sides. These were not in existence in the statue at first, but are the result of the rivets intended to hold the huge dress of the goddess in position having fallen

Liberty's dress is literally ragged and falling from her. Some of the copper pieces of her attire are loose, and so far from being fastened to the next patch that one can insert one's hand between the plates. Rivets that are loose in other places rattle every time a gust of wind strikes the folds of the dress on the outside, producing a sound like a gigantic rattle box.

Whenever there is a fold in the dress, the turn of the fold has been subjected for some reason or other to rusting-as it is called with iron-but with copper it is the depositing of verdigris, or oxide of copper. Many of these rents are large and constantly growing in size. In one place, about half way between the head and feet, 27 rivets have fallen out in a row, leaving the copper plate barely hanging and bent outward. A good push would force an opening sufficient to permit a man to put his whole arm through Liberty's watch pocket at the waist.

At the top, where Miss Liberty's brains ought to be, are windows which are really the openings in the crown surmounting her head. These windows are no longer tight and firm.

Climb up through the hollow arm that holds aloft the torch. When you are up in the torch, you may look out and down upon the crown of Miss Liberty's head. These six holes in her skull where the bolts have fallen may be observed. Dame Nature is well on in the work of taking out a plate or two of her skull, the most gigantic piece of trephining ever known. The rain may pour through until some day she will have a fine case of water on the brain.

As the wind blows against the huge pile it rocks, sways and vibrates until only the bravest feel safe. This is get ting worse all the time, and the statue needs thorough reinforcing and bracing all over. The steel beams on the inside are powerful enough, but they are thick with rust from the salt air and moisture that come in through the rivet holes and rents of the dress con-

Once there were electric lights all the way up the stairs on the inside. The wires are still there, but the lights are gone. Now only smoky oil lanterns flicker and fume, shedding little light but much nauseous smoke. It is like a climb in a dungeon, except for the light that peeps through the rivet holes.

Liberty has been described as much a Goddess of Light as a Goddess of Lib-

Now she is a Goddess of Darkness. Not an electric light on the inside where once there were hundreds. Once the torch had six powerful electric lights flooding the harbor with their piercing rays. Only one is left from the ruin. It is in bad repair, and a man has to be kept on duty every night

to climb up and fix it when it goes out "Wish I had a dollar for every time I have climbed up there," he said, to a Sunday Journal reporter, "I figured it out the other day, and I have climbed up those stairs over 6,000 miles." Not only is the torch almost bereft

of light, but the colored lights that were once all about the crown are gone. Only the places are left where they used to be screwed on. Once more than 50,000 candle power of lights shone every night from the lofty statue. Now only one light is left, and when it fails the statue will be enshrouded in

Only two men are employed to care for the statue, and they do little. The reason is that Uncle Sam has no money for the purpose. What is spent comes from the lighthouse appropriations, at the expense of other lighthouses. The profits of the boat line running to the island are supposed to go to the fund for the completion of the statue, but there are no profits. The boat is required to make its regular hourly trips winter and summer, passengers or no passengers, and the expense has been greater than the income.

"To say nothing of completing the statue, it would cost at least \$150,000 to do the needed repairs," said one of the employes at the island. "There is no \$150,000 in sight for repairs, and not a cent for completion."-N. Y. Journal.

A Little Mixed.

"George Todgers, where have you been until this time in the morning?" "Been havin' little finanshul discushin. thatsh all."

"Couldn't you do your discussing by daylight?" "Not thish time m'dear. I had to shtay an' prove that t'other side sticked

"Did what?" "Sticked its mixtistics." "Say it again."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

its matistics."

"Course I can say it again. Micked its stixtics. Wha's matt'r with that?" "Well, you go to bed. I'll see that your statistics are thoroughly well mixed in the morning. Climb!"

Entitled to Consideration. "My misguided friend," said the fat "SAY 'BLANK," SAID GLEASON.

Then Miss Jones Read a Missive Which

Was All Blanks But Signature. When Mayor Gleason, of Long Island City, entered his office in the city hall the other morning he found a large mail awaiting his consideration. The mayor had been away assisting to nominate the gold national democratic ticket in Indianapolis, and business had been accumulating during his absence. After signing a number of official doenments and giving interviews to several of his constituents he turned his attention to the pile of letters lying on his desk. The first envelope picked up was a square one. The mayor took up the letter and smiled as he read:

in the schools. The next made the mayor frown at first. The frown was followed by a smile that extended into a hearty "Ha

"Hum," he mused. "Wants to teach

"That's a good one," said his honor. "Wants to shoot me, does he? Well, 1 have been down for shooting ever since I entered Long Island City public life, and I am here yet."

"Read that to me, Miss Jones," said the mayor, turning to the young lady Evpewriter. Miss Jones took the letter, and, after glancing over its two pages of scrawl,

aid it on the desk. "Why don't you read it?" inquired the mayor. "I can't," repiled Miss Jones.

"You can read writing, can't you?" he asked. "Certainly." "Well, then, why can't you read that

etter?" "Because," answered the typewriter, there are words there I do not under-

The mayor took up the letter and read

it himself. He besitated several times while perusing the pages, and, after finishing it, said to the typewriter: "There are some 'hard' words there I don't understand myself." Then he turned and winked at his private secre-

Taking up a postal card, the mayor handed it to Miss Jones, saving that there could not be any "hard" words on postal card or the postal authorities would not deliver it. Miss Jones read the eard to herself first and laughed while doing so. "Read it, if it is funny," said the

Miss Jones read the card. It said:

"Oh, you big robber! You and your robber gang are not fit to be in the city hall. You robber! You robber! would like to punch your head just once for the poor people. You robber! you raised the city assessment from \$15,000 to \$45,000. You are a robber and I know it. Oh, oh, oh, how I would like to give you just one punch!" While Miss Jones was reading the

ard everybody laughed but the mayor. When she had finished, he said: "I wish the writer had signed his name. I would send him my office hours

for being punched," The mayor saw a big square envelope among the others, and, selecting it, handed it to Miss Jones to read. She took the letter out of the envelope, and,

after glancing at the first line, said to

"Shall I read it, mayor?" "Yes; go ahead," said the mayor.

the mayor:

"My dear-" "Hold on there!" ejaculated the mayor; "don't rend that one," and he reached out and took the letter away from Miss Jones. Then the mayor took up another letter, and, before handing it to Miss Jones glanced at the opening line. The typewriter took one glance

at the letter and laid it on the desk.

mayor. "It's full of 'hard words,' " repiled Miss Jones, blushing. "Well, when you come to a hard word

"Why don't you read it?" asked the

say 'blank,' " said the mayor. Miss Jones picked up the letter and started to read: "P. J. Gleason-You blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, blank-

"Hold on," broke in the mayor; " it all blanks?" "Yes, sir," repiled Miss Jones, "all but

the signature. "What's that?" "Once a friend, now an enemy."

"If the change is agreeable to him, it suits me," said the mayor. Then he thanked the typewriter, and said that he would read the other letters himself .- N. Y. Herald.

A MISSED KISS. The Reason Why Two Ambassadors Lost Their Places.

Two ambassadors have lost their places through their failure to take advantage afforded them to kiss the hand of the ezarina, says the Scattle Post-Intelligencer. Count Montebello, the French ambassador, lost his place. It is not made known whether he only obeyed orders or not, but he had to suffer the penalty. It was very unfertunate for him that when the French people through their government had undertaken to show their friendship for Russia by a most lavish display of ostentatious ceremony and the expenditure of many millions of dollars the entire effect should be lost by the failure of the chief functionary to press his lips to the imperial hand.

The other ambassador who lost his position is Prince Radalin, the representative at the Russian court of the German empire. No reason is given for his omission to observe a customary act of homage. He had not the excuse of being the minister from a republic. He represented a court where such ceremonies are strictly observed and an imperial master who is as strict in requiring observance of court etiquette as the Russian emperor. These punishments should be a warning to all men never to lose a favorable opportunity to kiss a lady's hand. Many a man has lived to regret that he has not seized a suitable occasion to snatch a kiss; there seems to be more danger in being too remiss than in being too hold. Where the danger lies and how great it will be either in abstaining or acting is a matter for individual judgment. But it is sometimes worth risking, it would seem.

The Way Around It.

"I believe that women are and should "Not by this country alone," suggested Dobbs. "It must be by interna-

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THE CHARM OF RESERVE. Nothing More Becoming in a Young Girl Than This Quality.

There is a great amount of small talk

indulged in concerning the modern girl. She is supposed to be an entirely novel type of womanhood. Old-fashioned. mothers look askance at the greater freedom allowed to the girl of to-day. They predict all manner of harm to ome, just as the oid-fashioned mothers of their girlhood predicted when they were departing from the ways of previous times. These latest mentors forget they themselves cast aside the stately fashions of the days of the minuet and the lengthened, stilted phraseology in which well-bred dames were then wont to express their simplest thoughts. These sentimental, stately ladies who wept over the sorrows of Alonzo and Melissa could see nothing but a revolt against the social order in the freedom of the girl who read George Eliot and thought for herself. Yet the women of that generation have grown up and reared their daughters, who are reaching forward to a still broader life and greater opportunities of usefulness. Who dare say that the generation of our grandmothers or greatgreat-grandmothers was more moral than the generation of to-day? It was far more sentimental, and this mawkish sentimentality no doubt weakened the morals more than the coarser realism of the modern novels. Runaway matches among well-bred young people were much more frequent than today, and no special odium seemed to be attached to them. Claudestine engagements were common. Certain sections of country are still pointed out which were in dispute between two states. There were the Gretna Greens of a whole territory, where justices considered people amenable to no law, because they were in doubt to which state law they should give allegiance. Hurried ceremonies of marriage could be performed there without the necessity of publishing banns, and before the irate parents of the contracting parties

could prevent it. We live to-day in a blaze of publicity. The presence of a local paper, eager perhaps for a sentimental paragraph, restrains many a foolish maiden to-day from an elopement which her grandmother would have looked upon as a sentimental episode. Our girls of today are not given up as the girls of a ew generations ago were to the all-aborbing pursuit of "husbands." They are not engaged in the unwomanly task of "setting their caps," as the old phrase goes, for every "handsome stranger" that appears. They must be wooed and won by some more sterling quality than han some face and fine clothes. It s a great mistake to think that a pretty girl arrays herself in dainty gown and 'fetching" colors merely to attract suitors. She dresses in pretty color, and graceful, attractive fashion because she is attracted to such surroundings. She arrays her room and fits out all her surroundings in the same way, because she enjoys beauty. She is gay, because she is young. Somber thoughts belong to experience. The danger is that the modern girl, with all her exuberance of animal spirits, may be misunderstood. She will be wise and she will be doubly attractive if through all her gayety, her natural flow of spirits, there be thrown a certain reserve. Let her tcilets be as dainty and beautiful as she can obtain. Let her remember to moderate the tone of her voice. Let her cultivate a certain repose of manner, which need not interfere with the most

graceful dancing footfall or the airiest An objection to the old-time maiden undoubtedly was that she was too anxious to be sought. Her future depended upon a successful marriage. Is this the reason why those by-gone loves were so frequently, if we must believe story books, untrue, and the unhappy maiden left as a "blighted being" to drag out long years of purposeless spinsterhood? Sensible girls and sensible young men sometimes find they have made mistakes, and engagements are broken, in a sensible manner without either party considering it necessary. to pose as heart-broken. Such a matter is always to be regretted, and no self-respecting girl should enter on such an engagement lightly.-N. Y.

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

Tribune.

It Was Lucky the Sheriff Looked Before He Shot. "I was riding along a mountain road in Leslie county, Ky.," said a timber buyer to a reporter, "and at nightfall sought shelter at a double log cabin. I had some acquaintance with the occupant of the house, and he introduced me to three men who seemed to be boarding with him. We sat up that night and played cards until late, after which I retired, occupying a bed with one of the boarders, who had been introduced to me as Sam Taylor. During the night it grew so bot I could not sleep, and I went to the window to get

ing a rifle at me he said: " 'Go right back thar, Sam, an' drop yo' derned foolishness." "I hastily called out: 'Don't shoot, it's me,' and hurried to bed. The next

some air. My host was below, and level-

morning my host apologized. "'I'm glad I didn't shoot befo' I spoke,' he said. 'Yo' see, these gentlemen yo' met las' night is all 'cused of murder, sah, an' the one yo' slep' with has done ben convicted an' waitin' ter go ter Frankfort soon's I kin git time ter take 'im, so I watch 'im purty clost for fear he gits restless. I'm jailer, au' thar ain't no jail, so they jess lives with me, and I take 'em huntin' and fishin' and try to be squar with 'em, so they won't give me no trouble. But that feller Taylor's jess sort o' cranky. Killed ten men, an' ef he takes a notion agin er feller he jess shoot 'em, so I didn't want 'im to git outer that window. He's gittin' oneasy, an' I reckon I'll hev ter start fer Frankfort with 'im

Tremendous Odds. The biggest bet on record, according

termorrer." "-Washington Star.

to G. R. Sims, was made a few years back by a young American who was assistant at "a main" held in the grounds of a notorious young sporting marquis now deceased. One bird was badly crippled and the other was fighting with terrible force. "Twenty thousand to a pinch of snuff on that one," said the young American millionaire, which was taken. The American won.

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Out in the churchyard the grass grew deep. Where the peaceful dead were lying; er their quiet and holy sleep The butterflies white were flying, And one little child was playing there In the churchyard, sunny and still; He'd wandered away, in his innocent play From the little white house on the hill

BUTTERFLIES.

Butterflies, butterflies!" cried the child, As he played on the grassy sod, 'You're the souls of the little dead children Fluttering up to God!"

out in the churchyard a place new-made Waits for the innocent dead; Still, for the dear little sleeper, there Waited his quiet bed. And a long farewell they say over him, With kisses on lip and brow; And with flowers sweet at head and feet, He goes from his mother now. Butterflies flutter above her head,

As she kneels on the grassy sod, And the little white soul of her precious one Flutters away to God.

and just a little excited, and perhaps a trifle proud, because she was engaged before her friend Mand, who was at least three years older. But, of course, she was very careful not to give herself pirs, or to unduly flaunt her happiness in poor Maud's face; indeed, she was really anxious that her friend should be there was only one Arthur in the world,

could do for Maud.

list of the wedding presents.

asked Maud.

tressed Phyllis' kind heart, so she said, yielding to a sudden impulse: "Don't you think George Stratton seems

"Don't pretend you were blind, and he is such a nice fellow, nearly as nice as "But I don't believe he means any thing; you know what men are," said

men, and she looked wistfully at her friend. Phyllis answered the look boldly,

"I don't know; he has always been very friendly, and all that, and perhaps

miserable," said Phyllis. "And you do Maud put down her cup, and arranged the cushions at her back before she answered, and Phyllis felt quite anxious for her reply. "I suppose I like him," she said at last, with proper maiden

expect you've snubbed him dread Phyllis was full of sympathy for the young man of whose devotion for her friend she was now assured. Mand laughed; she imagined she had been

Mand could not give an exact date; indeed, had she told the truth she would have said "five months ago;" but then that is what she did not do. She began to believe she had known of George's attachment for a long while. The feminine imagination is such an adaptable thing that it can evolve a lifelong devotion from the chance remark of a friend. So she answered carelessly: "I hardly know; gradually, from different things. He was always at the houses I went to, at the Jervis-

"Do you really think so? I don't want

sister there, though that might be a drawback," answered Maud. "It would be," assented Phyllis; "Arthur likes Campden Hill." "But after all, Phyllis, I'm not at all sure I care enough about George-" "How annoying you are!" exclaimed Phyllis "Just when everything was settled. Look here, Maud; write him a nice little note and ask him to lunch or tea, or something; your mother won't mind, or say you'll be at home on Sunday, and then then you can arrange things, you know. That will be

"Shall I really write?" said Maud with a show of hesitation. "Certainly; here are the paper and pen and everything. Write it here, and I'll send Jane to the post with it at Maud succumbed to her friend's deter-

the best way, for it is silly to pretend

you aren't in love with him."

dabbled in serious literature.

each other, won't we?"

we're not going to discuss those silly

questions, we had much better settle

about the bridesmaids and where we

shall live. We'll live somewhere near

"Yes, dear, of course. Chelsea

nice, isn't it? George has a married

mination and wrote a carefully-worded note to Mr. Stratton, in which she gently reproached him for not having been to see her mother and herself lately, and she said how glad they would be if he came to lunch on the following Sunday

Phyllis was satisfied with it, and rang the bell for the maid. "Now darling, everything will come right," she said. "How happy he'll be! I may eall him George, too, mayn't I?" Maud blushed and said she supposed

she might, and just then the servant

came in. "Take this to the post at once, please, Jane," said Phyllis, "Yes, miss, and this letter has just come for you," answered the maid, Phyllis took the letter and the girl left the room with Maud's note.

to know the writing," said Mand. "Only from Ethel Jervis-Carter; she does write to me sometimes about nothing in particular," answered Phyllis. She had not read many lines of the letter before she gave a little cry of dis-"What's the matter?" asked Maud, see

"Nothing," stammered Phyllis. "At

least, nothing interesting; and I don't

ing her emotion.

believe it's true."

her feet.

pleaded.

"Whom is your letter from? I seem

"Don't be silly, Phyllis; tell me what "There; read it!" said Phyllis, and Maud read-"You will be glad to hear of my engagement to George Stratton; you and Maud know him, so you will understand how happy I am. We hope to be married

soon-" Maud read more, she was very "Thanks," she said, giving the paper back; "it is very interesting." "I'm so horribly sorry-" began Phyl-

"For having made a fool of me? You ought to be," said her friend, stonily. "I never meant-" said Phyllis. "You made me write that wretched note, I shall never forgive you," said Maud, drawing on her gloves, and rising from her chair with the air of cast

"It was extremely bad taste." "But you agreed with me!" "No; it was entirely your doing," inswered Maud. "However, of course, t does not really affect me at all." "Of course not," said Phyllis. Maud swept out of the room, went

"It was a mere suggestion," Phyllis

icme, and wrote a second note to Mr. Stratton to congratulate him on the delightful news she had just heard, and would be bring Ethel with him to lunch on Sunday?

Phyllis remorsefully resolved that she

would never again try to provide con-

solation for desolate friends.-Madame.

CURIOUS CLOCKS. How Some People of Foreign Lands Reckon Time. Neither clock por timepiece is to be found in Liberia. The reckoning of time is made entirely by the movement and position of the sun, which rises at six a. m. and sets at six p. m., almost to the minute, all the year round, and at noon is vertically overhead, says Popular Science News. The islanders of the South Pacific have no clocks. but make an ingenious and reliable time marker of their own. They take the kernel from the nuts of the candle tree and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The first or top kernel is then lighted. All of the ker-

minutes and then set fire to the one next below. The natives tie pieces of black cloth at regular intervals along the string to mark the divisions of time. Among the natives of Singar, in the Malay archipelago, another peculiar device is used. Two bottles are placed neck and neck, and sand is put in one of them, which pours itself into the other every half hour, when the bottles pre reversed. There is a line near by,

enls are of the same size and substance.

and each will burn a certain number of

also, on which are hung 12 rods with notches from one to twelve.

Tobacco in Wisconsin "It is not generally known," says a Wisconsin man, "that the state of Wisconsin is a large tobacco grower. Of course, only the lower grades can be raised in so cold a climate, but we supply the western plug manufacturers with almost all of their coarser filler leaf. If one cares to see a beautiful growing crop he should take a drive through lower Wisconsin at the present time. To all appearances a finer yield never stood in the fields of that state. The recent copious rains, coming as they did just after a good proportion of the early set had been tapped, insure a large growth."

inquiry, the husband discovered that a

Lulled Fim to Rest Anyhow. Not long ago a venerable couple from a far western town arrived late at night at a seaside resort, and, being weary, went at once to bed. Just as the husband was falling asleep he murmured: "Listen to the surf, Matilda; it's glorious, worth the journey, I haven't heard it for 40 years." In the morning they saw no sea from windows or piazza. On

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE. The chemical constituents of the mushroom are almost identical with those of meat, and it possesses the same

lyes; for colored calicoes, warm soapsuds; for woolens, soapsuds of ammonia; for silks, benzine, ether, mag-

longer than in any other way. Sprinkling meat or fish with charcoal or thickly with red or black pepper has a ten-One of the most simple and at the same time most effectual ways in which to remove a fishbone or other substance

Lothair von Faber, of the great pen-

An English baronet, Sir Saville Crossley, narrowly escaped the fate of Lord Ravenswood in the "Bride of Lammermoor" recently. He was riding on the beach near Lowestoft when his horse sank in a quicksand. The baronet was

man with the puffs under his eyes, "I will admit that I am a capitalist. That part of your assertion shall go unchallenged. But when you say that I am not a producer you are wrong. I have been backnig a comic opera company for two months."

"Yes, sir," said the female agitator,

be recognized as the equals of men." tional agreement."