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VOLUME XXXI.

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1897.

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THE OLD SLATE.

, I came upon it yesterday up in the garret A homely object, yet to me 'tis worth its Its frame a little set awry, its body cracked,

But as I held it in my hands what scenes Upon its surface long ago I solved the problems dread For masters who are sleeping now beneath

And many a message here I wrote for only The little lass who used to sit across the

I found initials in the frame by jack-knife

lettered there, They stand for one who was to me the fairst of the fair: And every mark upon the slate that cruel Recalls some lesson which in youth that fairest lassic shared.

Ah, here's the crack which long ago was was made by Jerry Call When to the floor my precious slate he pur-We did not speak for near a week, his mis-

chief caused me pain, But when he drew me from the creek we friends became again. How often o'er this ancient slate with many

a scar and nick, wrestled with the myst'ries of the old How proud I used to hold it up whenever I But when I failed how glad was I to keep it out of sight!

What victories from my "Webster" on this old, old slate I wen; What little rhymes I used to write when How in my seat behind the stove the muse

I tried to woo, And glibly wrote of "roses red" and violets seem to see those little rhymes upon its

surface now seem to catch some cherished names breathed oft with boyish vow And 'round me from the misty past where I hear the merry patter of a score of youth-

I see the stern old masters, kind for all their stately ways; y brightened though sometimes they clouded o'er my beyhood days; And, grateful, I would weave a wreath and place it where they lie With folded hands to-day, beneath the gentle, starlit sky.

I hear the merry laughter of the girls we used to swing Beneath the heavy beach that cast its shadow o'er the spring; But from among them all there comes from out the far away

A sweet and loving face upon the olden slate to-day.

The pencil of my memory brings out every Until there stands before my gaze a figure

And neither sponge nor moistened hand, with mischief all clate. Can rub a single lineament from off my

The spiders shall not spin again their filmy Across the old slate resting long against the garret's wall:

I'll set it in the sunshine like a queen in vestments line, For it whispers of a boyhood which to-day seems half divine.

-T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.

THOSE M'CARTHY BOYS.

BY GEORGE ADE

Mrs. Skinner's brother James was late at dinner time. The others were at the table when he came. His sister rebuked him mildly and said it wasn't her fault if the soup was cold. He replied with great enthusiasm that the soup was "just right," and, to prove that he meant it, he consumed his entire portion. Then he leaned back and looked inquiringly at his nephew Willie, who had been scolded twice already

for whistling at the table. Uncle Jim winked and little Willie be-

gan to snicker. Willie-I did.

Uncle Jim-Did you? Willie-Yes; and you ought to have

heard Ed McCarthy laugh. Uncle Jim-What did the teacher do?

Willie-Oh, she didn't do much. It made her kind o' mad, I guess. She said: "I'll declare, Willie Skinner, you're one of the worst boys in the

Mrs. Skinner-What's this all about? Willie-Aw, it ain't much. Uncle Jim taught me to speak a piece that he used to speak when he was a kid. Mrs. Skinner-When he was a boy.

Uncle Jim-It's a good piece, isn't it,

Mrs. Skinner-James, it sounds awful to call a little boy by such a name as that. What was it you spoke, Willie? Willie-Aw, it was just a piece. Uncle Jim-You must remember it.

It's about the captain's daughter, "We were crowded in the cabin," and so on, Mrs. Skinner-Yes, of course. Did you teach it to Willie? Uncle Jim-You ought to hear him.

Go on and speak it for them, Bill. Willie-Aw, I don't want to now. Uncle Jim-Go on. I'll bet your

father wants to hear it; don't you, Mr. Skinner (taking a sudden inter-

est)-Yes, of course. What is it? Uncle Jim-I knew he wanted to hear it. Your mother will like it, too.

Ethel-I guess he's forgotten it. Willie-Aw, forget it! I know it easy. It's just:

"We were crowded in the cabin Not a soul had dared to sleep; It was midnight on the waters

To be shattered by the blast And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder "Cut away the mast"

"And as thus we sat in silence, Each one busy with his prayer, 'We are lost!' the captain shouted, As he staggered down the stair.

"But his little daughter follied him, As she took his key mitt, 'Ain't you afraid?" the captain cried, And she bodly answered: 'Nit!

Mrs. Skinner-Willie Skinner! Stop that this minute! Well, Thomas, I think that you, at least, ought not to laugh at anything of that kind. He's bad enough without being encouraged. (To Willie) Did you get up in school to-day and re-

cite that piece? Willie (half-frightened, but also emboldened by Uncle Jim's winks)-W'y, yes. Ain't it all right?

Mrs. Skinner-Willie Skinner, you're getting too old to play innocent. You knew that wasn't in the piece. Willie-Uncle Jim said it was.

Mrs. Skinner-Well, it seems to me your Uncle Jim is all the time trying to get you into trouble. I should think you'd find him out after awhile. again to blush rose and ivory. Uncle Jim-Why, there's nothing bad

in what he said. It was just a little variation on the old verse. Mr. Skinner (trying to keep a straight ace) - What did your teacher say, Wil-

Willie (encouraged by his father's mirth)-Oh, gee! She was hot under the collar! Mrs. Skinner-Willie Skinner, where

do you learn such language? Uncle Jim What did she do? Willie-Aw, she just stopped me and made me go back to my seat, an' said next time she'd send me home.

Mrs. Skinner-If I'd been your teachr I'd have whipped you good. Willie-Ho! Ho-ho! That just shows ill what you know. Teacher can't whin kids any more. Any teacher that whip kid gets fired - that's what Ed Me

Carthy says. Mrs. Skinner-Well, Ed McCarth; needs a whipping if any boy ever did. Mr. Skinner-It's a good thing for you that you haven't got my old teach er. If you tried one of those funny recitations on him he would have tanned our jacket.

Willie-Huh! I'd like to see some teacher lick me! Mrs. Skinner-I wish sometimes that teachers could inflict punishment. I know if I was a teacher I'd whin these

Ethel-When we're bad in our room the teacher sends us home. Mrs. Skinner-That must be teprible

McCurthy boys if I lost my job the next

nunishment for some children Uncle Jim-I'll bet Bill would hate to se sent home one of these pleasant afternoons.

Willie-Aw, I wouldn't care. Uncle Jim-Would you come right home?

Willie-Aw-ww! One day way last ummer Ed McCarthy kep' on throwin' paper wads so the teacher would send aim out, 'eaz he wanted to see a ball game, an' I guess she was on to him, for she dien't send him home at all. She put him in the corner and made him stay after school, an' then all us kid waited to holler at him when he came out, an he was so mad he run after Bob Ellsworth an' chugged him right in the stomach an'-Mrs. Skinner-Willie, you'd better ent

your dinner. You can finish that some other time. Uncle Jim-Who is your teacher now?

Willie-Aw, it's of Miss Sanders. Mrs. Skinner-Willie! Don't let me near you speak in that manner of your tencher again. Do you hear?

Willie-I guess if you had to go to school to her every day you wouldn't be so stuck on her. Mrs. Skinner-Never mind talking

back. If you have anything to say about her call her Miss Sanders Uncle Jim - Do you love your teacher? Willie-Aw, keep still.

Uncle Jim-Why, every little boy ught to love his teacher. Ethel loves her teacher, don't you, Ethel? Ethel-I liked her the first day

While-Oh, gee! You can do any hing you want to the first day. We thought Miss Sanders was a dandy when she first come, but she's got so ross now us kids can't do a thing. Mrs. Skinner-No wonder. You boy:

could spoil the temper of a saint. It's ad enough to take care of one. I don't cnow what I'd do if I had 20 on my Uncle Jim-You'd do what Wiss San-

ders does. You'd put up with them a n.g as you could and then send them Mrs. Skinner-Well, I'd get even with

those McCarthy boys. I'm sure Willie would never have got to reading those cowboy stories if it hadn't been for

Uncle Jim-Probably Mrs. McCarthy thinks it was Willie that led her boys

estray. Mrs. Skinner-Indeed! I don't see what reason she has to think anything like that. Willie behaves himself very well when he keeps away from those boys. They are always getting him into

Mr. Skinner-I'm afraid they don't have to pull at him very hard.-Chicago

CYCLE CHAT.

James Michael, the little Welsh cham pion, has returned to this country, and will make his home here in future.

some trouble

Smooth tires when pumped hard are less liable to sideslip than when pumped soft. Corrugated tires slip more easily when hard than when soft, as fewer cor rugations touch the ground.

A woman's bievele club has been organized at Beverly, N. J., with 42 members. It has captains and lieutenants, and will conduct itself in every way like a man's club.

A Pennsylvania court has decided that packages containing groceries are not baggage, and bievele riders of that state are wondering what that court would do with a bicycle baggage law. The city of Kobe, Japan, has issued a

set of regulations governing the use of bicycles in its streets. Riding for pleasure is prohibited after dark. One may ride on business, provided he goes slowly and carries a lantern. The success which has attended the

local cycle shows in Philadelphia, Boston and other cities, has almost determined the national cycle board of trade to abandon national shows in the future. These latter are costly affairs. and it is doubtful if the returns in any way equal the expense incurred.

FADS AND FANCIES.

Boas of blossoms are being worn with the flower-decked hats, The woman who is so rich that the bargain sale has no attractions for her has been robbed of one of life's rarest

A pretty woman in one of the new bits of millinery is a picture, but a plain one cannot be dubbed truthfully more than a chromo at the most. To be quite in it these days a woman must be quite up to date in all outdoor

sports and boast a score of drawingroom accomplishments as well. Never were colors brighter or prettier for evening than now. The most delicate greens, the loveliest pinks extending from soft pale pink to "scarlet," blues in steel, turquoise and sapphire are all admired. Reds and yellows range from tomesto and apricot into maize, daffodil and gold, fading away

FEMININE FASHIONS. New Items of Dress for the Coming

There is a great rage just now for black velvet ribbon trimming in wide,

medium and very narrow widths. Bodices laid in tucks, either horizontal or perpendicular, are a special feature of the spring modes. They are sometimes graduated in widths, but oftener of even measurement, and like puflings, cordings and lace insertions they form yokes, vest girdles, sleevepuffs and pretty little bolero jackets.

In spite of authentic accounts from the most official sources and of endless snubs from the tailors and dressmakers, the obiquitous fancy waist makes itselegant and fascinating appearance among the lovely things in spring and summer gowning. It will not down; this seems positive, and for the very good reason that it is one of the most attractive and graceful forms of dress ever devised for general use, as well as for the most ornate and charming finishing touch to an elaborate toilet; and the tempting, novel and beautiful creations in these bodices now exhibited by noted importers are potent evidences that they are still at the height of fa-

vor both here and abroad. Leather belts in all sorts of handsome devices, but not at all wide, are still in high favor, and are worn with morning and traveling costumes. Some have chatelaine-bag attachments, others merely a little coin purse banded fast to the belt, or tiny flat aumoniers depending from a metal chain. Very expensive belts of light kid or fine leather, with real gold or silver attachments, are sold by high-class importers of Paris and Vienna fancy wares.

The beautiful, very natural looking French violets seem to be greater in favor-if possible-than ever, and the great liking for these blossoms will probably continue for two seasons, as they are still in great use in Paris, and are likewise finding marked favor in the eyes of English women of rank, including the princess of Wales and her daughters and the duchess of York Mention should also be made of a small luster of violets with which it is said the queen herself has freshened up her last year's spring bonnet.

Shirt waists made of every possible sort of material will be quite as generally worn as ever. There is not the the contrary, the range of out-of-door amusements, which waxes more and more universal, renders this style of easy, neat and natty dressing still more generally adopted. Of course the wearing of shirt waists is no longer a fad, but their usefulness and undeniable comfort have become so thoroughly well established that every complete summer outfit includes at least half a dozen sorts of linen, wash silk, dimity, lawn and similar light fabrics.-N. Y.

INVENTIONS AND CUSTOMS.

In the pocket of a man who was recently killed by a nitroglycerine explosion was found a silver dollar, on the face of which was found imbedded a silver dime, driven by the force of the explosion; on the other side of the dollar was the plain imprint of another dol

A submarine locomotive and train of cars is among the possibilities of the near future. The inventor of the plan proposes to find sunken vessels, resence heir cargoes, lay foundations for piers, lighthouses, bridges and docks. The curious invention will be able to de scend to the depth of 300 feet and to rise and sink at the will of the opera-

The Turkish tombstone, if it mark the grave of a man, is surmounted by a turban and the diversity of forms shows the different generations that have passed away. These round-headed stones present the appearance or dwarfed imps. Tombstones over women are decorated with earved flowers Both kinds have inscriptions, and are often highly colored and gilded.

A water-tube jail is one of the latest Yankee inventions. Instead of the bars of the cells being made of iron rods too strong to be sawed through they are constructed of tubes, forming a part of the high pressure water system. In case an effort is made to escape, and one of the tubes breaks, there is an immediate agitation of the water, and the alarm thus given results in a speedy search for the

Early risers along Grosvenor place London, a few weeks ago, were amazed to see the windows of the duchess of Cleveland's house boarded up, while a busy little fire engine was playing on the front of the mansion. In less than an hour the smoke-grimed building was clean and new-looking, and the manner of making it so has been strongly recommended to householders who wish their stone fronts to show a goodly face during the jubilee festivities.

Women's Curse Fulfilled. The grave of Thomas Watt at Bryant's

chapel, near Centerville, Ind., was burrowed into by ground hogs and several of his bones dragged to the surface. The discovery of the above facts makes interesting a prophecy uttered years ago. Thomas Watt was the neighborhood drunkard. His children ran wild as colts and but little more clothed. His worthlessness and depravity aroused the indignation of his neighbors, and particularly of an old woman, who, it is said, had the gift of divination. She remonstrated with him, and upon his failure to heed ber advice pronounced a curse upon him. She prophesied that he would die of violence and his bones would not find repose in the grave. Thomas Watt was drowned while in an intoxicated condition in attempting to cross a swollen stream. Now that the latter part of the dismal prophecy has received literal alive and in the divination business, is greatly feared and her power as a fortune teller receives much credence .-Chicago News.

In a Sad Plight. "One time," said the traveling board-

er, "I got snowed in on the Rocky mountains, and the only thing seven of us had for two days to sustain life was a half barrel of pickled pigs' feet." "You were, indeed," said the Cheerful, Idiot, "reduced to extremeties."-In-

dianapolis Journal.

A LOST MOONSTONE.

BY ELEANOR W. F. BATES.

light!" cried a fresh young voice.

and then you'll know how good it is," replied the unrelenting forewoman. "I'll send up Peter," said Mr. Chester. "Here's an order for six shirts. They must be just right and made by hand The eyelet holes must be bigger than common, to accommodate the customer's stud. He left it for a measurement; here it is; keep it to-day, and hand it to me when you go home. Look out for

The patentee and manufacturer of Chester's superior shirts disappeared, and Miss Hall held up the gem and looked at it. Two or three girls left their seats and came, with sewing dangling over their arms, to inspect the stud. It was a really beautiful moonstone of unusual size and luster, set in the narrowest rim of gold.

"I've heard that they are costly things," said Miss Hall. "Go back to your work, girls, and don't idle any

At the extreme end of the room sat two young women. One was a new hand, who had propitiated Miss Hall by a sample of exquisite needlework. Her name was Floretta Simpson. The other, Dolly Burr, was older, and had been in Mr. Chester's employ ever since he had patented his handmade shirts, which, from the unvarying excellence of their manufacture, were fast making his fortune. She was now initiating Floretta into certain technicalities. They had to change their seats; for Peter, general utility man, now appeared and draped a white cloth across the sunny skylight, to the darkening of the corner where the girls had placed themselves.

Can you get along now, think?" said "Yes; you're awfully good," said Floretta. "I know how to sew, but I

never could put a garment together. I couldn't do a whole shirt to save my "Well, you won't have to here. We each have separate parts, and work on them all the year round. That girl over there does all the necks, unless there are too many; the new hands try the seams

You're in luck to be set to tucking: I think it's such pretty work!" "If these are all handmade garments.

asked Floretta. chine all the time, but that's hard

home before; and you don't know how

all you girls looked at me." Up the stairs for this attic room was reached by no elevator-fluttered a beautifully-dressed, fair-faced young woman, She rushed at Miss Hall, kissed her, nodded with a bright smile to two or three of the girls, and began to chat-

ter volubly to the forewoman. "That's Mrs. Chester," whispered

"Oh, pretty well; not so well as you and I," answered Dolly, candidly, "I can't have so much noise here,"

mercy's sake don't lose it!"

and a moonbeam."

did yeoman duty in brewing divers cups of tea

Floretta felt lonely. She looked at Dolly, but Dolly was setting out her dinner on the cover of a pasteboard box. so Floretta put on her hat and started for the stairs.

said Miss Hall, looking up from some accounts she was auditing, "you'd better hand me that stud." "I haven't it," said Floretta. "You haven't it! Why, I gave it to

"Yes, I know you did," said Floretta, "and I measured an eyelet by it; but I haven't seen it since." A hurried search took place, in which

It was a large, bare room, white washed once, but now cobwebby as to the ceiling and dingy as to the walls. A dozen sewing machines stood about. each in such light as its worker could best attain. But no part of the room was dark, for there were large, high windows and an ample skylight, which let in a noble flood of sunshine, even to dazzling on a clear day, so that Miss Hall, the forewoman of the shirt factory, petitioned Mr. Chester for a cur-

"Oh, don't shut out that lovely sun-"You'll be blind yourself some day

first. Last month we were rushed so it took all one girl's time just to put in gussets, and she's a quick worker, too

what are those machines doing there?" "Well, you see there is a cheaper

garment which is substantially handmade, all but the seams; and when work is dull, Mr. Chester gets out a lot of them and sells to retailers; but they are not the patented article, and don't fetch the same price. You'll have to run a machine sometimes. I'd just as soon; it makes a change. I used to run a ma-

Floretta sewed in silence a few min-

"I hope I shall suit," she said, wistfully. "I never worked away from bashful I felt when I first came in, and

Dolly. "She used to work here before she married Mr. Chester." Floretta fixed her eyes on the pretty creature. "Can she sew?" she asked: and indeed one would have as soon thought of a butterfly or a white mouse sewing.

said Miss Hall, raising her voice. "You must all sew more and talk less. Miss Simpson, if you've got that tucking done, I'll set you to work on these evelet holes. I'll give you the stud to measure by. Now make the evelet just right for the stem of the stud, neither too large nor too small. Here's the stud; for "Oh, let me see it," cried Mrs. Chester,

rustling forward. "Oh, what a beauty! The idea of this being wasted on a man! It ought to be set in a lady's ring. Wouldn't it be a lovely pendant for a necklace? It is a cross between a pearl

She stayed talking some time longer, then departed, stopping on the top stair to say: "Oh, you poor girls! I wish you could all go to walk this lovely day."

Somehow it seemed darker after she had gone. The girls fell into a silence. Miss Hall called Peter to uncover the skylight. Floretta found herself short of thread, and, applying to the forewoman for more, was sharply rebuked for not returning her empty spool, as the rules required. It was now one o'clock. Some of the girls went out for lunch, while others produced small baskets, and in one corner an oil stove

you," said Miss Hall in a horrified voice, getting up in a violent hurry and beginning to search her "business pocket."

all the girls present joined. Floretta stood on the top stair, not

knowing whether to go or stay. "Miss Simpson," said Miss Hall. sharply, "you'd better be hunting for

that stud.' "I don't believe it's in this room at all," said a sewer who breathlessly arose from a prolonged dive under a table

"I don't know about that," resolutely answered Miss Hall. She walked over to the speaking tube.

"Peter," she called, "ask Mr. Chester to come up here." Mr. Chester came. Miss Hall talked with him in a low voice for some minutes. Floretta was extremely uncom-

fortable. She felt sure they were talk a speed of 77,000 leagues a second. ing about her; besides, the other girls withdrew from her, eating in haste and for the most part silently, or with only slight murmurs to one another. She began to think she didn't want any dinner after all. She took off her hat and went to making eyelet holes again. Mr. Chester approached her. gium, 21; Holland, 18; France, Aus-

"What about this stud?" said he brusquely. "Don't you think you could find it by hunting a little longer?" Floretta looked at him in silence. She did not know how to meet his words and manner. Her trembling mouth and

and Mr. Chester softened a little. "You see," said he, "you're responsible for it. You had it last. Now, if it got into your pocket-by accident, you know, or for safe-keeping all you've got to do is to hand it out. Save lots of trouble.

tear-filled eyes were eloquent, however,

"I haven't it," said Floretta. "I don't know where it is. I thought Miss Hall came and took it after I got through measuring." Miss Hall, terrified by the loss of the

moonstore, uttered an angry exclama-

"Well, if that isn't impudence!" said she. "Serves me right for taking a girl without any reference; first time I ever did it, too! Might have known we should get in some light-fingered per-

The guthering storm had broken; the

accusation had been put into words.

Floretta started to her feet; her eyes

dried on the instant.

"You asked me for no references; I could have given you plenty," said she. with dignity. "Anybody at my home will speak for me the minister, or the high school teacher or the postmas-"How long will it take to hear from

"the quickest way will be to send for the police and have her searched." "Will you turn your pocket inside out?" asked Mr. Chester.

"Not unless all the other girls do and

them?" asked Miss Hall, sarcastically,

"I think," she added to Mr. Chester.

Miss Hall, too," replied Floretta, indig-Miss Hall gasped with resentment. Mr. Chester looked puzzled. "Have you made a thorough search,

Miss Hall?" he asked.

He said no more, but with an anxious brow left the room Downstairs Mr. Chester went to the telephone and rang up his wife, who by this time had reached home; and this is what Peter heard: "Flossie-Flossie, is that you? - I

shan't be home to dinner-You could

hear me if you didn't try to talk while

I'm talking.-I shan't be home to din-

"Very," she replied with emphasis.

ner. Did you hear me then? Because I've got to hunt up a customer's stud.-It got lost in the workroom somehow. I'm in a hurry. Good-by." Ploretta was faint for want of food

and she had received a nervous shock

from the accusation uttered by Miss Hall. "I feel sick. I ought to go home." she said to Dolly, who immediately offered to get a glass of water, to make a cup of tea, to fix a place for Floretta to lie down, and numberless other things. But Floretta rose reluctantly and

moved toward Miss Hall

think I will go home," she said. "No, you can't go home till Mr. Chester comes back," snapped Miss Hall, "Should think you'd know better than to propose such a thing." One by one the girls finished and folded their work. Those whose duty it was covered counters, shelves, tables and machines with large, white cloths,

even Dolly began to make preparations

for leaving. Conscious of innocence.

Floretta felt no fear, and even wondered

what the next development would be,

Her wonder was quickly satisfied.

"If you have no more work for me. I

Up the stairs flew the same rustle and tinkle that had been heard once before that day, and Mrs. Chester burst upon the scene, her voice preceding her. "Here's that horrid old moonstone Peter says you're all making such a fuss about!" she cried. "I fastened it to my watch chain to see how it would look as a pendant, and wore it home,

and forgot all about it till you"-turn-

ing to her husband-"spoke through the

telephone about a lost stud!" Of the sewing girls present, some laughed, others exclaimed; Miss Hall stiffly said she had already begun to think she was mistaken about Miss Simpson; Mr. Chester gravely apologized for his wife in the fewest words possible; Mrs. Chester exclaimed and explained; Floretta alone said nothing.

She looked exceedingly white, how-

ever, and Mr. Chester called a carriage

to take her to her boarding place. Dol-

rolled away, exclaimed: "The idea of

Mrs. Chester wearing that stud home!

ly accompanied her, and, as the carriage

I should think you'd be mad enough at the feather-headed little thing to shake her!" "I am too glad the moonstone is found to be mad at anybody," said

Floretta.-Housewife. A Pussier. In many parts of South Africa rails ways are comparatively a newtdepar-

ture, and in consequence a large proportion of the farmers are wholly ignorant of the way engines work. self cleverer than his companions wastanding on the platform at Bloem fontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, during shunting operations. He had been explaining the principles of steam motive power to an amused crowd, when suddenly the engine began to move backward, pushing a string of trucks. His jaw dropped and he gasped out: "I can understand how the engine pulis the trucks, but I'm blessed if I know how the trucks pull the engine back again." Then the crowd yelled .- Answers.

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SHORT BITS OF SCIENCE. The highest point in the Catskills is

4,000 feet. it takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the At-

lantic cable to the other. Some comets have more than one tail. The great comet of 1744 had six tails spread fan shape.

Jupiter is five times as far from the sun as we are, and the years on that planet are each as long as 12 of ours. A ray of light from Sirius can reach us only after traveling for 22 years with

The secretion of honey, as well as the perfume of the flower, is for the purpose of insect attraction; and flowers produce different kinds of perfumes which are peculiarly adapted to the attraction of certain kinds of insects. Java has thunderstorms, on an average, 97 days in the year; Italy, 38; Bel-

tria and South Russia, 16; Spain and

Portugal, 15: England and the high Swiss mountains, 7; Norway, 4; Cairo, 3. In east Turkestan, as well as in the extreme north, there are scarcely any thunderstorms known. The modern shark is deteriorating. In ages gone by there were ferocious sharks, such as would make a mouthful of you without blinking, 70 feet in length. Plenty of their teeth have been found which are five feet in length. whereas the biggest of the teeth be-

longing to sharks that exist at the prescut day are one and one-half inches In pressing woolen fabrics, in order to give them a smooth, even appearance, both a uniform pressure and uniform heat are required. To attain this end recent experiments have been made with electric heating, which have been markedly successful. The fabrics are placed between metallic plates, through which sufficient current is passed while under hydraulic pressure to heat them

slightly more than the temperature of boiling water.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. If housewives who rely upon the lemon essence of commerce will take the trouble to pare the yellow rind of the fruit very thin and put it into glass jars, covering it with alcohol or rectiand spirits, they will secure a superio quality at the cost of the spirit; about

one-third that of commercial extract.

No fruit loses flavor from being care-

lessly handled more quickly than apples. Apples which have been well stored retain their flavor throughout the winter, but those which have been allowed to lie about with decaying specimens, or are stored loosely in barrels, either lose their flavor or acquire a rank taste from the conditions around To wash china, such as Dresden and Coalport, the fluted surface of which is hard to cleanse properly, use a very old

soft shaving brush and hot soft water

and soap. To dry dab it over with a

very soft towel or old piece of linen

until all moisture seems removed. The shaving brush gets into every little crevice, and is a very valuable little instrument for china washing. Gasoline will remove spots from the most delicate fabrics and leave no trace behind of its use. It will also renovate feathers and clean the plainest or the richest lace. The lace is plunged into a small pan of gasoline just as one would wash it in water. Gasoline, however, dries almost instantly. It is also a fine thing to use in removing spots from woolen clothing of all descriptions, and from the backs of schoolgirl's waista

who wear their hair braided down their backs. Keep far away from the fire when using this liquid.

Oysters Off. Drain 25 fat oysters. Lift each carefully, place on a board and dry with a soft cheescioth; dust with sait and cayenne. Beat two eggs without separating, and add to them two tablespoonfuls of hot water. Put out on the board at least a quart of nice, dry breadcrumbs. Do not use crackercrumbs. Dip the oysters first in the crumbs, then quickly in the egg and back in the crumbs. Lift the ovsters with the fingers, grasping the muscular or hard part. It spoils the oyster to pierce it with a fork and it cannot be lifted with a spoon. After all are covered put them out singly on a dry board. Put your oil, lard or suet over the fire. When it registers 365 degrees Fahrenheit, or browns a piece of bread in 20 seconds, put the oysters in a wire basket, sink the basket in the smoking fat, and fry the oysters for two minutes, until a golden brown. Five or six at a time only should be cooked. Lift them carefully, stand them sideways on a piece of brown paper in a bakingpan. Fry the remaining quantity, six at a time. Dish at once, garnish the plate with parsley, and send to the table smoking hot. Each should come from the fat as dry as though it had been cooked in water.-Ladies' Home Jour-

TRY.

For bleeding at the nose, powdered alum, as a snuff. For a burn, prepared chalk made

into a thick paste with lard.

in the tooth with cotton. For a cough, a small piece of resin in a vessel on the back of the stove For sore throat, sage tea, with vinegar to make it acid and sugar to make it

For toothache, oil of cloves, applied

For bad breath, six to ten drops of chloride of lime in a winegiass of water each morning. For whooping cough, two ounces of olive oil, one ounce of amber and one

drachm of oil of cloves, rubbed on the

chest at bedtime. Good Housekeeping.

The Poison Flower. istic novelist too hard. In the current number of Nature Notes, the organ of

the Selborne society, an inquirer writes to ask: "What is the poison-flower mentioned in the 'Sorrows of Satan,' chapter 26, 'the poison flower, which, brilliant in color and perfect in shape, exhales death to those who pluck it from its stem?"" To this the editor dryly replies: "We do not know the 'poison flower,' and former attempts to obtain enlightenment as to the plants described in Miss Corelli's books have proven unsuccessful.

olor; keeps it soft, pliant, lus