base who don a consult their

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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VOLUME XXXI.

In this particular case-

riend when he is married."

are pleased?"

said Sylvin.

I said.

lucky man," I said.

suriously at me.

"Yes." I said.

urprised-for once."

there was something up.

"Jun," exclaimed Sylvia, bringing an

"I have come back," I said, "for the

xpress purpose of giving Jones away

or whatever it is you do for your best

"That's mee of you, Jim," said Sylvia,

"I think Jones is an uncommonly

Sylvia wrinkled her brows and looked

"If you think Edgar is marrying me

for my money, that is not the case."

"I shouldn't dream of such a thing,"

"Though, of course, it is bucky that I

"Of course," I said, "a regular income

a convenient thing to have. And I

don't suppose Jones has ever made ₹300

"But he's clever," said Sylvia, "and he

"You were surprised, were'nt you?"

said Sylvia. "Now confess you were

"Well, I don't know that I was-par-

ticularly. You see, I was staying up the

river with him in August, and I knew

"O, but you couldn't have known

hen," said Sylvia, with a slight laugh.

"Of course I didn't absolutely know,"

said. "And now I come to think of it,

think it was a little mean of Jones-

and of you, too, Sylvia-to keep me in

the dark so long. I could have done a

good deal for you in my quiet way, you

mow-brought you together and re-

fired discreetly round the corner. A

little seasonable frankness would have

"As it was," said Sylvia, rather stiffly.

Edgar and I were able to manage our

"Still," I said, "if it's any consolation

o you, I don't mind assuring you that

"Thank you," said Sylvia, "it's pleas-

ant to hear it on such excellent au-

"Of course I should have known

"What do you mean?" said Sylvia,

ho seemed to be getting a little bored.

spend his week-ends in town, it's fair-

ly safe to conclude that there's a wom-

an in it; and when he tells you so it

seems to remove the last vestige of

doubt. But I must confess he quite

put me off the scent. I never dreamt

it was you he was after. I fear, Sylvia,

you are a sly puss. Why, what on

Sylvia had turned white and had

"What are you talking about?" she

"We are talking about Edgar Jones;

"But who was the woman? Jim, I

"Mr. Jones," said the parlor maid,

"Yes," I said; "just in time to con-

gratulate you both and to give you

eway. Well-I must be going-two's

omoany, you know, eh? Good-by,

"I shall be dining at the club," said

Really, I could have done no good by

Ronsted Round Stenk.

Try roasting a round steak in the fol-

owing way: Get a steak about two

inches thick from the best part of the

round; prepare it by trimming off all

the pieces of fat, lay them on one side,

and put the steak into an earthen dish.

Put a quarter of a teaspoonful of pep-

per into a cup, turn upon it two gills

of olive oil, and fill the cup to the brim

with good vinegar. Pour this over the

steak, cover the dish, and let it remain

we or three hours, turning the steak

frequently. Put the bits of fat into a

baking pan, and when the steak has

soaked for the required length of time

frain it and lay it upon the fat in the

pan. Moisten a few rolled bread crumbs

with a little hot milk, add some butter

and senson with salt and pepper, a tea-

spoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and

ome powdered sweet herbs, if they are

liked. Mix these ingredients together

with the yolk of an egg, and spread the

mixture over the top of the ment.

He Was Alive.

The grenadiers of the famous "Old

Guard" will never be forgotten in

France as long as the memory of brave

men shall live in the national heart,

But some of them, at least, were as

bright as they were brave, as the fol-

lowing trustworthy anecdote bears wit-

One fine morning, after peace had

een concluded between France and

Russia, the two emperors, Napoleon

and Alexander, were taking a short

walk, arm in arm, around the palace

park at Erfurt. As they approached the

entinel, who stood at the foot of the

grand staircase, the man, who was a

grenadier of the guard, presented arms.

The emperor of France turned, and

pointing with pride to a great scar

that divided the grenadier's face, said:

"What do you think, my brother, of

"And you," answered Alexander,

what do you think of soldiers who can

Without stirring an inch from his po-

sition, or changing the expression of

his face in the least, the stern old grena-

"The man who did it is dead."

A Spur.

"Pailiff." said a western judge one

day to an officer in charge of the jury.

dier himself replied, gravely:

soldiers who can survive such wounds

lones; "shall I see you there?"

"Hullo! old fellow-back again?"

"Well, when a man leaves the river to

there was a woman in the case even if

he's frantically in love with you."

one wonders. As it was-"

own affairs ourselves."

he hadn't told me so."

sarth's the matter?"

risen from her seat.

"My dear Sylvia-"

holding open the door.

"I think not," I said.

staying. Black and White.

isist—'

thority."

have money," said Sylvia, "or else we

ouldn't-we should have to wait."

n any single year at the bar yet."

nust wait his opportunity."

leaning back contentedly. "Then you

expressive foot down upon the hearth-

rug, "if you've only come back to be

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1897.

Maurice was a heavy sleeper, and,

consequently, apt to be a bit benud-

fled on first awakening-more especial-

ly in the dark. On this particular night,

after apparently dreaming for a full

fortnight of "excursions and alarums,"

he awoke with a violent start. The

room, to him, was pitch dark. There

was not even the suspicion of moonlight

on this side of the house. Besides, the

blinds were down. He sat up, every

nerve and sinew taut now. He was

"By jingo," he breathed, and he felt

the cold sweat start to his brow, "she

was right. They've come!" He put

out his hand to wake his wife. He felt

her form under the bulging bed clothes

at his side, He could hear the

baby breathing huskily. There was

only one other person in that house un-

accounted for. That was the little

servant maid. But why should she be

trying drawers in the spare bedroom?

No, they had come after all. Mrs. Green

Maurice withdrew his hand, which

rested on the hillock by his side, with

the thought: "I'll not waken her, poor

soul. She'd be seared to death. [1]

know the worst first." So thinking, and

with a sort of infatuation-which was

perhaps bravery-to get a glimpse of

the marander, he stole out of bed, but-

toned up his dressing-jacket, took the

little bedside chair by the back, and,

thus armed, his heart beating like a

muffled drum, stealthily turned the

A faint light came through the land-

ing skylight. Heavens! the villain was

at the other end of the room, right op-

posite the door. What he was doing

like a man seen through a mist. The

wretch! Just then the draught along

the landing took Maurice shrewdly on

the bare legs. The influenza asserted

itself. He fought against it desperate-

ly for a moment. It but augmented

the force of the explosion. Like a

There was a muffled exclamation in

the room. Maurice rushed forward

with uplifted chair. The burglar, too,

had a chair, and was making at him

with equal fury. Crash! The house

seemed to have fallen. There was a

fearful clatter of falling glass, a pierc-

ing shrick, the sound of a body falling

on the floor, and all was still, but for

the wail of the frightened babe in the

down, careless of the broken glass, and

his hand rested on a bare foot. Sick

with apprehension, he groped else-

where, and encountered a plaited head

and a few curling pins. "A match?

a match! My kingdom for a match!"

he would doubtless have said, had he

Just then a rectangle of light ap-

peared and increased until, pale and

trembling, stood the little maid in the

doorway, a farthing dip in her hand,

amazed to see the following tableau

vivant: A vardrobe door, swinging

upon its hinges, with its long mirror

smashed to fragments; a chair, with

a broken leg, lying close by: a horrid

man in a night shirt and dressing jack-

et, kneeling at the feet of a prostrate

woman in a dead faint, a dressing gown

and plaits, who was none other than

Maurice Green never turns the gas

off at the meter now, except when he

takes his wife and family away for the

summer holiday, Mrs. Green still

looks under the bed for possible bur-

glars before retiring for the night, but

Maurice has never dared to chaff her

since he mistook his own faint reflec-

tion in the wardrobe mirror for a des-

TURKISH PROVERBS.

The soul is the companion of the soul

A thousand sorrows do not pay one

He who spits at the wind, spits in his

A little hill in a low place thinks itself

To the lazy man every day is a "Bay-

To-day's egg is better than to-mor-

The arrow which has been cast does

The teeth of the gift-horse are not to

Eat and drink with a friend, but do

He is a madman who, being rich, lives

The rose grows from the thorn and

If an enemy be (as small as) an ant,

Death is a black camel which kneels

Do good and cast it into the sea; if the

He who has lived long does not know

much; (but) he who has traveled much

If a horse dies, his saddle remains be-

He who knows his business, he who

Believe not in the great; lean not on

water; trust not in the dying day; do

not believe a woman's word, and do

not trust to the courage of your horse.

Could Not Awe the American Girl.

showing a young American woman over

her through the library of the commons

he casually mentioned, as a more or

less interesting fact, that it was against

the rules for women to sit down there.

'Is that really a law of the place?"

asked the fair American. "That is so,"

answered McCarthy, gravely. "Then,"

said his visitor, "you just see me break

it," and, drawing up a chair, she sat

The Famine to India.

Among the greatest sufferers from

the Indian famine are the jewelers in

Delhi, whose business is ruined, as hard-

ly any marriages take place and every-

body wants to see ornaments instead

resolutely down at the table.

he house of parliament. In escorting

Justin Huntly McCarthy was once

knows his companion, and he who

knows his food does not get poor.

hind him; if a man dies, his name re

sea does not recognize it the Creator

A true word is more bitter than

Two captains sink the ship.

The tongue proclaims the man.

thunderclap he sneezed.

room he had left.

What had he done?

not been so terribly upset.

the horrified man's wife.

perate burglar.-Tit-Bits.

debt.

own face.

mountain.

ram" (fete).

row's fowl.

not come back.

not trade with him.

as if he were poor.

the thorn from the rose.

think him an elephant.

at everybody's door.

knows much.

N. Y. Ledger.

of buying.

be looked at.

he could not make out, for he looked

corner between the two rooms.

was right. It was burglars.

fully awake.

NUMBER 29.

l inch, 6 months... l inch, 1 year linches, 6 months... linches, 6 months... linches, 6 months... Sinches i year...

column 6 months

column 6 months

column 1 year

l column 6 months

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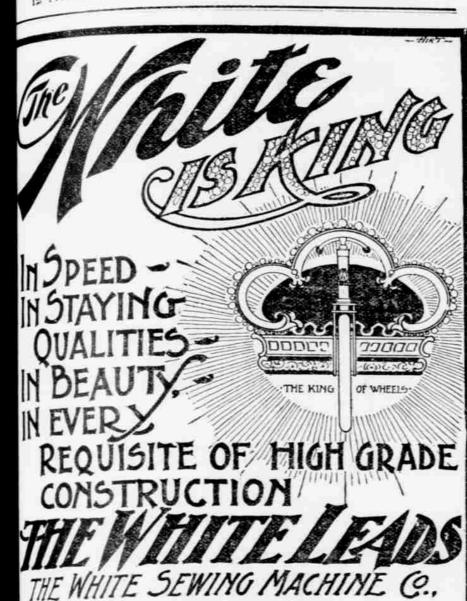
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Rimmed round with rocks and wreathed with pearly spray, My white locks in a halo made of mist, My voice and vigor no man might resist; All those who braved me were but pass-

NIAGARA SULILUQUIZES.

For years uncounted I surged on my way,

ing breath. My grasp to men, poor moths, meant instant death.

But now strange miracles have come to Man has put harness on my limbs, alas! His turbines and his dynamos I turn,

And far away his lights mysterious burn. His factories hum, his street cars come Driven by my sinews swiftly to and fro. Little thought I to round his ways and

of insulated copper, armored steel, To tash in light or turn his shaft and

Along his system of intricate perves

Obedient to his lightest touch of hard, A willing slave to toil at his command My voice transferred now makes the busy

Of swift machines where human tollers Hands clasped in mine to benefit the race Each rushing at high-pressure to-To serve the world, give life or light and

magine old Niagara lassoed thus, to light a lamp or haul a city bus whisper mildly o'er the telephone, ress a feather, lift up building stone giant made a chore-boy by the folks Who hold the reins and make me wear

Bring other blessings to the sons of men.

But never mind! I still plunge in the With mighty anthom and resistless sweep; What matter little tasks I daily do To pull these pigmies and their projects

Flash countless spears and clash them at Yet will I serve them with my surplus strength, Perhaps do tasks unthought of yet, at

They dare not meet me when my warriors

But here within my stronghold I defy And challenge mortals with my fierce war-They dare not brave my heights and deeps

I am the monarch, this my battle-ground L EDGAR JONES.

CONFIDENCES.

BY CLARENCE ROOK.

SYLVIA rose from her seat by the fire as I entered, and gave me her hand; from a certain look of consciousless in her eyes I saw that she knew

"So you're back in town at last?" said Sylvia. "Have you had tea?" "No," I said, "and I will, thank you." Sylvia poured me out a cup. "No

sugar-and very little milk, isn't it?" "Yes," I said. "I've had an excellent time-paddling up and down the Riviera in the sunshine. Glad to get back,

I sipped my tea in silence. Sylvia lay oack in her chair, her face half-hidden by the fan with which she shielded her

complexion from the fire. "Well?" said Sylvia. "Well?" I said. "Don't you think," said Sylvia, "that

he occasion requires you to say something nice and cousinly. I am sure "Yes," I said, "I've heard. Aunt

you've heard-" Emma wrote and told me about it as soon as—well, at least, I suppose it was

as soon as- By the way, when was "When was what?" said Sylvia. "When did it happen?-when did

"O, don't be silly, Jim," said Sylvia. And her foot waggled in the old way. I have always noticed that Sylvia's expression lies in her foot.

"I suppose," I said, reflectively, stirring my tea (into which Sylvia had put sugar), "that it did happen. He did propose. Or did you?"

"Jim, you're horrid," said Sylvia. "Please may I have some bread and butter?" I said. "You can't get bread and butter on the Riviera-at least, you

Sylvia handed it to me. Her eyes flashed a pathetic entreaty. "I ought to have said I was pleased,

nightn't 1? And that I am sure you will be very happy, as you deserve to "Well, aren't you pleased?" asked

Sylvia, looking at me curiously with arched eyebrows. "I thought Edgar was such a friend of yours, and I-well, we have always been-

"You call him Edgar-how enrious," I murmured, "Now I have known him for years and never called him anything but Jones; while you have only known him how long? A year? Less, I should think. And yet you-" "It's not a question of time, at all," said Sylvia, turning her face away from me again. "Edgar and I know one another-thoroughly. We have no secrets from each other. You may get to know a person quite as well in two months as

n two years if only-" "Quite so. Very proper," I replied, wondering vaguely what was Jones' notion of a secret.

"Well, but why aren't you pleased?" said Sylvia. "I'm sure you're not-and I think it's a little-a little unkind of you. Still," and Sylvia settled herself more comfortably in her chair, "of course it doesn't matter-much."

"Not much," I replied, putting down my teacup; "nevertheless, you can scarcely expect a man to be overjoyed when he loses his best friend-and-his best cousin. Can you?"

"Loses them!" said Sylvia. "What do you mean?" "I have always noticed," I said, "that l lose more friends by marriage than by

death." "But you don't suppose-" began Sylvia. "If my friend is a man," I continued,

"his wife dislikes me because I know more of her husband than she does-"How absurd!" said Sylvia. "And if my friend is a woman," I continued, "her husband is just a shade jealous because he suspects that I have

been making love to her." "How silly!" said Sylvia, shifting impatiently in her chair. "The worst of it is," I proceeded, "that they are both right-as a rule.

will you please inform the jury there will be a horse race in Merrick's field at three o'clock?" The jury had been out for 48 hours, but in less than 30 minutes they came into court with a verdict.-Tit-Bits.

inflict them?"

Youth's Companion.

LAKE MICHIGAN ALWAYS OPEN. How It Is Rendered Navigable All the Year Around.

Navigation on Lake Michigan is never closed. Steamers run back and forth across the lake and between the ports of the west shore of the lake during the entire winter with remarkable regularity. The first attempts at winter navigation on the translake routes were made by the Detroit & Milwaukee Railread company and by the now defunct Engelmann Transportation company many years ago, and the success of winter ventures became established as the character of the steamers was improved and developments were made in marine enginery. Now winter navigation proceeds almost uninterruptedly, and the new car ferries steam back and forth

with little regard for weather or for ice. The success of the car ferries on Lake Michigan and the car ferry which defies winter in the Straits of Mackinac is probably the cause of the announcement that negotiations are in progress looking to the construction of icebreaking freight steamers that will enable their owners to keep them in commission on the Lake Superior and lower lake route during the winter. The report is without foundation.

There is a vast difference between the navigation of Lake Michigan from one shore to the other, and along its west shore, and the navigation of the great lakes throughout their lengths and through the interlake channels. Ice breaking is expensive, and occasionally the ice floes defy the crushing powers of the best of the so-called ice breakers. One of the car ferries was recently stalled by a floe near Menominee, which defied not only the steamer, but the explosive power of dynamite. The trouble of winter navigation on the chain of lakes would occur in the interlake channels and in the canals. Owing to the clogging effects of the ice it would be almost impossible to operate

canals during midwinter. Another and a very serious bar to general lake navigation in winter is the prevalence of snowstorms, during which nothing whatever can be seen Snow is more obstructive to the sight than fog, and during a driving snowstorm it is impossible to see anything ahead, even in the daytime. Winter navigators on Lake Michigan, who are never out of sight of land for any great length of time, experience their chief annovance from the snowstorms. They manage to steam into port when snow is flying thick, because of their famil arity with the route, but they ocea sionally get into trouble while they are wrapped in "the tumultuous privacy of the storm."

It does not follow, by any means, that because winter navigation is successful on Lake Michigan it can be made successful in the upper and lower lake service.-Milwaukee Wisconsin.

SHE GOT THE CALF. It Was by a White Lie, But She Won

the Prize. "Speaking of experiences," said : young matron in Brooklyn at an afternoon tea, "I can tell a queer one. When I went from New York to Virginia to teach a public school in a small crossroads town I found the people very religious and sincera, while, I am afraid, I was neither. I went to church though, because everybody was expected to go. One of the regular attendants was a sort of half lawyer, half farmer who was no more religiously inclined than I was, and we became firm friendthrough our mutual sense of humor. The one church was presided over by : worthy couple. By that I mean that the pastor, Rev. Mr. Carter, preached while Rev. Mrs. Carter did evangelical work in teaching the Bible class. She had an air of omniscience that was delightful, but it irritated my farmer-law yer friend, so one day he came to me

and said: "'I'll give you a calf if you will take down Rev. Mrs. Carter.' "'What can you mean? I'm not a

"'Never mind,' he said, 'just join our Sunday school class and take her

"Well, I joined the class. The lesson for the day was the account of the walking of the three men in the fiery fur nace. We were treated to a long lecture by our teacher on the beauties of the triumph of faith, and as she stopped for want of breath my farmer friend, who sat behind me, gave me a nudge and

"'Now's your time; take her down." "I braced up and said:

"But, Mrs. Carter, haven't you heard the latest scientific teaching about that securrence? Haven't you heard that it s now believed these three men work complete suits of asbestos?" "It was: it likely that the good wem-

Place the pan in a hot oven and roast from 25 to 30 minutes. This steak may an had ever heard of the substance, but be served with a sauce or not.-Boston she was not to be caught napping, so she replied:

" 'Why-er-yes, I think so.' "The lesson was brought to a sudden lose. The next Sunday we knew that the lates' teaching of science had been carneatly discussed by the pastor and his wife, for Rev. Mr. Carter proceeded to preach a sermon an hour long on the sinfulness of modern science. I got the calf."-N. Y. Sun.

Home Duties of Indian Children. There are home duties as well as pleas ures for the children. Boys are required to look after the ponies, to lend hand in planting, to help in the harvest; and they are often made to do active duty as scarecrows in the newlyplanted field, where, like little Bopeep, they fall fast asleep. The girls help to gather wood, bring water, and look after the younger ones. As they grow older they are taught to cut, sew, and make garments. In former days, the old Omahas say, no girl was considered marriageable until she had learned to tan skins, make tents and clothing, prepare meat for drying, and could cultivate corn and beans; while a young man who had not learned to make his own weapons and to be a skillful hunter was not considered fitted to take upon himself the responsibilities of the provider of a family.-Alice C. Fletcher, in Century.

The Sensitive Cheekbone. It is a mistake to suppose that the tip of the tongue is the most sensitive part of the body. Those engaged in polishing billiard balls or any other substance that require a very high degree of smoothness invariably use the cheekbone as their touchstone for detecting any roughness.

A Midnight Encounter.

I I ERNAL CHOICE was a pretty and V commodious villa, and Dovecottam a select and salubrious suburb. To the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Green—lately made almost complete by the arrival of the veriest cherub that ever came down from Heaven-there were but two drawbacks. The first was of Maurice's making. He had a ridie ulous fad about gas fittings. He believed them to be in a chronic state of leakiness. He told his long-suffering wife almost daily that more gas escaped through unsuspected cracks and defective joints than served to illuminate the

cozy rooms of Vernal Choice. Mrs. Maurice Green's bugbear was burglars. Nothing could shake her conviction that when a burglar took his "dark suburban way" his objective would be by decree of fate, Vernal Choice. Thus it came to pass, that, nightly, while Maurice was turning off the gas at the meter-he would on no account allow anyone else to do it, as gas is such a fielde thing"-his little wife was on her knees in the bedroom, not, as might be supposed, saying her prayers—though she made the same meeling serve both purposes - but timidly peering under the flowered terra cotta valances for the burglar that never

Sometimes it would happen that the gas popped out just as she was in the act of raising the curtain that might reveal the tragedy of her life, and then, with a little scream, she would seek the matches-she never could put her hand readily on the matches-and light the delicately shaded candle on the dressing table, ere proceeding with her search and her devotions. At such times, when Maurice ascended from the underground regions, where the gas meter meted out its dole, to the company of his wife above stairs, she would rate him, right soundly for so gentle a little body, for what she styled his "absurd fad" about turning the gas off. "What do a few extra feet of gas sig-

nify, when three precious lives might ome night be sacrificed for lack of a light?" she would exclaim, with as much dramatic fervor as if she had been before a row of footlights and a crowded pit, instead of a blue-tinted corrugated candle and a mildly scornful husband.

ing, he was always studiously alliterative ir his choice of words. He never failed to pooh pooh the burglar notion. He said it was "the merest moonshine, and that there were "crowds of costlier cribs to crack than Vernal Choice, you bet?"

Mrs. Green, as a rule, deigned no answer. She hated slang, and wondered how a man of Maurice's sense except upon the meter question-could stoop to its use. She generally refrained from saying so, however, like the sensible little woman she was, and, resignedly filling the baby's feeding bottle, and tucking the little cherub with sundry croonings in its bedside cot retired for the night, leaving Maurice to blow out the corrugated candle.

It was winter, and it was midnight. Maurice had a cold, and so had the baby. The "little cherub," in fact, had a "touch of bronchitis," and his hard breathing as he slumbered restlessly in his little cot, plainly testified the fact through the darkness.

"I wonder," murmured Mrs. Green, as she lay listening to the troubled breathing of the child on the one hand and the influenza snore of her husband on the other-"I wonder if the little pet is warm enough. I'm anxious about his little chest, bless him! I'd take him into my bed, only Maurice doesn't like it. The little fellow kicks the clothes off so! What could I do to prevent him from taking cold afresh? Happy thought!-there's that little wooler wrap in the spare bedroom. It's either in the middle drawer of the dressing-

table or in the wardrobe, I know. "Poor Maurice! he would willingly go and find it for me, but I wouldn't disturb him to-night for the world. I'm glad I succeeded in persuading him to sleep in his dressing jacket. Those nasty influenza colds need care, and I'm so apt to uncover him in reaching over to baby. I'll slip into the next room myself."

Thus soliloquizing she quietly got out of bed-for where baby came in fear flew out-pushed the turned back bedclothes gently against her husband's back so that he would not miss her, and proceeded to feel for the matches. The little receptacle at the bed head was empty. Not a match! "Oh, dear, dear, why will Maurice insist upon turning the gas off at the meter, especially when the baby is unwell?" she sighed, as she slipped into her dressing gown, which fortunately was hanging on the brass knob at the foot of the bed.

Slippers she could not find. Nil des perandum! She knew to a foot where the wrap was, or at least she thought she did, and she would know it the moment she laid a finger on it. The little cherub in the eot coughed in a chok ing manner. Light or no light the wrap must be found, and, without further delay, the little mother walked gingerly into the next room. No one could fail to find the wardrobe

as it was the first article of furniture encountered on entering the room. When its door opened it was possible to view one's self from the bedroom door. for it consisted of a three-quarter length mirror in which Mrs. Green was wont to inspect the "hang" of her latest cos-"I'm almost sure it's in the dressing table drawer," mused Mrs. Green, grow-

ing accustomed to the darkness, and as sisted by a suspicion of moonlight that shed a pale, uncertain light both through the skylight on the landing and the window opposite the wardrobe. Acting upon this, though she ignored the wardrobe for the present, she crossed the room to the dressing table, and, after sundry clickings of little brass handles, and tentative pulls at wrong drawers, at last opened the right one, but failed to feel the wrap.

"It must be in the wardrobe after all," she thought, and, accordingly, closed the drawer with some noise, tripped across the dark room, opened the wardrobe door with some difficulty, and buried herself in its spacious recesses.

THE BOOK WORLD.

Miss Braddon has completed a new tory which is called "Under Love's

Mr. Rider Haggard has finished a new lovel dealing with Boer life, entitled The Swallow

S. R. Crockett has been taking a walking tour in Pomerania, we are adised by the English papers, no doubt with a view of acquiring "local color" or his new story, "The Red Axe," the cene of which is to be laid in Pom-

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne contracted his second marriage recently when he made Miss Julie Norregard, a London ournalist, his wife. The witnesses were Mrs. James Welch and Mr. William Sharp, of literary note. Pierre Loti, who is at present on ac-

ice service on the French war ship Javelot, has produced a new book, "Ramuntcho," a study of Biscayan landscape and manners. Gaston Deshamps declares it to be "the true Loti, he Loti of the old manner." A young woman has received the un-

usual honor of the freedom of a London guide. She is a daughter of Lord Amherst of Hackney, and, having written a "History of Gardening in England," has just been henored by the Worshipful Company of Gardeners.

Alexandre Dumas, the younger, is shortly to have his statue on the Place Malesherbes in Paris. Subscriptions are already being collected for the purpose, and as Dumas is a household name in France, it should be less diffisult to raise the money than it has unfortunately been in the case of many other distinguished Frenchmen.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A London omnibus carries on an average of 2,500 passengers a week. The Bermudas export over 17,000,000 pounds of onions annually.

The average density of the population in London is \$5,000 per square mile. A man who can wash dishes thinks he would have been an excellent house-

In Italy there are more theaters in proportion to the population than in any other country A French chemist has invented a blue sap which renders unnecessary the use

of bluing in laundry work. It is reported that Switzerland is to be the next country which will follow example of Belgium and Italy or evekoning time up to 24 o'clock in place

of facies: 12.

Of the 5,554 suicides committed in Denmark in the years 1885 to 1895, fourtittles were by men, and the favorite months were May and June. Three out of four preferred hanging. The largest telegraph office in the

world is in the general post office building, Loudon. There are over 3,000 opcrators, 1,000 of whom are women. The batteries are supplied by 30,000 cells. Russia has the largest military ex-

penses-25s,000,000 a year. England ollows next with \$191,000,000, France with \$185,000,000, Germany with \$134,-000,000, Austria, \$89,000,000; Italy, \$65,-CHOIL THOU

Argentina's new census gives a total population of about 4,092,000, of whom 1,646,000 live in the cities. The leading city, Ruenos Ayres, has a population of 663,854, making it the largest in South

ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

Five sisters living in Norway, Me., reently met for a family reunion for he first time in their lives, although they have always resided within ten miles of one another. The eldest sister was married and moved away from the parental home before the youngest WHE DOTH. A civil engineer, mechanical engineer

or architect, in the employ of the Ger-

man railways, must, on an average, wait till he is 38 or 40 years old before his position is permanent. The average time they are employed on temsorary work before they are permacently appointed is 12 years. A farmer's taxes in Turkey are classi-

led thus: (1) One-tenth of all crops and fruits; (2) four per cent, of the centing value of house and lands; (3) five per cent, on every transfer; (4) in annual cattle tax of 32 pence on very sheep and 21 pence on every goat. The taxes are rigorously collected. The state of Washington, and, in fact,

the whole Pacific coast, is looking for ward to an unusual number of tourists, ovestors and home seekers this year, and business is on the increase already. Fen years ago there was a great influx of settlers, and it is expected that this cear's will almost equal it. The new telephone cable between

England and France is now laid across the channel. It is 24 miles long and ones from Abbott's cliff, three miles vest from Dover, to Sangatte, four niles west of Calais. This is the second elephonic line connecting the two countries, and the French government vill shortly lay the third cable.

Small Wars in Africa. Africa continues to be the scene of

small wars, incident to the extension of civilization among savage peoples. In the western Sondan a military expedition, sent out by the Royal Niger company to punish the emir of Nupe for raiding its territory for slaves, has routed a force of 20,000 natives and occupied the capital city, Bids. The king of Benin, whose country is in the same region, recently massacred an English trade expedition; and the British government has sent six war vessels to the coast of Begin and will follow them with a military expedition. The former operation has a certain diplomatic interest, because it is in territory where the French and British "spheres of influence" touch each other.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS. ..

Lots of men might have been great if they hadn't been too lazy. A business man who plays checkers

Any fool can buy a carving knife, but it takes a wise man to carve correct-

The young man who gets high wages

never wastes much time telling about

It is mighty hard to hunt up the old clothes you have thrown aside when you were prosperous. - Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

M.N. BOLSINGER, Julin Street, thensburg, - - - Penna.

An Idea who can think of some simple thing to patent?