subscription Rates.

AS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XXXI.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1897.

NUMBER 31.

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSE-FUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO



RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA

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A WATCH CASE OPENER SENT FREE.

THE LONG, HARD HILL. They were standing in the sunlight the summer time of life She was still without a husband, He was waiting for a wife.

And her cheeks were rich and rosy, And her lips were fuscious red, So he pressed her dimpled fingers As he looked at her and said, As they stood there in the heather Where the road had crossed the rill: "May we not fare together

Up this long, hard hill?" Now her hand began to tremble And her eyes were full of tears As she trained them on the road that Woune away among the years; But she had no voice to inswer

Hin : she could not understand, For the future lay before her Like a far-off fairy and There was sunlight on the heather, There was music in the rill, As they went away ogether

Up the long, hard hill. Oftentimes the way was sunny. Other times 'twas full of lures, But the love that had come to them Was 'he true love that endures. Though the bouny brow is wrinkled, Though the raven lock be gray,

Had she gone the other way. Now the frust is on the heather And the snow is on the rill, And they're coasting down the short side Of the long, bord bill -t'y Warman, in N. Y. Sun.

Yet the road might have been rougher

JUST IN TIME.

BY C. N. BARHAM.

S SEEN from the sea, the town of A New Baven, Mass., appears emed between two hills. These hills are not more than five hundred feet in height; but what they lack in attitude they make up for in pictursqueness. They present a bold front of trap rock, which, combined with the carbor in the foreground, and a long he of low hills stretching away toard the sky line, constitute a scene of veliness which is not easily forgotten. The whole neighborhood is of historical interest. It was in one of these two hills-that which is called the West Rock-that the celebrated regicides, loffe and Whallley, once found refuge. A cleft in its rugged sides is known, fac and wide, by the name of the "Judges"

This cave is a mere den, lying between two immense boulders of about twenty feet perpendicular. One of these is somewhat conical in shape. while the other is almost a perfect paraffetogram. Between these, at some remote period, another large stone would seem to have fallen, and become tightly wedged. This is all that justihes the name of a cave. The place must have been a fitter dwelling for the bears and congars which at that period infested the eastern states, than for two famous Englishmen.

On one of the stones, which is covered with inscriptions, some visitor has taken pains to renew the inscription which, tradition says, the occupants placed over their retreat. His enthuias m must have been brighter than his orthography, for he has only succeeded in informing posterity that "oposition to tyrants is obedience to God."

Hither one hundred and twenty years igo came Reginald Flanders, an Engfish soldier, who had served in the French and Indian war. It was a solitary situation for such a man to have chosen as a settlement; but he knew no fear, and erayed for no companionship. He cultivated a patch of the wilderness which stretched far away inland, and, as the Indians were quiet, the wild hillside seemed to him, his wife and Basil, his eight-year-old son, an earthly par-

It was a September morning. The leaves, beginning to change, shone like gold in the sun. Reginald Flanders had thrown a sack of corn across the back of his plow-horse and was taking a farewell of his wife and child, preparatory to starting for New Haven, where he proposed to exchange his marketable commodity for household necessaries. Throwing his gan over his shoulder-for no prudent man would then go on a journey without his tried weapon of defense he strode away, and was almost immediately lost

to view-Shortly after the dispatch of a frugal breakfast, Basil left the log house and wandered towards the verge of the woods. A small stream came trickling down toward the sea, and beside it the little fellow halfed. A floating acorn, the first of the season, caught his eye, and, with the thoughtlessness of childhood, he drew it to the bank. Somehow, that early fruit of the wilderness appealed to his roaming instinct. He craved for more, and, reasoning that there must be plenty up stream, perceiving that his mother's eve was not

upon him, he started on his quest, The rivulet ran through a ravine. The banks, composed of rocks, fretted by storm and decay, rose almost perpendicularly on either side. A few scattered trees and shrubs sought nourishment from the earth, which had fallen from above. Beyond these, up the gorge, Basil pushed on-whither he did not know.

The mother soon missed her son, but at first, thinking be was in the vicinity, checked her fears. The hours passed. and, as he did not return, her anxiety changed to absolute terror. Forsaking all else, Mrs. Flanders hurried to the ields, and, with rapid footsteps, travrsed the gloomy glades. Search as she would, she could discover no trace of the missing one. She shouted, called his

name, but there was no response. At length she came to the stream, There, with a cry, half of gladness, half of dismay, she hailed the child's footprints in the soft, yielding soil. She aw that they pointed upware's to the coree, into which she had never before ventured. But a mother's love fears no

onsequences. She entered. For some time she rushed onward, seriencing all the bitterness of hone The revi "Posti Pastire rang out of the stillness of the wood,

but no answer came. Succienty she stopped, and gazed into the gloom with straining eyes; then the pressed her hand to her heart, reeled and almost fainted. There, not 50 yards away, stood Basill

It was but for a moment that she so yielded to her conflicting emotions. Conquering her feelings, she rushed forward and clasped the child to her | gregate \$5,250,000.

breast. As the now overjoyed mother did so, to her horror, looking up into the tangled foliage, she perceived a huge panther, stretched, crouching, upon an extended bough, apparently ready to spring. Probably the brute had only then observed Basil, for now, upon his mother's approach, it hesitated to attack, lashing its tawny sides with its tail, as if to work itself into a state of greater fury.

What was to be done? A weak woman was powerless against the strongest and fiercest denizen of the New England woods.

Scarcely knowing what she did, the poor mother seized her child and turned to fly. As she did so, the panther made

Owing to the height and the distance, it sprang short, barely touching the rock upon which the two were standing, and fell backward. The respite was but brief. Recover-

ing itself, the savage beast returned to

the attack. Mrs. Flanders clasped Basil closer to her side, being resolved, in her desperaion, that the destroyer should only reach his life through berself. She could not escape by flight, and

had no means of defense. She could

only wait and pray. Once more the assailant made its atack, this time with a greater measure of success. It struck the edge of the rock, and managed to cling to it. Struggling desperately to recover itself, it stretched forward until its jaws seemed but a short yard from its intended vic-

At this moment overwrought nature gave way under the strain, and she woohed. As for Basil, he had hidden is face in his mother's gown.

Meanwhile, Reginald Flanders sold is corn, and expended the proceeds in lour, sugar, a small, prized packet of tea for his wife, powder and lead, and ther simple necessaries

Having transacted his business, he set out on the journey homeward. The un rose high in the heavens, and, anicipating no evil, he suffered the slowsaced plow-horse to subside into a There was joy in the calm peaceful-

less of the surrounding wilderness.

The birds were merry, the sea gleamed whind him like glass, the hills rose on either side. He was surrounded by the pure beauties of nature, and the sweetness of contentment filled his soul. He wander as it liked. llow it occurred Reginald Flanders ould never tell. To his surprise, arousng himself from pleasing reverie, he

ound that Dobbin most have taken the rong course, for they were on the uper instead of the lower side of the West Rock." This mattered little, excepting that t made the journey somewhat longer; for which he was sorry, as he knew hi wife would be looking out for his com-

og; only now he must cross the stream

high up in the woods. So, pressing the faithful old horse into an apology for a trot, he pursued his way, At length he came to the precipitous bank of the brook, down which with ome difficulty he guided his horse 'urraing a downward course in the di-

ection of his home, he was suddenly tartled by a shrill, weird cry. It sounded as if it were the voice of his wife, and yet it was strangely un-

like. What was it? What could it por-

There it rang again. Some one must e in dire peril. There was no time for delay. The nystery must be solved at once. For-

wand! The old horse lumbered heavily on, wer rocks and projecting tree-stumps, but its best efforts failed to keep pace

with its master's ever-increasing anx-The cries had ceased. All was once nore as silent as nature, on an early autumnal day, can be. With the re-

urring silence the man's fears became ntensified As he came within sight of the rock, was surprised to perceive an enor-

mons panther, making strenuous endeavors to climb its slippery sides. With the instinct of the hunter and the coolness of the practiced soldier, Reginald Flanders grasped his rifle.

shook the priming in his hand, placed a fresh flint in the lock, and took a long and deliberate aim. Had he known the real state of affairs, it mgiht have unnerved his arm, but the knowledge was happily spared him. And now the savage animal made its

foothold good. With a snarling cry it crouched, leaped and-rolled back, lifeless, into the stream, with the settler's bullet through its brain!

Curious to find out what had been the panther's object, yet not for a single moment guessing the truth, the marksman set himself to climb the rock.

Who shall describe the mingled horror and thankfulness with which he perceived the unconscious forms of his loved ones, and realized that he had een providentially enabled to save them from an awful fate? With difficulty the loving husband

won his wife and boy back to life, and bore them, pale and weak, but safe, to

That evening the sun went down into the west with his last red rays resting upon a family giving thanks for an almost miraculous escape from a dreadful death.-Golden Days.

UNADULTERATED SPICE.

There is nothing in the Bible which requires Christians to be sad. A proud look is abomination to the Lord, as well as a lying tongue. Grace and nature work harmoniously together, if we can but ward off

prorient dagers. It is almost impossible to feel cross while you are looking pleasant, or disconsolate while you are looking cheer-

We shall all be considerably surprised, when we get to Heaven, at finding things there different from what

we expected.—Gail Hamilton.

Market for Railroad Ties. It takes each year 200,000 acres of forest to supply crossties for the railroads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand, for which the contractors get on an average 35 cents apiece, making in the ag-

HISTORIC BATTLE GROUNDS. Strategic Points Used by the Ancients and Moderns.

It is in a theater of old wars and amid scenes made familiar to all the world through classic story that the Turk and the Greek are contending. Pharsalos, to which Crown Prince Constantine retreated from Larissa, is the ancient Pharsalia in name, but not in site, lying some eight miles to the southwest of the battle ground where

Julius Caesar overcame Pompey in 45 B. C. Pompey's troops on that occasion retreated to Larissa, reversing the movement made by the Greek troops on

Edhem Pasha invaded Greece by the very pass through which Xerxes led his immense Persian army in 480 B. C. Milouna pass is that pass "by Petra. Pythium and Olooson," referred to by Grote and mentioned by Livy. The Greeks had expected Xerxes to enter the Thessalian plain by the way of the vale of Tempe, between Olympus and Ossa, and they occupied that pass. But when the Macedonian king privately sent them word that Xerxes was to come by the other pass, west of Olympus, they gave up the plan of meeting him on their northern frontier. If they had made a stand against him in Milouna pass they might have kept him out of their country and have saved Athens, just as Constantine would have averted all danger to Greece if he had been able to keep Edhem Pasha north of the mountains.

Since he has let Larissa go so cheaply it is not likely that in his weaker position at Pharsalos he will offer an effective resistance to Edhem. But this time there will be no Thermopylae. In the first place, the road the victorious Turks will take towards Athens, if the fortunes of war allow them to take any, does not run through the famous pass where Leonidas and his 300 Spartans held out so valiantly against Xerxes. From Zeitun to the west of the Malie gulf a government road runs directly to Athens. But what is more to the point, there is no longer a pass at Thermopylae. As Herodotus describes it, there was barely room for a wagon road between Mount Octa and the shore of the gulf, so that but three or four of Leonidas' Spartans could fight abreast, In 2,300 years the alluvial deposit brought down by the Spercheios has filled in the gulf far from the ancient shore, so that a broad marsh is now seen where Leonidas kept the pass The hot springs which gave the place the name of the "hot gates" still flow, however. The changed shore line and the construction of new roads west of the mountain have destroyed this most famous of classic battle grounds. Here it was that the Acotolians mer Philip, that Antiochus contended with the Romans, and the Greeks with Brennus and the Cauls. The treachery of Ephialtes, who showed Xerxes a mountain pass that enabled him to get in the rear of the Spartans, was imitated in some of the later conflicts, and with the same

results. Salonica, at the head of the gulf. which the Greeks threatened to destroy, is the Thessalonica where St. Paul was so inhospitably treated that he went away to Kara Feria, and was thence privately conveyed to Dion on the gulf, where he took ship for Athens.

GENIUS AND ULD AGE. The Exercise of Intellect Does Not Shorten Life.

The Gentleman's Magazine, in an article on the "Age of tenius," tends to disprove the assertion that brain power is incompatible with health. Once we were told that if we wished to become octogenarians we must lay aside ambition, we must be careful in our diet and temperate in our wishes. We must wait upon our bodies and as much as possible keep the mind out of sight. In order to disprove that counsel, we have only to turn from inpty words to solid fact.

First, to take the great men celebrated in war and conquest, since theirs, also, is a species of genius, is to find the list headed with Xenophon. Dumouriez and Wellington at 56, 81 and 83. Thence it continues to Charlemagne at 71. From him the numbers decline, though not hastily, to Napoleon at 51 and, lowest of all, Alexander the Great, at 32. Nearly 60 per cent, of the warriors chosen at random reached the Biblical standard of three score

Then, beginning with the great names of statecraft, there are Franklin and Tallyrand, both at 84, Palmerston at 81 and Washington at 67, with the list keeping well up in the fifties. and at the end slowly falling to 42. This is imposing, especially if we add Gladstone and Eismarck, both well

over their eightieth year. Science and philosophy begin with Humboldtat 89, and furnish an imposing list of men whose brains were worked to the fullest extent, and of whom no less than 63 per cent, completed their

seventieth year. In short, almost one-half the greatest geniuses the world has yet seen have attained the age of 70 years. Let no one be deterred from becoming a genius by the fear of early death!

GIVES OFF LIGHT. An Ever Active Glow Issues from Recent Bit of Uranium.

In a recent lecture before the Royal society Lord Kelvin vindicated the correctness of Volta's early theories in relation to contact electricity. He showed that when a zine plate and a opper plate are brought into contact with one another and then separated one was charged with positive electricis ty and the other with negative. He further demonstrated that this was not due to oxidation by air or the moisture of the atmosphere, as is stated in the text-books of the day. Lord Kelvin exhibited other experiments illustrating electrification produced by means of dissimilar metals, and showed some curious properties possessed by prani um. If a plate of this metal was connected with an electrometer and touched by a plate of aluminum positive electrification was produced, gradually changing past zero to negative. He also demonstrated that the rays given off by uranium in a dark room are a constant property of the substance and not a slow radiation of previously absorbed light, as has been claimed, but he could offer no solution of the mysterious action of this metal.

LUUK AWAY.

DECEMAN.

When the storm with its mantle of darkness comes down, And the blackest clouds cover the sky, When all nature is gloomy with shadow And the swift-rolling tempest is nigh; Look away, trembling soul, the thick darkmess picture through.

For beyond are the sunlight and beautiful When the deepest affliction and sorrow are thine. With a burdened heart ready to break, When thy footsteps are painful and life doth decline,

And the hopes that had stayed thee for-Look away, fainting one, take His promises They will give you the sunshine and Heaven's own blue. Prederick J. Stevens, in United Presby-

_09999999999999999999 H Yankee Farmer . eee in Florida. BY R. G. ROBINSON.

N the pioneer days of South Florida there came from Boston a man amed Dave, with his wife and two children.

\$000000000000000000000000000000000000

He came, he said, primarily for his health, and incidentally to better his fortune, which, never having been great, had been wrecked in the financial yelone of '73.

In those days homesteads donated by paternal government to actual sectlers were plenty, and Pave soon found one to his liking, on which he built a cabin and cleared land for a small dange grove,

With a fine disregard for conventionalities and Boston prejudices, and with a determination to be "of the Romans a Roman," he discarded shoes, stockings, and all superfluities of dress, and commenced work with magnificent pluck and Yankee energy.

Looking to a bread supply for the immediate future, he rented a few acres of arable land from an "old residenter" to plant in corn and potatoes, his new land being sour and unfit; and he invested the remnant of his funds in a horse, plow and harness.

The horse was an importation from the broad plains of Texas, small, an-An animal with better training or ancestors or habits of thought ought to have been selected, for Dave had never owned a horse in his life, nor had he ever mounted one or "put his hands to He knew it was all quite easy, though.

Did ever a man come from "Bosting" who couldn't do anything that any other man had ever done? The day after the purchase, in the early, devy morn, he took the horse, plow and harness to the rented field to begin operations, and his wife and children went along to see the im-ep-

tion of that happy occupation called Never having harnessed a horse, Dave omitted that useful article, a collar, and buckled on the hames upside down; but otherwise he got the gearing fixed

in pretty fair shape, Then, taking the lines and grasping the plow handles with a grip of determination, he uttered, with fine effect and deep bass voice, a formula he'd read in the encyclopedia, perhaps-

"Gee! Whoa! Haw! Git up thar!" The formula was all right, and his rendering perfect; but he hadn't taken into account the moods and tenses, past and present, of a Texas pony. That sagacious animal, having taken a slight tug against the bare, upside-down hames, stood gazing in silent wonder and expectancy.

"Come up, there, I tell you!" said the farmer. "Can't you gee haw?" The only answer was a slight bob-

bing of the head. "Come up, I tell you!" again said Dave, and at the same time raising his right hand, he brought the heavy rope line down along the pony's back with a resounding thwack

His answer was a quart or so of earth full in the face, thrown by the pony's hind feet as they went skyward. That little performance ended, the pony resumed his original position and look of inquiry, while Dave took a seat on the ground to review the situation. "I don't exactly know what's the matter, Sadie," he said. "The man I got this beast from said he was an elegant plow animal and would go

straight along." "Well, Dave," said Sadie, "I don't know, but seems to me horses may have their regular babits just like people and maybe this horse ain't used to starting so early in the morning; you know the people round here don't start to work near so early as this, Let's wait a bit, and maybe he'll go."

"Sadie," said Dave, "if we're going to make a crop this year we'll have to start early in the mornings. All good farmers do, and this horse had just as well begin now as another time. I tell you what I expect is the matter: He's used to having a boy lead him when drawing a plow; that's the way lots of plowing is done. You try leading him, Sadie, and I'll hold the plow." "Oh, Dave," she said, "I really

couldn't. I'm afraid he'd bite me, he looks so mad." "Shucks!" said Dave. "He couldn't bite you if he wanted to, for the traces

and plow will hold him back. You really must, Sadie. Just try it till we get him started, then maybe he'll go Thus urged, Sadie took the bridlereins as far in front as she could, and

Dave resumed the handles of the plow. "Now pull, Sadie," said Dave, "and we'll start. Get up there, you beast!" In response the beast gave a snort and tug that made Sadie jump ten feet or more and dragged the plow perhans six inches; then he stopped resolutely. I'll tell you what's the matter. Sadie," said Dave; "he ain't used to your skirts. Here, you come noid the plow

and I'll lead him a bit." So Sadie took the plow handles, and Dave, taking hold of the bridle, said: "Now come right along, you ugly beast, you!" at the same time giving him a

The 'e was another start and sudden tug; the plow catching on a root, the handles flew up and knocked the luckless Sadie into a sitting position several

rested. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" said Dave, But I tell you, Sadie, I know it can be done, and, what's more, if we're to got to be done. I wonder what ails

what's the matter, Sadie; funny I didn't by he ran neross a Star reporter and think of it before. He's used to having offered to sell him a ton or two of dolsomebody ride him when he's working, lars. Then the man asked for a light and he don't know how to go without. You always see these Crackets riding from his eight, handed it over to the their horses when they're drawing a returned traveler. eart, and I guess it's the same way with the handles again and I'll try riding

him, and I guess we'll make it all right." "Oh, Dave," said Sadie, "I've just had all the breath knocked out of me, and I don't want to again." "There's no danger, Sadie," said Dave. Being on his back, I can manage him

setter, and we'll go carefully; besides, con needn't lean over the plow like you did; just walk far back and stick your arm out, and you'll be safe enough." Thus persuaded, Sadie again essayed

the task, and Dave, jumping astride the beast and jabbing his heels into its flanks, said: "Now get up, sir, get up! He got up a little in the rear quarters, quite as much as a pony of his size ould with 250 pounds avoirdupais on his back; he grunted and snorted, but forward he did not go an inch. Have driving now."

And Sadie said: "Get up, pony! get up, you dear little fellow!" he got up with his hind feet just as far as he could, but his fore feet remained f cell and stationary.

Again .cmarking: "I'll be jiggered!" Dave dismon ted and, taking a seat on the great A put on his thinking cap. The result of his meditation was this:

"Eather I in Ico heavy for him, that's what's the matter; he's been used to having a boy or Cracker man ride him, and you mover saw a Cracker that weighed anything to speak of. I'll tell you what, Sadie; you must ride him and I'll hold the plow. Strange I didn't think of that before. It'll be tun for you, and I'm sure we'll get right alone?

want to help you all I can, but really and truly I can't do that, you know; there's no saddle, and I'd be seared to death. "Sadie," said Dave, "you've got to get used to being a farmer's wife, and you'd | Star. just as well begin right now. There isn't a particle of danger; with your

light weight he'll move right off,

smooth and easy; and, really, it's our

"Oh, Dave, Dave," said Sadie, "I do

only chance, you know, for something to eat nest in: Sadie, w. 't a ! " regard for her promise to love, honor and obey, said silent prayer, allowed herself to be lifted on the pony, and with trembling hands grasped the reins as she was in-

Then Dave, holding the plow, argest the pony to go; but go he wouldn't. "Kick him, Sadie! Kick him!" cried Dave, and Sadie kicked and kicked again, but the beast only backed and sported.

Dave's stock of patience was getting exhausted, and he said: "You just wait a minute, Sadie. I'll get a switch and persuade him a little."

So be cut down a small oak sanling. about ten feet high, trimmed off the leaves and twigs, and, taking a stand back of the pony, at right angles to the plow, said: "Now look out, Sadie! I think he'll start," And he brought his "switch" down with all his force across the pony's back.

He started; there could be no ques tion about that. The plow was jerked high in the air, and the next instant the pony was flying across the field with poor Sadie elinging frantically to

When he reached the rail fence on the far side of the field he went right on over, like a trained hunter; but the plow catching on the near side, he was jecked back by the traces and come down on his hannehes on the other side. while Sadie went on and on in a series of remarkable somersaults.

When Dave reached the spot, the pony was sitting, and so was Sadie, but at some distance apart, "Sadie, dear!" he exclaimed, "are you

haver 2" "I don't know, Dave," she said, "but it appears as if I'm considerably shook

"Well, you just wait a minute till I fix this beast," said Dave; and, taking a broken fence rail, he brought it down with all his might across the top of the pony's head, knocking it limp and sense-

"Oh, Dave," said Sadie, looking around just then, "you've killed him!" "I don't care if I have," said Dave "If he won't plow he'd better be dead, and save his feed. Anyhow, Sadie, I'm done with farming. Anybody that wants to can plow. I don't." Sadie approved the resolution, her

ambition to be a farmer's wife having cooled considerably. Dave shouldered the plow and gear, and they wended their way homeward, leaving the pony Texas ponies, however, are tough, and this one "came to" some time curing the day, and wandered home in time

for supper. He proved a capital saddle

animal, and, having eschewed plowing,

Dave became a hunter and sold venison to buy flour. Lippincott's Magazine. Wet Down the Old Folks. In Russia a necessary formality for the happiness of a newly-married couple is that their parents should be wet from head to foot. In summer they are ducked in the pearest river or pond, and in winter they are usually rolled in the snow. At the village of Systerky in Upha recently the wedding guests being drunk, as is customary, poured buckets of water over the bride's father with the thermometer at ten de-

groes below zero, whereof he died. Remarkable Longevity. An Irish gentleman was recently attended by an emineut London physician, who, pausing and looking at him with an inquiring glance, said: "I should like to know, sir, if your

family have been long lived?" "Long lived, is it?" responded the patient, thoughtfully. "Well, doctor, I'll just tell you how it is. Our family is a west of Ireland family, and the age of my ancestors depended entirely upon the judge and jury who tried them."-Pearson's Weekly.

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A DIFFERENT CUSTOM. What Is Proper in the United States

is Not in Mexico. The man who had been down in Mexhave anything to eat next winter, it's lice trying to buy up a carload of silver follars made for the American market, the heast." And he sat down to think and guaranteed worth their weight in Presently he said: "I'll tell you day looking for customers. Incidentalsterling silver, was in town the other and the reporter, flipping the ashes

"There's such a difference in cusplowing. Now, you just take hold of | toms," said the man, taking his light from the borrowed eigar. "Now you natice how politely and thoughtfully for thoughtfulness is the true politeness you knocked the ashes off your eigar when you handed it to me to light

> "Reporters are always polite," suggested the reporter.

"As I was saving," continued the man, unheeding, "there is such a difference in customs. Now, when I went to Mexico the first time, I didn't know the Mexican code of manners, and about the first thing I did when I landed was to ask a man for a light. He handed me a cigar with the ashes on. I thought it was bad manuers, but I flipped them off and kindled my weed. I did that four or five times, and I always got it in the same way. Then said: "You speak to him, Sadie; you're | 1 began to hope some of them would ask me for a light so I could show Mexico what real manners were. I got the hance one day, and when a man asked me for a light I flipped off the ashes and, with a salaam at least two yards across in its widest sweep, I extended him the blazing stomp. He took it, of course, being too polite to treat a stranor otherwise, but he did it in a way that showed me something was wrong,

and I began asking a question or two. "The result was that I discovered what the true form was and what an ass I had been making of myself trying to teach those old eastile soapareons what the code eigarro was. My instructor told me that the thing to do was to leave the ashes on at their full and to claintily touch the unlighted eicar or eigarette just about the fire line stween the ash and the tobacco. After that, being no longer in ignorance, to social blevelshed or international complications, I never again was flip with the ashes of my cigar."-Washington

JOBS OF CHEMISTS.

The Queer Class of Patrons That They Have to Serve. Chemists sometimes have queer experiences. The following facts, says the Chicago Journal, were told by a professor in one of the western universities; "For about ten years I have made a specialty of examining and reporting upon cases of real or cuspected poisoning. As a number of my cases have been connected with murder trials, I have had considerable notice in the daily papers. This reputation for making analyses for poisons has

brought me a queer class of patrons, "Every year I have one or more old men come to me with samples of tood to be examined for poison. These men, without exception, have married young wives, and when the bushand is taken sick and does not recover as quickly as be thinks he should, he begins to suspect that his young wife wants to get rid of him, and is poisoning him gradcally through the medium of his food, Of course he does not want his wife to know of his suspicions, and he quietty gets a sample of the food he suspects, and at some unusual hour for work, generally either early in the morning or very late in the evening, he comes to me and tells me very secretly that he wishes to have an examination for poi-

son made. "Now, the odd part is that, though I have made a number of such analyses, I have never found poison present in cny case. Then the husband is very much afraid that his wife will find out that he suspects her, and he gets out of my laboratory in the quickest and quietest manner possible. So every year I expect to see some elderly man oming apprehensively up my office · tairs with a well-concealed sample of food about him to be examined for poison. Every year he comes, every year I make my analysis and flud no poison, and every year the old gentleman gets information that he considers chean at the price."

SENSORY HALLUCINATIONS. The Seeing of Ghosts Due to Defective Eyesight.

A reent number of the Australian Medical Gazette contains a brief but instructive report of the cure of a case of hallucinatory disorder. The patient. a man aged 60 years, had suffered for two years from subjective visual sensetions not a day passed that he did not see a large number of spectral human figures, and believing himself to be haunted by ghosts he had become very despondent and melancholy. On secking medical advice it was found that he had senile cataract. When this was removed by operation the ghosts hed and the man recovered his usual health. In this connection we may cite the case of a tradesman in Berlin whose shop was haunted by apparitions resembling in appearance some of his deceased onstomers. He was an intelligent man, ware that he suffered from sensory callucination, and made notes of his subjective impressions. In due time he abmitted his eyes to examination and operation, with the result of a restoration of normal vision and the immediate and final disappearance of his intangible visitors. The obvious teaching of the foregoing and similar cases is that in these modern days the person to be resorted to for the exorcism of spirits and demons is the opthalmic sur-

Green Snow.

Three places at least are known where green snow is found. One of these places is near Mount Hecla, Iceland; another 14 miles east of the mouth of the Obi, and the third near Quito, South America.

Boston Common. The somewhat curious statement is made by a Boston newspaper that no policemen are ever stationed on Boston

common except on Sundays and holi-

"NO MORE DOCTORS FOR ME!

aid I was consumptive, sent me to d me to keep quiet, no excite no tennis. Just think of it a luttle book called 'Guide starled me. So I wrote to ely reply, told me just what to

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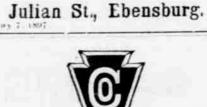
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