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### EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1897.

NUMBER 32.

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# 

BY JENNY WREN.

CHARMING tableau-do I in-A terrupt?" questioned Lennox as he stopped for a moment on the threshold of the pretty morning room, where two girls sat sewing. The picture thus presented to him was indeed one no artist eye could idly sean. The sun shed its rays here, not with its usual dazzling brilliance, but through unning device of blind and curtain, with a shaded softness, playing at light and shadow with the tinted wail and the moss-green carpet. Birds in gilded cages earoled sweetly, here and there hung some gem of art, flowers, color everywhere, but color so exquisitely blended that it seemed one perfect whole. And fitting the setting were those within. To Lennox Marvin's quesion both heads were raised. Over the fair, sweet cheek of one erept a rosy flush; the little hands which held the work trembled, then the blond head bent lower, and the long lashes, with their dark fringe in such contrast to the pure skin, hid the violet eyes from intrusive gaze. One swift glance of the man rested on that bowed head, then he advanced to take the hand the other

"What welcome shall we offer to reward you for showing us the light of your countenance at this hour? I thought you eschewed early rising." "On the contrary, I am fond of it, but I did not dream Miss Merle ever favored those who presented themselves before her at so unseasonable a time. What say you, Miss Gore? Can you not put to blush this slur upon my

"I am too much in ignorance of Mr. Marvin's habits to venture an opinion." A quick shade of annoyance crossed the handsome face, as Lennox turned to levote himself with all the empressement he could so well assume to his air hostess, and in a moment a light footfall announced that Helen Gore had left the room. Alone, his manner changed; the empressement fled, and an indifference barely veiled by polite-

"How long has Miss Gore been with you?" he questioned.

"Three years. You know she lost her parents in the same year my father children, and when she was left dependent I offered her a home with me as a companion. I have never had reason to repent the offer. Had you ever met her before this winter, Mr. Mar-

"Some four years ago, during the summer, we spent several weeks together at a fashionable watering place, She was very young then, an idol with both father and mother, and as joyoushearted as the birds. It must have been a sad blow to her, stricken of parents and fortune at one fell swoop."

The next afternoon Helen Gore, slowly sauntering up the broad avenue leading to Miss Merle's spacious grounds, heard a quick step behind her. As it came nearer and nearer, and finally side ov side fell in with her own slow tread. he same searlet flush mantled her cheek, but she took no other notice.

Marvin earnestly asked, "Are you never going to give me one word of welcome?" "Never!" broke from the girl's lips. "For you I have no welcome."

"Miss Helen, why so ernel?" Lennox

"And why not for me? Why do you single me out? Have you so entirely forgotten the past?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Marvin. When you sked me if I had no welcome for you, I orgot you were no longer addressing Miss Gore, who leaned upon a father's arm for protection, who sobbed her grief away upon a mother's tender bosom, whose wealth brought friends and lovers to her feet-but only Miss Gore, the dependent, who has none to shield her from whatever cruel winds fate ordains should blow upon her. A different thing, is it not? With that past time she has naught to do. It has gone out of her life. Allow me, then, to bid you welcome," and one white hand was extended under the shade of the

The man waved it back. "Not thus can I take it. True, you have lost your fortune and parents. Take care lest with them you have lost your own generous heart. Is it possible the girl who has just said such bitter words is she who, under the pale light of a young moon, looked into my eyes with trust and confidence only four years ago? an time have wrought such change? Helen, I suffered then!"

"You suffered!" the girl interrupted, her seeming calm all gone, "What do you know of suffering? It is an idle word-an empty breath-to such as you. I am contented in my new life, Lennox Marvin. Leave me in peace. Miss Merle, the heiress, awaits your

And, with flying feet, she sped past him, cluding his detaining grasp, into the friendly shelter of the house. He followed slowly and reluctantly, with a face white as her own, on which was written a vague wonderment as to what t all could mean.

In vain Miss Merle lavished her sweet-

est smiles that night. True, Lennox

Marvin was beside her, and she it was whom he addressed, but his eyes ever wandered to the slender little figure on the other side of the room, of which he could see nothing but the glimmer of the golden hair and the little hand as it rose and fell with each stitch she placed in her embroidery. But of all this, Helen knew nothing. She caught only the tender murmur of the tones, heard the low, rippling laugh in answer, and on her work there fell one large, scalding tear, which blurred the present from her sight, but brought into vivid reality the past. She saw it all herself as she stood one night upon the piazza, with Lennox Marvin by her side. He was going away the next morning. She was not to see him again until their return home, but as he said good-by and e pered: "When we meet again, beien, I shall have a story to tell you,'

she had looked her willingness to lis-

ten when he should be ready to tell.

and gone to her rest with the wild,

sweet dreams of him. Then came the

sudden crash in the commercial world,

followed by the loss of both parents,

turned to look for the strong arm which should be her shield, it had failed her. One cousin, adopted by her father and almost a brother to her, had been her only stay, and he was powerless to aid

her; and so, with her young heart full of desolate bitterness, she turned to face the world. Then came Lina Merie's offer, gladly, eagerly accepted, and in the quiet of her life she was learning to forget, until he crossed her path again, when there swept over her the humiliating conviction that, spite of treachery and deceit, she loved him still, and that she must leave this house ere her secret broke its bounds. ere he reaped his last full triumph. In vain when she told Miss Merle of

her resolution, for which she would assign no reason, did she seek to alter it. "I must go," had been her answer. "I have so much to be thankful for. Do not ask me to lessen the obligation by trying to oppose me." When from Miss Merle's lips the fol-

lowing morning Lennox Marvin heard this decision, he turned to her with "How happens it that young and beautiful Miss Gore stands thus alone? Let me tell you a story, Miss Merle.

and ask your womanly sympathy. Four years ago I loved this girl madly, desperately. Heaven help me, I love her yet." In his eagerness the speaker failed to note how deathly white his listener's face had grown at these words from the lips of the man who. once had said he hoped she might be spared the knowledge suffering brings; had fallen the cruel truth which had taught her sorrow's first lesson, but, with woman's pride and the strength given in her need, she gave no further sign, as he continued: "One night, the last time I saw her ere we met under your roof, I had almost told my secret. I thought my face had left me naught to put in words. I thought she had been glad to read therein the story. After she left me and I still paced up and down, thinking of the eyes which had last looked into mine, and whose wonderful violet depths I dreamed I had penetrated, her father joined me. Whether he, too, had read my secret and wished to spare me further I know not, but he told me his daughter's hand was promised to her cousin; that the dearest wish of his life was to see with her consent. 'She is but a child.' he answered, 'but she has always loved him, and has never opposed my desire." The next week I sailed for Europe. Of fied? I had known her since we were all that followed I heard nothing for months. Of her absolute marriage I dreaded to learn the certainty, but you may imagine my surprise when I found her under your roof on my returnfound her regarding me with aversion and hatred-even driven from the home she had found with you, because at times descerated by my presence. Tell her from me it shall not be so, but that once again the wide sea shall roll between us, if she will but remain under your protection. Good-by, Miss Merle. Heaven bless you. I leave her in your

> e had gone out into the clear, fresh air ith hasty strides; he put, as he hoped ie past forever behind him, until a and reached his ear-a sound which ade him stop as if turned to stone. Only a horse's hoofs dashing madly down the avenue! Only a riderless orse flying past him! Miss Merle had old him Helen had gone to ride. He and determined never to look on the ace which had caused him such agony ignin, yet, with a great anguish at his eart, he now hastened onward, prayig only that once more he might behold her, free from sear or stain. On and on, until by the roadside his quick ye noted a something which made him. strong man though he was, reel as if intoxicated a form which lay as it had been thrown, in a disordered heap Gently, tenderly he lifted it in his arms and looked at the fair, sweet face, with its perfect beauty unmarred, but the ves veiled by lids which quivered not, the mouth half apart, from which isued no breath. A great dread rose in Lennox Marvin's heart. True, he disped the one woman he had loved to his breast, but it was only her lifeless form. He rained mad kisses upon check, lip and brow, called her the thousand names his heart had so often silently uttered, implored for but one little sign in answer, chafed the cold hands, breathed his breath into the parted mouth, until at last a fluttering sigh escaped the lips; the eyes, looking like violets wet with dew, opened softly and met the gaze of the man who held her. "Yes, Helen, you are lying powerless in his arms whom you so hate. Spurn sie, scorn me if you will; only let me feel you live; only let me know your sweet form is somewhere on this wide earth, and I will not grieve you by my presence. Why, oh, my darling-why could you not love me?-I. who have loved you all these years who would so willingly lay down my life to win one answering word of love."

Ere she could find words to answer

The words burst from the man's white lips almost unconsciously. Was she dreaming? Was it death's waking? In the eyes which met hers she read only truth, and whem stronger she beard all the explanation of the past. the mistake of a father who had not known his child's heart, and her own after error. She looked into Lennox Marvin's face with the sweet confidence of a child shining through unbidden tears, and the next moment her head was drawn down to the heart which was to be her shelter forevermore .-- N. Y.

Corned Beef Hash.

Cne coffee cupful of cooked corned beef chopped fine, two and a half coffee cupfuls of cold boiled potatoes chopped fine, one-fourth cupful of water, and a little over one-fourth cupful of milk mixed together, butter the size of a wainut, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, or to taste, and a sprinkling of white perper, and a bit of cayenne pepper. Melt the butter in the water and milk, then add the other ingredients, and cool until thoroughly heated through, then put in a baking pan and place in oven till brown on top.-Ladies' World.

The point in training children is to get them off to a neighbor's house first in the evening, in order to keep that neighbor's children at home.-Atchison Globe.

CAJOLED THE JURY. An Interesting Incident of a Memorable Lawsuit.

The jury in the Martha Washington case, a famous trial of 40 years ago, wherein the captain of the steamboat Martha Washington and others were charged with burning the boat to se cure insurance, was chosen with difficulty, says McClure's Magazine. During their five weeks' service the members of it were assailed on every side by the zealous feminine sympathizers of the accused. By every art possible to youth, beauty and wit and the reckless abandon of lives largely spent in the companionship of adventurers were they approached. "If you do not go into that jury room and vote 'not guilty' in an hour you will be a dead man," said the wife of the captain, confronting an aged juror on the staircase. Sprung from an old and respectable Massa chusetts family, she was a singularly beautiful, brilliant, dashing woman, She had gone in early girlhood to the west and became enamored of the picturesque river captain, who did not see fit to marry her and went off to Mexico and opened his gambling house on the Rio Grande. One day as he sat dealing faro there his affianced presented herself. Disguised in a man's attire and armed with a brace of pistols, she had made her way without detection to the Rio Grande. She was a skilled shot and could hit a dollar across a room. Leveling a pistol at the recreant lover's head she said in a short, sharp voice: "Marry me, or take this in your head!" The astounded captain replied: "Why Ollie, my dear, is that you?" The marriage ceremony was performed that

CONTINUOUS STREET RAILS. The Contraction and Expansion of the Metal Were Easily Overcome.

Continuous rails, made up of ordinary rails length welded together electrically, are in use on many miles of electrictreet railways in the United States, avs Cassier's Magazine, and with exclient results, too, having shown themelves to constitute an ideal track Whatever misgivings may have arisen at me time as to the serious pranks which xpansion and contraction might play with such continuous tracks have been ffectively allayed, as experience has hown that the difficulties likely to from from these causes are not extraorlinary. It is interesting, however, to note that of the troubles from temperature variations in the track, that due to a temperature lower than the one at which the rails were welded is the only one requiring serious consideration. It is found in the tendency of the rail to shrink in a longitudinal direction, and this must be counteracted by a pull on the ends of the rail sufficient to produce s corresponding amount of stretch. Temperatures above that at which the all's were welded cause compression and this has never been found to make trouble where the track was at all secured by the roadbed, Experience, therefore, would seem to

point to the winter season as the time for welding continuous track, as then the rails are materially contracted, and, though exceptionally cold snaps may be productive of a slight state of tension in the rails, yet the maximum stress would be nothing like that in rails welded in the summer, and probably far below the strength of the welds,

#### OBEYED TO THE LETTLE.

flut the Walter Kifew What Was What, Just the Same. He is an old, disgruntled looking bachelor, and he dines every evening in chop house not far from Broadway,

ays the New York Herald. "Waiter," he said, the other evening. now take this order and see if you can et along without eternally suggesting things. No. Lion't want anything from he bar. I'd say so if I did. Nice cel ry, ch? You wooden-headed idiot. lidn't I tell you that I had sense enough o know what I wanted, without any uggestions from you?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, submis-"Now, then," resumed the old chap, 'you may bring me Lyonnaise potaoes, coffee, small cup, and-ah-yes, a ittle old Stilton. Now, hurry up; don't

cand gawking." The waiter went away and returned with the order.

"What! How's this " exclaimed the man, pounding with his fists upon the table. "Where's that sirloin steak I or-

"You ordered none, sir," replied the functionary, with a low bow. "I would ave suggested as much, but I feared

to displease you." "You're a nice waiter," velled the old man, and he turned as red as old Burgundy. "All you need is an iron fence and board of lunacy commissioners to be an insane asylum. Why did you ask me if I want a sirloin steak if I didn't

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. Two minutes later he returned with the steak. He had called for it when he sent down the original order.

#### HE WAS REAL NICE. This Telegraph Clerk, and She Will

Patrontze Ilim Exclusively. She sailed into the telegraph office and rapped on the receiving clerk's window. The receiving clerk remembered that she had been there about ten minutes before as he came forward to meet her. He wondered what she wanted this time, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote just now. I forgot something very important. I wanted to underscore the words 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?" "No, ma'am," said the clerk, as he handed her the message.

The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words and said: "It's awfully good of you to let me

do that. It will please Charlie so much. "Don't mention it," said the clerk "If you would like, I will put a few drops of rice violet extract on the telegram at the same rates," "Oh, thank you, sir. You don't know how much I would appreciate it. I'm

going to send all my telegrams through this office, you are so obliging." And the smile she gave him would have done anyone good to have seen. with the possible exception of Charlie A SLICHT MISTAKE.

MARRIAGE is the saving of a young man," said my Aunt thitha, sententiously. I assented, for I find it pays to give a

ready acquiescence to abstract proposi-"You must marry," continued my

I hesitated, for the assent to the concrete is more dangerous. "I am still very young," I said, meek-

My aunt turned to my mother. Whom shall Alfred marry? My mother shook her head. "Somebody nice," she volunteered.

"What do you say to Letitia Brownlow?" asked my aunt. "I would prefer to say nothing to Letitia Brownlow," I interposed, hasti-

"Or Amelia Stafforth?" "Is she not rather" - my mother waved one hand-"and Alfred is so

"I think she has a very fine figure," responded my aunt. "Or there is Gertrude Williams; she will have a fortune, if she outlives her sisters," "There are only five of them," I said,

hopefully. "Or Mabel Gordon?" "She has taken a course of cooking lessons," observed my mother.

"No, none of these!" I cried, decisive-My aunt looked offended. "Very well, then, choose for your-

self," she said, tartly. I thought for a moment. "What do you say to Winifred Fra-

"That minx?" eried my aunt, "Oh, Alfred!" echoed my mother. "Why not?" I asked, "Such a dreadful family!" said my mother.

"So fast!" interjected my aunt. "But have you never noticed the sun on her hair?" I asked, innocently. My aunt drew hersen up.

"We have not noticed the sun on her hair," she said, with much dignity, nor do we wish to observe the sun on I was justly annoyed, "I really think

it must be Winifred Fraser," I said. "She is very fond of me-" "How can you be so cruel to me!" cried my mother. "Have you noticed how gray my hair is getting? You will

not have me long." She drew out \$er handkerchief. "You will come to a bad end," said my aunt. "I always thought you were deprayed. If you marry that painted

hussy you must not expect my counte-"Under the circumstances I will not marry Winifred Fraser," I said, with great magnanimity, for I did not particularly want my aunt's countenance. My aunt sniffed. "You had better

"I merely joked," I said, soothingly, remembering she had not made her

"Indeed:" "The truth is"-I dropped my voice "I am in love with some one else," "And you never told me!" said my

mother, reproachfully. "The girl I love is not free. "Married," cried my aunt.

"Not married-but engaged." "Who is it?" asked my mother, gen-

I was silent for a moment, and then I sighed. "It is Constance Burleigh."

There was a momentary silence, broken by my aunt. "I did not know Constance was engaged."

"It is a secret; you must not repeat what I have told you.' "I don't like these secret engagements," said my aunt, brusquely.

"Who told you?" "She told me herself." "Who is the man?" "I do not think I should repeat his

"I hope Constance is not throwing herself away." I shook my head doubtfully.

"You know the man?" I nodded. "Is be quite-quite-"

Again I shook my head doubtfully. "What have you heard?" my aunt asked, eagerly "I don't think I ought to repeat these

"You can surely trust your mother," murnured my mother. "And my discretion," said my aunt. "Well," I said, "I have been told he is

cruel to his mother." "Really," cried the two ladies, in a breath.

"His mother told me so herself." "How sad," said my mother. "Another relation of his told me he was deprayed." "Poor, poor Constance," whispered

my mother. "And would probably end badly." "I expect he drinks," said my aunt, grimly. "Does Constance know this?" asked

my mother. "I don't think so." "You did not tell her?" "Of course not." "I consider it your duty to."

"I really cannot." "Then I will," said my aunt, resolute-"What I have said has been in confidence."

"I do not care." "I beg you not to do so." "It is my duty. I am too fond of Constance to allow her to throw her

self away on this worthless man." I shrupped my shoulders. "Do as you please, but don't mention my name. By the way, Constance said she gould probably call this afternoon. At that moment the bell rang. "That may be she," said my aunt, fly-

ing to the window, "fo to i got up slowly and sauntered into the conservatory, which adjoins the drawing-room. From behind a friendly palm I could see without being seen. I saw my aunt look toward my mother. "If we open her eyes," I heard her whisper, "it may pave the way for Alfred.

My mother said nothing, but I saw the same hope shine from her eyes. The door opened and the servant anwith a little eager rush, then stoppes short, embarrassed by the want of reciprocity.

"We are glad to see you," said my mother, and kissed her. My aunt came forward. "We were just speaking of you," she said, solemn-

ly. "Sit down." Constance looked a little crushed. "I thought Affred would have told you," she murmured.

"We have heard"-began my aunt. "Hush," interposed my mother "Come nearer me, Constance. Won't you take off your hat?"

Constance came and sat by her side. "I was anxious to come and tell you that that '

"If you are alluding to your engage ment," said my aunt, somewhat severe ly, "we have already heard of it." "You have heard?" cried Constance "With the deepest sorrow,"

Constance drew herself up, "You do not approve?" she asked, proudly. "We love you too much," said my

mother, gently. Constance looked bewildered. "You are too good for the wretch." eried my aunt.

"What! Oh, what do you mean?" exclaimed Constance. "If you marry this man," continued my nunt, vigorously, "you will regret

My mother took her hand, "My sister should not tell you this so sud-"It is my duty to speak, and I will."

eried my aunt. "I will not let Constance unite herself to this man with her eyes elemed." "What have you against him?" derunded Constance, a red spot begin ning to bem in each check.

"He ditt." answered my aunt, almost triemphantly. Constance rank back in the cushions "I don't believe it," she said, faintly "He ill | cass his mother-bests her, I believe," continued my aunt,

"This cannot be true," gried Constance. "Mrs. Granville, tell rie," My mother nodded sadty. "Alas! I cannot deny it." Constance arose, "This is awfull

she said, holding on to the back of the sofa. "I could never have believed it She put her hand to her forehead, "It "My poor, dear Constance," pour

her arms round her. My aunt brought up her artiflery "He is thoroughly deprayed, and will come to a had end. His relations are at one on the

mured my mother, rising and putting

Constance by a first face in my mother's be on. ( h, cent. oh, denr. and I loved him so?" she schhed. In the adjoining room I was becom-

ing uncomfortable "We thought it right to tell you." said my aunt, moved by her tears, "though Alfred begged and implored us not to." "I could never, never have believed it," sobbed Constance. "Poor, poor Mrs.

Granvelle!" My mother soothed her "How difficult you must have felt it to tell me this!" exclaimed Constance drying her tears. "It was so good of you. I will not give him unother thought. To treat his mother so ernel

ly! Oh, Mrs. Granville, I am so sorry for you." "It is I who am sorry for you," said my mother, doubtfully

"And no one would have dreamed it. We always thought you were so fond of him and spoiled him atterly. And all the time you were hiding your sorrow. How noble of you!"

My mother looked at Aunt Tabitha. who returned her stare. "Whoever is it?" said Aunt Tabitha. whispering, "Find out,"

"Where did you meet him, dearest? whispered my mother. "Meet him? Why, here, of course," said Constance, with opening eyes. "Yes, yes, of course," said my mother,

mystiffeo. "I thought you would be pleased and I hurried across to tell you. "Can Alfred have made a mistake?"

muttered my aunt, hoarsely, The two elder ladies stood still in the utmost embarrassment. "I shall never be happy again," said Constance, mournfully

"Don't say that," implored my mother. "Perhaps there is a mistake," "How can there be a mistake?" asked Constance, raising her head. "There can be no mistake," said my

aunt, hastily, "How could be be cruel to you?" cried Constance, kissing my mother. "Cruel to me?" eried my mother,

"You said he was cruel to you." "Of whom are you speaking?" cried both Indies. "Of Alfred, of course,"

The two elder ladies sat down suddenly. "You are not engaged to Alfred!" they gasped, simultaneously.

"To whom else?" said Constance, in amazement. "There is some misunderstanding." ! observed, smoothly, coming in at the moment.

The three fell upon me together. It took at least an hour to explain Yet I said nothing which was not strictly true. "You will not allow these practical

jokes when you are married, will you, Conny?" said my mother, fondly, "I will not!" replied Constance, tightening her lips. "Marriage is the saving of a goung

man," repeated my aunt, grimly .-

Chambers' Journal. Excellent Plain Fritters.

An excellent plain fritter is made as follows: Boil a cup of milk until it is reduced one-half. Flavor the boiling milk with a few drops of vanilla, make a batter that "cleaves from" the saucepan, add two eggs and stir in a tablespoonful of whipped cream. Poll this after lightly on a floured board and out it into balls the size of English walnuts. They will swell like cream cakes after frying in hot fat three minutes. Dredge them with sugar and serve at once. N. Y. Tribune.

Any Old Height. Bertha-What is the height of your

ambition, dear? Marie (blushing) - Oh, something beween five and a half and six feet,-Tit-Bits.

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BORROWING A MATCH. A Few Incidents That Attended Not Infrequent Request. You might think that borrowing a match upon the street is a simple thing. But any man who has ever tried it will

prepared to swear to the truth of my experience of the other evening. I was standing on the corner of the street with a eight that I wanted to light. I had no match. I waited till a decent, ordinary-looking man came along. Then I said:

assure you that it is not, and will be

"a vense me, sar, but could you oblige me with the loca of a match?"

The man stopped short at once. "A matel?" he said; "why, certain-Then he unbuttoned his overcost and put his hand in the pocket of his unisteenst. "I know I have one," he went on, "and I'd almost swear it's in the factom pocks to or, hold on, though,

I guess it may be in the top just wait till I put these parcels down on the "th, don't trouble," I said; "ir's really of no consequence." "Oh, it's no trouble. I'll have it in a

minute; I know there must be one in here somewhere"- he was digging his fingers into his pockets as he spoke-"but you see this isn't the waisteons I

I saw that the man was getting excited about it. "Well, never mind," I protested; "if that isn't the waisteout that you generally why, it doesn't MINISTER,

"Hold on, now; hold on!" the man aid, "I've got one of the cursed things in here somewhere. I guess it must be in with my watch. No, it's not there, either. What till I try in my coat. If that contounded tailor only knew escorb to make a pocket so that a man could get at it!"

He was getting pretty well worked up nest. He had thrown down his walking stick and was plunging at his pockets with his teeth set. "It's that cursed young boy of mine," he hissed; this comes of his fooling in my pockets. By Gadl perhaps I won't warm him up whom I get home. Say, I'll bet that it's in my hip pocket. You just hold up the Gall of my overcoat a second ziii 1-

"No. no." I protested again; "please don't take all this trouble, it really matter. I'm sure. take off your overcost, and, oh, pray don't throw away your letters and things in the snow like that, and tear out your packets by the roots! Please. please der't trangle over your overeest and put your feet through the purcels. I do so have to hear you swearing at your little boy, with that premiar thine is your voice. Ikn't-please do.'t tear your clothes so savagely." Suddenly the man gave a great of exultation and drew his hand up from

inside the lining of his cont. "I've got it," he eried, "Here you are!" Then he brought it out under the light.

It was a roothpick, Yielding to the impulse of the moment, I pushed him under the wheels

of a trolley car, and ran. Truth.

PEARL FISHING. How It Is Managed by the Proprietors of the Concession.

The agent of the English proprietors of the concession granted by the Mexican republic for a monopoly of pearl fishing in the Gulf of California recently arrived in San Francisco and gave some interesting details of the presand methods employed in their industry. which has continued ever since the o cupation of the country in the time of

Cortez. The whole coast of the Gulf of California abounds in pearls, and the conessions control the entire territore. Until within the last few years native divers were employed, and the depth to which they could descend did not ex-HAND SIX FINAN

With the introduction of diving apsuratus the limit of depth was increased to 30 fathons. The best divers could formerly remain under water not to exceed two minutes. A modern diver thinks nothing of a two-hour stop inwater 100 feet in depth, though at greater depths the stay is necessarily shortened on account of the enormous pressore of the superincumbent water. A diver when upon the floor of the ceeen look; about for the oyster, which he tears from the object to which it is attached, and places it in a small bag hanging to a rone, which is hauled into the boat on a given signal. Semetimes the number of oysters secured is large,

at other times only a few are caught. The diver does not confine himself to the pearl oyster alone, but if he sees a rare specimen of coral or a new species of shell be places it in his bag and sends it to the surface, where it becomes the property of the concession and the sources of its large income.

Last year the value of the pearls harvested in Lower California was alone \$350,000. In addition, 5,000 tons of shotts were exported, which were valued at \$1,250,000 more. Pearl fishing is the entire occupation of the natives, and La Paz, the headquarters, a city of the peninsula, with about 2,000 inhabitants, is solely dependent upon the industry. The business is one of chance, and the pursuit is a fascinating one to the natives, who are born gamblers.

Every eyster does not contain its pearl, and only at intervals, and rare mes at that, is a really valuable pearl discovered. The largest one ever found was about three-quarters of an inch n diameter, and was sold in Paris to the emperor of Austria for \$10,000. Many black pearls are found in Lower California, and are valued higher than the pure white. The large majority are seed pearls, and are only of moderate value. San Francisco Call.

Shading Marble

A newly discovered process for treating marble or other similar stones in rder to give them any colored shade. veins or spots, consists in leaving these stones in one or more baths composed of a solution of alcohol and one or more colors of aniline or other coloring materials. The coloring materials are fixed by leaving the colored stones in a bath of oil or any other fat substance, or by applying upon the stones layers of the same stuff. The absorption of the organic coloring materials and of the fat substances by the stone may be accelerated by heating or boiling the bath which contains the stuff to be treated.



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