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VOLUME XXXI.

#### EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1897.

NUMBER33.

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"EARLY TO BED"

the bed is made of CORK

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SHAVINGS. COMFORTABLE.

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WHEN MOTHER TUCKED US IN. Our little bedroom, "way upstairs," was heated by the sun.
That did its duty grudgingly when sum-

mer days were done Yet modern rooms steam-heated ne'er will be so cozy, quite, As ours was, whe • mother came and tucked us in at night

How long the winter evenings were before the open fire. With rosy apples roasting there and sputtering in their ire: The popcorn snapping blithesomely above the ruddy be 1

Of coals, that glowed right furiously, with good rock maple fed. While father read the raper through, or, when our neighbor came, Discoursed at length of church and state, dispensing praise or blame Impartially: and mother sat, with needles

clicking fast That helped the staid old clock to count the moments as they passed; While fitful firelight flashes fell upon her

That shone with steady light-the outward sign of inward grace. And so the happy moments ran till brands began to fall; The neighbor donned his well-worn coat

and tramped out through the hall; Then father brought the Bible worn, and read, with reverent voice, "portion" of the Sacred Word, to chasten or rejoice hearts. Oh, while with him we knelt, how glowed his face As his petition humbly rose up to the throne of grace.

slow sonorous stroke of nine made Lion lift his head From shargy paws, and mother said: "Come, children-now to bed!" We left our sturdy "copper-toes" the shining hearth before.
Our "daytime clotnes" in tumbled heaps

beside them on the floor, And, holding up our trailing gowns, we scampered up the stairs; Past the big chimney, where, we made believe, lurked polar bears. eross the floor that creaked with coldthen into bed we hopped, wing the homespun blankets close Drawing the home-span blankets el-about each head closely cropped;

And there we listened, still as mice, for mother's gentle tread; tight well we knew that she would come Vas ever such a tender "knack" for making life all rosy?— A touch seedeft, a loving pat, and we were, oh, so rozy:

The wind might rack the rattling sash and twist the cim trees tall, he storm rage at the pane-to us it matseemed a shame to go to sleep and lose the dear delight We had when mother came upstairs and Minnie Leona Upton, in Good House-

A Brush With Apaches.

BY P. WILBUR SHOOP.

THE long string of pack mules wound down through the dark, arrow ravine of the Hasayampae river canyon, and crossing the dry bed of the stream disappeared behind a ledge of rocks jutting out from the overhanging cliff. It was a lonely spot. Fen miles below a quartz mill had been creeted, and five miles up the river was sheep ranch. But here no sign of life ppeared, save the sinuous line of mles wending their way across a tretch of alkali plain to the foothills ust beyond. The alkali dust, dry as nder, crushed under the feet of the nimals and was wafted away in little

uffs at each successive step. The straps fastening the load to the back of one of the animals became loosened, and I stopped to fix them. The other mules filed past and left me about a quarter of a mile behind. As I was tugging away at the straps, with the mule occasionally looking back at ne with a quizzical expression showing dainly on its face, I heard a sound as or ome one slipping over the rocks above. The mule looked up, sniffed the air, gave a sudden lurch, wrenching the straps from my hands, and dashed madly off toward the animals in the lead, probably now a mile ahead, and already on the summit of the nearest foothill. The tin buckets, provisions, etc., that formed the contents of its load, were strewn over the ground quite

The other animals in the train, who previously had been walking along in sleepy, mechanical way, and only twitching their ears and swinging their tails to vary the monotony, seemed to be infected with the terror of the animal that had broken away from me, and joined it in a mad disorder, I stepped back under the overhanging ledge of rock, and gazed after the animals, wondering as to the cause of their udden fright. Just then a sharp report rang out. I felt a stinging sensation in my right ear, and could hear distinct "ping." I clapped my hand to my ear; it was bleeding. Then the reason for the mad fear of the mules came to me. A mule that has been used where Indians are around soon learns to tell by intuition, it seems, whenever me is near and, as they have an inborn antipathy toward them, never lose any time in getting out of the reach of their rifles. This one had fired at me through a crevice in the rocks, but had lone no damage save to clip off the tip of my ear.

We were not then expecting an outbreak. A few months before Gen. Cook and gathered in the hostile Apaches and placed them under military control. The former horrors were forgotten, and we were at ease and off our guard. The only weapon I carried was a navy revolver, a poor instrument to cope with a rifle in the hands of a

bloodthirsty savage. I glanced up through the break in the recks and saw an Apache, in full war dress, peering down to ascertain the result of his shot. As I kept still, he thought he had finished me, and so, losing his caution in his capidity for scalps, he ventured out from behind the rocks and began climbing down. This as my opportunity, and I drew my revolver and fired at him, and had the somewhat gruesome satisfaction of seeing him fall across a rock. His ritle dropping from his hands, bounded down the rocks and fell at my feet. I picked it up. I had previously supposed him to be alone, but now a dozen or more veils burst from among the rocks, and I knew that I was in for it.

Keeping close to the rocky cliff and

dodging from bowlder to bowlder, I ran

for some distance up the dried-up bed

I could, and looked back. There were 50 or more warriors, it seemed to me, examining the place where I had been when the shot was fired. Apparently there was no time to be ost, and taking advantage of their searchings, I ran as rapidly as the rocky ground would permit me. I

gained the shelter of a ravine that ran down the river. I clambered up the sides. I was not now more than a quarter of a mile away from where I shot the Indian, and I could easily hear their yells when they realized their prey had escaped. To my relief, their ries grew fainter and fainter, and in a few minutes they ceased altogether, They were looking in the wrong direction for me, and had passed down instead of up the river. This gave me ome relief, but I was still in a dangerous locality. For aught I knew, other bands were in the vicinity and anxious for the scalp of anyone who might ap-

Accordingly I carefully and cau-

tiously picked my way along; ereeping most of the time and always keeping close to the protection of a rock or large tree. Seeing no signs of Indians, I lost much of my fear and ran epenly across the hills. I ran on for ome distance, and was finally brought up sharp by fairly running into a camp of the Apaches. They had built a small fire and were devouring the provisions that our excited pack of inules had spilled. All were so busily engaged in ating, however, that I was unperceived. I retreated carefully, but a sentinel that they had posted saw me, and sent a rife ball whizzing in my direction, much too close for comfort, I can assure you. I ran madly along, stumbling over logs and rotten stumps. I had a good start, and kept in advance of them, quite out of gunshot. Several shots were sent after me, but all apparently fell short. I continued running, searcely knowing how or where, and at length came out opon the alkali plain. I had run in a circle of about six miles in circumference, and had arrived at the place where the mules had stampeded. I was so exhausted I could scarcely move.

I was now in desperate straits, inleed. I could still hear the yells of the ludians, although their cries were becoming weaker. I looked over toward the toothills, expecting to see some one coming, and to my intense relief I saw, obscured by the flying dust, a troop of cavalry from the fort. I could make out the tints of their uniforms, and nothing I have seen, before or since, was as pleasing as that army time. The ort was only about 20 miles away, and word had been received that afternoon that a portion of the Apache tribe had escaped and were on the warpath, and this troop had been sent to intercept them. I guided the soldiers to the Indian camp, where the Apaches had all returned, having given up their search

When they saw they were surrounded by the soldiers, they submitted without a struggle. Their arms were taken away from them, and they were forced to return to their reservation, very ollen, it is true, but without further ostilities.

Thus ended my first experience with he redskin warriors, and I am perfectwilling to let it be the last. At that time I was so much so, in fact, that I resigned my position as pilot of a packoule train and returned to a civilized region.—Peterson's Magazine.

MR, BIFFLEBY GOES YACHTING. An Inexpensive Trip, the Only Actual Outlay Being for a Bottle of Tar.

And a home on the rolling deep, Where the scattered waters rave And the winds their vigil keep. "I don't know that I have the quotation exactly right," said Mr. Biffleby, according to the New York Sun, "but

it will serve as an introduction to what want to say. "I am very fond of yachting, but I lon't go as much as I would like to, on account of the expense. But I am not without the enjoyments of yacht-

ing; for when the desire for water omes over me, as it does every sum mer, I manage to go yachting at home. "Every spring I buy about a pound of tar, which I keep in a bottle tightly orked. When it comes along some frowsy summer day, and I feel that would like to be lying on deck baking in the sun, with the yacht nodding along lazily in the summer breeze, then I take a trip at home.

"That night I eat fish for dinner, or clam chowder, and I go to bed early. Before going to bed I start the water running in the bathroom; the sound of it makes the waves, lapping against the bow of the boat. I clew up the awnings only partly; the starting of the awnings when the wind gets in their folds does for the swaying sails. I bring out the bottle of tar and uncork it, and set it on a chair up by the head of the bed. I douse the glim and tumble into bed, 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

As Infortunate Royal Family. The Duchess d'Alencon, whose watch and betrothal ring were found in the ruins of the burned Paris bazar, was a nember of a royal house which has had nore than its share of misfortune in ecent years. She was the daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria and a ounger sister of the empress of Ausria and the ex-queen of Naples, and he had a good deal of the high spirit which distinguished those two brilliant adies before public and private socrows and dimmed their vivacity. The empress has lost her only son under peuliarly painful and melancholy cirumstances. The queen, the dashing horsewoman of the '60's, has long lived an exile from the kingdom which her hus, and's weakness did a good deal to orfeit, and now the third sister has ome to a tragic and untimely death. Their cousin, ex-King Louis of Bayaria, committed suicide 11 years ago. -N. Y.

Ensily Pleased. Dependence on superfluities is one kind of helplessness. In one of his neighborly chats with a lady who lived near him at Sunnyside, Washington Irving gently reproved her complaint about the demands her children made upon her. "I have to teach them so many things!" she said. "Too many, perhaps," replied Irving. "Begin with one thing. Teach them to be easily of the river unperceived. I hid as best | pleased."-Youth's Companion.

#### RAILWAY ROBBERY.

Not So Many Trains Held Up as There Used to Be.

Extra Precautions Are Taken by Express Companies and Laws Are Being Made Which Have Their Effect.

In the year 1893 there were 33 railcoad trains held up in this country by imitators of the James and Younger gangs. The next year the number was 34. It was 49 in 1895, and last year dropped to 23. In the last seven years there have been 183 trains held up or wrecked for the purpose of robbery. The number of persons killed in the perpetration of this train-wrecking or holding up crime was 73, the number wounded 5s. The smallness of the record for 1896 may be partially accounted for by the fact that passengers and crews have recently fallen into the way of fighting train wreckers and train robbers. There were several instances in 1896 of deliberate plans having been made by railroad officials to trap train robbers and kill them, and the plans were successfully carried out, a fact which proved decidedly discouraging to the train-robbing profession. The mortality in 1896 was four among passengers and 32 among trainmen.

So frequested and so desperate have been many of these efforts at train-robbing that the idea has become more or less popular in Europe that railway travel in the United States is about as dangerous as is traveled by private conveyance in the brigand districts of Italy and Sicily, and it cannot be denied that there is considerable justification for the prevalence of this idea. It is not many months since three or four beardess boys were sent to the penitentiary from Rome, N. Y., for the crime of train wrecking. But terms in the penitentiary are not regarded as an adequate punishment for this monstrous crime, and so the penal code of the Empire state has recently been revised, placing train wrecking among the capital crimes. Hereafter any man in New York state found guilty of train wrecking will suffer the same punishment as does any man found guilty of murder in the first degree.

An idea of the magnitude of the danger to railroad travel in the United States is prevalent on this side of the Atlantic, and it finds voice in the elaborate arrangements for defense made by the several express companies of the country in their cars devoted to the transportation of valuables.

The interiors of some of the express cars have the appearance of veritable arsenals. In fact, some of the cars are called arsenal cars. They have a bullet-proof room located in their center. They are built of steel 11% inch in thickness. The doors leading into either end of these compartments are punctured with peepholes, through which a gun can be ranged and fired. On either side is a steel projection a foot wide extending from the level of the window sill to the roof. At each end at the side of this arrangement a port-hole is provided so that a rifle may se used to sweep the side of the train front or rear, or to shoot from a side hole in any direction from this bomb proof. These are only some of the nany features of the ideal arsenal car that has come into use on account of the frequency of train-wrecking and train-robbing. These precautions have been thought necessary by the astute nanagers of the express companies.

Meantime the United States government that is engaged in transporting valuables in mail cars has taken no such precautions to protect the property intrusted to its care. To be sure. the recently constructed mail cars have no door at each end accessible to the train-robber, but they have doors on the sides, to which an expert robber can find access and where the railway mail clerk could answer and does arswer frequently a summons to open. Millions and millions of dollars are every week sent through the United States mail in these unprotected mail ears. If the train is held up, if the robber succeeds in finding his entrance to the railway car and the valuables from he United States mail bags are tided, the owners have no recourse. The government refuses to be responsible. It s probable that to this lack of responsibility the government's laxity in taking necessary precautions against train-robbing may be attributed. The express companies recognize their responsibility and prepare themselves acordingly. The government seems satsfied to trust to luck and, unfortunate y, in many instances the natrors als of the United States mail service trust to luck. The fact that the warm and atal reception given robbers last year reduced the number of train-robberies and train-wrecking, it would seem, ought to be accented as a reason why the government should take as radical precautions as have the express comanies. A knowledge that mail cars, like express cars, were little clse than moving arsenals, together with such drastic measures as have been just adopted in New York state, would go a long way toward making train-robbing in America an almost unheard-of crime.-Cincinnati Times-Star.

Food Laws in France. France knows how to protect the rights of her people. Anybody who doubts the genuineness of an article of food that he has purchased from a Parisian tradesman may take it to the municipal laboratory for analysis. It will cost him nothing to have it anayzed and the fact determined whether t is unadulterated or adulterated, and f the latter the law deals with the offender without further action on the part of the purchaser. The shopkeeper s liable to be heavily fined and imprisoned, and has to display conously in his shop window or on his door for a year a large placard bearing the words: "Convicted of Adulteration."

Sulcides in Europe. On an average about 100 persons commit suicide in the River Thames unually. Of these some 30 jump from the parapets of Westminster bridge The average number of suicides in London is 87 per annum per 1,000,000 inhabitants. The ratio of Paris is 422. The lowest figure is in Naples, 34.

#### <sub>3</sub>899999999999999999999999 A BUNCH & OF LILACS.

BY CAROLINE LEROW.

A RTHUR NORTHRIDGE was dis A couraged. Sitting on the top of a roken-down stone wall, he looked over the rough pasture land to the little weather-beaten house beyond, and deeided that he had never been quite so

much discouraged in all his life. It had not been a very long life, it is true-only 14 years but he felt that morning as if he had lived a great while. and to very little purpose. He wanted so many things, and had so few! More than all else, he longed for an education, or, concluding that that word expressed too much for him, for a few books, at least. He could read, and think over what he read even, without a teacher; but he certainly could not read without books. As for buying any, that was an absurd idea, under present circumstances.

Arthur and his mother could hardly buy enough to eat, and had to pay interest, too, on the mortgage placed on the little house-a poor piece of property, but all Mr. Northridge had left when he died, six months before. Mrs. Northridge took in sewing for awhile, but the rheumatism in her hands was growing worse every day. Arthur had worked at very small

wages nearly all winter for a machinist in the village; but the machine shop had burned down and the machinist had moved away. To tell the truth, Arthur could not feel sorry about either of those occurrences, even though he tried from a sense of duty.

He positively loathed machinery. He loved birds and flowers as much as he hated wheels and lathes and gearing. Still, when the machinery stopped the money stopped also that was the worst of it-and apparently no way in which he could earn more. He wished the words from one of the pieces in his old reading book would not keep going through his head in that monotonous manner:

"I'll find a way or make it!" He could do neither, he was sure. And so, what was to become of him and his

mother? "Oh. Morton! Morton! Look at that!" Arthur gave a start, coming back in an instant from a visit to the great trees of California, and saw a carriage rolling by, which, in accordance with the wish of the lady who occupied it,

drove to the stone wall. She was not looking at Arthur, though her eyes were shining, and her lips parted in a sort of delight. Something on the ground had attracted her attention. Arthur looked in the same direction. A bunch of lilaes, which he had been holding in his hands during his long reverie, had fallen unawares, and the lady had seen it. He sprang down, picked it up and offered it to

"They're a good deal wilted," he said. "If you'll wait a minute I'll run home and get some fresh ones." "No, indeed!" the lady replied, quick-

She pressed the withered flowers against her cheek. There were tears in her eyes, though only a moment before she had certainly been smiling. Her husband was smiling then as he looked at her, seeming to understand her mood. He put his hand into his pocket, looked more closely at Arthur, hesitated, and withdrew it.

"My wife is not well," he explained. and the lilacs remind her of her old home. She is very fond of them, and tley'll help her more than medicine. It's the first time she's been able to drive out from the city. We are very much obliged to you.

Arthur only bowed. He was a little overcome by such a display of emotion over a simple bunch of lilaes -half-wilt ed, too-and watched the carriage with interest as it drove away. A moment later a sudden idea oc-

curred to him, in so perfect and practicable a shape that he did not even stop to consider it. He started off on a run to a house which stood near by, n a turn of the road. Farmer Sanford was busy building a

strip of fence. "Will you please lend me your old Kate and the red wagon for the rest of the day, Mr. Sanford?"

The old man could hardly believe his ears, which, perhaps, was not so strange after all, considering that he was gradually growing deaf.

"I'd like to hire it if I had any money," ne went on boldly. "I'm going to try to make some, and if I do I'll pay you as soon as I get back. If not, I'll work it out on the fence. Will that do?" Farmer Sanford heard plainly enough

said, in his peculiar rasping voice. "! don't keep horses to lend, and old Kate isn't so young as she once was. Mind that when you're a-drivin' her." Arthur's next trip was to his own ome, a little further on.

"That sounds more like business," he

"Mother, I've borrowed Mr. Sanford's horse and wagon, and I'm going to take a load of filacs up to the city and try to sell them." And while he spoke he cut away large

couple of pails of water he had placed in the wagon. "Why, that's a crazy idea, Arthur!" his mother replied. "Paying money for lilaes! What made you think of

clusters of them, putting them into a

such a thing?" "I'll tell you when I get home, mother-after you've helped me count the money I'm soing to bring with me." And he laughed for the first time that day. He was too busy and too ex-

cited to explain just then. Arthur's eagerness, combined with old Kate's infirmities, made the trip seem long to him; but he at last reached that part of the city where he had mentally decided to go into business.

Kate halted in a dejected attitude at the corner of one of the principal basiness streets. It was a street in which nothing was bought or sold but money. Great crowds of men surged in all directions over the sidewalks. Wagons and cabs filled up the space between

In the heart of it stood Arthur Northridge, in the old wagon with the

"Holloa! My wife would like some of those. How much, youngster?" And a hurrying man stopped short and handed Arthur a two-dollar bill. "That's a whiff from my mother's

front yard," exclaimed another man beore Arthur had time to reply to the first one. "Give us a bunch, boy. I can't wait for the change." And, flinging down a quarter, he seized a cluster of the flowers and

rushed on again. "I'm in a hurry, too," the first cusomer explained. "Don't keep me wait-

And he held out his hand impatiently. "But I can't change it, sir," Arthur replied. "I've just gone into business. Plenty of stock, but no ready money." The gentleman laughed at the words.

and looked at Arthur appreciatively. "And I have nothing in the world but this one bill," he said, in his turn. Plenty of money once. Made it alleasy on this street. Lost it all wasy, too-in the same place. Keep out of it. boy, unless you come on this sort of ousiness. But my wife shall have some lilaes, anyway. He fumbled in his pockets, found a

ten-cent piece, gave it to Arthur, and passed on.

By this time quite a group surrounded the wagon. "Lilacs, five and ten cents!" This was

the formula which Arthur had thought out for himself as he drove old have along, wondering if it could possibly be onsidered extortion to charge so much for what was to him so valueless. Enthe did not need to adopt this plan of calling attention to his wares. The sight of them was enough so suggestive of the solitude and sweemess of the country in the crowded, dusty, wears hig sits street.

When the last flower had been disposed of and old Kate was heading for home, Arthur had ample leisure in which to reckon up his profits—three cicllars and tiffy-five cents.

He could hardly believe it, and counted the money again and again till. he proved the accuracy of the calcula-"What am I to pay you for the horse

and wagon?" was his first salutation to Farmer Sanford, as he drove into the delphia Record vard. "I haven't fed her, for I had us chance."

"Had any dinner yourself?"

"Not a mouthful. I've been too busy," Nothing could have so inspired of Farmer Sanford with respect and admiration for the led as his willingness

to go hun; y to ... rake of making

a little money. In his vernacular, that was "su'thin' like." "Well, considerin' as old Kate wouldn't have been doin' nothin' today, I suppose 50 cents would cover the

Without volunteering any explanation, Arthur engaged the horse and wagon for the next day, and west nome. He had a long story to tell his mother that night; and the next morning, taking all the lilacs that were on the place, he started off on his second trip to the city, selecting another corner this time, but on un equally

busy street. Fortune seemed as ready to favor ham as on the preceding day, and sales were brisk for half an hour. At the end of that time, Arthur felt a hand on his shoulder, and looked up to see the gentleman who had met him by the oadside two days before.

"Gone into business, have you, my boy? How did this happen?" He asked the question with great in-

"Oh, sir!" Arthur answered, with animation, "it all came from the bunch of lilaes. I thought if the lady cared so much, other city folks might care, too, a little. At any rate, I thought I'd try and see what came of it." "Was it necessary-that is, did you-

did you—" "We are very poor, my mother and I," Arthur replied, without waiting for the completion of the question. "I don't know what will become of us when the lilac money is all gone, for I can't get anything to do. If we lived in the city it might be different, but-

Arthur was obliged to turn his attention to a customer. "Come around to my office before you

go home to-night." And the gentleman, handing him a card, walked away down the street. Arthur Northbridge was happier when he went home that night than he had been since his father died. He had another long story to tell his

mother, and even more interesting than the first one. "It seems that Mr. Emery's son, his only child, died six months ago. It almost killed Mrs. Emery, so they gave up their home in the country and went to the city to live. Their front yard was full of lilaes, just as ours is. Their boy was very fond of them. He was about my size, and when she saw me sitting on the wall, and saw the lilaes. too-well, you see, it sort of upset her. Mr. Emery says they keep two servants, and if you go there to keep house for them you'll only have to oversee things. I know I shall like to work in his office, it's so pleasant. Mrs. Emery is coming to see you to-morrow. Isn't it strange what great things have happened just from a bunch of lilacs-and half-wilted ones at that? I sent Mrs. Emery a lot of fresh ones-the last I had left. I'm never going to worry again, mother, as long as I live!"

Disinfecting the Envoy. When his excellency, Mr. Chung, the special envoy from the emperor of Thina to Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, arrived at Port Victoria, B. C. it was found that there had been smallpox on board, and the authorities at once ordered the ship to quarantine for 24 days, and all the passengers to be furnigated. Mr. Chung refused to submit to such insulting treatment. He said to fumigate the envoy was practically the fumigating of the emperor of Chiga, and the most awful crime that any mortal could commit. The Canadian government, the British govdiamond inbilee.-Detroit Free Press. | Globe-Democrat.

Golden Days.

CUNNING OF THE LEFT HAND.

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The large and rel'aniecirculationer the Gam-sais Fargman commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

the Ambidextrons. Ambidextrous men and women, or those who can use either right or left hands with equal facility, are not nearly so frequently met with as might at first be supposed; in fact, they are quite care. This double faculty is, howver, much more frequently met with mong butchers and sailors than in any other walks of life. Left handed butchers are numer is, as a walk through my of our large market houses will mickly demonstrate, but it is a very creeding study to watch any of them

the will cut, whop, saw and handle his ments with a - , we changing it from one ide to the other on the block or changng his own position. In view of the many advantages desived from the ability to use both hands qualty well, many people have often spressed serprise at the action of edscational authorities in lusisting on the ase of only the right hand, instead of

trying to develop an equal skill in the other. They all stick to the right-handed idea, Lowever, and an old resident of Frankford, noted for his ambidextrousess, is still mourning the loss of a prize it school through the use of his left med in writing, although he was equalskillful as a penman with his right. The benefits derived from the use I both hands were excellently illusrated in the experience of two carenters who lived in Frankford some ars ago. Their names were Cross and

alton, and the former was right-handed, the latter left handed. As one was also very tall and the other very short. they made a curious couple, but they always worked together laying floors. and putting up joiners' work in build-They could take jobs of this character heaper than any other, because they world work from either end toward ach other so handily. Cross would

Walten would "secibe" and cut it off to fit at the other end and then nail down, working together from opposite Left-handed machinists are always. at a disadvantage, as machinery is inariably adapted to people who work rield-handed, but the ambidextrous hau or woman is always at home in

square a floor board at one end and

WOMEN ON FARMS.

whotever work is undertaken.-Phila-

Extent of the Help Which New Eng-Innd Wives Give.

The women are true helpmeets. Not mly do they do their own work, but they are able and willing to milk the ons and assist with the hay-getting and in other ways lend a hand out of loors in emergencies. Some of them wen cke out the family income by little entures of their own, such as raising ens and bees and gathering and marketing survey gam, beechauts and blueperries. There is no servant-girl probem, because there are no servants. When sickness or some other real disasility necessitates female help in the souschold a neighbor's daughter is alled in. She is, of course, regarded, and in every minutest particular treated, as a member of the family; it could not be otherwise. The children are trained to bear their share of the family burden, so far as it can be done with out interfering with their schooling. and the very school terms are arranged with a view to conflicting as little as wassible with farm work. When the hildren grow up many of them go out into the world to seek their fortunes (that, within reasonable limits, s a law of nature), but there is nothing like an exodus of the rising generation, to approach to a depletion. Plenty of mabitious, vigorous young men stay behind to arrange themselves in life is their fathers did before them, chapoing in the woods winters and tilling the few acres they have been able to surchase with their winters' savings numers. Furthermore, there are denty of desirable young women happy and proud to east their lots in with the oning men and do their share of the budgery necessary to establishing a nome. Thus new farms are cleared act of the woodland and the old farms

#### are kept up.—Atlantic. HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Much coal is wasted by keeping draught on unnecessarily.

Sterilized milk is safer for infants than is milk simply warmed. All cold regetables left over should be saved for future use in soups or

People of small means can live well, feare is taken that there is no waste in Wealthy people spend double as much s is necessary from lack of care in

Cold water put into glasses or dishes from which eggs have been eaten will soften the egg and make washing A good jelly may be made from rhu-

lomestic matters.

sarb by boiling to a pulp, straining, and after adding a pound of cut sugar to each pint of juice boiling, skimming often, until it jellies on the skimmer. If tinted willow furniture is very

lusty, wash in clear water, using a cush in the erevices and dry in the shade Willow or rattan furniture in natural color may be thoroughly scrubbed with a stiff brush, warm water and white soap. Dry in the sun and

Often very rich cream will not whip up readily; it should have a little milk ulded to it. Cream should be very cold to whip easily and quickly. If it is well chilled there is not the danger of the cream whipping to butter as housekeepers frequently complain it

Mahogany Railroad Cars. A new train for the queen of six

carriages is now in course of construction at Swindon, England, and its elab orate internal and external decoration is engrossing the attention of the most expert artists employed by the Great Western railway. The only wood used is mahogany, and the doors of the queen's carriage are so contrived as to allow of the entrance of two attendants, one at either side of her majesty. ernment and the Chinese minister in It is also arranged that the approach London were all appealed to, and the to the royal salon is to be on a level unfumigated envoy was allowed to go with the platform, so as to dispense free and carry infection even to the with any necessity for steps .- St. Louis