OUR FATHERLAND.

From the shores where liberty's portal Shines fair to earth's ultimate span; From prairies where Lincoln immortal Won loftiest manhood of man; From beyond those mountain peaks hoary Where Fremont, the brave, saw, each way, Our after time transcendent glory; From the land of Calhoun and Clay: Americans! make thy song ever At the God of all pation's command: Our fatherland sweeps to both oceans, From the lakes to the far Rio Grande!

Great men of the east, where fruition Smiles sweet upon heritage won Strong men of the west, where the glowing Of hope beckens endlessly on! Brave men of the northland, toil girded, Clear visioned and firm in the tread! Grand men of the southland, travelrured In the light of thy sorrow and dead! All! all! let our anthem be ever At the God of all pation's command: Our fatheriand streeps to both oceans, From the lakes to the far Rio Grandel

Here are birthrights noble in story;

There, graves of a consecrate throng; Here, monathins and valueys of glory; There, echoca of immortal song freement we are but each others'! All tasse have been pri, aless'y won Rise, rise! to the love height of brothers, Invincible, evermore one! Then, deathless, our song shall be ever At the God of all nation's even asnd: Our fatherland sweeps to bolla cours, From the lakes to the fur Pio Crends!

-Edgar L. Wakeman in Southern Bivonac.

AT A NEGRO FUNERAL.

Ceremonies of Old Slavery Days Still Prevailing in the South.

Not long since I was visiting one of the towns in upper South Carolina. I and a friend were taking an afternoon stroll into the adjoining country. We had proceeded some distance, and were passing through a dense wood, when suddenly my companion stopped and nervously inquired: "What's that?" I came to a halt, and listened. A weird, mournful sound floated through the trees and reached our ears. It seemed to come only a short distance; appeared to emanate from the conse on the other side of the road. We crossed over, and for owed, bent upon investigating what it was. We had scarcely gained the opposite this et when we dobouched into oue of those country burial grounds which are to be found near every hamlet in South Carolina.

It was a strange picture that met our sight, and one that belonged more to heathen lands than our own civilized country. There, around a newly made grave, about twentyfive negrocs were collected. They all held hands and were slowly moving to and fro. while they wailed forth dirges, and at intervals would ejaculate wild, incoherent words. In the midst of the circle, at the head of the grave, an old woman sat who rocked backward and forward. Her eves rolled wildly, and she moved in a mechanical way. This was the widow of the deceased, and it was her required part in the ceremony to loudly moan at appointed intervals during the singing. Something in this way their hymn sounded, as nearly as I could catch the words:

> De white horse he rode. Wid de sickle in he hand, And slew down our brudder From among our earthly band. A moan! sister, moan!

And here the widow would reintroduce her heathenish incantations. These were kept up for some time, when suddenly they ceased and the negroes prostrated themselves upon the ground, while the minister, a tall, very dark negro, stood and offered up a prayer. After the "amen" was uttered they rose and two of the number took from a basket near some articles with which they decorated the grave, as if they were placing upon the tomb floral offerings. They then slowly formed in procession and silently marched out of the inclosure. My friend and I, curious to decide

EN ROUTE TO TRIESTE.

Curious Scenery in Austria-Semi-Tropical Vegetation of the Adriatic.

St. Peter is scarcely more than twentyfive miles as the crow flies from the shore of the Adriatic at Trieste. But as far as resemblance or suggestion is concerned it might be at the antipodes. Imagination can scarcely conceive that a semi-tropical sea shore as dreamy as that of the lotus eaters lies so near to barren, wind swept hills, towering into peaks that are the abomination of desolation. But though the region is curious, with its scooped out valleys and its summits as bald as the high Sierra, the district that you traverse in going to Trieste is far more singular.

The circular valley gives first its distinguishing characteristic to the scenery. I am not in the secrets of the geologists, but these valleys seem to be a repetition on a larger or smaller scale of the depressions in the limestone districts of the western states, called "sink holes." A great part of the region is made up of them. Sometimes they have a diameter of 100 feet, sometimes of a mile. In one or two cases the formation broadens out into a circular valley several miles in diameter, containing several villages. They are generally, however, of moderate dimensions, and their depth usually has a certain correspondence with the diameter. The sides are barren nearly to the bottom, which is usually surrounded by a circular wall, within which may be a patch of grass in summer, a vineyard or a little crop of some cereal. The area inclosed may be a few square yards or several acres, but the aggregate of fertility compared with the aggre-gate of barren and stony hillside indicates a ontest with nature which would appall even the stout heart of a farmer in northern New Hampshire, Sometimes the form of the depression is slightly varied, and there is level ground which has received equally niggardly treatment from nature, elsewhere and not far distant so prodigal of her gifts.

The road descends at first almost imperceptibly. Towns with Italian names become more frequent. The aspect of nature gradually brightens. There are vineyards of good size, orchards that begin to show the semi tropical vegetation of the Adriatic. There are hillsides on which the work of afforesta tion is evident. There are others in which the little farms are laid out in long, marrow, parallelograms, like the stripes on our national banner. But as one looks off across the barren tracts, strewn with small bowlders, piled up with rocky masses, or pierced with points, edges, triangles and fantastic forms of stone, interspersed here and there with oases of green pasture or casual cultivation, the idea of unkind, sullen, unrelenting nature endeavoring to drive man from off its face ever presses painfully upon his spirit. What a paradise this must have been for the men of the stone age, with the material for tools, weapons and domestic utensils so plentiful and cheap. But men who were not sava-ges came here and toiled and delved in the very dawn of antiquity, and later, when Rome absorbed Italy, when its galleys plowed the Adriatic and its cities and villages dotted its brown shores, its effervescent life bubbled up and frothed over this rim of hills on to this plateau that I have endeavored to describe.-Austria Cor. San Francisco Chroni

St. Louis' "Mining Promoters."

There is one cless of men in this city who should be gotten rid of, if possible, and that is the class of wining "promoters." These men are leeches, at once upon the mine own-ers and the public, and have done more than any others to bring mines and mining into disrepute. These are the men who boom worthless mines, and nearly all properties which have resulted in loss to St. Louis investors were handled and boomed by these men. To the mine owner they are perfect sharks, and rob both him and the public. Their mode of procedure is as follows: A to the that they place his property at a certain price, offering a fair remuneration for his services. This the promoter will not accept, but says that if the owner will represent his property as being of a greater value, he (the promoter) will negotiate a sale, giving the owner the amount of his original valuation, and retaining the excess himself. Thus a mine, which would pay well upon the price at which the owner is willing to sell, fails to yield an adequate return upon the inflated value due to the manipulations of the promoter, and miners and mining are brought into disrepute, and the public robbed for the benefit of the broker. All honest miners are most anxious to get rid of this old man of the sea, who has fixed himself upon the mining trade, and it is to be hoped that the public will soon learn to treat these men with the neglect they deserve .--Globe-Democrat Interview.

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

HOW THE PEOPLE BEGAN FARMING AN OLD ENGINEER TELLS WHAT HE ON THE AMERICAN PLAN.

Under Difficulties-Trial of the First Plow-The Natives Greatly Astonished. Watching a Mowing Machine at Work.

In a few days I received the somewhat startling notice that the government had determined to adopt my advice, and that in a few days a force of native mechanics would be ready to work under my directions manufacturing the implements. As I was no mechanic, and as I had always thought I had no mechanical ingenuity, I was in a very serious dilemma. To say that I could not do it was to lose all prestige. On the other hand, an attempt to do it would almost surely end in failure. I consulted with my American friends and they all encouraged me to go ahead and do the best I could. If there had been models to work from the imitative capacity of the Japanese would have been equal to the emergency, but we had no models for the more complex and difficult implements. However, I concluded that an American could do anything that anybody else had ever and when we reached the coast of Africa done and I accepted the responsibility, though with many misgivings. A small wooden building was put up and divided, one-half for a blacksmith shop and the other half for wood workers. I started in on plows. We had to take the Japanese ingots of steel, the same as they had made their old swords from, of the savage tribe. The girls were always and presumably the same as had been used to willing to go 'and see the country,' and when make the old Damascus blades. It is the best they reached the African chief they were steel now made in the world. With these made an article of merchandise, just as were little ingots these patient workers innomiced away day after day as 4 had directed until the first plowshare was finished. In the mean time the wood workers had made the beam and handles from the old oak in the Yeddo castle gate. When it had been put desire to have them remain. He would give together the plow had a very respectable appearance. TRIAL OF THE FIRST PLOW.

attention from the Japanese officials, and I for as many negroes of his tribe as he could had received notice that in a few days two or hree cabinet officials would be present to see the plow work. At the appointed time they came, with a good deal of ceremony, and the plow was successfully tried. The astonish-ment and delight of the officials were very great. They invited me to a dinner and sent presents to the mechanics who had made the first foreign plow ever constructed in Japan. Our little shop gradually grew until it became quite a factory. We made everything used on a farm except mowing and threshing machines. We even made thimble skein wagons, the thimble being cast at the foundry of the navy department. I had to guess at the width of the track, having forgotten the width of the track of our wagons. When finished they looked well and worked well, but I now know that they were four inches wider than even the old Illinois wide track wagons. The most difficult task was to make spring steel fork times and spring steel teeth for hay rakes, but we did both.

HEMPEN HARNESS.

In the hurry of this work some oversights were bound to be made. One was in making harness. When all ready for that, we found that there was very little harness leather in Japan, and there was no time to import it. What was to be done was a very serious question. My mental resources were nearly exhauste when I remembered having seen the negroes down south during the war plowing with rope harness. Acting upon that, I had made 200 sets of hemp harness, every piece in the same shape as in leather harness, and they answered a very useful purpose. There was not a piece of leather about th as we used canvas for the collars. When I arrived on the ground selected for the farm I found that I had not done with the plow question. Some portions of the pasture were covered with chestnut bushes, and the ground was full of large roots, so much so that no ordinary plow could cut them. In order to prepare this ground for plowing, men were put to grubbing out these roots. At even the extremely low price at which labor is paid there I soon saw that to grub out these bushes would be an expensive operation. I therefore had a plow made that could not be broken. It was made of wrought steel, cut a twenty-six inch furrow, and was strong enough to go through any obstacle. To this plow we attached nine horses, three abreast, and with it we went through the chestnut bushes as though they had been rushes. When the horses were thoroughly broken and the plowmen had gained experience, one man could plow from three to three and one-half acres per day with this big plow. THE NATIVES ASTONISHED. Near to our operations were large old farming districts with a numerous population. By the time our plows and harrows were successfully running the fame of the foreign farm had spread to these people, and they came flocking in, whole villages making journeys to see the wonderful foreign imple-ments work. With their mode of digging up the soil with a mattock an eighth of an acre is a good day's work for a man. When the farmers, who had never seen any other than mattock tillage, saw this great plow turning its twenty-six inch furrow at the rate of three acres per day, they held up their hands and cried, "Wonderful!" Through the whole of the first year our labor saving machinery drew crowds of native farmers, some from a distance of more than 100 miles and these journeys were mostly made on foot. A greater wonder than the plow, even, were the mowing machines. Some of the pasture divisions were clear of brush, smooth as a house floor, with fine grass for hay. A pair of Japanese ponies, with a fifty-four inch sickle bar mower, could easily cut from twelve to fifteen acres per day, while with a Japanese grass knife a quarter of an acre was a good day's work. The sight of these mowers cutting a swath fifty-four inches wide, as fast as horses could walk, took the breath away from these simple people.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

KNEW OF THE BUSINESS.

Manufacturing Agricultural Implements In the Days When Negroes Were Brought From Africa and Sold in New Orleans -- White Girls Sold to African Chiefs.

> "Yes," said William Jack Haynes, the centenarian, the other day, "I was in the slave trade for three years-that is, I was engineer on the steamship Grampus, which ran from New Orleans to Africa for three years, buying negroes in Africa and selling them in New Orleans,"

"How did you get possession of the negroes st to bring them over?"

"I will tell you how we generally managed, and we always had a good load on our return trip. You know in those days, fifty or sixty years ago, the servant girls in the south were of a very ordinary and worthless kind, and log would do almost anything. Many of them had no home, and few, if any, friends, and to no one noticel their departure. The captain of the ship Grampus would induce a number of these girls to go on board as servants. we would cast anchor, and the captain and his men would have the boats lowered and go ashore. They would soon ascertain where the chief or head tean of the tribe lived, and then they would take one or two or the girls ashore with them and pay a visit to the head the triplets that we carried over with thein. The captain would negotiate by signs when no interpreter could be had, and the savage chief most always was charmed with the white girls, and was possessed with a strong them all kinds of presents and make much ado over them, and it was by taking advantage of this weakness that the captain was almost This experiment had excited a great deal of | always successful in bartering them to him carry away. Sometimes he would have to leave two girls if he brought back very many

MORE OR LESS STRATEGY.

Africans.

bring?"

"These girls were then forced to stay !" "There was always more or less strategy used, and they generally consented to remain until the ship returned. Through the overtures of the chief and the assurance that everything the country afforded would be at their command, and partly through the threats of the captain and his promises to return, they generally remained, seemingly content to wait for our return, but always waited in vain. We would make up our load of slaves, turning a certain number of them in each evening and storing them securely in the hold, and, by repeating this each day, we would, with the chief's help, soon get as many as we cared to sail with. They were never obstreperous, and seemed perfectly content as long as they got plenty to eat, and were joyous in their barbaric conversations in the ship's hold. Occasionally one would die, and we would throw him into the sea, and then the others would make strange motions. I think they worshiped the sun and moon when in their own country."

"And could you get a ship load of negroes for two servant girls?"

"Yes, sir; that's what we did. Of course, there were more or less trinkets given, but we never hoped to accomplish anything until we had made peace with the chief of the tribe, and this could most always be done with two girls. We never left more than three with the Bead of a tribe."

"What kind of slaves did you prefer to "We always picked up the young bucks,

-tf.

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TEAS .- Young Hyson, 60c, 80c, \$1 per pound Imperial, 60c, 80c, 81 per pound. Gunpowder, 60c, 80c, 81 per pound. Oolong, 60c, 80c, 81 per pound. Miked green and black, 60c, 80c, 81 per pound A very fine uncolored Japan tes. Also, a good bargain in Young Hysen at 46c per pound.

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WINEGAR.-Pure old cider vinegar made from whole cider. One gallen of this goods is worth more than two gallons of common vinegar.

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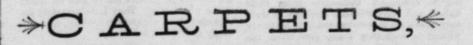
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ever shown in Bellefonte, at the very lowest prices, which at any and all times can be relied on. Lace Curtaius in great variety with all the fixtures belonging thereto. Window Blinds and fixtures, in fact everything in the House [Keeping line, including Sheeting, Pillow Casings, Tickings, &c., &c. We handle the

→ROCHESTER CLOTHING ↔

what the peculiar mode of grave decoration was, proceeded to the spot where an old man was shouldering his spade to quit the place. "Why, old man," said I, "what are those things they have left on the grave! Bottles, shoes, a jug! Why, what does it all mean?" "Well, boss," said the ebony grave digger.

with an air of importance, "you see, we puts de articles dat de departed brudder use to use on de grabe for to keep away de bad sperrits, and I 'spose it is a sort ob 'spectful way ob treating de memory ob de lost sister or brudder. You see, dars de bottle dat he take the medicine from when he be sick. And dars de jug't had de last dram he drunk 'fore be oined de temperance meetin', an' de boots I spose is de shoes dat he gwine to change for de golden slippers dat he put on when he jine de ban' up yander," and a beam of placid faith illuminated the old black face.

It certainly was a strange sight. Here were numberless graves, all bearing the same picturesque decorations. Children's graves were covered with broken toys, tin horns, gaudily colored clay cats, dogs, and owis. One mound was almost beat to the ground with age, and on it rested in dilapidation an old hat and the nants of a banjo, also a clay pipe, and a coon skin. Near by them was the grave of a blacksmith, with the implements of his craft wedged in the ground, and rusty horse shoes formed a circle around the mound .- Atlanta Constitution.

The Short Hair Craze.

The short hair craze died some time ago, but the disease has broken out again, and the headachey dames, married coquets and girls who go the pace have taken up the fad again. The regular "close cut" is ordered, and then follows a coiffure a la Cupid. This consists in having what is called a steam curl, the process being the same as that employed by barbers in turning the mustache ends of club men. An improved curler heated by steam is used in the operation, consuming an hour or so. The curis are short. close, but thick little ringlets exactly like those that the sculptors have identified the blind boy with. Only fifty cents is charged or the dressing, which is remarkably chean, busidering the tenacity of the curls. Think curis for three weeks retailing at fifty -curls, too, that women can sleep in, and look pretty in, which is best of all features. No dressing is needed to keep the head sightly.

When the fair damsel arranges her toilet after getting in and out of numberless skirts. it is only necessary to run a rack comb diag onally through the lanky tresses to have them as roguish and graceful as though twistediby nature's own curling iron. Indeed, the curls are improved by much tossing and blowing about, and if the girl is half pretty, and any place under 25, she is sure to have in her jaunty wig a captivating air.-Inter Ocean.

Steel Engraving of Washington.

A bad boy in a Massachusetts village surprised and pleased his teacher by promising to contribute a fine steel engraving of Wash ington to aid in decorating the school room on Feb. 22. The teacher left a large space among the evergreen trimmings on the wall. and the boy brought her a two cent postage stamp.

One of the Four.

The late Professor Edward R. Sill was a sophomore at Yale when John Brown was killed, and was one of the four students who on that occasion broke into the chapel and draped it with mourning emblems.-New Xork Tritune,

Civil Courts on the Continent.

I was very much interested in the mode of procedure in civil trials in courts on the continent on the occasion of my visit to Europe. In England a trial is conducted very much like it is in America-the attorneys examine, cross examine and re-examine witnesses at length, and the judge has very little to say. On the Continent the witness is examined by the judge, who asks all the questions and the lawyers have nothing to say. Especially is this true in Germany, France and Austria. I was much interested in a trial that I witness at Paris. There were three judges on the bench, and one of them, as if endeavoring to bring out all the facts, interrogated a witness in a very searching manner. It looked odd to see the lawyers in the case sitting opposite the judges but saying nothing; I don't think the average American lawyer could have stood it. At the conclusion of the evidence the lawyers can address the court, and when the verdict is returned can appeal to a higher court if they want to .-- Globe-Democrat.

A Generous Collector.

Thomas Collier, the New London poet, has a passion for collecting. His book of auto-graphs of poets and literary people from all parts of the world is very complete and he takes much pride in exhibiting it to callers. At one time he was interested in collecting coins. He had a valuable series near completion when he learned that a friend had a imilar series even nearer the full number than his own, and, further, that the coins missing from his friend's collection were all in his own. Without hesitation he despoiled his series of the coins required to complete his friend's, and sent them to him. It was act of generosity that only those can fully appreciate who have been possessed of the collecting mania. Said Collier, making light of it: "What a mean man I would have been to play the dog in the manger just for a few coins. It was better that one collection should be complete than that both should ever remain imperfect."-New York Sun.

A Shekel of Christ's Time.

A young woman of Boston was recently presented with a very valuable coin, a shekel of the time of Christ. She took it to a jeweler to have it mounted with pearls as a breastpin; and when she went for it was hor rilled to find that the jeweler had scoured off all the sacred accumulations of ages, and the shekel shone as bright as a new nickel

It whas all right to forgif your enemies, but if you can likk 'em first it comes easier und vhill last longer.--Carl Dunder.

DANGEROUS CURIOSITY.

How the machine did it was the mystery, as the sickle and bar when work was being done was hidden in the grass. Their curiosity would lead them directly in front of the machine, in spite of the warnings of the driver, and it was found necessary to have a mounted attendant with each machine to save the limbs of the curious. A corn sheller was another marvel, taking in the ears of corn and discharging the shelled corn at one open-ing and the cols at another. But what struck them dumb was a self raking harvester. The construction of that could be explained to their minds only on the grounds that the in-ventor was a wizard and dealt in the supernatural.-H. Latham in San Francisco Chronicle.

Plutes Snowed Under.

A Nevada newspaper says that a citizen recently saw two Piute bucks dig a hole in a snow bank, get into it, and wrap themselves in a single blanket, preparatory to a night's rest. In the morning he saw no signs of the Indians, but a mound of snow marked the spot where they went to bed. He was sure that they had frozen during the night, and prepared to dig out the bodies, but the first rust of the shovel brought the bucks to their feet, with grunts of disgust. Instead of being frozen, they were moist with perspira-tion.-New York Sun.

say from 17 to 20 years old. We also brough a number of females about the same age. We frequently brought them all up on deck, but when a storm came they would drop back to the hold in an instant at the wave of a white hand. They were obedient, and I never knew one to show any inclination to be otherwinn

"What report would you give on your return of those girls who went out with you?"

THEY LEARNED THE TRUTH

"They were, as a rule, never inquired after, but on one occasion a girl whom we left happened to belong to a pretty good family, and when we returned to New Orleans her friends were on hand to meet her, and when she did not appear they besought the captain eagerly as to what had become of her. He informed them that she had preferred to remain in the sunny land until the good ship returned. This did not at all satisfy them, and they pushed their inquiries day and night until they learned the truth, and Capt. Johnson (for this was his name) was in danger of being mobbed, when he quietly set sail one evening and passed down the river and out through the gulf, and I never heard of him after ward."

"Then you did not return to Africa?"

"No; it was just at this time that I had an offer to take charge of an engine on the first steamboat ever run on the lower Mississippi, and I accepted it."

"When you were in the slave trade did you ever return to the place from where you secured your previous cargof"

"No, indeed; we would always go to some other point, but we heard afterward that the girls left there did much good for the natives, teaching them to sew, cook and work." "Did the Africans have any idea at the time

that they were being sold into slavery?"

"Not the slightest. They thought from the signs that had been made to them that they were coming to a place where all was lovely; where the sun shone brighter and the moon looked larger, and to eat tropical fruit would be their chief employment. Sad, indeed, must they have felt when they began to realize that they had been sold into slavery, from which it was as impossible for them to extricate themselves as it would be to change the color of their own skin."

"How many did you bring to America in all?"

"I kept no record of this myself, but on one occasion I remember well we had one thousand on board, and we landed them safely in New Orleans. They were all sold in less than a week. We brought six ship loads over during the three years I was with the ship, and I suppose the total number would be at least 7,000,"

"Where were they kept in New Orleans until they were sold?"

"They were taken to what was known as the negro pen, which was an inclosure where a large shed was built. In this inclosure were cots of straw, and they slept there until they were driven off by their new masters to the cotton and sugar plantations, from which many of them were never released until death.-St. Louis Republican.

Looking Out for Him.

Countryman (in an uptown hotel)-What time is supper ready, mister?" Clerk-Six o'clock, sir.

I eat, an' I'm 'fraid Lwon't git back till 'bout Clerk-I'll have the cook put something away for you on a plate.-New York Sun

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S. & A. LOEB.

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