The Johnstown Damocras.

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otherwise. The failure to direct a discontinuance at the expiration of the period subscribed for will be considered a new engagement. *Sino Subscrip- fors* must be accompanied by the cash. L. D. WOODRUFF. Editor and Publisher,

FRIDAY APRIL 4, 1890.

THE Fair of 1892 will be held in 1893.

IF one-half the population of the earth were to be killed off by fooling with fire-arms, there would still be some who would be fools enough to point guns at other people.

CARDINAL MANNING, whose work among the laborers in the recent London dock strikes is remembered, has been giving attention to the condition of working women in London. He says : "I think the time has come for sternuous and proper efforts to be made to protect the working woman, and to insure them equal fairness in the matter of their hours of work and their wages as the men now ob tain. The time is perh ps not far off wen the sight of young, ill-fed girls, ac quiring permanent injuries through long hours of toil, breaking their backs bend ing over machinery in ill-ventilated rooms, will be regarded as an act of bar barity, and will be punished as such.

THE APRIL CENTURY.

The Century for April is remarkable for the variety of its contents. Two of Mr. Cole's charming artistic engravings ac company a paper on Giovanni Bellini, by Mr. W. J. Stillman, in the series on Italian Old Masters. One of these engravings is printed as a frontispiece, and the conductors of the magazine claim that American wood-engraving has never before been put to such important use as in this series.

Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography reaches the Rip Van Winkle stage of his career and tells the reader exactly what he wishes to know-how Mr. Jefferson came to play the character. Three striking engravings of Jefferson as "Rip" accompany the paper, which also contains a dis, quisition on guying by actors, with hu morous incidents.

Three time articles are "The Late Siberian Tragedy," by George Kennan, 1 which is given a new account of the out-rage at Yakutsk; "Suggestions for the Next World's Fair," a practical and help ful paper, by Georges Berger, Director of the French Exposition ; and " The Slave Trade in the Congo Basin," by E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers, with text and pictures from life during Mr. Glave's, residence of twenty months among the natives.

Three articles of special interest and authoritativeness are "An Artist's Let-ters from Japan," by John La Farge, with illustrations beauifully engraved by Marsh, Kingsley and Whitney : "The Serpent Mound of Ohio," by Prof. F. W. Putman, of the Peabody Museum, Cam bridge, Mass., an exhaustive treatment of the facts and archæological significance of these curious remains ; and "The Old Poetle Guild in Ireland," a special study by Charles de Kay, with illustrations by Alexander and Bacher.

There are three short stories, giving al together much variety in subject matter and treatment. " The Herr Maestro," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, with picture by Joseph Pennell, a story about Venice ; That Yank from New York," a story of Mexico, by John Heard, Jr., with pictures by Allen C. Redwood ; and "A Dusky Genius, a story of the South, by Maurice Thompson, illustrated by Kemble. Mrs. Barr's novel, "Friend Olivia," reaches the sixth part.

Region." by Major Powell, Director of the

LOST ON SANDY HOOK.

A WEIRD NIGHT TRAMP THROUGH CEDARS AND SAND DUNES.

Wandering Among the Ribs of Lost Ships What the Waves Seem to Say-The Shat tered Tombstones-Safe at Last in the Ho tel McGinty.

Lost on Sandy Hook! Portentou mough is the word "lost" at any time. but coupled as it is in this instance with a waste of sand dunes bristling with the bones of lost ships and dead men, it becomes doubly portentous. Yes, I was ost on Sandy Hook, and in the darkest night that ever threw a pall over lonely ea and shore. How I came to be a wan dering wayfarer on that lonely, aye, God forsaken strand matters but little. Suffice it to say that late one afternoon I had paid a visit to a little grave far up on the hillside of the eternal Highlands of Nave sink

sink LOOKING BACKWARD. As I stood beside that tiny tomb recol-lections of another sainted one came over me, and so real did her presence seem that with her hand in mine we two wandered in the spirit down through the old drives and by the old alder trees, which she once knew so well, and on by the twin lighthouses and across the dark, flowing river to the sea beach, where w flowing river to the sen beach, where we two had so often strolled before. And she led me thus unheeding my where-abouts, only heeding her presence and the same old love light in her eyes. Twas thus she led me down these old paths, her memory floating back out of the past like a half forgoton song, until sudden-ly the deep diapason of the surf swelled up and swallowed the song of our loves. That sweet voice was lost. I called for her in vait. The waves roared a mockher in vain. The waves roared a mock-ing reply that sounded like "Nevermore," In vain did I plead for that sweet

voice. Again did the great organ of the surf respond remorselessly in a grand chorus, "Nevermore." In inane rage I flung myself on the strand. Then cooler moments intervened, and there on the wet sand, with none but God and the ripping river to hear, I poured out my soul in sorrow. And the starlight fell like a kenediction on my upturned face, and the running river sang a dirge. Had I been laboring under a spall Had I been laboring under a spell?

Had she really returned to me, or was it all a dream? What it was I know not. Only this, I was lost on Sandy Hook. Alone there on a desert shore, alone with my conscience. I remember I thought of my situation as likened to that of Robinson Crusee, but my night was darker than any of Juan Fernandez, ren-dered doubly dark by the black wings of remorse that flapped about me. Dark as divine wrath was the blackness about, unillumined by star or lights far out at sea, for the dwarf cedars hid both from me. Yet now and then there came float ing in over the waters the sound of sig-nal bells at sea, ringing out warnings to

the wanderers of the deep. At last, worn out with exertion, I half tumbled upon what had been the spar of a lost ship. Placing my hand for support upon the sand at my side, it touched something. The knowing nerves of the hand telegraphed to my fevered brain what that something was. It was a human skull, the melancholy memorial of man's mortality. Aghast, I threw it from me. The spot seemed accursed, and I rose and tottered on, human will prevailing over the weakness of the body. As I mounted a big dune a cry of joy issued from my lips. There, like diamonds set in the ebon field of night, gleamed the twin lights, and beneath them in a sable bank lay the everlasting Highlands Endeavoring to keep those jewels ever in my view, I wandered on, but they, alas, were again lost behind the veil of cedar and sand.

LOST 200 YEARS AGO.

Recollections of the wrecks of other years came over me, and I thought I wandered through a vast charnel house. Again I fell and my hand struck what seemed like the base of a shattered tombstone. Although I had never be-fore visited that spot I knew that the shattered marble was erected in memory of a British frigate's boat's crew which, led by a young nobleman, was lost in the snow in the same place almost 200 years before. With sympathetic fin-gers I traced out the graven words near the base of the stone, "Erected by his mother, Lady ----," and there the leg by Kemble. Mrs. Barr's novel, "Friend Olivia," reaches the sixth part. The central West comes in for attention in "The Non-Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region." by Major Powell, Director of the United States Geological Survey ; and "The Shoshone Falls," by Capital John Survey ; and there the legend destroyed that everlasting tribute of a fond mother's love. Somewhere near by I knew from history lay the bones of

Pillows Made of Love Letters

The latest device of girlhood is a fancy for stuffing pillows with their old love letters. There is one thing about the contents of these pillows that can be de-pended upon with a marked degree of certainty—they are sure to be soft. Now, the question naturally arises, must the pillows be stuffed with letters from a sincle person, or may missives from Loba single person, or may missives from John and Jack and Algernon be tumbled pro-miscuously in together? Is it a test of loyalty that when once a girl really falls in love, or thinks she does, she discard from her pillow all the letters save those of the object of her despret affection? from her philow all the letters save those of the object of her deepest affection? And how does marriage affect the fate of the pillow? Do husbands enjoy havof the phows Do husbands enjoy hav-ing their wives faces buried in a mass of soft nothings that other men have written to them? And what dreams may come, and what skimpy, flat little pillows some poor girls must have; but how nice it is for the men to reflect that their adored ones slumber soft to on their their adored ones slumber softly on their words of love.-Chicago Tribune

His Only Haven.

All women are in league against the bachelor—the married women from sym-pathy with their unmarried sisters and he unmarried from a desire to lessen the number of spinsters. With this league against him, offensive and defensive, the unmarried man may find peace in heaven. but he can scarce hope to find happiness on earth—this side of marriage. How ever, once married, all the bachelor's troubles are over. He is no longer the subject of interested or designing attent tions—except the attentions which pro-ceed from love. True, the bachelor be omes on his marriage, if not an object of commiseration to the knowing ones an object of comparative indifference to all women but one: but the superior love of that one atones for all, and his adde of that one atomes for all, and his addeed dignity and completeness as a man and citizen make him wonder how he pre-viously existed, as one-half a pair of scissors without the other half.—Woman's Cycle

An Eng ishman on the Bowery.

A cockney went into a cheap restau-rant on the Bowery, one of those places that have been apply called beaneries. He sat down and adjusted his monocle and beckoned to a waiter, who came for-ward. He was in his shirt sleeves and a ward. He was in his shirt sleeves and a dirty towel was slung across his arm. He scowled at the stranger. "Well!!"

"Aw, waitah, dontcherno, I want a brace of chops, an' a poached egg, an some buttered toast, an' a mug of 'alf an' 'alf, an', aw, waitah, I want a napkin, also. The man with the dirty towel over his

moved back a step or too, put his to his mouth, and yelled to the hand

cook in the kitchen: "Soy, Chimmie, tell der band to play 'God Save der Queen;' der Prince of Wales is come."—Marshall P. Wilder.

A King Dethroned.

A well known mad doctor has just died at Vienna. Professor Leedesdorff was the great king dethroner. No other medical man has had so large an experience. When, in 1876, Sultan Mourad the Fifth was to be deposed and Abdul Aziz set up on the throne, the professor was sent for to Constantinople, examined his royal There was no appeal from that decision. Later on, when Louis the Second of Bavaria was getting unusually eccentric his ministers sent to Vienna for the pro fessor. Sometimes he would be sent for to Petersburg. The Romanoff family had failings, and the professor had to give his verdict.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A New Invention.

A nickel-in-the-slot machine in Boston confronts the equestrian who alights at the sidewalk with the legend written across its front: "Drop a nickel in the slot and I'll hold your horse." He puts in the nickel and the iron hands unclasp the bridle rein is dropped into them and they close again. There you are. The horse is held. The rider goes off about his business. In half an hour he returns. There is the machine and there is the horse. But the first legend has disap-peared and in its place is the inscription in characters of living light: "Give me a quarter and I'll let him go."-Cor. Chiago Herald

Cost of Heating Water

Water is one of the hardest of all substances to heat. This furnishes a good illustration of the law of the conserva-tion and transformation of forces. To raise one pound of water one degree in a ninute i required plied to an engine, would raise 772 pounds of water or any other substance foot high. To raise eighty-six ads one degree in a minute would be pounds one degree in a minute would be equivalent to raising eighty-six times 772 pounds to the height of one toot in a minute.-Washington Post.

Drawn on a Jury.

In New York some years ago a sum-mons commanding Thatcher Magoin to present himself for service in the jury box was returned to the commissioner of jurors, with the information that it had

been served on the wrong party. In such cases, however, as is well known, no ordinary excuse is accepted. "Magoin," said the commissioner, "must appear in person and show cause

why he should not be a juror.' "He can't come," was the reply. "He's

too busy." "Such an excuse will not help him.

"Such an excuse will not help him. He must come or suffer the consequences of fine and imprisonment," said the com-missioner sternly. "If he did come he'd make things hot built take a dwright and

"If he did come he'd make things hot for you! Besides, it'll take a derrick and truck to bring him here. He turns the scales at five thousand pounds." The commissioner expressed the opin-ion that the speaker had been drinking. "I'm as sober as you be," said the rep-resentative of the absent juror. "Thatch-er Magoin is a steam engine located at the foot of Fletcher street. Years ago I was employed by a man named Thatcher Magoin, and I called my engine on Pier 19, East river, after him. When the di-rectory man came to the dock to get

rectory man came to the dock to get names he saw the name on the engine, and he thought 'twas the name of the boss, so he put it down in his bock." It is needless to say that "Mr. Magoin" was excused from jury duty.—Youth's

Companion.

Contentment in the Army. "Fifty cents a day?"

'That's all."

"And you are happy?" "Happy and contented—yes, why not?

"Happy and contented—yes, why not?" So spoke a high private in Uncle Sam's army, referring to his official income for standing in readiness to save the country. "Why shouldn't I be happy?" he went on. "Here I am well fed, well clothed well cared for, my every want supplied. In sickness they give me care and medi-cines. My food is wholesome and well cooked. My quarters are comfortable and kept with screpulous neatness. My friends are in the same social scale with friends are in the same social scale with me. We know no rank, no higher o lower. We have our common dutie and, these over, our common amuse ments. We travel around the country in our special trains and get to know something of life in every clime. What more, pray, can a reasonable man de sire? Our duty ends with the order that come to us. We obey and have no further responsibility. We take life easy Why not? In addition, we have an al lowance of fifty cents per day, with the prospect of an increase from year to year This, with the conditions just mentioned often leads one to think that we are after all, getting about all there is of the good in life with but little of its burdens or annoyances."-Detroit Free Press

A Visit Ruskin Paid Carlyle.

I heard a pretty account once from Mr. Alfred Lyttelton of a visit paid by Rus kin to Carlyle in the old familiar room in Cheyne Walk, with the old picture of Cromwell on the wall, and Mrs. Carlyle's little tables and pretty knickknacks still in their quiet order. Mr. Ruskin had been ill not long before, and as he talked on of something he cared about, Mr. Lyttelton said his eyes lighted up, and he seemed agitated and moved. Carlyle stopped him short, saying the subject was too interesting. "You must take stopped him short, saying the subject was too interesting. "You must take care," he said, with that infinite kind-ness which Carlyle could show, "you will be making yourself ill once more." And Ruskin, quite simply, like a child, stopped short. "You are right," he said, calling Carlyle "master," and then went on to talk of something else, as dull, nc doubt, as anything could be that Ruskin and Carlyle could talk about together,— Anne Thackeray Ritchie in Harper's Magazine. Magazine.

Tattooing Algerian Girls.

In Algeria every girl born of native parents is tattooed on her forehead be-tween the eyebrows and just at the root of the nose with a cross, formed of sev-eral straight lines of small stars running close together. These tattoo marks are a dark blue color. A deraina women are dark blue color. Algerian women are also considerably tattooed on the backs of their hands, their forearms and chests, as well as on their shoulders—their wrist being especially adorned with drawing representing bracelets and flowers strung together. As a rule women are the opera tors, and it is principally on children be tween the ages of 7 and 8 that they have to exercise their art. They use some times a needle, but more frequently Barbary fig tree thorn. They employ kohl as a coloring substance. It is a kind of fine powder made from sulphur of an-

THE SUFFERING SIOUX.

THE SEMI-CIVILIZED INDIANS OF DEVIL'S LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA.

They Suffer Both as White Men and a Indians; with the Former They Share the Drought and as Indians They Have No Surplus and Few Friends.

Once more the country is appealed to for contributions to aid a starving tribe of Indians. The 900 or more Sioux on the great reservation in Ramsey, Benton and Foster counties, North Dakota, share with their white neighbors in the gen-eral misery caused by the drought and crop failure of last summer; but, unlike the whites, they have no personal friends and relatives in the east to extend aid quietly, they have no surplus as many



STARVING SIOUX To add that they have no friends would be an exaggeration, but not a very great one, for the Devil's lake Sioux are the remnants of certain bands which have the reputation of having been "might

Not quite a mile south of the southern bend of the lake stands the well built Fort Totten, from which hardy regulars have gone on expeditions against the Indians when the mercury was 30 degs. below zero. A little nearer the lake in the village, comprising the residence of Maj. Cransie, long the efficient agent of those Indians, the other houses and shops of the agency, the store, hotel and United States signal service office. Maj. Cramsie is among the best informed men in the nation on Indian affairs, and his in-telligent wife (herself boasting a trace of Indian blood) is an efficient interpreter and devoted friend of their dusky wards. and devoted triend of their dusky wards. Half a mile further north and on a ridge rising rapidly from the lake is a fine Catholic church and large school and boarding house, in which ten sisters of order of Gray Nuns of Montreal the teach the young aborigines.

And if one wants to hear the three typical views of the "Indian question," in all the purity of plain language, in spired by enthusiastic conviction, he can hear them at these three adjacent cen-ters. At the fort and agency store, hotel, etc., he can get the straight western view: "Good Indian, dead Indian, etc." If the tourist insists on debating the matter he will hear some philosophy like this: "White man and Injun may be of the same species; so are the dog and the wolf—anyhow, they will 'cross.' But the dog will guard sheep and the wolf will kill them. Maybe these Injuns could be civilized—in a long time—but they'll all be dead before the time comes."

At the school "Sister Page" or "Siste At the school "sister rage of sister Franklin" will tell the visitor in musical French or choice English that their charges are most promising; "the only trouble is when we get through with them they have to go back to the smoky and dirty cabin. Oh, the government ought to see to it that more help is given. There is no need of soldiers and a fort here now. All those pretty buildings ought to be made into an Indian home. Then we could educate every boy and girl on the reservation, and start them in life able to work at a trade and make a good living. We long to do the work, asking only room and rations—it is our life work—if the government will only

give us the chance Maj. Cramsie takes a practical man's view of the matter, viz.: "The Indians are just as capable of being civilized as are just as capable of being civilized as any other race, but, like any other, they must take time. The impatient Ameri-can cannot wait—he wants it all done in two or three years. So the Indians are living in tight log houses and haven't yet learned how to live in them. They are working, and learning, but under so are working and learning, but under so many difficulties that in half the cases

bany difficulties that in half the cases by the time a man has mastered farming he dies of lung disease." In times of plenty the Indian still ex-hibits the childish trustfulness of the natural man. The halfbreeds often appear in this respect ones been investible. HARTER ED SEPTEMBER 12, 1870 in this respect even more impr than the Indians. Their dances, feasts and social life are picturesque and pleas-ant; but they do not "keep the wolf from the door" in winter and times of scarcity. About the rude log cabins in which most of the Devil's lake Sioux live one may see much suffering any winter; for there is a great deal of scrof-ula and pulmonary disease among the half civilized, who have lost, or been compelled to give up, all the habits of wild life, and have not well acquired new ones. This winter the suffering is terrible. The poorly clad and worse fed women and children shiver about the cabins, while the men are away in the woods, chopping for a mere pittance. Much has already been done in response to their appeals. The children at the Carlisle Indian school have sent \$550-all their savings. Many others have given small sums. Indian Commissioner T. J. Morgan has advanced \$3,000 of the coming year's appropriation. The sisters at the school have furnished medicine at their own expense. Maj. Cramsie has secured small contributions from other sources. Still there is much suffering. The "grippe" has swept the reservation and left a fearful amount of pneumonia in its wake. And in the face of this destitu-tion the fact is presented that the govern-ment still owes these people \$1,000,000 on their lands taken by the railroads; congress is merely slow in making ap-propriations. Those theorists who want government to "do everything for every-body" might learn something by observ-ing how it does the small bit of humani-tarian work now committed to it by the constitution. J. H. BEADLE. own expense. Maj. Cramsie has secured

Common Sonse

in the treatment of slight aliments would save a vast amount of sickness and misory. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, will assist Digocition; taken after dinner, will assist Digocition; taken at any time, will correct irregu-larities of the Stomach and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and cure Sick Headache. Ayer's Pills, na all know who use them, are a mild carthartic, pleasant to take, and always prompt and satisfactory in their results. " I can recommend Ayer's Pills above.

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Cathartic

for myself and family." - J. T. Hess Leithsville, Pa. "Ayer's Pills have been mused by se-family upwar's of twenty of

claimed for them." -T. San Diego, Texas, ¹⁵ I have used Avera 1.75 by for seven or other starts. I have an other to be seven in the environment of the seven instance of the price and seven of the seven instance of the price and seven instance of the seven instance.

s com pa-with such ground a ever, have to cald a forthemic, Hotel Vo-orthungs, N. Y.

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" The Shoshone Falls," by Captain John Codman, with two beautiful illustrations.

There is a short literary essay Ly Col. T. W. Higginson and a carious special account from Captain Charles Bryant of his experience "In the Fur-Seal Islands. Alaska, Captain Bryant having instituted the present method of catching these seals. An article in the series of Present. Day Papers is contributed by Professin Richard T. Ely, under the title of "A l'rogramme for Labor Reform."

Other articles of public discussion in Topics of the Times are entitied " Longer Terms and Less Rotation," " The People, and " Loyalty in Employment."

Open Letters are contributed on "Judge Holt and the Lincoln Conspirators," by Horatio King ; on "The White League of New Orleans," by F. R. Southmayd and George W. Cable, and on other topics.

There remains to be considered the poetry, which is furnished by Celia Thaxank Dempster Sherman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Margaret Crosby, Ellen Burroughs, Helen Cone, James Whitcomb Riley, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Aubrey de Vere (on Robert Browning), Katharine Lee Bates, and, in a lighter vein, by De Witt C. Lockwood, William Page Carter. Orelia Key Bell, and Brainerd Prescott Emery.

A wrecked freight car delayed the Mail Express cast, about an hour at Packsaddle ast evening.

several refugees killed soon after the re several refugees killed soon after the re-treat of the British from Monmouth. I am uncertain that I found the place of their burial, but quite near at hand I found a section of human frontal bone, which I carefully placed in an inner pocket of my precise. pocket of my peajacket.

Again I wandered on crying for human aid until I entered a tiny grove. Sud-denly a light blazed full in my face from the hastily opened door of a habitation and a rough voice exclaimed: "What's the matter? Lost?"

"Yes," was the hesitating reply, for I half feared the place was a pirates' den. "This is the Hotel McGinty and I am Pierre Troutman, the proprietor. Wayfarers are welcome, and we still have a few rooms on the lower floors left. Come in, stranger, and welcome.'

Too dazed to speak, I accepted the in-vitation and entered the Hotel McGinty, which was a rude one story frame shanty, perhaps 12x16 feet and lined with rows of crude bunks arranged as on shipboard. Troutman said that he and his men,

who were all asleep, were saving that portion of the cargo of the wrecked bark Germania that had washed ashore on Sandy Hook. The Germania was wrecked at Long Branch, he said, on the night of Nov. 27.

After a hearty meal, a friendly smoke, a yarn or two and a song, the writer was tucked snugly in a lower berth to seek rest for his weary body and overwrought brain in a deep and refreshing sleep.-

A Chemist's Feat.

A foreign chemist lately performed quite a feat. The explosion and fire at Antwerp reduced to a charred mass a bundle of 1,000 florin Austrian obligations. Without presentation in some identifi-able form there could be no payment. The imperiled obligations were given to the chemist, and he succeeded in separ-ating the whole of them and finding out the numbers, and upon his report the money was paid .- Exchange.

A Wise Demurrer.

It is related of Bishop P—— that he was once taken to task by a few of his denominational brethren on the charge of exhibiting a conceit of himself at vari

or exhibiting a concert of himself at vari-ance with the spirit of humility. "It is not conceit," said the bishop, with that ponderous bearing that silenced opposition—"it is not conceit, brethren; it is the consciousness of superiority."— Harper's Bazar.

In the English Literature Class Mabel-Hogg wrote pastoral poetry about lambs and sheep. Young Miss Wagg-And Lamb got

even with him by writing an essay "Roast Pig."-Harper's Bazar.

timony, which is also in great request by the Algerian women for the pu face painting.-Chicago Herald. purpose of

About the Teeth.

About the Teeth. You can't save half of your teeth by making the other half do double duty. If you don't wear your teeth out nature will throw them out.

One cause of toothache is the inactivi-ty of the teeth. All the brute creation munches from

six to twenty hours of the twenty-four. Their teeth are often bad, but for the most part they are good. The only treat-ment they get is self administered. Gum chewing may have its advan-

one chews on both sides of his mouth and moderately there ought to be no evil results. It is all nonsense to re-strict one's food to mush and other soft stuff simply because harder food hurts the teeth.—New York Telegram.

A Transfer

Mrs. Optimist—How vastly improved dear Jennie is since her marriage! She has quite lost that unhappy, discontented look of hers.

Mr. Pessimist-Not lost it, my dear It will shortly appear on her husband's face.-Pittsburg Bulletin.

Nationality Doubtful. First Little Girl-Is your doll a French

doll? Second Little Girl-I don't know; she can't talk .- New York Weekly.

HARTER ED SEFTEMBER 12, 1870 DEPOSITS received of one dollar and upward, no deposits exceeding a total of \$,000 with be received from any one person. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and If not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus com-pounding twice a year without troubling the de-positor to call or even to present the deposit

positor to call or even to present the deposit book. To call or even to present the deposit book. The call of the set of the set of the set of the book of the set of the set of the set of the set of the deposit of the set of the set of the set of the set of the off set of the mode set of the set

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNER-

DISSOLUTION OF FARTNER-SHIP-Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between JOHN D. EDWARDS and A. ADAIR under the firm name of J. D. EDWARDS & CO., was dissolved on the 36th any of February, 1890, by mutual consent, all debts due to the said partnership are to be paid and those due from the same will be discharged by John D. Kdwards. Business will be continued by the said Join D. Edwards. J. D. EDWARDS, marl-tf A. ADAIR.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. — ES-TATE OF JANE H. HESS, DECEARED.— Letters Testamentary on the estate of Jane H. Hess, late of Coopersdale, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the underlocalesed, he was been even a data of a control of the second sec