THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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JULY 11, 1881.

B. & B.

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Broken Lines Dress Goods
THAT ARE VERY DECIDED BARGAINS.
Note below a few indicements offered:

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10 cents per yard to close.
4-4 Cochoco and Pacific Lawns, 5 cents per yard
Linen Suitings, all colors, 10 cents per yard.
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At 15 cents, worth 50 cents.
100 Assorted Handsome Parasols at half price.
Extraordinary Bargains in Fans, Belts and Bags.

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75c., $1.00, 1.25, $1.50 and up to $5.00 each.
Ladies', Misses and Children's
LAWN AND GINGHAM SUITS,
All to be closed out at a sacrifice.
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NEW GOODS.
OPEN:
New Black Spanish Laces. New Laces of all kind.
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SPECIAL VALUES IN
FANCY SUMMER SILKS!
New Black and Colored Cashmeres;
Choice Traveling Dress Goods.

BOGGS & BUHL,
118 & 120 Federal Street, Allegheny.
P. S.—New Skeleton Hoop Skirts and Bustles; Hosiery, Gloves, Buttons, New Beaded Passementaries and Fringes, Ladies' Muslin Underwear, Gents' Gossamer and Merino Underwear, Jean Drawers, Collars Cuffs and Neckwear.

M'DONALD & CO.,
OF LORETTO, SELL

SUGARS at 8, 9, 10 and 11 cts. per lb.;
Green and Black Teas, 25, 50 and 75c. per lb.;
Green Coffee at 16 and 20 cts. per lb.;
Roasted Coffee at 18, 20 and 22c. per lb.;
Two boxes Colgate's Coffee Essence for 5 cents;
Two boxes Blinger Pop 5 cents;
Two papers Baking Soda for 5 cents;
Two papers Pepper for 10 cents;
4 lbs. Barley or 4 lbs. Oat Meal for 25 cts.;
4 lbs. Hominy or 4 lbs. Split Peas for 25 cts.;
8 lbs. Rice or 3 lbs. Prunes for 25 cts.;
7 bulls' Eye or 6 lbs. Washing Soap for 25 cts.;
Molasses, 35c. per gal.; good Syrup, 50c. per gal.;
Carbon Oil, 15 cts. per gal.;
Flour, $1.25 per sack; Salt, $1.65 per bbl.
Calicoes, 4 cts. per yard;
Muslins, 6, 8 and 10 cts. per yard;
Ginghams, 8, 10 and 12c. per yard;
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Tableings, 12½, 16, 20 and 25 cts. per yard;
Thread, 3 and 5c. per spool;
Colorettes, 50, 75, 87½ cts. each;
Corsets, 25, 50 and 75 cts. each;
Ladies' Gloves, 12, 16, 20 and 25 cts. per pair;
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Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 5, 8, 10, 12½ and 25c. each;
Also, Laces, Edgings, Embroideries, Crepes, &c.

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Infants' Shoes, 25, 50 and 75 cts. per pair.
Children's Shoes, 50, 75 and $1.00 per pair.
Ladies' Good Shoes, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 per pair.
Ladies' Fine Shoes, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50.
Boys' Boots, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50, $1.75 and $2.00.
Misses' Boots, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $2.25.
Men's Boots, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 per pair.

CLOTHING.
BOYS' FULL SUITS.....$3.50 to $10.00.
MEN'S " " .....5.00 to 25.00.

We guarantee our prices on all kinds of goods to be lower than any other house in the prevailing prices in Altoona, Johnstown, or elsewhere. All we ask is a fair trial. Any goods sold by us which do not give satisfaction either in wear or quality, can be taken back and the money refunded, provided they are returned in good condition within ten (10) days.

McDONALD & CO.
Loretto, May 6, 1881.-tf.

TO CARD COLLECTORS!

1st.—Buy seven bars DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of your Grocer.

2d.—Ask him to give you a bill of it.

3d.—Mail us his bill and your full address.

4th.—We will mail you FREE seven beautiful and elegant cards, in six colors and gold, representing Shakspeare's 'Seven Ages of Man.'

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
116 South Fourth St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
☞DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP is sold by W. S. Rankin & Bro., Ebensburg. [4-1.-e.o.w.6m.]

STEEL BARB FENCE WIRE.
CHEAPER THAN WOOD.

(CUT FULL SIZE.)
One Wire Painted Costs but TEN CENTS per ROD.
Samples and Catalogues Sent Free.
OLIVER BROTHERS & PHILLIPS,
91, 92 & 93 WATER STREET,
114, 116 & 118 FIRST Avenue,
[3-27.-3m.] PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE PEOPLE'S
SHAVING and HAIR-DRESSING SALOON.
The subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he has opened a first class tonsorial establishment in the building recently occupied by Judge Lloyd as a drug store, on High street, opposite the Mountain House, where he will be glad to welcome all who wish to be shaved, have their hair cut, or desire any other attentions in his line. ☞Ladies' hair and hair combings made into curls and switches when desired. ☞A Satisfaction rendered or no charge made. Please give me a call.
H. F. SCHAEFER.
Ebensburg, March 25, 1881.-1y.

$20.00 SAVED! $20.00
$20.00 SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE from the undersigned, who office is at 1604 Eleventh Avenue, between 16th and 17th Sts., Altoona, Pa., and who offers the Editor of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN as reference.
J. McGRATH.
Altoona, April 15, 1881.-tf.

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Fourth avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours, from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 7 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office at 1102 Twelfth street, in same building immediately in rear of First Nat'l Bank, Altoona. April 22, 1881.-tf.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year, in advance.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cuticura
The Great SKIN CURE.
Itching and Scaly Diseases, Humors of the Scalp and Skin Permanently Cured.

RINGWORM.
Geo. W. Brown, 43 Marshall St., Providence, R. I., cured by Cuticura Remedies of a Ringworm Humor got at the barber's, which spread all over his ears, neck and face, and for six years resisted all kinds of treatment.

SKIN HUMOR.
F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper & Brothers, Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (eczema rodent), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally.

SCALD HEAD.
H. A. Raymond, Auditor F. W., J. & S. R. R., Jackson, Mich., was cured of Scald Head of nine years' duration by the Cuticura Remedies.

ECZEMA.
Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, Mass., permanently cured of a humor of the face and scalp (eczema) that had been treated unsuccessfully for twelve years by many of Boston's best physicians and most noted specialists, as well as European authorities.

MILK CRUST.
Mrs. Bowers, 143 Clinton St., Cincinnati, speaks of her sister's child, who was cured of milk crust which resisted all remedies for two years. Now a fine, healthy boy, with a beautiful head of hair.

FALLING HAIR.
Frank A. Bean, Steam Fire Engine 5, Boston, was cured of alopecia, or falling of the hair, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which completely restored his hair when all said he would lose it.
Thomas Lee, 2278 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, afflicted with dandruff, which for twenty years had covered his scalp with scales one-quarter of an inch in thickness, was cured by Cuticura Remedies.

TREATMENT.
The CUTICURA TREATMENT consists in the internal use of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures.
For Sunburn, Tan and Greasy Skin use CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite toilet, bath and nursery sanative, fragrant with delicious flower odors and healing balsams.

CUTICURA
REMEDIES are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cts.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP (the queen of medicinal and toilet soaps), 25 cts. CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15 cts. Principal depot.
Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass.
☞All mailed free on receipt of price.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS
More continuous and powerful electric action is obtained from Collins' Voltaic Electric Plasters than any $2 battery made. They are a speedy and certain cure for Pains and Weakness of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pleurisy, Sciatica, Lumbago, Weak Back, Pains and Weakness, Malaria, and Fever and Ague. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass. [7-1.-1m.]

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.—IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.—To Mary A. Bowney, formerly Mary A. Sheridon, Albert Bender and Ann Bender (formerly Ann Sheridon), Christina Sheridon and Andrew Sheridon, who reside in Iowa county, State of Iowa.

Whereas, at an Orphans' Court held at Ebensburg on July 4th, 1881, the petition of Jas. Sheridon, a son of John Sheridon, late of the township of Clearfield, in said county, deceased, was presented, praying the Court to award an inquest to make partition of the real estate of said decedent, and, whereas, the prayer of the said petitioner was ordered that notice be given to those interested as heirs of said decedent, and it was ordered, and it was in said petition residing out of the county by publication and mailing copy of notice to nearest post-office; notice is therefore given to the above named parties that, by virtue of the above mentioned writ, an inquest will be held and taken upon the premises therein described, on *Thursday, the 18th day of August, A. D. 1881*, at one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of making partition at valuation and appraisement of the said real estate, as in the said writ required; at which time and place said parties can attend if they see proper.
THOMAS GRIFFITH.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 22, 1881.—4t.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT
No one who is thoroughly regular in the bowels is half as liable to disease as he who is irregular. He may be attacked by contagious diseases, and so may the irregular, but he is not nearly as subject to outside influences. The use of
Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient
secures regularity, and consequent immunity from sickness.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Smith's Fat Blind and Shutter Bower.
Shutters can be placed 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 inches apart and held securely in either position. Agents wanted in every county. Can make big wages in Summer and Fall. The best and handsomest thing out. Sells at every house. Write for particulars. Samples by mail for 6 cents postage.
Address SMITH & CO.,
304 Master St., Philadelphia.

WM. H. SECHLER, Johnstown, Pa. M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.
SECHLER & KITTELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.
OFFICES in Luther's Green's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown, and in Colonade Row, Ebensburg. [7-1.'81.]

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has 96 Acres of land lying between Loretto and Cheat Springs which he will sell very cheap and on easy terms. There are about ronry ACRES cleared, the balance being well covered with saw timber, principally hemlock. For further information call on or address
E. A. STORM,
July 15, 1881.-tf. Loretto, Pa.

VENNOR'S PREDICTIONS!
For this Month's Weather, prepared expressly for
STODDARD'S REVIEW.
SAMPLE COPY MAILED FREE. Address, STAR OF THE WEST, J. M. STODDART, Pub., N. York, Phila., or Chicago. July 22, 1881.-3t.*

Blairsville (Pa.) Ladies' Seminary.
Beautiful grounds, commodious buildings. Healthful location, THOROUGH INSTRUCTION. Thirty-first year begins September 14, 1881. Apply for Catalogues to REV. T. H. EWING, Principal
July 15, 1881.-2m.

OPIUM And MORPHINE Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. Ten years established; 1000 cured. Write stating case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich
April 22, 1881.-6m.

I want ONE agent in every town to sell a valuable article. No money required; small goods are sold. Address P. O. Box 3256, New York City.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 13 useful stops, 5 set reeds only $65. Pianos $125 up. ☞Illus Catalog, FREE. Address Beatty, Washington, N. J.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [3-4.'81.-1y.]

PAMPHLET for advertisers. 100 pages, 25 cents. G. P. ROWELL & CO., N. Y.

THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER ON THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

They told the news in a tender way,
To the gray-haired mother of him that day,
Who seemed on the bound of the unknown land,
Felled by a madman's deadly hand;
For every heart in the midst there knew
The weary years which had bound the two;
She, only bowing her head, said low:
"What hand could have wounded my baby so?"

To her, though he fell at the Nation's head,
He was still a babe, though the years had fled;
But memory turned and her heart went o'er
The past, till she stood at the cabin door,
And heard the wind o'er love's lone grave sigh
A widow's and orphan's lullaby:
Be patient, soul, for you still must take
The burden up for the children's sake.

If her hand grew hard, still her heart beat true
The weary hours of the winter through;
Her lips refused of the daily fare,
So more might fall to the children's share;
And the babe she soothed to its childish rest—
That gave a hope to her aching breast—
Was he who, wounded and dying, lay
In the noon of life on that dreadful day.

Do you wonder, after her toilsome years,
They told her the awful truth with fears,
That the fragile thread of her life would break,
For she still but lived for her children's sake.

"Oh, for the sweet old days," she said,
"When he laid on my breast his childish head,
When a boy, unknown to a party strife,
He lived in the cabin a humble life.
The self-same peace he shall never know
As when in the forest, long ago,
The wind sang wild o'er the orphan child,
That toiled by my side through the heat and snow."

"Better the crust that is crowned at night
By holy sleep than a ruler's might,
That brings its wearisome round of care,
Leaving scarce thought for slumber or prayer.
Praise or blame from a servile throng,
Cannot equal the sweet old song
That soothed the heart of the simple child
In the lonely depths of the forest wild."

"Better the early and lowly life,
Than manhood crowned from a party strife;
More free his heart when a little child,
Crowned in his play by the forest wild."

THE HISTORY OF A DEAD MAN.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

It was in the autumn, just before the opening of the railroad between Taganrok and Charkoff, and I had to make the tedious journey with post horses. For the first two days the weather was pleasant, but on the third morning the heavens were covered with heavy, grey clouds, a northwest wind blew furiously; thunder, lightning, snow flakes and rain followed—such a storm as can only be found in Southern Russia. In half an hour the roads were impassable with black mud, and as we reached the post station of Donski we found there was no more progress for that day. As I entered the station I was met by a tall, fine-looking, grey-haired man, whose black velvet coat with backward Grecian sleeves made me judge him as holding some military or official position. Behind him came a handsome Cossack woman about his age, and both greeted me kindly. In reply to my request for a cup of tea, the woman said, "Husband, ask the gentleman if he would not like a roast chicken with his tea. It will be a long time before he can mount his troika and continue his journey and he will find the chicken tender."

As she said this she glanced lovingly at the man, and then left the room, not before he had waved a kiss to her as she closed the door.

"She is my beloved wife, and widow, sir," said he, turning to me as I took a seat by the porcelain stove, warming my hands on its smooth sides. "Ha! ha! you laugh, sir, but wait until you are eating your chicken, and if you wish I will tell you the history of a man who has been dead fourteen years and who married his widow." Of course I was eager for the story, and soon after when my chicken was brought to me tempting and warm, he drew a chair near my elbow and commenced his story.

"I am nearly sixty years old now, sir; my wife also. But she was once a beautiful, good, young girl; she is as good now as then, and perhaps I am a partial judge, but I find her still beautiful."

To this last statement I assented, and he continued:

"I was a wild young fellow, high tempered, and of a roving disposition. I was postmaster of the station when I married Olga. At first I was contented—she was a loving, good wife—but I grew weary of life, and restless for freedom. One day, it was in the year of 1848, she seemed sad, and coming to me put her arms around my neck, and said, "Do you really and truly love me, Wanska?" I answered impatiently, 'Oh, yes, you know I do.' 'But you don't love me as I do you,' she continued. In that moment an evil spirit must have seized me. I don't know what thoughts passed through my brain, only it seemed as if she was right. I loved her in my way, but it nettled me that I was bound to her for life, and I wanted my freedom. As she clung to me, I pushed her violently away, and she fell to the floor. Rising slowly she looked at me reproachfully and left the room without a word.

"I was wild. I ran to the stable. 'Harness me a troika instantly,' I cried to the hostler. 'There is a despatch left here by the last courier that I must take to Charkoff; make haste.' In a few minutes the wagon was ready. Paul took the reins, the bells were ringing clearly in the fresh air, and without a backward glance for Olga, I was flying from the station, and in twenty hours I reached Charkoff.

"Dismissing the wagon, I went to the postmaster, who was my most intimate friend. I called for ink and pen and wrote a letter, which I gave to him, saying, 'Do this favor for me and be silent. I want to leave my wife. In eight days send her this letter and ask me no questions.' In the letter I wrote:

"'OLGA: When you receive this letter I shall be dead. Forget me and marry some other man who will treat you better than I have done. Forgive me for striking you; it was a shameful act. Keep the station, you can write, and can hold it as well as I. Heaven bless you.

"'WANSKA.'

"My friend shook my hand and promised to fulfil my errand, and a few hours later I was on my way to the military bureau of—, where I told them I wanted to enlist for fourteen years in the Horse Guards and gave them a different name from my own. I was tall and healthy, and they were very glad to accept me, asking me a few questions. My hair was cut short, my beard shorn, and in my new uniform, with a glittering helmet on my head, I rode through the streets of St. Petersburg, and no one to know me among the thousands who looked at us as we passed by. I was ambitious, and learned the routine of soldiers life quickly. The discipline was severe; it was hard to be obedient, and as for the freedom I had longed for, I found I had lost it. I was soon a sergeant, and finally became a captain of horse in the regiment.

"I won distinction in the service. In the war with Turkey—and later the Crimea—my time was up, and I was seized with a most terrible homesickness, for of late years I had learned to love my wife passionately, and to see her again, even though she were the wife of another, was my only thought. I wondered if she had changed in all these years; if she had grown stout as a beer cask or as thin as a corkscrew. I was offered many advantages if I would remain in the army, but I refused them all, was honorably discharged, with a good pension, and the same day started for the south, my heart beating wildly between hope and fear. I reached Charkoff, and found that my old friend, the postmaster, was dead. My heart fainted with the thought that Olga too might be dead.

"'Who has the post at Donski?' I inquired, crossing myself under my long military cloak.

"'A widow,' was the reply.

"'The same who held it fourteen years ago?'

"'The same,' came the answer.

"In eighteen hours I was there. I knew the two old men who unharnessed my horses. They were former servants of mine. But they did not know me in my uniform. I hastened to the entrance of this house, then into the office. Olga sat at the desk writing and seemed unchanged to me. True, her face was more sad, and in her beautiful black hair I saw a few silver threads, yet she was still beautiful.

"I stole in. 'Olga dearest!' I whispered and sank on my knees before her. She didn't look at me, but threw her arms in the air; her head fell upon the desk heavily. She had fainted. I sprang to her, took her in my arms, while I told my story and begged her forgiveness, and the angel forgave me. That was sixteen years ago, sir, and the years passed like spring days. We have been always so happy."

After a pause the delightful old man continued:

"But what do you think the stupid government at St. Petersburg insists upon? That I am dead, sir, and the Donska post-station must remain in the hands of my widow; or else the guardsman of the Cuirassiers must be dead, and lose his pension. My widow laughs over the dilemma. She keeps the books, signs the receipts, and pays the taxes. I draw my very liberal pension under the name by which I enlisted, but as the former postmaster of Donski I am a dead man. This is my history, sir. There may be some who do not believe it, but we and our neighbors know better."

I thanked the good man for his interesting story. And his wife, soon entering, took his hand, saying:

"Ah, my husband, I fear you have wearied the gentleman with your oft repeated story. Come with me that I may scold you," and they went off laughing together, he with a look of love in his eyes that showed plainly how much he valued wife and widow.

HOW TO CATCH A POLAR BEAR.

"I do so pity those men on the Rodgers," remarked Mrs. Max, passing the Major the honey, which he always insisted on having with his rice cakes.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Major, who was a trifle cynical that morning, having burned his mouth with coffee. "Yes, indeed, my dear, the life of an Arctic explorer must be hard. They are so isolated from the world. Just imagine, if you can, the horror of living for three years out of the dust and wind and fog and rain of our glorious climate; of not meeting all that time the man at your club who thinks the oftener a story is told the better it is; of being without the consultation afforded you by the busted stock operator who knows you are glad of an opportunity to lend him a twenty; of being where millinery and Japanese decoration stores do not daily entrap one's wife; of being—"

"Why, Major, how you do talk! I was only thinking of the horrid things that Rodgers' crew will have to do to get their bear steaks."

"How's that?" asked the Major, instantly interested over the object of steaks, which he holds of much greater importance than the Irish land troubles.

"What I know about it," resumed Mrs. Max, "I read in a fashion paper, and it ought to be true."

"It certainly ought to be, Mrs. Max, if only on account of its old age."

"Well, the article said," continued Mrs. Max, pretending to ignore the Major's slur on her favorite reading, "that Arctic explorers, when they want to kill a polar bear, plant a big knife in the ice with the blade sticking up. They daub the blade with blood, and the bear comes along and licks it and cuts his tongue. It is so cold that he don't feel the cut, but, tasting his own blood, continues to lick the knife until his tongue is all frayed, and he bleeds to death. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Quiet your fears, my dear," said the Major when his wife had finished. "That is the way they killed the bear when that story was first published, but in the last twenty years an improvement has been made, which I will tell you about, if you will kindly give me just a drop of coffee, with cold milk, this time. The way the thing is done now is as follows: When Captain Berry, of the Rodgers, wants a polar bear for dinner, he gives a midshipman a copper bed spring and a chunk of salt pork. The midshipman compresses the spring perfectly flat, wrapping the pork around it tight, and holds it so until it freezes solid. Then the frozen pork, stuffed with the bed spring, is thrown out to the nearest iceberg, where it is promptly swallowed by a polar bear. When the heat of the bear's stomach thaws out the pork it releases the spring, which flies out, and the bear soon dies of a pain in his side."

"Major," said Mrs. Max, with very much warmth, "I don't believe that such a story is true."

"No, my dear, and you won't, until, in a few years, you see it in some fashion paper, and then you will swear by it."

THE Detroit (Mich.) News says that as a flock of sheep, 100 in number, were being driven down Michigan avenue one day last week, one of them took a notion to shade and rest in a shop on that thoroughfare. It is a well known trait of these animals that where one goes the others will follow and "in two shakes of a lamb's tail" the whole drove were in the store. Several clerks were knocked over and some damage done before they could be started out again. Then they knocked over a horse standing in front, and every leg of mutton in the lot jumped over him before he could get up.

A FEARFUL HALF-HOUR.

In the early days of the Cincinnati Southern, before it had attained its present system, and immediately after the road had been opened for traffic to Somerset, occurred an event the recollection of which even to this day serves to bring out goose flesh on those who at the time were cognizant of the impending disaster.

Within a few days after passenger travel began the officers of the Southern sent invitations for a trip over the road to all of Cincinnati's wealthiest men and heaviest taxpayers, and on the morning of the excursion dozens of carriages left the Burnett house, the place of meeting, and conveyed them across the river to Ludlow, where the "special," headed by No. 1, the crack engine, with Mat. Coombs at the lever, was in waiting. Miles N. Beatty, now superintendent of the southern division, was conductor.—When all the excursionists were on board the engineer and conductor went into Train Dispatcher Cooledge's office, where they read and signed the following order, and placed copies in their pockets:

"Meet and pass No. 2, north bound passenger train at Williamstown."

To Williamstown for delivery to the north-bound passenger train, on arrival, was sent the following order:

"——, Conductor:

"Meet and pass south-bound special at Williamstown."

So that the situation stood thus—either train reaching the place indicated first was to go on the siding and wait there until the one coming from the opposite direction had arrived and gone ahead on the cleared track. Of the wealthy passenger load some were seated chatting, others were standing on the platforms, and still others on the summer car, when, glancing up and down his train, the conductor, finding everything in good order and readiness, waved his hand to the watching engineer, and the special pulled out, slowly at first, but as it moved on the speed increased until it went out of sight around the curve a flying, and a little later a rumbling sound told of its crossing the trestle, and that it was well and fairly started on the way south. It was understood that extra fast time was to be made, and to offer no obstacle the track had been cleared of everything save the passenger train referred to.

One half hour after the start from Ludlow, No. 2, fifteen minutes behind time, reached Williamsiown, at which place the standing rule was imperative that conductors should at all times stop and inquire for orders.—Stopping only long enough to unload a passenger in the mud, the conductor, thinking only of making up lost time, signaled the engineer, and the train went on.

The horrified operator from his window saw No. 2, flashing northward to what seemed inevitable destruction, as the telegraph line between his room and Ludlow was unbroken by a single instrument, and at that moment two trains at high rates of speed were rapidly lessening the distance between each other on the single track. He telegraphed at once to Ludlow that "No. 2 had passed without stopping for orders."

All color left the face of train dispatcher Cooledge as he received the message and as he communicated the dire intelligence to Jack Redmond, master of transportation, that individual's countenance assumed a similar hue. With him to think was to act. Stepping to the station door he quietly beckoned several men to him and composedly gave instructions to each. One-half dozen of them went on the double quick in different directions for physicians. The storekeepers went into the warehouse and gathered together sponges, baskets, materials for splints and soft muslin for bandages.—Meanwhile other employes had run up to the engine-house, and starting a fire under an idle locomotive had hitched on a caboose and backed down in front of the station where the car was transformed at once into a hospital coach. To all save Redmond and Cooledge these preparations were mysterious. The relief train was soon in readiness, but did not start. Redmond, seated at the desk and estimating the rate of speed at which the trains were moving, calculated about where the collision would take place. Some of the passengers would escape unhurt, and one of them would hasten at once on horseback to Williamstown, the nearest point for medical aid. Here the operator would learn the exact locality of the accident and send a dispatch to Ludlow. Possessed of this information Redmond could send his waiting engine and car, with the corps of physicians and nurses, to the spot at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. The other and slower plan would be to let the "relief" start out and cautiously find its way around the many curves. He chose the wiser course. The scene in the train dispatcher's office was painful. Cooledge, leaning over the silent instrument, watched it with feverish eyes as if to read its secret before transmission. On another chair was Redmond, with big globes of perspiration coming from the pores of his face and rolling down unheeded. Neither man spoke. Five, ten, twenty, thirty minutes that seemed like ages passed, when came a sharp click. It was Williamstown calling Ludlow. Cooledge's hair rose up on end as he gave the response. Redmond stood up and placed a hand on the door knob. The next moment Cooledge fairly yelled, "No collision. No. 2 has just backed into Williamstown." The two men shook hands with the same vigor as if they were twin brothers and hadn't met for a thousand years.

It was then ascertained that, by the most fortunate circumstances, the trains had simultaneously entered from opposite ends upon the longest piece of straight track between the two telegraph stations, and an instantaneous application of the brakes had brought them to a stop within twenty feet of each other. No. 2, recognizing the "special's" right of way, backed to Williamstown, where it went in on the siding, and Cincinnati's millionaires and capitalists proceeded unhurt on their journey.

MRS. SPANGLES breathlessly said: "Dear, I will tell you an awful, awful thing. Do you know that Mr. Slowbox cannot take his breakfast in the morning without a cocktail? Now, my dear Mr. Spangles never does such a thing as that. He would not think of a cocktail. He simply rolls in his bed, looks around the room for his clothes, and says: 'Mary, for the love of the great stars above us, I feel as if I had a cinder in my mouth! Give me a pitcher of water—none of your confounded little goblets, but a bucketful.—Hurry.' But you never hear him ask for a cocktail. He hastens down to the store without his breakfast."

THE nearest infallible remedy is PERUNA.

LIVING BY THEIR WITS.

A NOVEL METHOD ADOPTED BY AN ENTERPRISING QUARTETTE.

A few days ago a weather-beaten quartette of middle-aged men arrived at Reading. They had been on a novel and extended tour through the country. A sun-browned Irish lad, describing himself as Michael Dalton, of Newark, was apparently the leader of the party. "You see," said he, "we have no work in summer. We all have one trade, and to make a living we travel to see the country." On being closely pressed he acknowledged that when employed at their regular business they shovelled snow.

"I tell you this in confidence," said he, "and it must not go any further. The four of us made up our minds to get out of Newark. We lost our jobs through a strike, and after thinking a long time over our bad luck, my friend here, Dick, struck upon a racket which to me was new. We went to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, got out into the Ohio towns, worked Pittsburgh, the oil country and Harrisburg, and here we are in Reading. We lived like fighting cocks, but had to rough it some times. Well, you want to know how we work it. I'll tell you. Dick has a school education, and was in the army. He is a good hand at writing poetry, so one day, about nine months ago, he wrote a string of rhymes on a shingle. It was about a poor man out of work, hungry, tired, weary and worn-out, with a wife and kids at home also hungry, and with no clothes to go to Sunday school; that the world owed men a living who really desired to work; and then winding up with asking a blessing on the home of the family you are going to call on. The blessing is very touching and affecting, and the words common and plain, so that every man, woman and child can understand them. Well, we got them printed for $2 a thousand. On the bottom of each was a line: "Price two cents. I will call for your answer in about an hour." Each of us took 250 copies and started out.

"First we worked Easton, dividing the town off into four sections. The verses said that the bearer had been in the army, and each of us had to be booked up on the war. We were well trained by Dick. I worked one block carefully on each side of the street, handed a song personally to the lady of each house, and walked off. When every house in the block had been served, I started again where I began and collected the pennies. Well, sir, at nearly every house I sold a song. We all worked in that way, and many a day we sold out completely. Then we'd get in a new stock. You can reckon up the profits: First cost $2 a thousand; receipts $20; profits $18, or $4.50 a day for each man. Of course, we couldn't average that. Some days it rained and we couldn't work, and other days the sales would be slow. Towns of 35,000 to 50,000 inhabitants we found to pay the best. In Philadelphia things were very slow. Our trade was brisk in Baltimore. Pittsburgh panned out well, and so did Cincinnati. Out there we traveled from place to place on railroads and lived well. Printing is cheaper out that way, and people are more liberal. In our business it don't do to lose your temper. If you're insulted, bear it. You don't go far before they call you back and buy ten cents' worth of songs. The "blessing on the home" is what wins. Nobody is going to throw away a blessing for two cents. Poor people are our best customers. I've often got five cents for a song, never less than two cents. The highest I ever got for one was fifty cents and a dinner in Pittsburgh. The other boys had a streak of luck that day, and the next week we had a bully time at the Cleveland races. We spent a good deal of money on our tour, saw all the sights, and never went hungry or thirsty, you bet. Women are the best patrons. The men ask so many questions, and they know too much. They think you're a thief, prowling around for points to enter their houses at night; and if they ever were in the army they want to know all about the regiment you were in, and in what battles you fought.

"I was caught in a trap many a time. I told a man once that I was in Company C, Eighty-Eighth New Jersey Regiment, and blast my luck the man said he had been a corporal in that same company for two years, and did not recognize me. I thought he might be spinning me a yarn, so I braced up and stuck to my story. He then got up off the step and took down from the wall of his little parlor a framed discharge paper which proved me to be the biggest liar in that town. I gave in, laughed, and the man bought a song all the same. As I turned to go, he told me to stick to that company and regiment, and gave me a brief history of it, so that I need never to get wrong again. Now I know all about that company. Thus far we've had a good time on the road, but we've got tired of it and are on the home run, and we're willing that some one else should get behind and follow it up."

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.—That woman is wise who chooses for her partner in life a man who desires to find his home a place of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is really the domestic man, in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, who feels in the same circle, where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a heaven of ease and reparation. The drawbacks of home-life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness and consequent weariness, are never present with such a man. He is no more bored with home than with sleep. He is no more plagued with his children than with his own lighter thoughts. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement, who finds home-life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so very tame, and so like flat beer, that it is impossible for him not only to be happy, but to feel that he is less unhappy there than anywhere else. We do not mean that the domestic man, in the wife's sense, will be always at home. The man always at home has not half the