THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,116

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single copies, each in advance $1.50
" " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " if not p'd within year. 2.25

Subscribers residing outside the county will be charged 25 cents additional per year will be charged to cover the extra postage.

No paper will be sent out of the county unless the money accompanies the order, or some responsible person in this county shall have guaranteed to pay it. Subscribers who don't remove their papers are expected to pay for the time they may take them afterwards.

Arrearages must be promptly and continued at the option of the publisher, unless the subscriber is known to be responsible and the time forwarded.

Subscribers will find the date of their papers printed on the wrapper, and should look after the expiration of their subscription. Some but scattering do so, and we find it a troublesome and costly business to keep a boy running to stop papers.

Discontinuances—Subscribers who take papers in the name of others are responsible until they order their papers stopped and pay up all arrearages, or have the publisher notified of their inability or refusal to take them.

Letters containing remittances should be registered, or the money may be lost.

Address all letters to the publication office, EBENSBURG, PA.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order, Bank Check, or Draft, if possible.

Advertisements without a specified number of insertions will be published until forbidden, and charged for at the rates specified.

Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance, or in some cases, satisfactory guarantee given that they will be paid for when they are inserted.

Yearly advertisers will be allowed to change their advertisements quarterly, if they wish to do so.

Yearly advertisements should be left at the office before the first issue of the paper in each month.

Marriages and Obituaries, not exceeding 10 lines, are inserted gratuitously; but for every line over 10 lines, the charge is 5 cents per line.

Marriages and Obituaries, with long notices, are always a source of profit to the newspaper, and are so regarded by the public.

Job Printing of all kinds done promptly and at the lowest cash prices.

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.

VOLUME XVI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1882. NUMBER 9.

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:

1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.50
1 " 3 months	2.50
1 " 6 months	3.00
1 " 9 months	3.50
2 " 3 months	4.00
2 " 6 months	6.00
2 " 1 year	8.00
3 " 6 months	10.00
3 " 1 year	8.00
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¼ " 1 year	20.00
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☞ *Resolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, must be paid for as advertisements.*

Job Printing of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

JOHN LLOYD

HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE LOT OF

NO. 1, MESS, NO. 2, AND FAT FAMILY MACKEREL,

MESS SHAD AND CODFISH, OF FINEST QUALITIES.

HE HAS ALSO ON HAND A CHOICE LINE OF

FRENCH PRUNES, RAISINS, CANNED TOMATOES, PEAS, CORN, &c.;

DRIED SWEET CORN, OAT MEAL, RICE.

SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES.

&c., &c., while his stock of GROCERIES will compare favorably in extent, quality and prices with any grocer's stock in Ebensburg or elsewhere.

He has also in store a large assortment of

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN IRONSTONE CHINA,

which he bought at low figures and will sell at prices equally moderately. In addition to these goods and many others, he keeps constantly in stock

W. E. SCHMERTZ'S & CO.'S Celebrated SHOES for Ladies

which are the very best for service that are made or sold anywhere. It has also been his constant pride to buy and sell the

BEST BOOTS FOR MEN AND BOYS THAT CAN BE FOUND ANYWHERE.

In conclusion, it may be said, and said truly, that while the stock of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, NOTIONS, &c., &c., kept at the LLOYD STORE may not be the largest in Ebensburg, it is always choice and choice and fresh, as the proprietor is constantly buying and constantly selling, and consequently accumulates no old goods.

THE BEST OFFER YET!

WE ALWAYS TRY TO GIVE OUR CUSTOMERS THE VERY BEST BARGAINS AT ALL TIMES, BUT OWING TO THE SOFT, MILD WEATHER WE HAVE HAD THIS WINTER, WE ARE COMPELLED TO MAKE A SACRIFICE ON SOME GOODS, RATHER THAN CARRY THEM OVER TILL NEXT SEASON. THEREFORE DURING THE ENSUING TWO MONTHS WE SHALL OFFER ALL OUR HEAVY GOODS AT VERY GREATLY REDUCED PRICES IN ORDER THAT WE MAY BE ABLE TO REDUCE OUR STOCK SO AS TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR SPRING GOODS. THIS BEING OUR PURPOSE, WE CAN AND WILL SELL HEAVY BOOTS, MEN AND WOMEN'S OVERSHOES, LADIES' SHAWLS, AND ALL THAT CLASS OF GOODS, AT LOWER FIGURES THAN THEY CAN BE BOUGHT ELSEWHERE.

WE INVITE ALL TO CALL AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND PRICES BEFORE PURCHASING AT ANY OTHER STORE, AS WE DEFY COMPETITION AND WISH EVERYBODY TO JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES AS TO THE QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS OF OUR GOODS.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.

EBENSBURG, JAN. 13, 1882.

WHEN YOU WANT

PURE FRESH DRUGS OR PATENT MEDICINES!

YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO CALL AT

JAMES' NEW DRUG STORE, EBENSBURG, PA.

PURE FRESH GOODS! | NO MISREPRESENTATION! | BOTTOM PRICES!

LINSEED and MACHINE OILS, PAINTS, VARNISH, PUTTY, TURPENTINE, WHITE LEAD, COLORS, (Dry and in Oil) BRUSHES, Etc.

Also, a very full and complete stock of

BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY!

POCKET BOOKS, PURSES, COMBS, BRUSHES, ALBUMS, PERFUMERY TOILET SETS, ETC., ETC.

PURE GROUND SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

THE MILD WEATHER, LACK OF SNOW and SCARCITY OF CORN

HAVE INTERFERED SO MUCH WITH THE DEMAND FOR

HEATING STOVES, CORN SHELLERS, SLEIGH BELLS,

Lap Robes, and many other articles for sale at

HUNTLEY'S FAMOUS HARDWARE

AND HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE!

establishment which excites the wonder of all who visit it, tht the proprietor has determined to

CLOSE OUT ALL SUCH GOODS AT ACTUAL COST!

NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS SUBLIME.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kinds promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

C. T. ROBERTS,

DEALER IN

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES,

Drugs, Medicines, Wall Paper, Cigars, Tobacco, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c.

VARIETY STORE, EBENSBURG, PA.

RELIABLE GOODS. HONEST PRIES. FAIR DEALING.

$66 a week, $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit Free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $4 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

Cuticura

Geo. W. Brown, 40 Marshall St. Providence, R. I., cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) 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 & Bros., 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 (blood purifier) internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) 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 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, 243 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 (blood purifier) internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, which completely restored his hair when all said he would lose it.

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 the great skin remedies.

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 MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c. Principal depot.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress, by using SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Sneeze until your head is ready to fly off, eyes and nose running water, throat parched and blood feverish, or take SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for Catarrh and be cured.

Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canada Fir, Marigold and Clover Blossoms are what Sanford's Radical Cure are made of. One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, for $1.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

COLLINS' ELECTRICITY PLASTERS

Gentle, yet effective, united with Healing Balsam, render COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS one hundred times superior to all other plasters for every Pain, Weakness and Inflammation. Price 25cts. Sold everywhere.

$500 REWARD

Over a Million

OF

PROFESSOR

GUILMETTE'S

FRENCH

Kidney Pads

Have already been sold in this country and in France, every one of which has given perfect satisfaction and has effected cures every time when when used according to directions. We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK

That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will POSITIVELY and PERMANENTLY cure *Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and retention of the Urine, Inflamation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness*, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs, whether contracted by private disease or otherwise.

Ladies, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs,

YOU CAN BE CURED

without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing

PROF. GUILMETTE'S

FRENCH KIDNEY PAD

WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Ask your druggist for PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, and take no other. If he has not got it, send $2.00 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.

JUDGE BUCHANAN, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best Doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."

GEORGE VETTER, J. P., Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads four weeks."

SQUIRE N. C. SCOTT, Sylvania, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed. I took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidneys Pads six weeks, and I now know I am entirely cured."

MRS. HIRAM ROBERT, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the time to my bed, with Leucorrhœa and female weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."

H. B. GREEN, Wholesale Grocer, Findlay, O., writes: "I suffered 25 years with lame back, and in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."

B. F. KERSLINO, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., in sending an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we had and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any kidney remedy we ever sold."

RAY & SHOMAKER, Druggists, Hannibal, Mo., "We are working up a lively trade in your Pads, and are hearing of good results from them every day."

[2-17.-1y.]

☞ For sale at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg.

ROBBED

—Thousands of graves are annually robbed of their victims, lives prolonged, happiness and health restored by the use of the great

GERMAN INVIGORATOR

which positively and permanently cures **Impotency** (caused by excesses of any kind), **Seminal Weakness**, and all diseases and disorders that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse, as loss of energy, loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption and a premature grave.

Send for circulars with testimonials free by mail. The **INVIGORATOR** is sold at $1 per full box, or six boxes for $5, by all druggists, or will be sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price by addressing

F. J. CHENEY, Druggist,
187 Summit St., TOLEDO, OHIO,
[2-17.-1y.] Sole Agent for the United States.
☞ For sale at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg.

OPIUM & MORPHINE Treatise on their EATING speedy cure SENT FREE. Dr. J. P. HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 1856, Chicago, Ill.

BOB DAYTON'S MINE.

The familiar sight of two young asses, or "Jacks," as the miners call them, loaded with mining tools and provisions, and driven along by two miners who walked behind them, would have attracted but little attention among the loungers in front of the Grand Hotel at Cedar Gulch, had it not been for two or three peculiar circumstances which "Col." Brown proceeded to narrate to the bystanders.

Since coming to Colorado three years before, the colonel had succeeded, withoutany visible means of support, in maintaining an existence as free from toil as that of the lillies, and by his abundant leisure, his skillful disposal of tobacco juice and his success at the faro table had fairly won his title. The talker and his audience leaned against the rough logs of the one-storied Grand Hotel. Aiming a brownish fluid at a dusty stone some feet away, the colonel began:

"Queer pards, those. There's Bob Dayton—he ain't much more than a tenderfoot, but he's a white man right through. But as for Sandy Joe, I wouldn't trust him as fur as I could see. If he didn't jump that claim off Cap. Perry's last winter I'm a coyote. How Dayton ever happened to strike in with Joe, I can't see, except that Bob's rather fresh in this country. You ought to have heard him last night tell me in confidence all about his girl out in Ohio, Lizzie I think he called her. He was poor, and she was poor; and he didn't see much hope of getting married unless they wanted to live on a little less than nothing. So he came out here to find his fortune. Hope he'll get it. He deserves to, anyway, going out prospecting on the mountains in Colorado in October. Like as not there may be three feet of snow on the mountains to-morrow. Joe ought to know better at any rate; but he's reckless enough to do anything. By the way, Bill, what about that roan horse that Powers lost upon Mount Shavano? Hasn't found it yet, eh? He better be looking around lively, if he expects to get it down before the snow comes?"

And then the conversation of the group in front of the hotel at Cedar Gulch drifted off on to other topics, while the two men of whom the colonel had spoken proceeded on up the gulch, and turning to the right struck the trail leading up the sides of Mount Shavano.

A great contrast was apparent in the looks and manners of the two men working together in the close companionship which is implied in mining regions by the term "partners."

Robert Dayton was a tall, fair-haired young man with a frank, open countenance that made him friends even among the rough class of men among whom his lot was cast in a Colorado mining camp. He had been well educated by a father who had left him only his education as an inheritance. He had become engaged to a pretty and rich girl, but her father lost in a grain speculation most of the wealth that he had acquired, and Robert was unwilling to urge her to a speedy marriage, unless he could provide for her a home with at least some of the comforts to which she had been accustomed. Accordingly he had sought the silver land of the West, in the hope of there obtaining more speedily sufficient means to justify him in making her whom he loved his own. But his sanguine expectations had been disappointed, and for several months he had wandered from one mining camp to another, till at last he arrived at Cedar Gulch, weary and disheartened. He was just in the mood to listen to a reckless proposal which he heard made in the hotel one day by Sandy Joe, to go on a prospecting tour in spite of the near approach of snow. Robert did not know, and did not care much, who his partner was if he could have another chance to labor for the treasure which he was seeking. No one knew the real name of Sandy Joe, as he was called, with the frequent inappropriateness of Western nicknames. He was a short, dark complexioned, and dark-haired man, with an unenviable notoriety for quarrelsomeness. This ill-assorted couple proceeded on their expedition without much incident the first day, driving their "Jacks" up the stony trail toward the summit of Mount Shavano, that towers high above the surrounding mountains.

On the second day of their journey, when they had not yet reached the place where they had to leave their "Jacks" and proceed on foot, there came down over the travelers a heavy mist, not uncommon on the mountains, and soon after the snow began to fall, very lightly at first, and then more heavily. The trail, which had not been very distinct before, began to be almost hidden from view. But the sagacious animals seemed by some instinct to pick out the true path, and the journey was still slowly continued. One of the animals, however, wandered a little from the path in the afternoon, and stepping on a loose rock near the edge of a steep ravine, slipped and rolled over and over down the bank, and was seen no more. A hearty curse from the lips of Sandy Joe greeted this mishap, but the journey was continued. The path began to grow steeper, and as the snow began to be piled up before the travelers, it became almost impossible to go on. Joe, who was good tempered enough when everything went well, began now to show signs of increasing ill-temper. He cursed and swore at the storm and snow, and then would subside into moody silence. He beat with merciless blows the heavily-laden "Jack," that struggled along on its hard journey. It became evident at length that the men could not reach the camp to which they were bound by walking, and the animal was unloaded, and it was decided that the men should take turns in riding till their destination was reached. But five or six miles now lay between the men and the cluster of cabins where they hoped to find aid, but the darkness was already coming on, and the way was getting almost impassible.

Joe insisted upon taking the first turn in riding, and Dayton allowed him to mount. In this way about a mile was passed over, when Dayton, almost overcome with fatigue, called upon his companion to dismount and exchange places. The way at that point was narrow, and led along a steep incline on the mountain side. Joe, who was riding ahead, stopped when he heard his companion call, and allowed Dayton to come up with him, as if to allow him to take the animal. Then suddenly bending over, Joe drew from his belt a long knife and plunged it into his partner's breast.

"There," said he "as we can't both get through to the camp, I won't be the one that's left behind," and then giving poor Bob a push over the edge of the bank, the assassin rode on.

The wounded man rolled down the side of the mountain, the kindly snow shielding his body from some of the sharp bowlders, till the gradual declivity down which he was precipitated changed to a steep precipice, over the edge of which he plunged onto a level surface several feet below. Stunned as he was by his wound and fall he was still able, on looking around him, to see in the side of the precipice a large opening like the entrance of a cave, and with the instinct of self-preservation, he dragged himself thither and succeeded in reaching this shelter from the storm before he fainted away, overcome by the loss of blood.

Meanwhile, Sandy Joe struggled on his way, and by using the animal as far as it would go, and then leaving it in a snow-drift while he continued on foot, finally reached the little camp to which he was bound. He told his tale of the great dangers he had endured, but without mentioning his companion, and received sympathy and attention from the miners.

The morning sun was just darting his straight beams from the eastern sky across the valley and into the interior of the mountain cave when Bob Dayton awoke from his sleep of exhaustion. The storm had cleared from the mountain, and as the shining rays were cast upon the interior wall of the cave, Bob, lying with his eyes just opened and too weak to feel a disposition to rise, noticed gleams of light where some bright substance reflected the sunlight. With difficulty he made his way on his hands and knees toward one of these points of light, and taking the glittering object in his hands, found, with trembling delight, that it was a bit of native wire silver, such as is found sometimes even on the surface over rich Colorado mines. On further examination he found rich indications of the same nature in various parts of the cave; and he was soon aware that he had made one of those discoveries which incite so many to seek their fortunes in the mining grounds of the West, and that are really so infrequent and exceptional. The ambition of his life was accomplished, and he might now, he felt, make a home as rich and pleasant as he had imagined to which to take the one he loved. But while in the first joy of his discovery he thus pleased himself with grateful images of the future, there came to him a new thought of his present situation, which had for the moment passed from his mind.

"Alas," said he, "the willful fortune that kept from me the riches that I desired brings them to me now when life itself seems doubtful, and when I see no way to safety, weak as I am and far from my rescue. Must I die in the midst of this new-found wealth?"—Just as he was occupied with these thoughts he heard a noise in a dark recess of the cave, which he had not yet explored, and with a snort, some animal that had apparently been lying there, rose to its feet and came towards the light. For a moment Bob thought it might be one of the few wild beasts which are occasionally found in the mountains; but as it advanced he saw, to his joy, that it was a roan-colored horse, such an one as he had heard had been lost from Cedar Gulch on these very mountains, and the very one to which Col. Brown had alluded when he talked to the loungers on the departure of the miners. Poor Bob's heart fairly leaped to his mouth at the hope of rescue presented by the appearance of the horse, who had apparently wandered into the cave to seek shelter from the storm, and most opportunely presented itself.

Bob took up and put in his pocket a few specimens of the silver-bearing mineral about him, and leading the animal to the entrance of the cave, succeeded after several efforts, in getting on its back. The feeling of a rider on its back brought the horse to its habit of subjection, and almost without direction it found its way back to the path, and down the side of Mount Shavano toward Cedar Gulch.

The horrors of that journey to the rider it would be hard to tell. His wound, from which the blood had ceased to flow, began to bleed again somewhat, and was with difficulty staunched. The weak man could scarcely retain his position on the horse's back, but with a brave determination and strong will he kept his seat while the sagacious animal descended the trail.

The evening had just set in when Bob tumbled fainting from the horse in front of the Grand hotel. The rough but kind-hearted miners took him up and cared for him till by skill and patience he was again restored to strength. Sandy Joe, in the distant camp, heard of his victim's escape, and quickly departed from that part of the country, and was afterward killed in a fight with a fellow-out-law. Bob recovered from his wound, and before the winter snow had melted from the mountains he had staked out for himself a claim called "The Lizzie Claim," and including the cave where that memorable night in his history was passed. He is counted a rich man in the possession of this mine, now famous for its mineral wealth, but he considers himself far richer in the love of the woman now his bride, and the two bright-eyed children growing up in the circle of home.

SARDINE FISHERIES IN FRANCE.—Not less than thirty thousand persons are engaged in the sardine fishery in France, and fully as many find occupation in "preserving" this fish. A writer in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* says that in taking the sardine the bait, which is called rogue, plays an important part. This lure is a kind of caviare made from the eggs of the cod preserved in brine, 35,000 barrels of which are imported from Norway every year. When the position of a shoal is ascertained, the nets are let down and the master of the boat throws the bait, mixed with sand to cause it to sink, into the water. Emerald green flashes on the surface of the water denote the rise of some of the fish. Then the bait is liberally cast, and soon the whole shoal rises into the nets. At one time a boat could take 20,000 sardines, but now it is rare to bring in more than from 5,000, to 6,000 at a trip. When the boats land, the sardines are taken to the factories in hampers containing about 500 apiece. There women cut off the heads of the fish, open and clean the bodies, and place each fish, one by one, on stone or marble slabs, previously strewed with salt. While this preliminary drying is going on, the fires are lighted and the purest olive oil is put into immense caldrons. When the oil is boiling, the sardines are laid in layers in iron wire baskets provided with handles. These baskets are plunged into the oil, and then placed on shelves covered with zinc to drain. When they are moderately dry they are taken to the large drying house, exposed to the sea breeze, and there they remain until they are fit to be sorted and put into boxes. The largest are considered the finest, and the small ones are frequently passed off as anchovies.

ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

JOSEPHINE RYMAN'S HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE WHILE LYING IN A TRANCE.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

EVANSVILLE, Indiana, March 10.—Josephine Ryman, a fair-haired, blue-eyed young woman is just recovering from a remarkable illness at the home of her sister, Mrs. Brown, in this place. Her parents died some years ago, and Josephine went to work in St. James, a little village near here. One Saturday evening last winter she went to singing school. She had not been in her seat long when she felt a strange sensation about the head, accompanied by pains in the back. She arose to her feet, as if to start out of the church, when she fell in a dead faint, and was carried home. Her friends at first thought that the attack was a mere fainting spell, and the usual restoratives were applied, but the girl continued to lie as if dead. The body became colder and colder, the eyes were open and staring, the lips were apart, there was no perceptible pulse, and every indication pointed to death. Physicians pronounced life extinct. The priest was sent for to administer the last rites, and the weeping sisters and friends of the family prepared to bid Josephine the last farewell. The coffin was ordered, busy fingers began to prepare the white clothes in which to bury the corpse, and, in fact, every preparation was made for the final scene.

Thus passed Monday. On the evening of that day there was a slight change in the appearance of the body, which gave the startled watchers a faint hope that the girl lay in a trance, and that this was but death's counterfeit. The body lay on its back, with arms folded, just as the attendants had placed it. There was not the least perceptible breathing, the eyes still had that stony, unmeaning gaze; the face was as pallid as white; but the iciness of real death was wanting. The feet and limbs were not warm, but they did not have that chilly touch that is a sure accompaniment of actual dissolution. There was sufficient doubt in the minds of those in attendance to warrant caution, and so another day and night passed. On Wednesday, or the fourth day after the girl was stricken down, the priest was sent for. After critically examining the case and consulting with the physician, he said: "It's a trance. She may come to herself, but it will be but momentary. When she relapses all will be over. She can't live." Accordingly the funeral was set for the next day. Imagine the feelings of horror which possessed this girl when it is known that she was cognizant of every word that was spoken in that room, and could see the forms of her friends and watchers about her couch. Her terrible situation is best told by herself. She said to me yesterday:

"Oh, sir, it was horrible. As I lay there on my back, stretched out on the boards, with my arms crossed and feet tied together, with the lighted candles about my head, and could see my sisters and neighbors come and peer into my face, it was awful. My body and limbs were as cold as ice. I thought of the agony of being buried alive, of being nailed in a coffin and lowered into the ground. I I tried to make some noise, or move just a little, to let them know that I was alive, but it was impossible. I saw my sisters come in one by one and look into my face. 'Poor Josie! she's gone.' Their tears dropped on my hair, and their kisses were warm on my lips. As they turned to leave me it seemed as if I must make an effort to attract their attention, if only by moving my eyelids. But I couldn't do it. I felt like screaming. I tried to but I couldn't move a muscle. The priest came in and felt my arms and wrists. He shook his head. Then he placed his ear to my heart. It was no use. He could not hear it beat. After saying a short prayer for the repose of my soul, he too turned and left me, and my agony and horror were redoubled. 'Will no one find out that I live?' said I to myself. 'Must I be buried only to wake up when it's too late? Must I come back to life when they put me in the vault, and all of the people have gone away, only to die of fright and horror and suffocation?' The thought was madness. 'Why don't the doctor do something to bring me to myself? I am not dead!' It was no use. There I lay thinking and listening to every word that was said. I could hear a woman giving directions as to the making of the shroud. I heard the time set for the funeral and all. I could see every one who came in to look at me. I tried to look conscious, and let them know I understood it all, but it was impossible. It is a wonder I didn't die of fright and agony. I often think that I would sooner die, a thousand times sooner, than go through that experience again.

"Finally, when all was ready, when the shroud was finished, and all had left the room but two or three, some one said, 'Ain't you going to cut her hair off?' My hair was done up in long braids and fell down my back. 'Yes,' said my sister, 'we'll cut it off now.' Then they got the scissors and came up to me. While one of them took hold of my head and turned it to one side, the one with the scissors began the cutting. I could feel the cold steel on my neck. I realized that this was the last thing they'd do before putting me in the coffin. The woman began to clip, and in a second or two one long braid of hair was taken off and laid aside. My head was then turned the other way to allow them to get at the other braid, but this was not touched. Thank God, something in my condition or some movement, I don't know what it was, caused my sister to scream, and I was saved. The scissors dropped to the floor with a loud noise, the woman jumped back nearly scared to death, and I sat up. You should have seen that house a little while after that. I thought everybody had gone crazy. 'Venie's alive!' 'Venie's alive!' The whole neighborhood came rushing in as soon as they heard of it, and for several days there was nothing talked about but me. My folks thought I did not understand what had been going on. Little they thought that every word spoken in that room was heard and understood by me. They tried to keep everybody from referring to the fact that my shroud was bought, the coffin ordered, and the funeral arranged. They made an excuse, too, for part of my hair being cut off. They told me that the reason of it was that a plaster had been put on the back of my neck, and my hair got so tangled in it that it had to be cut away. I didn't say anything. One day my little brother said to me: 'Venie, you was going to be buried last Thursday, and they cut your hair off.' He never imagined that I knew more about it than he did. The recollection of those terrible nights will never leave me. I pray to God that I may never be called upon to pass through it again. I would rather die."

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

A letter from an army officer in Montana contains the following account of a terrible and almost fatal adventure in an alkali desert, experienced by the writer of the letter last summer: "I was lost in an alkali desert. I was without food or water, and made a determined effort to reach the river. My mules became exhausted from thirst and hunger, and then I walked. I led the mules while my driver went behind and pushed the wagon. In this way, after a desperate struggle, we reached the river's bank, only to encounter new difficulties which were wholly unsurmountable. The bank was sandstone, about 700 feet high and perpendicular. I followed it up and down for miles, occasionally finding a broken place, but no place where a descent could be made. I was almost dying of thirst, and looking down upon the shining waters below, whose musical ripples only taunted my sufferings. I returned to the wagon, night came on, and I almost concluded to give up the struggle and die there. Then I thought it would not be a brave thing to give up and die like that, but resolved to die manfully, fighting for life.—So I took my rifle and spent the night firing signals of distress, and as the sounds would roll across the dreary waste they would only be answered by the howling wolves, who were on hand in force anticipating my situation and thinking of a good square meal.—To tell the truth they made me mad, and I resolved to fool them, and even locked over the brink and thought of throwing myself down. It was about as lonesome a night as I ever spent. The driver, a big, strong fellow, did the sleeping, the mules did the groaning, while I stood my ground and fought off the wolves. As the morning began to dawn I took a survey of my situation, and resolved upon another struggle. The driver was a little rested, but we had been forty-eight hours without food or drink.—The mules were used up and not able to pull the wagon, so I abandoned everything taking only my ammunition and rifle, and started across the desert on foot in search of the camp. Nothing but the pen of an inspired writer could describe the sufferings of that day's march. It was a dreadful hot day.—There was not a tree, a shrub, or even a blade of grass to protect me from the hot rays of the sun like blasts from a fiery furnace. Not a living thing was there, even to a fly or grasshopper. There was only the ravenous wolves that were following us up, ready to pick our bones before life became extinct. Several times I laid down to die, but after a little rest I would change my mind on the subject, rally and go on. I got beyond the point of hunger, or I would have killed the poor unfortunate mule, who was plodding successfully along with us, a partner in our sufferings. The resolution to struggle on grew stronger with me while it grew weaker with the driver, and I found it hard to rally him. I felt that I was losing my reason, fancied I saw fountains and waterfalls in the distance, and greeted the driver as a party sent to my relief. One thing I kept uppermost in my mind was to struggle on and never give up. Then I thought of familiar friends and all I had to live for and the whisper would come almost audibly, 'Push on! push on!' As the sun was descending I reached camp, staggered to my tent, fell upon my bed and it was all over.—The last glimmer of expiring reason went out and left me in the gloom of insanity, which led me back again to the desert. For days and nights I renewed the struggle across the burning sands, and sometimes would get almost home only to be swept back again. My constant cry was for water, and I drank at shady fountains that never quenched my thirst, but always lured me on. My wife came and nursed me back to health and reason, but it was long and tedious.—The horrors haunted me in my dreams for weeks, and I never went to bed without my canteen of water. Even now I am thirsty thinking of it."

SOME LEADING QUESTIONS.—A young man who looked as if he had heaps of things on his mind, but who struggled hard to appear outwardly calm, put a five dollar bill on the desk of a lawyer the other day and said: "I want to ask you a few leading questions."

"Go ahead," was the reply, as the money was quickly thrust out of sight.

"If I am engaged to a girl and if I go back on her, what can she do?"

"Sue you for breach of promise."

"But if she goes back on me what can I do?"

"Hunt up another."

"Um! Suppose I have presented her with a two dollar fan, a pair of bracelets, a parasol and a ring?"

Then she's so much ahead."

"If I believe her infatuation for another is but a passing whim and I flourish a revolver and talk of suicide, what then?"

"Her father will probably pick you up and drop you into the first mudpuddle."

"Um! Suppose I had presented her mother with a twenty shilling umbrella?"

"Then she'll keep dry."

"And her brother with an accordeon?"

"Then he'll worry the neighbors."

"Then suppose, sir, for the sake of making myself solid with the old man, I presented him with sixteen dollars worth of watch-dogs?"

"He'll set them upon you if you have any trouble."

"Um! Have I no redress?"

"Yes, sir, go and lick the prairie ranger who has stolen away your girl's affections.'

"I'll do it!"

"Glad to hear it. I'll defend your case for twenty dollars."

"Um!"

"Um!"

"Come to think of it he's a bigger man than I am."

"Then let him lick you, and I'll make it cost him fifty dollars.

"Um! I'll think of it."

"Um! Office hours from eight A. M. to six P. M.

And the young man troubled with inward agitation, took himself out.

"AH, dearest!" sighed the young man kneeling at the feet of his ownest own, dost thou know what of all out-ward things, is nearest my heart?" "Really, I can't say,' she replied, "but if you have any regard for your health in this changeable weather, I should thing it was a flannel shirt." She was too practical, and it broke the engagement.

THIS is a free country, sure; but you can't get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup free of charge, it costs you a quarter every time.

LOST IN THE FOG.

THE BLIGHTED HOPES OF TWO WESTERN LOVERS—A SAD ROMANCE.

Erasmus T. Ruggleson, a young man of Saxon lineage, worked on a farm out here in Yellow Springs township. He was not rich, but he was industrious and just too pretty for anything. So was the daughter of the farmer for whom we worked. She was wealthier than Erasmus, but she was not proud. When the chores were done in the winter evenings she went with him to the singing school, and she walked by his side to church. She loved him, she had rather sit at her casement in the gloaming and hear him holler "poo-ee-ee!" in long drawn, mellow cadences, at the hour of the feeding of the swine, than hear Campanelli sing "Morgen! del Vermicelli!" from "Handlecombaud in Venezuela." And he—he was clean gone on her. Mashed yest all surmore. When they foolishly let the old man into their plans for each other's happiness and half the farm, the wealthy agriculturist said if he heard one more word of such nonsense, just another word, he would lay that farm waste with physical havoc, and blight its whole wheat with the salt tears of his only child, and that was the kind of a father-in-law he was inclined to be.

Naturally, the young people determined to fly. Their plans were laid; the night was set. So was the ladder. At its foot waited the ardent Erasmus Ruggleson, caring at the window for the appearances of his love.—Presently the window opened softly, and a face he loved appeared.

"Erasmus!" "Florence!"

"Yes, dearest. Shall I drop my things right down?"

"Yes, love; I will catch them. Let the bundle fall."

The glittering startlelt of the clear March night fell on Erasmus' glad and upturned face. She did a trunk, four feet high, four feet wide, and about eight feet long. It weighed about