THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.,
BY JAMES G. HASSON.

Guaranteed Circulation, - - 1,200

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, 1 year, cash in advance $1.50
do do if not paid within 3 months, 1.75
do do if not paid within 6 months, 2.00
do do if not paid within the year.. 2.25

To persons residing outside of the county, 25 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

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

Cambria Freeman.

JAS. G. HASSON, 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 XIX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1885. NUMBER 29.

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	3.50
1 " 1 year	5.00
2 " 6 months	6.00
2 " 1 year	10.00
3 " 6 months	8.00
3 " 1 year	12.00
¼ col'n 6 months	10.00
¼ " 1 year	20.00
½ " 6 months	35.00
½ " 1 year	60.00
1 " 6 months	60.00
1 " 1 year	75.00

Business Items, first insertion 10c. per line; each subsequent insertion 5c. per line.
Administrator's and Executor's Notices 2.50
Auditor's Notices 2.00
Stray and similar Notices 1.50

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 kinds neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

WILCOX & WHITE ORGAN

The BEST in the World

Every Organ is Fully Warranted — AN ORGAN FOR A LIFETIME

Our four Messrs. White have devoted their lives to the study of developing the Reed Organ, the senior having manufactured Organs for 35 years.

Their construction is POSITIVE SIMPLE DURABLE and will not get out of Repair or Tune IN MANY YEARS.

OVER 80 STYLES

In Buying an ORGAN don't be led into purchasing one that contains a great ARRAY OF STOPS and FEW REEDS but write to a RELIABLE DEALER or Manufacturer who will furnish you at even less money a first-class ORGAN. Stops cost but a few cents each.

Write for our CATALOGUE and diagram showing construction of the INTERIOR of ORGANS, SENT FREE TO ALL, and AGENT'S DISCOUNTS allowed where we have no Agent.

Wilcox & White Organ Co.
MERIDEN, CONN.

ARNICA & OIL LINIMENT

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

THE BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY —FOR— RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CRAMPS, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Sciatica, Backache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

It is a safe, sure, and effectual Remedy for Galls, Strains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on HORSES.

One trial will prove its merits. Its effects are in most cases INSTANTANEOUS.

Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions for the treatment of above diseases. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere.

Henry Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

Sold by V. S. Barker & Bro., Ebensburg, Pa.

RIVINIUS' BLOCK, EBENSBURG PA

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating with uneasiness and distress, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as astonish the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished. Their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cts. 35 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

The GREAT JUMBO ENGINE —AND— BOILER COMBINED.

Price, $175 upwards

Cheapest rig in the market for driving light machinery. Just the thing for Farmers' use, Ice-Cream Dealers, Feeding Presses, Thresh'g Machines &c. Manufacturer of all kinds of Machinery & Jobbing. Send for Catalogue and Price List.

H. P. RANKIN,
84, 86 & 88 Irwin Ave.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.
May 22, 1885.-1yr.

PATENTS

Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS attended to for MODERATE FEES.

Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON.

Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or County, write to

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

NEVER FAILS TO CURE

Cork Shavings

FOR MATTRESSES

Now is the time to change the fillings in mattresses, and we would recommend CORK SHAVINGS as being the cheapest and most durable article that can be used. 40 lbs. will fill a large bed. For sale by ARMSTRONG BROTHER & CO., Corner 24th and Railroad Streets, Pittsburg, Pa. May 29,-8t.

SALESMEN WANTED.

ANYBODY Can make Photographs by new dry plate process

For 50 cts. we will send post-paid Roche's Manual for Amateurs, which gives full instructions for making the pictures.

Outfits we furnish from $10 upwards.

Our "PHOTOGRAPHIC BULLETIN," edited by Prof. CHAS. F. CHANDLER, head of the Chemical Department of the School of Mines, Columbia College, published twice a month for only $2 per annum, keeps Photographers, professional or amateur, fully posted on all improvements, and answers all questions when difficulties arise.

Circulars and price lists free.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
Manufr's Photographic Apparatus and Materials,
No. 591 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.
Forty years established in this line of business. March 27, 1885.-1f.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now is your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Chamber Set, or Gold Band Moss Tea Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest
thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless
thing
As a child might ask for a toy,
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manlike you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart shall be true as God's
stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing:
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and
shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the roses will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean, so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

—N. O. Times-Democrat.

BETTY AND THE COWS.

BY WILLISM WHITWORTH.

He had a jovial florid face, of decided English type, and his speech was strongly marked by the same nationality. Seated on the opposite side of a more than commonly cheery open fire-place, surrounded by a great display of bright tinware hanging to the walls, and corner cupboard filled with pretty blue delf, glass, and China, sat a woman of equally striking English aspect, "clean and neat as a pin," with smooth, pink-tinted cheeks, mild blue eyes, and brown hair just turnin' gray.

There was a twinkling gleam of humor dancing at the corners of his eyes as he held his short pipe aloft and said to me:

"Do you know, I used to have t'same ding'd fool idea about t'women. Nobbody couldn't tell me a woman had any head for business. It's t'English idea, yo knaw, that t'women like cats should stick to theer own firesides. I was browt up t'that notion, and nobbody couldn't mak me believe as t'women weer fit for owt but tendin' t'children and makkin' things comfortable for t'husband.

"But, dang my buttons yo knaw, t'oud missus theer—ah! she's gotten a head on her oud shou'ders!—t'oud missus theer let me knaw a blamed sight better nor that. Listen, and I'll tell yo how it coom.

"We'd gotten nobbut a wee mite of a grandchild t'th house. She were a bonny little lass as iver yo setten eyes on. And t'missus says to me one day:

"'David, lad, I donna like thee to bo'dain' lbery bit o' th' work and me doin' nowt. Let me get some work o' some kind and help thee.'

"I up and tond t'oud dame a this'n: 'Thee tend to th' housework and leave me to do th' airning out o' doors. Thee's gotten no head for business. That's men's work.' But she kept on worriting, so at last I took $90 I'd gotten saved oop i' th' savings bank and bought a couple o' cows. 'Na,' lass, says I, 'thee can potter thee time away wi' them'—makkin' sure she'd be sick enoof o' her job in a little while. I thon't I'd best do that to get th' maggot oot' her foolish head. I tond her I'd do th' milking for her, but she tond me she could manage hersen if I'd tend to th' work I were doin.'

"I must tell yo as I'd gotten that $90 saved to'ards a little house and lot we'd been wanting to get iver since we'd been t' th' country; but, so far, that was all I'd iver been able to scrape oop. And now I made sure enoof 't was all as good as gone to Gherico.

"But, do yo knaw, mister, t'oud dame tackled them cows so weel that before t'eend o' six months she had t' first cost saved up aboon their keep, and in a year t'whole price o' th' house rent, clean and slick as a whistle! T'say I was astonished wean't begin to tell 'ow I felt aboot it. Dang my buttons, yo knaw, it was turning t'oud ideas topsy-turvey. I oondn't see into it upon onny other basis 'cept t' idear as at least one o' th' women folks had gotten a head on t' her shoulders!

"But this was knawthin'. Before t'eend of another year she had fower more cows boughten, and had me rent a bigger place; and when I wanted to help to tak some o'th trouble ofn' her hands, she tond me to stick to my man's work, and let her manage hersen! A head upo' her shoulders! She managed t'sich a way as pretty nigh bewildered me. When I counted ten cows—all clean paid for, and see that little dame selling the milk and butter and keeping the accounts as farrantly as a store clark, I had to acknowledge I was beaten—flat beaten!

"But she surprised me worse nor that. One day she said:

"'David, my lad, th' work is gotten a' most too much for me. I can manage weel enough, but I want help i' th' wark part. I think thee had better let thy wark go and stay at home and put in a' thy time wi' me.'

"And, dang my buttons, mister, Betty actooally hired me to work for her, while she did th' managing! Bless my soul, how the bare idea stunned me? It knocked all t'oud English ideas aboot t' women folks having no head for business clean oot!

"Dash my wig! what a head that little dame let me see she had upoo her shoulders! To tell the clean truth I was nowheer. At first, to say it plain, I was mightily miffed i' the bottom. T'oud English idea stuck to me above a bit. But when she keept on till theer was seventeen as bonny cows as iver yo see, all clear paid for, and a house of our ouwn on a biggish piece o' ground secured by a solid payment down, I hugged t'dear lass to my whiskers wi' a buss as did her soul good, and said:

"'Betty! the'es gotten a better head on thy shoulders nor I iver had, and I ouwn up beat like a man!'

"And noo, mister, when yo iver hear a fool chap puttin' women down below a man's capacity for business, send him to oud Sammy Wivvletree, and I'll show him such a head as he'll niver have uppo his shoulders if he lives till he's as old as Methuselam!"

SAILOR WOMEN.

AN OCCUPATION IN WHICH MEN EXCEL.

Now and Then a Woman Has Become a Sailor, and Has Made Fame and Sometimes Fortune—Ferocious Female Pirates.

"Women are making their way on shore into all sorts of trades and occupations," said an old skipper to a New York Sun reporter, "but it will be a long time, I'm thinking, before you will see a woman in command of a Liverpool packet running across the Western ocean. Not but what a woman could do all the work a skipper needs to do on one of these big steamships, providing she knew enough. It is a matter of endurance with the skipper, and not muscular strength. The skipper neither pulls on ropes nor hands and reefs, nor stands a trick at the wheel. He just stays on deck and looks after things, without any watch below worth speaking of, from the time he leaves Queenstown till he's tied up alongside of some North River pier. There are plenty of women who could do that if they knew enough. But the trouble is the learning. They have got to do the work before they can boss it; at least, that's the general idea among sailor men.

"There have been cases, however, though not very many where women have shown themselves to be first-class sailors. Maybe you have seen a big schooner yacht cruising about the lower bay with a handsome gray-haired woman standing at the wheel and keeping her full and by with one spoke. I have, anyhow, and I am told that there are half a dozen ladies whose husbands belong to the New York Yacht Club who are as handy about the deck as their husbands are.

"Ship owners have a cast-iron, case-hardened rule which forbids skippers to take their wives to sea, the theory being that a Captain will be looking after the wife when he ought to be looking after the ship. It's a bad theory, and is not always held to. There is the case of the cargo ship Edgar, homeward bound from Senegal to London. The fever broke out and all the crew were prostrated except the Captain and the mate. These two men went into the engine room, and the Captain's wife steered. But for her grit the ship would have been lost.

"Then there was the brook Mary Patten, who was with her husband in a voyage around the Horn in the early days of the California gold excitement. Her husband was taken sick off the Horn, and she took his place on the quarter deck. The crew were a lot of swabs, and none of them knew a sextant from a spud-bag, not even the mate; but Mrs. Patten kept the log, and took the sun, and navigated the ship into 'Frisco, caring for her husband when it was her watch below.

"Another case where a woman served as skipper is that of the British brig Cleotus, Miss Betsy Miller, master. Her father was a ship owner of Saltcoats. He had no sons, and took his daughter into his office and about the docks as a companion. She gradually picked up a knowledge of ships and navigation. Finally she became so much enamored with a life at sea that her father put her in command of the Cleotus which he built especially for her. For more than twenty years she sailed the Cleotus about the stormy coasts of Great Britain and the continent, resisting the woolings of the many gallant sailor boys who were fascinated by her bravery, and when her father died she succeeded to and conducted his business successfully.

"Not long ago a man who had for years served as quartermaster in the British navy died at a hospital in London. His name was Thomas Phelan. He was born on the frigate Swallow in 1812, his mother having been regularly shipped on board the vessel. She was a married woman, her husband being a gunner. Three weeks after Tommy was born the Swallow was attacked by two French vessels off Frejus. During the action Mrs. Phelan was stationed to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded. While the ships were engaged, yardarm to yardarm, word reached her that her husband had been dangerously wounded on deck. She at once rushed on deck and took him in her arms. He opened his eyes, whispered her name, and then closed them again. At that instant a large cannon ball took off her head, and the two died together. They were sewed up in one hammock and buried in the sea after the action was over.

"Not the least interesting of the stories of women at sea are the tales of the female pirates. Some of them are historical as well as romantic. Alwilda, the daughter of Synardus, a Gothic King, was betrothed by her father to Alf, the heir to the throne of Denmark. The proposed marriage was so disagreeable to Alwilda that she gathered a troup of young Amazons, dressed them in the garb of sailors, left her home, and put to sea as a viking. She was exceedingly courageous and successful. Finally she one day found a crew of pirates who were bewailing the loss of their commander. She proposed that they sail under her command. The men were pleased with her bearing and readily accepted. With this increase of forces she became a terror to the coast and rapidly increased her fleet and the number of her sailors. It finally became necessary to exterminate this new band of pirates under an unknown and handsome commander, and Alf, the rejected lover, was placed in command of the naval fleet that was ordered to search for her. The two fleets met in the gulf of Finland. Alwilda laid her ship alongside the Admiral's, and in the battle that ensued half of her crew was killed outright, and she was overpowered by the Admiral himself. She wore a casque over her head, and was not recognized until she had been disarmed, and the casque was removed. The astonishment of the prospective King was great when he saw the runaway girl. His valor in action had meantime won the respect of the fair pirate, and she married the man who conquered her.

A CURL PAPER ROMANCE.

The Girl Who Fixed Her Back Hair Won the Beau and is Happy.

A well-dressed young gentleman of about thirty years of age presented his card to the head of one of the largest business houses of Louisville, Ky. He represented a house in a neighboring city, and was accorded a cordial reception. After getting through with the business in hand the merchant was so prepossessed with the agent that he asked the pleasure of introducing him to his family at dinner the same day. The invitation was modestly and thankfully accepted, and after a few remarks the gentleman separated to meet at an appointed place and hour. The merchant immediately informed his wife of the intended visit, that she might make suitable arrangements for the entertainment of the expected guest. It was a warm day, just the sort of a day to keep away from extensive toilets and new acquaintances. So indignation followed the announcement that a guest was coming, and the daughters declared that they would neither take their hair out of curl papers nor change their gowns for other garments. This in consideration of the paternal ancestry furnished food for conversation for the next four hours, and by time for dinner the sweet girls had entered into a solemn compact that they would not only look as ugly as possible, but did not intend to say "a single word" to the horrid stranger. They knew he would be old and uninteresting, and they didn't care any way. Finally the guest was announced and the young ladies, at least two of them, gloating over their independence, and each feeling every inch a martyr, floated into the parlor in their neglige costumes and were formally introduced to the stranger. But one of the sisters broke the compact entered into and appeared in a neat-fitting dress, with her hair becomingly arranged and forming a strong contrast to her more independent sisters. The dinner passed off without incident, the polite stranger making himself generally agreeable, but paying no especial attention to either of the three. Observing the etiquette of polite society, he called on the family the next evening, and after spending a brief hour with them left with the assurance that he would be welcomed at any time he might return to the city. The young ladies voted him "the nicest man" they had ever met, and the dear mother could talk of no one else.

Three or four days after this, while the father was engrossed in the details of business one morning he came across a letter which banished all thoughts of trade and profit from his brain. It was from this young stranger. He asked permission to address his daughter. After worrying over the matter all the morning the father took the letter home and gave it to his wife. Not understanding it, she gave it to each of the daughters. They were as much startled as their parents. The divine stranger had previously given no intimations of any serious intentions, and had hardly had a word in private with any of them. There was a mystery somewhere. After giving the matter much consideration it was decided that the father should write the handsome stranger and ask of him plainly which one of the daughters he desired to address. The letter was written and mailed, and oh! the suspense and agitation of the next four days. No one who came to the door of the beautiful house could bring as much of interest to the occupants as the postman, and his coming was the one absorbing topic in that household. Finally, on the third morning there came a letter; it was postmarked from the city of the stranger, and the handwriting was much like that of the first. It was anxiously taken to the most private part of the house, and, with mother and daughters breathless with suppressed excitement, the seal was broken, the contents read, and the name of the fortunate girl disclosed. It was the one who had taken the pains to dress herself becomingly at the first dinner.

The letter was answered affirmatively; the young and ardent lover immediately returned to the city to begin the wooing of his lady-love. It was a short and an ardent courtship, and in the end he won his suit. After remaining for a week or ten days the gentleman returned home, got the free consent of his own parents, and the wedding-day was appointed. They were married in eight weeks and live in elegant style in a city not far from Louisville. The parents of the gentleman are wealthy, and he is the only child.

Swallows Kill a Hawk.

Near Youngsville, N. Y., a large hawk swooped down upon a poultry yard, and, seizing a hen, flew with it to the top of a neighboring tree. The hen made a great outcry, and before the hawk could kill it a swallow made a dash at the hawk, and pecked and worried it so that it released the hen and attempted to fly away. The hen fluttered to the ground and ran back to the poultry yard. The swallow kept up its attack on the hawk, and it was soon joined by other swallows. The courageous little birds surrounded the hawk, and assailed it fiercely, until the big bird dropped to the ground. The farmer on whose ground the conflict took place hurried to the spot. The swallows had the hawk on the ground and were pecking it mercilessly. They were so much engaged in the attack that the farmer walked within three feet of them before they discovered him and flew away. The farmer picked up the hawk. Both of its eyes had been picked out, and it was so badly hurt in other ways that it died in a few minutes.

Humors of the Day.

"Sleeping out loud" is the child's definition for snoring.

Fencing is the new craze among young ladies. Well, if they will occupy the fence occasionally it will give the gate a rest, and the whole business will wear out together.

"Grandpa, dear, we have come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday; and mamma says if you will give us each a dollar we are not to lose it on our way home."

A girl with three arms is an attraction in a Louisiana side-show. She can play the piano with two of them and turn the music with the other, thus saving the expense of a young man.

"Uncle John," said Annabelle, "you must congratulate me. I am graduated." "H'm!" grunted Uncle John; "so is our old thermometer out in the barn, but what is it good for?"

A coincidence: "All alone, my dear child. I'm afraid that husband of yours neglects you terribly. He's always at his club when I call." "Yes, mamma; but he's at home at all other times."

Alonzo writes that he cannot help writing "poetry"; that it is a frenzy with him—a passion. That he talks in verse even in ordinary conversation, and wants to know if a trip across the ocean to the homes of poetry would not be good for him. O, no, Alonzo; no. Do not go across the water; go into it. Go and soak your head, Alonzo. Soak it up to the armpits, and keep it under eleven hours.

FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

How the Newsboy Stepped off a Fast Train.

"Practice makes perfect," observed the train boy as he folded and smoothed the newspapers that he had gathered from the seats, getting them ready to be sold again. "Practice makes perfect. If a railroad man jumps from a train when it is making twenty miles an hour he does pretty well if he keeps his feet, but I used to jump off the limited express on the New York Central when it was making fifty miles an hour. Did this time and again, and often with a basket of peanuts in my hand, never spilling a peanut."

"Go tell that to some greenhorn," remarked the brakeman, as he sneaked an orange into his overcoat pocket; "don't tell me any such lies. I know better."

"But it's the honest truth," insisted the train boy, "and I'll tell you how I did it. You are not too old to learn a thing or two, and now just keep your mouth shut and your ears open. I had a run on a Chicago special express. Every Saturday night I wanted to stop off at the town where my girl lived, but the express made no stop there. So I had to go up to Syracuse and there take the local train back. One day it occurred to me that by a little strategy I might get off the limited at that station and save all that time. I noticed that just before we got to the station where my girl lived we always passed a local train running in the same direction we were and on the next track to us. Usually our train was just going a little faster than the local. So one day I locked up my box, put some candy in my pocket and got down on the lower step. Just as we caught up with the rear end of the local I stepped across to the lower step of the last car of the other train. It was just as easy as stepping from one freight car to another on the same train, even if we were making fifty miles an hour. In five minutes the local slacked up and stopped at the station, and there I was. Think about that a minute or two, you thick-headed stove-stoker, and don't be so fresh in telling your betters that they lie. Ten cents for that orange, please."

The Growth of Dakota.

The new census of Dakota is interesting. The returns from North Dakota indicate that in this portion of the Territory the population will exceed 150,000, while in 1880 the entire Territory contained but 135,177, and North Dakota had 36,465, showing an increase of 450 per cent. in five years. Fifteen years ago the entire population of Dakota was only 1,218. Total from schedules already completed, 123,836; the rest of North Dakota, estimated, 28,800; total for North Dakota 152,636.

This summary is liable to vary two or three thousand either way. The six counties in the Red River Valley show over one-half the total population, the amount being 80,962. These counties embrace about 7,785 square miles, or one-eighth of North Dakota, while the fifty other counties have a population of about 71,674.

The following is the population of some of the cities reported:

Fargo	7,591	Lisbon	1,700
Grand Forks	6,535	Wahpeton	1,540
Bismarck	3,107	Ellendale	924
Jamestown	2,382	La Moure	358

One feature is the small number of deaths. Everywhere the per cent is very small, but the following counties report no deaths: Foster, Eddy, Wells, Sumner, McIntosh, Stark, Villard, and Kidder. In many entries not even a case of sickness is reported. The number of farms reported is about 39,636 in North Dakota, against 17,435 in the entire Territory five years ago.

After Millions.

Thomas J. Malby, a Boston teacher, expects a huge fortune. He is about to go to Newfoundland and then to England to secure the Churchill estate of $35,000,000. Over 100 years ago Nicholas Churchill went to Newfoundland and engaged in the seal and cod fisheries. He was very prosperous and invested his surplus earnings in real estate in England and Newfoundland. At his death, about thirty years later, he left some $10,000,000 or $12,000,000 to his daughter, Elizabeth Churchill, a whimsical lady living in England. Elizabeth died without marrying. She was a good business woman and added much to the property. She died in 1876, at the age of 104 years. She left no will, and, as she was supposed to be without living relatives, it was thought that the vast property would revert to the crown. Mr. Malby began to make investigation. It took some time to establish the proofs, but he thinks he now has made out a clear case. Mrs. Malby, the mother of the claimant, was a niece of Nicholas Churchill and cousin to Elizabeth. Church records have been searched and dates and names copied and arranged so that the American family have little doubt of success.

An Angling Cat.

Henry Gallman owns a mill, and a man named Pruit attends to it. Pruit owns a large cat that, as soon as the mill is stopped by shutting down the gate, will immediately run down behind the mill and get on a log just over the sheeting over which the water is flowing. She will then look intently into the water, which is from eighteen inches to two feet deep, until she spies a fish; she then plunges into the water, frequently burying herself under it, but almost always coming out with a fish. She then quietly sits down on a rock near by and enjoys her meal.—*Charleston Courier.*

McCullough's Beginning.

John McCullough the actor, was married at the age of 19, while he was yet a blacksmith at the forge and was only dreaming of the stage. His first professional advancement he owed to Edwin Adams, who, then a rising young tragedian, had observed this ambitious spirit in the ranks. Edwin Forrest sent in great haste one day for Edwin Adams to come to Connecticut from Philadelphia, to play Pythias to his Damon. Adams could not go, but sent his young friend McCullough, with a letter of introduction, half as a joke, and half as an experiment. Forrest took kindly to the young Irishman, rebuked him a little, but coached him a little, too, lifted him out of the ranks, and played Damon to McCullough's Pythias so long as he lived. McCullough piennwhile outstripped his early friend, and played Damon to Edwin Adams' Pythias as long as he lived.

What He Will Do.

Wife (emphatically)—"That dog of Smith's across the way hit mother again this morning and I want to know what you propose to do about it?"

Husband (brutally)—"I think I will buy the dog."

Likely to Succeed.

Husband—My dear, do you think I could learn to play the flute?

Wife—I haven't a doubt of it.

Husband—You think, I possess musical talent?

Wife—You possess a general desire to be disagreeable.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE WORK.

Explained by a Writer Who Has Done Both.

One-half of the really good writers of the age, says a Washington correspondent of the Chicago News, are engaged by the great newspapers, the other half are writing books, and all of them, more or less, are selling their names attached to their second and third class work, and rummaging their waste baskets for the benefit of the magazines. The publishers of these periodicals appreciate their true status. Year by year they are paying more and more attention to the pictorial features, just as the annuals before them came finally to be sold on the merits of the engravings alone—and they are advertised very much as the late Dr. Brandreth advertised his celebrated proprietary medicines. It is nip and tuck between the magazines and certain manufacturers as to which shall sell the most volumes or bottles.

The editor of one of the leading magazines of the country told me on one occasion that he did not see how it was possible for anybody to make a living by magazine writing. In my humble opinion this settles the question. A pursuit at which it is impossible to make a living can never in this age command the best and brightest minds. The magazines pay no salaries except to the editors—and only pay for the matter they print. No doubt the newspapers would be glad enough if they could do likewise, but,—mark well—the newspapers cannot exist without a class of writers who not only are paid for their work, but for their time when they are not working, and who command, even the lowest of them, living salaries not only in an open market, but where there are multitudes of people ready and anxious to write for nothing. In no branch of trade—for literature is a trade as well as art—can this anomalous condition be found where workers hold their own, demanding and receiving good wages for work which an innumerable army clamors to do for nothing.

The rewards of magazine writing are meager even to the most successful. Junius Henri Browne, certainly a most delightful writer, is quoted as saying that he was never able to make more than $2,000 a year by the hardest kind of work on the magazines. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, when the Scribners were advertising her the loudest, did not receive $2,500 a year from the magazine. I think she did not get more than $125 a month for a monthly part of one of her serial stories, besides the royalty on the book when it was published—and her contract forbade her to write for any other periodical. Imagine a newspaper writer of Mrs. Burnett's relative reputation working for about $800 a month all told, and forbidden to write for any other publication! The most money a contributor can make out of a magazine is by a serial story, a series of articles to be published in book form. It is a case in which the interests of the author and publisher are peculiarly associated, the popularity of the book being an advertisement for the magazine in which it first appeared—but as for the actual money paid for the serial parts it is probably not large. As for the salaries of one editor-in-chief of a magazine, and one or two subordinates, I imagine they are good; as the magazine pays only two or three salaries among its workers it can afford to do something handsome for them.

The Habit of Saving.

Children who have a little money ought to practice saving something.

Many boys and girls of to-day hardly know a higher use for any money that comes into their hands than spending it for some foolish thing as quickly as possible.

To such a lesson in self-denial and economy is very important.

As go the boy's pennies and dimes, so, very likely, will go the man's dollars and hundreds by and by.

Without having the spirit of a miser, the person accustomed to save has more pleasure in laying up than a spendthrift ever knows.

The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly.

Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor.

But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came.

The young man who begins by saving a few dollars a month, and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of good, solid work, honestly and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence and comfort, than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations, or the devious means which abound in the foggy region lying between fair dealing and actual fraud.

Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth, the current proverb is, money goes as it comes.

Let the young make a note of this and see that their money comes fairly, that it may long abide with them.

Zola's Last Novel.

Extract from Emile Zola's last novel: "Rain was falling in Paris. A man walked the street. He was hungry. He was as hungry as a wolf. He wanted something to eat. He wanted it bad. Rain was falling. The river roared. It roared loud. The man leaned over the bridge. He was hungry. The rain ceased. The man left the bridge. He could not take it with him. He could not have disposed of it. The pawnshops were closed. The man stopped in front of a restaurant. Through the lace curtains he saw people eating. It seems they had come there to eat. The man was hungry. The rain had ceased. The bridge still remained in its place. The curtain was partly drawn aside. He saw a soldier eating canned eel. He wanted some. Poor fool! His mouth watered. That was all it could do. How he wished it could bread as well as water. But it couldn't. People met him. His pinched face gave them the impression that he was drunk. He was not. He was hungry! He could find no work. He was too honest to beg and not proud enough to steal. He was in a bad fix. The rain had ceased. The man was hungry. His mouth watered. The soldier continued to eat pickled eel. Poor fool!"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"Here Lies."

"Yes," said an old man, visiting the grave-yard in his native town after long years of absence, and reading an inscription—"'Here lies Sam. Brownlow.' I might have known he was lying somewhere, for he never told the truth that I can ever remember of in all his life. But it's kinder mean throwing it up to him that way after he's dead and gone and can't hit back."

Saturday Night.

Saturday night has come. God bless Saturday night. Who amongst us does not? The thousand and one cares of the week, the troubles, anxieties and worries are all behind us. One day of rest is at length at hand, and to-morrow, thanks to an Infinite Providence, we need not labor or worry. "The world, the flesh and the devil," for one day must succumb to the better, brighter and nobler impulses within us, and for one day at least recognize that while "six days shalt thou labor" the seventh is a day of rest. How many of us there are who look forward to Saturday night conscious that to-morrow is Sunday. That no labor, no toil, no slavery—to-morrow is ours; to us alone the day belongs—that for one day we, the great "unwashed," the component part of the untold millions, we, the busy, ceaseless workers and laborers in the vineyards of money-grabbers and worshipers of mammon, with what feelings of relief do we welcome Saturday night? To-night is the eve of a temporary freedom which must endure till Monday morning, and in consequence the weight of oppressive care is lightened for forty-eight hours. Saturday night, or rather Saturday, is pay day. How we poor toilers look forward, counting hour by hour, fearful of losing even a moment's time when we shall hold within the palm of our hand the little sum which will enable us to enter the conflict refreshed, rested and hopeful again Monday morning. Ah! that blessed Saturday night. What does the little pitiful sum mean? What is it that induces toil week after week? What secret impelling force to renew the battle from day to day—to encounter again each successive morning the strife of the day before us, and morning and night grapple with the worries and anxieties and troubles, as they spring up in our path? Ah! let each of us speak for himself or herself. What would it all be were it not for the peace, rest and comfort promised on Saturday night? A frock for the little one—to-morrow papa will be home all day—mamma won't have to work; and if there are a few cents left, we'll take the little ones for a run in the bright, green woods, and in the peaceful, quiet shade breathe the pure air of God's own green earth, and in prayer and thankfulness return refreshed, renewed in spirit, and prepared to enter upon the struggle again, thanking a Divine Providence for that promise of a Saturday night whose Sunday shall be an all-enduring, everlasting and never-ending.—*Household.*

Label the Little Ones.

The anxiety so often caused by the wandering away of a little child from his usual familiar surroundings, or his being separated from his parents in a crowd, says a writer in Babyhood, is made unnecessarily distressing by the fact that usually he carries with him no certain means of identification. To label him with his full name and address would be so simple a precaution that it is surprising that it is not a universal practice. We brand our cattle, punch cabalistic characters in the web feet of our fowls, engrave dog collars, and scrupulously tag umbrellas and bunches of keys, while giving hardly a passing thought to what would happen to our little speechless toddlers and ourselves should they stray into unknown streets or meet with some accident in the domains of strangers. In the customary marking of undergarments with indelible ink it would be but little more trouble to use the full name instead of initials, and on outer garments a convenient place could be selected—say the inside of the collar-band or of the end of the sleeve—where the full address could be placed. If every reader of Babyhood would adopt such a plan and recommend it to others there would be at once a beginning go far toward establishing a uniform custom, the usefulness of which would seem to be beyond question.

The Monkey Boy and Girl.

The household that possesses a monkey is to be envied—if, that is, it be the true, thoroughbred species. That this type represents the best physical variety of mankind would be bold to say, but the case might be argued. The monkey, as every one knows who is acquainted with it, is never ill. It has an "accident" daily, and would have a score if its quickness and activity were not almost equal to its wickedness. But "disorders" which we have cause to think natural to childhood are unknown. And when, as years pass, the animal develops human nature, it is the pride, the joy, the comfort of the home. The brightest boy at school, the most promising youth