RIA FREEMAN
hed Weekly at
MBRIA COUNTY, Pa
G. HASSON,
ditor, - - 1,900
PTION RATES.
in advance.....$1 50
t paid within 3 months.. 1 75
t paid within 6 months.. 2 00
t paid within the year.. 2 25
ding outside of the county, per year will be charged to
ill the above terms be de-those who don't consult their ce in advance must not ex-the same footing as those who distinctly understood from
per before you stop it, if stop out scalawags do otherwise.—
—life is too short.

Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. 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, NOVEMBER 27, 1885. NUMBER 43.

Advertising Rates.

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

1 inch, 3 times	$1.50
1 " 3 months	3.00
1 " 6 months	5.00
1 " 1 year	6.00
2 " 3 months	5.00
2 " 1 year	10.00
3 " 6 months	8.00
3 " 1 year	12.00
4 col'n 6 months	10.00
4 " 1 year	20.00
½ " 6 months	15.00
½ " 1 year	25.00
⅓ " 6 months	20.00
⅓ " 1 year	35.00

Business items, first insertion 10c. per line; each subsequent insertion 5c. per line.

Administrator's and Executor's Notices	2.50
Auditor's Notices	2.50
Stray and similar Notices	1.50

☞ *Resolutions or proceeding of any corporate 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.

ASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

is well adapted to children that is superior to any prescription H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 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, 152 Fulton Street, N. Y.

COX WHITE AN ORGAN FOR A LIFETIME

T in the World

White have devoted their lives developing the Reed Organ, the unfactured Organs for 35 years.

SIMPLE and will not get out of Repair or Tune IN MANY YEARS.

80 STYLES

AN don't be led into purchasing a great ARRAY OF STOPS NEEDS but write to a

DEALER or Manufacturer

on at even less money a first-class stops cost but a few cents each

CATALOGUE and diagram section of the INTERIOR of NT FREE TO ALL, and COUNTS allowed where we

White Organ Co.

DEN, CONN.

VERY

SWIFT SURE SIMPLE SILENT STRONG

NG MACHINE

Improved High Arm, Mechanical Principles Movements, Automatic and Perfect Adjuster Shuttle, Self-setting, Positive Feed, No Few Parts, Minimum of Friction, No Noise, No Fatigue, No Waste, Capacity Unlimited, Work in Order, Richly Japanned, Nickelplated, and Perfect Satisfaction.

Circulars.

—Address—

MACHINE CO.

adway, New York.

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.

RIVINUS 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 a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, 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 to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 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 PORTABLE GRIST MILL

Finest & Best Speeded Cheapest mill in the market. Grinds the light machine rye, feed, the thing for Farmers' use, Ice Cream Dealers' Printing 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.

DEAD YET

IE LUTTRINGER,

MANUFACTURER OF

R AND SHEET-IRON WARE TIN ROOFING,

ntions the attention to his friends and the general public to the fact that he is still manufacturing at the old stand opposite the Mansion House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to keep a large stock of manufacturing to order, in his line, from the smallest to the best manner and at the lowest

ntentiary work either made or sold on shment.

FING a SPECIALTY.

and satisfy yourselves as to my S. LUTTRINGER.

April 19, 1883-tf.

THE LITTLE CHURCH MOUSE.

A little church mouse stole out of his house,
At the top of the pulpit stair,
And slyly looked down, at the folks of the town,
Proceeding to kneel in prayer;
But he saw that many had come to be seen,
And that more had come to see;
So he stole inside to his little brown bride,
And thus to his mate sang he,
"A very strange world is the world below;
I haven't much faith in its faith, you know."

The little church mouse look'd out of his house,
Where the tinted sunbeams play;
While he watch'd the bride leave her father's side,
And December mated with May.
Then he heard her whisper her life long vows,
As she took his gift of gold;
So he sadly sang, while the church bells rang,
For a heart that was bought and sold,
"A very strange love is the love below,
I wouldn't give much for the lot, I trow."

This little church mouse look'd out of his house,
Thro' the haze of the dying day,
While the children wept, where a lov'd one slept,
To wake in the far-away,
When he heard the message of perfect peace,
That floated on unseen wings,
This little church mouse stole into his house,
And still to himself he sings,
"A very strange life this life would be,
Were it not for the end that we may not see."

CHECKMATED.

"Here, George," said Charles Lambert to his brother, "is Mr. Clayton's check for my month's salary. As you're going to the bank, I wish you would draw the money for me. I'm going to the country this evening, and have some preparations to make."

"All right, Charley," replied the other, folding the check and putting it in his pocket.

* * * * * * * *

George and Charles Lambert were brothers, devotedly attached to each other, and both employed as clerks in the establishment of Mr. Clayton, a rich importing merchant.

George Lambert was not passing a very cheerful evening in his brother's absence, and was just thinking of walking over and spending an hour with Ethelind Hale, when Herbert Randall called.

The visitor was Mr. Clayton's confidential manager and—prospective partner, rumor said. George Lambert looked a little surprised at his entrance, for Mr. Randall was not inclined to be oversociable with his inferiors in the house.

With a stiff bow he took the seat which George offered, while the latter waited to be informed of the object of the call.

"You presented a check at the bank this afternoon," said Mr. Randall, looking sternly at George, who wondered what was coming.

"I presented Mr. Clayton's check for a hundred dollars," said the young man, "and received the money on it; it was all right, I suppose."

Mr. Randall shook his head gravely.

"What?—is there anything wrong about it?" asked George, with visible trepidation.

"It is a forgery!" said Mr. Randall.

"A forgery!" exclaimed George—"impossible!—my broth——"

He checked himself suddenly. He was about to explain how he got the check; but the position in which the disclosure would place his brother flashed upon him, and at once determined his course.

Mr. Randall, he remembered, had been looking over some papers at a desk not far from Charles and himself, at the time he received the check, but it was not probable that he had paid attention to the fact. There was no clue by which the false instrument, which was payable to bearer, could be traced to anyone but the person who had presented it. The known facts, George Lambert knew, implicated himself alone. If he kept his mouth closed, no breath of suspicion could fall upon his brother. That the check was a forgery, Mr. Randall's statement left him no room to doubt; and, if it was, his brother, who professed to have received it directly from Mr. Clayton, could not be ignorant of its character. Charles, he knew, was a little given to extravagance, and might, he feared, in an unguarded moment, been tempted into crime, of which it broke his heart to believe him guilty, but from the consequences of which he would shield him, if need be, at the cost of life itself.

"I wish to befriend you," said Mr. Randall, breaking the painful silence which ensued. "The amount is trifling, and the affair might be arranged by returning the money, but——"

"It is out of my power to return the money," interrupted George, who had given it to his brother shortly after receiving it at the bank.

"The difficulty is, I was about to say," resumed Mr. Randall, "that Mr. Clayton is not only highly incensed, but, being very strict in his notions, he refuses to listen to any terms but a rigorous enforcement of the law. There is, however, time for escape, and——"

George did not wait for the conclusion of the sentence. Flight would be a circumstance rendering still more conclusive the evidence of his own guilt, and, whatever strengthened that, furnished an additional safeguard to his brother.

"If I see you will not intercept me, then," said George, eagerly.

"I do not believe you a hardened criminal," replied Mr. Randall, "and would fain hope that, in some distant land, you may yet lead an honest and useful life—at any rate, I shall place no obstacle in your way."

George pressed the hand of Mr. Randall, whom he warmly thanked for his generous conduct.

"I will go at once," he said, "and trust my future course will justify your magnanimous forbearance."

With much good advice on the one side, and many grateful expressions on the other, the two parted; and George Lambert went forth a fugitive, without hope of ever again seeing the two objects dearest to his heart—his mother and Ethelind Hale.

* * * * * * * *

Three years sped; Herbert Randall had grown in influence in the house, and the time was fixed when he was to be admitted as a partner. Ethelind Hale had striven, and, in her own belief, successfully to forget her old lover, George Lambert. From the time of his disappearance Mr. Randall had paid her assiduous court. His addresses were coldly received at first, but there is nothing like being slighted by one man to bend a woman's ear to listen to another. She is always ready to make a show of believing that quite as good fish remain to be found in the sea as the one which has escaped from her net. Besides, Ethelind's father was growing old and had met with reverses. To provide him a home in his old age she felt was a duty. She could do this by becoming the wife of Herbert Randall, to whose suit she at last consented to listen.

One day a stranger entered Mr. Clayton's counting-house, and inquired for the proprietor.

"I am his principal assistant," said Herbert Randall, "and can attend to any business you may have."

"I wish to see Mr. Clayton personally," the stranger answered, and, after some delay, he was admitted to the inner office.

When the door was closed and the stranger seated, Mr. Clayton wanted to learn his business.

"You had a young man in your employ once named Lambert—George Lambert," the stranger began.

"I had," Mr. Clayton answered, scrutenizing [illegible] curiously.

"He has commissioned me to deliver this [illegible] letter continued, placing a [illegible] in the hand of Mr. Clayton, who opened it and found it to contain a number of bank bills.

The old gentleman looked puzzled.

"This is a mystery," he said; "was there no message sent?"

"N—none in particular," the stranger stammered; "that is, unless I choose to say that it was on account of a forged check of yours, on which George Lambert drew the money three years ago. You will find the principal and interest all right, I think."

"But no money was ever drawn on a forged check of mine," said Mr. Clayton, more and more astonished; "and as for George Lambert, though he disappeared mysteriously about the time you mention, an honester fellow never breathed."

"And so the check was not a forgery?" cried the stranger.

"What check?"

"The check for a hundred dollars, bearing your name, which Charles Lambert gave his brother, and on which the latter drew the money just before his disappearance."

"I tell you, no forged check of mine has been presented," said Mr. Clayton; "and I am sure neither George Lambert nor his brother ever thought of doing a dishonest act."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the stranger, and throwing aside his disguise, George Lambert approached and grasped his old employer's hand.

Just then Herbert Randall entered.

George Lambert turned upon him fiercely.

"It was that villain," he said, who made me believe that the check was false, and that I was accused of a crime, of which I thought, as I am convinced he well knew, I could only clear myself by denouncing my brother. He counseled flight, and I yielded to his advice, to save, as I believed, my brother's liberty and good name. Scoundrel! I know your motives now. I have heard of your contemplated marriage. It was to clear the way for that that you made me an exile. Ethelind Hale shall know all, and she is far too noble to bestow her hand as the reward for perfidy!"

Herbert Randall hung his head in confusion. He never became the partner of Mr. Clayton or the husband of Ethelind Hale. Indeed the latter has been for several years Mrs. George Lambert, and Charles is junior member in the house of Clayton & Co.

HOW TO CURE OBESITY.

Idea Advanced by German Physicians—Medicine to Be Avoided.

In the Fourth Congress of German physicians the first subject discussed was corpulence. Ebstein advanced the opinion that drugs were of little service in reducing the amount of fat, and that an entire change in the regimen—including both change of diet and of the manner of living—was necessary.

Any method which reduced the general nutrition, and thus removed fat, was a failure; the fat alone must be removed. The method must not require the individual to give up his business during treatment, else it would not be generally applicable. The method must be capable of being continued indefinitely without producing unpleasant results, for individuals predisposed to corpulence by heredity or constitution must keep up the diet for a long time.

One method is to cut off all fatty foods. But as carbohydrates may be changed into fat in the body, this is not reasonable. The object is rather to prevent the formation of fat in the body. To secure this it is necessary to regulate the proportion of albuminous, starchy, and fatty foods, so that perfect nutrition shall be secured, but no excess of fat produced. The necessary amount of fat for a healthy man is 149 grains per diem.

If this is reduced one-half a part of the amount necessary for nutrition will be taken from the body to compensate for the reduced allowance in the food, and thus the excess of fat may be removed. Under this system the individual does not suffer the distress which is felt by those who are cut off from all fatty food, and the results are more successful and agreeable than those of the Banting system. The amount of carbohydrates is to be reduced so that no surplus above bodily needs shall be taken.

In the Banting system the diet is chiefly nitrogenous, which often causes indigestion. Ebstein gives nitrogenous food, with the reduced allowance of starch and fat in sufficient quantity to keep up the general nutrition and working strength, but not in such amounts as to overload and embarrass the organs which digest proteids. The necessity of muscular exercise of sufficient force to produce free perspiration is insisted upon. This system has met with approval in Germany on account of its success.

Heneberg, in discussing the subject, approached it from a different side, and, by a review of the methods adopted in fattening cattle, sought to deduce the rules necessary to be observed in avoiding the accumulation of fat in man. The general discussion elicited varying views upon the physiology of digestion, but all agreed that the use of medicine for reducing corpulence was to be avoided.

No Aristocrats Need Apply.

One day big, handsome Ben Le Fevre was laving his rotund and jovial personality in a marble bathtub in the House barber-room at the capitol.

While he was disporting himself in tepid water, made foaming with scented soaps, and was about ready to be rubbed dry by the attendant, a messenger came down and called to him from the outside that there were some gentlemen above anxious to see him on important business for a moment, as they were obliged to depart hurriedly to catch a train.

"Who are they?" called the general, blowing the water out of his mustache with a snort like a porpoise.

"They are some gentlemen from Ohio, sir."

"Are they people from my district?" asked Ben.

"Yes, sir," answered the messenger.

"Then for heaven's sake don't send them down here. Shut the doors there and keep them out. Good Lord! if any of them find I bathe in a marble tub and am rubbed down by a nigger instead of going down to the creek and drying myself with my shirt, it will lose me a thousand votes."

The unterrified and unwashed constituents didn't get in.

Perils of the Campaign.

Mrs. Pompano—Merciful goodness, George! What does this mean? Half-past three, and here you are——

Mr. Pompano—My dear, I've been out with the boys——

Mrs. P.—From the appearance of your clothes I should say you had been out with the pigs.

Mr. P. (with dignity)—Hear me out! I have been crushing out some campaign slanders.

Mrs. P. (with severity)—Let me advise you, George, to use your feet the next time you go out crushing. Your hat looks as if you had butted out the slanders.

TURKISH LADIES.

Their Personal Appearance—A Distinct Type—Fond of Adornments, Etc.

In personal appearance Turkish women present a type as peculiar and remarkable as any nation under heaven.

Their complexions are generally fair, and of the most delicate softness, owing doubtless to the constant use of the bath, as well as the protection of the yashmak, or veil, without which they never go abroad.

Exquisitely arched eyebrows are so essential to their ideas of beauty that they are never contented till, by repeated application of artificial means, they raise their brows to a lofty semicircle.

The tips of fingers and toes are frequently strained with henna, producing the roseate so much a la mode.

Beauty-spots, or moles, are considered of great value, and if nature has proved niggard in this respect, art is brought into requisition to produce the same contrasting effect between the tiny circle of jetty hue and the surrounding fairness.

They are not backward in the matter of toilette. Indeed, they are perhaps more fond of adorning themselves by dress than all their sisters in Christendom.

Their costume is as peculiar as their personal appearance. It consists of two parts—the entarry and the shalvar. The entarry, or dress, is a long robe, trailing about a yard behind the person, and resembles much the morning dress of a European lady, only the entarry is composed of three skirts, as it were, open in front and on the two sides, the latter openings extending to the hips. The front skirts are not thrown open, as is the European fashion, but brought together and buttoned up, the ends gathered up between the limbs and thrown back, which, pressing upon the skirt behind, serve to form the train.

When the ladies are under no restraint of etiquette, the trains of their dresses are either tucked up to their girdles or held in their hands, and thus they walk about the house in a free and easy style, whether rollicking, chasing each other, dancing, strolling in the garden, or engaged in household work. These trains are, however, immediately dropped in the presence of visitors, as a European lady might drop her pinned-up skirt.

As no one enters the house in the same shoes as are used in the streets, and their dwellings are scrupulously clean, there is little or nothing to soil their trailing robes. The gentlemen always wear galoches, or overshoes, which they take off at the threshold, and even the European physicians who visit the harems professionally are obliged to provide themselves with light slippers, which they slip over their boots.

The shalvar, or trousers, are made very ample, and are not fastened about the ankles, as represented on the stage or at fancy balls; but being made much longer than the person, they are secured just below the knee, and the extra length is allowed to fall about the ankles in graceful folds, assuming the semblance of a skirt. The upper part being gathered about the waist, serves the purposes of a bustle, giving the wearer a graceful tournure.

A belt or a scarf encircles the waist, a coquetish coiffure surmounts the head, and embroidered slippers adorn the feet. These slippers are worn slipshod to facilitate their leaving them on the floor when they ascend and seat themselves on the sofas.

Their movements are graceful, their forms being under no artificial restraint, as that instrument of torture, ycleped the corset, is never worn by them.

Their gait is also peculiar. They do not move about on tiptoe, or walk in measured and firm steps, but glide about softly in a dignified manner, as if "skimming the earth," in a sort of glissade which is considered lady-like in their own estimation.

Their costume, according to Oriental taste, always consisting of long flowing robes, may be supposed to admit of no change. But on the contrary, the ladies, having little other occupation, delight in varying the shape and style of their dress. Fashion, therefore, is as prevalent in the East as it is in the West; and as it is in all other countries regulated by the court, so at Constantinople it is controlled by the ladies of the palace.

Sometimes the hair is worn long, again cropped short; sometimes braided and hanging like that of a young girl in this country; at other times allowed to fall over the shoulders in flowing tresses. The bang is purely Turkish, having originated with them, as is the square cut of the neck of a dress known as the "Pompadour," which style that lady has doubtless borrowed from the Turkish belles.

Sometimes the entarry is worn high-neck, and at others decollete, exposing much of the bust, but never the shoulders.

A fess (not fez) with flossy tassel is one day the mode, and a fantastic turban is adopted the next morning.

The sleeves of the dress are long and wide, hanging from the elbows; and again this drapery is dispensed with, and they are confined at the wrist.

Sometimes a heavy cashmere shawl entwines their waist, and at others a simple sash or belt with a clasp encircles the cointure.

The sides of the entarry are sometimes left open to the hips, to allow the heavy embroidery on the shalvar to appear, and again they are closed down to below the knees.

Sometimes their dresses are laden with heavy embroidery, passementerie, and gold lace, and at others all trimmings are dispensed with, and they appear in a naive simplicity.—[Harper's Bazar.

She Appreciated It.

A widow whose age might have been forty, went into business a few weeks ago, and the first move was to get a sign painted. The services of a sign-painter were secured, and when he finished his work he put on his "imprint" by placing his initials, "W. A. H." down on the left hand corner of the sign. When the widow came to criticise the work she queried:

"What does 'W. A. H.' stand for?"

"Why, 'Wanted, A Husband,' replied the painter.

"Oh, yes, I see," she mused. "It was very thoughtful in you, and here is a dollar extra."

She Wanted Style.

Little Mable was saying her prayers the other night, and had concluded the usual petitions for earthly blessings for herself and family, when she suddenly paused and looking up into her mother's face said:

"There is one thing more I want to ask for, mamma; can I?"

"Certainly, if it is nothing wicked," was the reply.

At this the little one proceeded: "And make all our folks stylish, amen."

BUNCO MEN'S VICTIMS.

Some of the Ways for Earning a Dishonest Penny—Fleecing a Clergyman.

The prince of the three-card monte and bunco men in Virginia is a man named Skivington. He tells some very interesting anecdotes. He picked up a clergyman who was on a visit to the capital for the first time. He invited him to witness the explosion of some mythical patent torpedoes under several equally mythical old hulks across the Potomac. The clergyman went, and they met the customary coterie of three-card-monte men, and pretty soon the usual cattle drover came along, apparently drunk and displaying a big roll of money. The game was, of course, three-card monte, and the drover recklessly bet with his confederate and lost a considerable sum. Skivington showed the clergyman how the drover was being cheated and invited him to take a hand and win some money. The clergyman, however, had conscientious scrupies against gambling, but finally Skivington made a proposition to him, saying that the drover would certainly be swindled out of all his money by the sharpers and suggesting that it would be doing a Christian act to win his money, get his address and then place the winnings in the bank to his credit, where he could recover them when he was sober.

This looked like a charitable act, so the clergyman gave Skivington his pocketbook containing several hundred dollars, and it was ventured on the cards and lost. Skivington was profuse in his apologies and regrets, and while the drover was gathering in his money a stranger appeared on the scene with a very wicked looking double-barreled gun? He was furious at the discovery that gambling had been going on on his land, and started toward a house a hundred yards away, where, he said, a constable resided. It was explained to the clergyman that the statutes of Virginia impose a penalty of two years upon all persons detected and convicted of the crime of gambling, and no sooner had the bogus farmer taken a dozen steps toward the house than the clergyman made a dash for the river, followed closely by Skivington. They jumped into a boat and rowed back to Washington, the minister actually thanking the gambler for having saved him from arrest and disgrace, so little did he suspect the real character of his companion.

Skivington had another adventure with a lawyer, under similar circumstances; but the lawyer even risked his watch and returned to Washington absolutely penniless. When the bogus farmer appeared with the shot gun, the lawyer gave one yell and made toward Long Bridge, a distance of some five miles. He ran like a deer through the mud, and as it was raining he arrived in Washington wet to the skin. He is an intimate friend of Secretary Lamar, and told that official all about his experience at the Arlington. The good natured Secretary laughed until he cried, and then frankly told his legal friend that he had been swindled. The case was put in the hands of the detectives and they recovered the gold watch, but were, of course, unable to get back a single dollar of the money.

Something New in Engagement Rings.

"That ring," said a New York jeweler, as the reporter picked up a seven-stone cluster diamond, "will cost you $12. If you return it within six months you will receive a rebate of $5."

"What! Only $12 for a cluster diamond ring?" exclaimed the astonished scribe.

"I said $12," was the calm reply. "Here (lifting out another tray) is the mate to it—price $180."

"Enlighten me," pleaded the reporter.

"I will, although it is odd that you haven't caught on to this little game. The American is a hustler in all things. If he falls in love he goes with the same rush that would characterize a business transaction. He wants to be engaged and have the day set, but in perhaps three cases out of ten his ardor cools before the fatal day arrives, and he 'throws' the match. He was mistaken in the girl or in the strength of his own feelings and he breaks the match."

"I see."

"He has given the girl an engagement ring. He can scarcely muster up the cheek to ask for its return, and the chances are that he wouldn't get it if he did. This cluster diamond ring at $12 fills a long-felt want. The gold plating will wear for six months, and the paste diamonds will sparkle and glisten for about the same length of time. If at the end of six months he discovers that his feelings have changed he breaks off the match and is little or nothing out of pocket. If time has only welded his love the firmer, so to speak, he gets the spurious ring from her to have their initials engraved on the inside, and comes here and exchanges it for the genuine pure. See? It is a little trick of our own, but the jewelers of Boston, Philadelphia and other cities are catching on and stealing our customers."

The Baby's Growth.

Any one who has listened to the usual talk of a mother or the nurse about her baby will have noticed that she endows it with a degree of intelligence which is quite impossible that it should possess. She has no hesitation in infusing a grown-up mind into the helpless bundle in her arms, and in attributing to it likes and dislikes, perceptions, expressions of will and of temper, and various other and failings which are incompatible with its stage of development. It is a natural misconception. Mothers are interested in comparing their children's progress with that of the typical child, and we therefore subjoin the following table:

Motion	First Attempt	With intervals
Shaking the head	3 days	16 weeks
Holding up the head	11 days	16 "
Seizing	12 days	17 "
Pointing	8 months	8 "
Sitting	14 weeks	42 weeks
Standing	23 weeks	4 "
Walking	41 weeks	6 "
Kissing	12 months	22 "
Jumping	27 months	28 months

—BABYH.

The Editor Was Considerate.

He walked into the sanctum with a sort of got-my-diploma-right-in-my-face look on his countenance, and stopped near to the editor's desk, inquiring:

"Can I see the editor?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I would like to write for your paper."

"What's your name?"

"John Adams."

"And you'd like to write for our paper?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"Got a pencil?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well just write your name and address, and I'll see that it's sent to you. Save you all the trouble of writing for it, you know. Good morning."

MY LITTLE WOMAN.

My little woman is not rich,
Stands not in that strong blaze of glory,
By fame flung to the lowest niche;
She is not praised in song or story,
She wears no costly diadem,
Or medal for some deed heroic;
She is not an angel or a stoic.

She never braved the roaring gale
To bring to land some half drowned sailor.
She'll never write a deathless tale,
Nor thousands at her death bewail her.
She clamors not for "woman's rights,"
She aims not for the Legislature,
She has her little human spites,
And sees her own weak woman's nature.

She'll never sound the trumpet's blast,
Or shine a star of any splendor.
She's just herself, from first to last,
Willing or willful, cold or tender,
This is her portrait. Not to good,
Of earth and dew, not superhuman,
For common life, and common food,
My best beloved, my little woman.

STORY OF A LOST DIAMOND.

How It Lifted a Man Out of Poverty—Travels of the Jewel.

LOST—On Wednesday evening, a diamond star. A liberal reward will be paid to the finder on its return to D. KING, 1,228 Connecticut av.

The above advertisement appeared in a Washington paper in February, 1885. A few days subsequently another advertisement appeared, offering a reward of $100 for the recovery of the brooch and no questions asked. The loser thought, perhaps, that the reward was not sufficient, for another advertisement followed offering $500 reward. It proved of no avail, however, at the time, and the owner gave up the brooch as irrevocably lost. Now comes the sequel.

A Washington young lady was visiting some friends in Philadelphia. Among her acquaintances was a young physician, who, in the course of conversation one evening, told her of a peculiar case that he had a short time before. He was hastily called one day to attend the sick child of an ignorant and poor Frenchman who had come to Philadelphia from Washington. The man was so poor that he had postponed summoning a physician until he feared the child would die, as he had no money to pay a physician's fee. Consequently, the physician found the child past recovery. He was called too late. He did all in his power, however, to save the little one; sat by the bedside and worked and watched, but all in vain. The Frenchman, although overcome with grief at his loss, was very grateful to the doctor for his unremitting efforts, and, telling him that there was no money in the house, slipped into his hand a lady's brooch, the only means he had of paying him. The doctor put it into his pocket without looking at it. He supposed it could be of little value, and he didn't care to mortify the poor Frenchman by examining it in his presence. On reaching his office, however, the flash of the stone setting almost convinced him that the jewels were genuine diamonds, and when he saw Tiffany's stamp on the back he no longer doubted. He took it to Bailey, Banks & Biddle's, where he was told that the stones were very valuable, and that the brooch was worth something over $1,000.

Returning to the Frenchman to inquire how such a valuable article came into his possession, the doctor learned that one night while in Washington the Frenchman was employed to take care of the gentleman's carriage-room at an elegant entertainment given at one of the handsome residences in the West End. Late in the evening he found it necessary to go out on the pavement to find the carriage of one of the guests. In front of the house he trod on something hard, and looking down saw it glitter. He picked it up, and putting it in his pocket attended to his errand. He did not dream of the value of his find even after examining it later. Subsequently he went to Mr. Ronalan, the French Minister, but could get no advice from him as to what he should do and so retained it.

The doctor was satisfied that the Frenchman was ignorant of the value of the jewel or else he would never have given it to him for his small fee. He decided after thinking the matter over to keep it, thinking that he would be much more likely to find the owner than the Frenchman. The young lady to whom the story was told and who was much interested could throw no light on the matter. On her return home she repeated the story in the family circle. Her sister, on hearing it, said: "Why, that loss was advertised in a paper some time ago. I remember it very well, for there was a very large reward offered for the brooch."

The returned traveler, thinking she might unravel the mystery, went at once to the newspaper office and hunted through the files. She found the two advertisements, the one offering a liberal reward and the other $100, and mailed copies of the papers containing them to her friend in Philadelphia.

It was not long before she heard from him. He had written to the Washington address, but received a reply from Newport, whither he at once forwarded the lost brooch, receiving in return a handsome sum of money as a reward. This he turned over to the poor Frenchman, who was delighted at his good fortune. A lost jewel had been found, a poor man had been raised from utter poverty to comparative plenty and two persons had the satisfactory consciousness of having done a good deed, all on account of a little advertisement.

Furbishing up the Commonplace.

It has been noted how cunningly Tennyson can glide and furbish up the most commonplace detail—as when he calls Arthur's moustache "the knightly growth that fringed his lips," or condescends to glorify a pigeon pie, or paints the clown's astonishment by this detail, "the brawny spearman let his cheek Bulge with the unwalloped piece, and turning stared;" or [illegible] characterize a pun, "and took the [illegible] as they'd upon it, and made it of [illegible]." This kind of ingenuity, indeed, belongs rather to talent than to genius; it is exercised in cold blood; but it may be a valuable auxiliary of genius, perfecting skill in the technical details of art. Yet such a gift is not without danger to the possessor. It may tempt him to make his work too much like a delicate mosaic of costly stone, too [illegible] blended, free excessive [illegible] of detail. One may even prefer to [illegible] this highly wrought a more [illegible] careless strain, that lifts us [illegible], and carries us away on as a [illegible] if more turbid, torrent of inspiration such as we find in Byron, Shelley [illegible] of Hugo. Here you are compelled [illegible] at every step and admire [illegible] of the costly tessellated pavement [illegible] your feet. Perhaps there is a [illegible] finer, a pre-Raphaelite or [illegible] excess of finish, here and [illegible] you, that takes away from [illegible] perspective and remote [illegible], leaving little to the imagination; not suggesting and whetting the appetite, but rather satiating it; his loving observation of minute particulars is so faithful, his knowledge of what others, even men of science, have observed so accurate, his fancy so nimble in the detection of similitudes. But every master has his own manner, and his reverend disciples would be sorry if he could be without it. We love the little idiosyncrasies of our friends.—[Contemporary Review.

ANTI-SLANG SOCIETY.

Young Lady Members Who Insist Upon Using the Vulgar Language.

A society was recently organized in Chicago by young ladies for the purpose of discouraging the use of "slang phrases" in conversation. At a meeting, while a member was addressing the society, she inadvertently made use of the expression, "awful nice," and was called to order by a sister member for transgressing the rules.

"In what way have I transgressed?" asked the speaker, blushing deeply.

"You said it would be 'awful nice' to admit young gentlemen to our deliberations," replied the other.

"Well, wouldn't it be?" returned the speaker. "You know you said yourself no longer ago than yesterday that—"

"Yes; but you said 'awful nice.' That's slang."

"Well," said the speaker, tartly, "if you are going to be so awful nice about it, perhaps it is; but I wouldn't say anything if I were you. Didn't you tell Sallie Spriggins this morning to 'pull down her basque?'"

"No, I didn't," retorted the other, her face growing crimson, "and Sallie Spriggins will say I didn't. She won't go back on me."

"This is a nice racket you are giving us," cried the president, after rapping both speakers to order. "Let us ask what is the object of this society?"

"To discourage slang," cried a dozen voices.

"Correct," said the president. "Go on with the funeral."

A member arose to explain that she had been fined at the last meeting for saying "awful nice" herself, but she hadn't the stamps to pay it now—would settle, however, in the sweet by-and-by.

"That'll be all right," said the president; "pay when you have the ducats."

Another member asked if a young lady could say "old splendid" without subjecting herself to a fine.

"You bet she can't," said the president, who was the original founder of the society, and therefore appealed to when any nice question was to be decided.

"Then," said the speaker, "I move that Miranda Pew come down with the dust, for I heard her say that her beau was 'just old splendid.'"

Miranda's face was in a blaze as she cried, "Well, if my beau was such a hairpin as your fellow is, I wouldn't say it."

"Shoot the chinning!" cried the president; "will you never tumble?"

But the confusion was too great to be allayed. Miranda's blood was up. Some sided with her and others against her, and amid the Babel that followed could be heard such exclamations as "Dry up!" "Nice blackberry you are!" "Wipe off your chin!" "Hire a hall!" &c., when a motion to adjourn was carried by a large majority.

How They Get There.

Did you ever listen to a young couple working up to that point of affectionate intimacy at which they call one another by their Christian names?

"It has been a lovely party, hasn't it, Miss Jackson?"

"Lovely, Mr. Wilkins."

"I have known you a long time, Miss Jackson."

"And I have known you quite awhile."

"I've often heard my sister speak of you."

"And my brother is always talking about you."

"Is he? I hear so much about you too. I feel quite at home with you."

"It's a lovely night, isn't it, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Beautiful. I think Edith's such a pretty name."

"Do you? I don't like it."

"Edith."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing. I was merely repeating the name."

"I don't like all men's names. I like some. I like Philip and Ferdinand and"—

"What do you think of George?"

"That's your name. George!"

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, nothing. I was only repeating the name."

"What a lovely night it is, isn't it, Miss Edith?"

"Oh, there! George Wilkins, what did you let me slip on that cobblestone for?"

"Pon my word, I didn't do it, Miss Edith."

"Well, we are at home, or I am, Mr. George."

"I am very sorry."

"So am I. I'm so much obliged for your escort; I've had such a lovely time."

"And so have I."

"Good night, Mr. Wilkins."

"Good night, Miss Jackson."

"Good night."

"Good night."

"Good night—Edith."

"Good night—George."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Spain's coast defences are in a bad way.

The shamrock is growing scarce in Ireland.

Steel nails are now almost exclusively used.

A new town in Florida has been named Bayard?

In the new usage fashionable dinners are not long.

Frozen cream cheese is popular in New Orleans.

A tablet with a back to it like an easel is a new menu card.

Complaint is made that nothing fit to eat can be had in Cuba.

A ton of gold is buried in the graves every year.

A Chinese state banquet sometimes reaches seventy-five courses.

Horse railroads were started in St. Petersburg only twelve years ago.

The White Mountain towns net about $1,000,000 off summer visitors.

Bog oak and Irish diam