THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.
Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA COUNTY,
BY JAMES C. HASSON.
Established December, - - - 1866.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
[illegible]

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 XXIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1889. NUMBER 25.

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OLD-TIME ALLIGATORS.

Yarns of the Georgia Bottoms in the Days Before the War.

A number of old citizens were in conversation in the vicinity of the court-house. Among them were some of the former planter princes of this section, whose immense plantations in ante-bellum days were tilled by thousands of slaves. They knew all about the country, and the singular forms of animal life with which it teems.

"Many years ago," said Colonel H. A. Tarver, "the Oaky Woods district was filled with alligators. They were much more plentiful than now. Do you know that the bellow of an alligator is a sure sign of approaching rain. If you hear their hoarse cry in the morning look out for showers.

"The alligators are often quite fierce. A negro woman was standing in a pond washing when an alligator caught her by the leg. She called lustily for help, when some negro men who were near ran to her assistance and killed the huge reptile. A gentleman was riding across a branch when an alligator caught his horse by the leg. The animal plunged fearfully, but the saurian held on like grim death. The gentleman was thrown in the water and the horse managed to extricate his limb from the fierce teeth that apparently held it as in a vise. I once killed 120 alligators in one day. The ponds were quite dry at the time. I procured a long pole with a large hook at the end, and, going to the holes which were still filled with water, I dragged the reptiles out, having them dispatched by the negroes. It is singular how long life will remain in these creatures. We once killed a large one in a field and left it behind the furrows. The next day, twenty-four hours later, the overseer touched it in passing, and it doubled itself up, striking out viciously with its tail, nearly striking him."

"I once went on a fishing excursion to McLellan's Mills," said Dr. Talliferro Jones. "We stretched out our nets, and at twelve o'clock we went to examine them. In one we found a large alligator tangled up, who got away. The net was torn in two, but we reset it without trying to mend it. At two o'clock Mr. Johnson and others went out again. The alligator had returned to the net, endeavoring to prey upon the fish within it, and was drowned thereby. They brought it ashore. I was asleep at the time, and they awakened me by putting my foot in the huge mouth of the creature. The alligator was eight feet long, and was stone dead. We pricked him with knives and punctured him, but could find no sign of animation.

"One of the best finds I ever made," continued the doctor, "was at Piney Woods creek, near Acree. The water was very low, and as I was crossing it I saw an immense blackfish come swimming by in the shallow stream and hid amid the tall grass. I dismounted and killed the fish. In stepping back I felt some queer substance beneath my feet, and looking down I saw that I had stepped upon an enormous soft-shelled turtle. I also captured that, and the next day I had them both for dinner."

A negro out at the Tarver place is very fond of alligators as a food product. He captures the saurians, and, after duly preparing them, cures them as he does his hams. In his smokehouse at present five or six of these reptiles are hung up undergoing the smoking process.—Albany (Ga.) Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

THE QUEEN'S KEYS.

An Historical Incident Witnessed After Dining in the Tower of London.

Three hours later, as I said good night, my host stopped me. "There is something you would like to see, and it is just time. Come along." As we went out an officer of the guard rushed by in full uniform, sword ringing against the stone steps, huge bearskin helmet and all the rest, and cried out to us: "You will be late if you don't hurry," and away he went at double-quick across the moonlit parade. It was rather soon after dinner for a constitutional, but we followed, and found the guard already turned out under the gallery by the Bloody Tower. A moment later appeared a little squad of men, one of them in a flowing scarlet robe, with a lighted lantern, coming up the steep slope that leads from Traitors' Gate. The sentry challenged sharply:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The warder halts and answers:

"The keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys".

"Pass, Queen Victoria's keys." The warder in the flowing scarlet robe with the lighted lantern, followed by his little squad, starts off again, but halts again and cries aloud:

"God save the Queen."

The guard comes to the present, the officer brings his sword to the salute, officer and men respond in chorus three times with a kind of cheer:

"Amen, amen, amen."

Again the warder sets out, passes, turns square to the left and vanishes, he and his flowing scarlet, and his lantern, and his little squad. He is carrying the keys of the tower to the governor of the tower. It was but a minute. The guard are dismissed, the officer marches leisurely off. My friend and I are left there. Only a minute; yet that self-same ceremony has been transacted on that same spot, at the same hour every night, for something like eight hundred years. Back through all these crowded centuries of English story you hear nightly that challenge ring out; nightly that blessing invoked on King or Queen, with, I suppose, an interval when Oliver Protector got the benefit of it, and nightly the clash of steel which tells the constable of the tower that "all is well."—London Letter.

—According to the Methodist Recorder there are 421,784 members of the Wesleyan body in Great Britain, the last year showing an increase of 5,000.

SEEKING NOTORIETY.

Fools Who Write Their Names on Windows, Furniture and Trees.

What for does a man want to write his name everywhere he goes, and on every thing which offers a blank space large enough for his autograph?

Does anybody care to know that John Smith, of Hickory Creek, visited Niagara Falls, August 21, 1888, that he need to put himself to the trouble of recording that fact on every bench and blank wall and bridge-rail all around the Falls?

No matter what locality we visit we find the names of previous visitors recorded on every available spot. Sometimes a sentimental verse is appended, by way of illustration; and texts of Scripture and theological warnings are quite common.

Hotel windows suffer fearfully from this craze. Every body who owns a diamond seems possessed with a mania for writing with it on glass—we have even seen the abomination on plate-glass. The idea of scratching up and defacing windows which do not belong to you in that way! The man who will be guilty of such snobbery ought to be brought into court and fined, like any other criminal.

Railway car windows are peculiarly subject to this kind of disfigurement. Not long since we saw written on the window of a railway car this interesting and instructive legend:

"We all must die and go away
To either heaven or hell to stay.
This is writ with a diamond ring,
And James L. May he owns the thing."

And we hereby give notice that, in our opinion, the said James L. May is a jackass, and his mother must be proud that he lived through the whooping-cough, and measles, and mumps—lived to bless this world and the rest of creation with his presence. He is a credit to her and to all the family.

Now, what we want to know is what people indulge in this kind of thing for? What makes you want to have your name cut in uneven letters on a bench? Why do you want to see your autograph on somebody's window? Why do you want to scratch your initials on every rock from Maine to Florida?

What for?

We suppose it is none of our business, but we can not help asking the question.

It has always been done, and it always will be, probably; but, in the name of railway companies and hotel-keepers, we ask you to let the windows and the looking-glasses alone. You have no more right to thus disfigure them than you have to paint your business card on the frescoes, and thus announce that "Tom Brown Sells Empire Soap!"

If you want to leave your name in a conspicuous place, have some signboards painted, and pay a man to patrol the streets with them; or have them displayed on the teleg poles, and the traveling public will pleased and interested to read them as they flash by.

No living man wants his windows or doors or settees defaced by the efforts of his visitors to secure a cheap notoriety. You do not buy your landlord's house and grounds when you enter your name on his hotel register, or when you settle your weekly bill. You have no more right to scratch up his windows and walls than you have to do the same thing in the house of the friend where you are visiting. If you must try your diamonds on glass, why not take a small window along with you and experiment to your heart's content? It will afford you amusement, and every body who sees you at work will know that you have diamonds, and so your end will be attained.—Kate Thorne, in N. Y. Weekly.

The First American Shoemaker.

Among the Pilgrim Fathers who came to Salem, Mass., in the second cargo brought by the Mayflower, in 1629, was Thomas Beard, "The Shoemakêr." Boston was not then settled or known even as St. Botolph's Town. Beard brought a letter to Governor Endicott, stating that he was sent by the Massachusetts Bay Company in London, and was to be maintained by them, and commending him to the care and helpful favor of the Governor. From their knowledge of the few cattle here, and the needs of the people, the company wisely shipped some "hides" in the Mayflower's cargo; those probably being tanned sides of leather. The little colony of Naumkeag gave a warm welcome to their new fellow-citizen, and his address and credentials moved them to present him with fifty acres of land. After this pleasant event he seems to have lived so peacefully that he had no further history; but he is the first one of whom our record tells as being an American shoemaker.—Shoe and Leather Review.

—One day during the siege of Paris shells from the Prussian guns began to fall near the museum of the Jardin des Plantes, where M. Chevreul then had his laboratory. He sat down and wrote King William a personal letter, in which he protested in the name of science against the shelling of the garden and museum under his charge, and that, if continued, it would be an act of vandalism. The King appreciated this appeal, and the guns were immediately pointed in another direction. Then the King sent the letter to a scientific journal, of which he has been a subscriber since its foundation. When the war was over the letter, translated back into French, was printed in Paris, and great was the sensation which it produced.

One of the most remarkable feats in modern journalism was once achieved by Mrs. Isabelle B. Barrows, of Boston. She wrote a verbatim report of a speech made in German by Carl Schurz, which she turned into English while her pen was flying across her paper in stenographic characters. To write stenographically and translate from German to English simultaneously was a remarkable piece of shorthand reporting.

FOREIGN NOBLEMEN.

Mr. Peterby Discusses the Gentry in a Way That Can't Be Misunderstood.

"When it comes to making fools of themselves I do honestly think that the American girl is entitled to the blue ribbon," remarked Mr. Peterby, who was reading the morning paper.

"Yes, it frequently happens that in the selection of their husbands they show bad taste," replied Mrs. Peterby, very sarcastically.

"Is that a hit at me?"

"If the cap fits you there is no objection to your wearing it, particularly as it will cover that bald place on your head."

"Thank you, Mrs. Peterby. You are very kind this morning."

"Oh, don't mention it; but in what particular respect has the American girl been making a fool of herself, and thus invoking your wrath?"

"Well, another bogus German Baron has married a wealthy American and has swum off with her money. They were married in Baltimore, and now he has skipped."

"And he did not belong to a high family?" asked Mrs. P.

"Naw; his claim to belong to an elevated family was not as well founded as that of the man whose father was hung for horse stealing. He claimed to be Baron F. E. O. Von Sacrow, but there is not such a baronet in the Almanach de Gotha, although there may be lots of them at Sing Sing and in the barber shops."

"But there are some real noblemen who come to this country and marry high-minded American girls."

"The high-minded American girl who marries a foreign shoddyocrat isn't got any common sense. It costs the American girl, on the average, $200,000 to marry one of these titled frauds, but the cost in misery is not known."

"But some of these titled Englishmen who marry American girls are real baronets."

"Bah! Very likely their mothers took in washing and they themselves studied natural history as elephant attendants in a cheap circus. It's what you don't know about these foreign noblemen that makes them respectable. But it is just as I said: On the nobility question the American woman is a conspicuous ass. If an orang-outang with a title were imported into this country he would not be safe," and putting on his hat, Mr. Peterby indignantly went down-town to his office.—Texas Siftings.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

A Story Which Shows Him in a Better Light Than Usual.

Stories of the German Emperor are always abundant, often uncomplimentary, and not infrequently apocryphal. Here is one which seems to have rather better credentials than usual. One day, it runs, he invited a young Lieutenant, who is an excellent zither player, to dinner. The imperial family dines at two o'clock, and after dinner the officer gave a little concert on the zither to their majesties. Toward four o'clock he asked permission to retire. "Why so soon?" graciously asked the Emperor. "Sire," replied the Lieutenant, "I return to my garrison to-morrow, and I have promised my sister to come and say good-bye this afternoon at her pensionnat." "You are a good brother; but before you go you must take coffee with us." Twenty minutes later the Lieutenant went with his sovereign into the drawing-room, where whom should he see but his sister sitting next to the Empress and surrounded by three or four little Princes. Like a good German housewife the Empress herself poured out the coffee for her visitors. The conversation, varied by music, was prolonged till the evening, when the Emperor said to the two young people that he would like to keep them to supper; offering his arm to the girl the Emperor led the way into the dining-room, while the Empress followed with the brother. It was a very simple meal which was placed before them, consisting of a dish of vegetables and a piece of roast meat. But it appeared that it was rather more elaborate than usual, for the amiable Empress said, laughingly: "You must not think that we have always such luxurious suppers. It is only when we have visitors that we are so grand."—London Telegraph.

MUCH LABOR LOST.

The Kind of Cat's Tails an Old Farmer Brought to Market.

Old Farmer (sauntering into a large dry-goods store bearing a well-filled two-bushel bag on his shoulder)—Say, young feller, is this whar they buy cat's tails?

Clerk—Cat's tails?

"Yes, cat's tails."

"Great Scott, man, what do you mean?"

"Mean? Why, I mean jest whut I say. Do yer buy 'em?"

"Certainly not. I never heard of any body buying such things."

"Never, eh?"

"Of course not."

"Wal, thar's somethin' quare erbout it then. Why, er leetle while back ther ele 'oman read in er paper whar it wuz writ down thet cat tails wuz in big doman' an' that city folks paid fer 'em fer ornamentin' popposes. Then I fell ter thinkin' on it, an' it come ter me thet es ther wuz er power o' cats erround, I could jest es easy turn er few honest dimes es not, an' ercordin' I went ter work an' gethered up that air bag full ov 'em, an' they're monstrous fine 'uns, too. Yer shore they don't buy 'em, air yer?"

"Yes. But I think I understand where you missed it. The cat tails referred to by the paper are a species of slough grass."

"Hey? An' it didn't mean rale shore 'nuff cat tails er tail?"

"No."

"Wal, ef that don't jest nashuly stump my taters. Why, say, I've put in er whole month gittin' them air, an' I've cut ther tail offen every cat fer ten mile erround. Say, I bet yer never seed sich er lot o' bobtail cats sence you war born es thar is up whar I live."—Detroit Free Press.

CHINESE CHESS.

An Ancient Game Skillfully Played by New York Celestials.

New Yorkers, with a great chess tournament going on in their city, think a great deal of the skill of the players, all of whom have made world-wide reputations in the game; but their claims sink into insignificance before the merits of certain Mott-street players. In one of the dingy Chinese shanties chess-playing is a favorite game, and considerable money changes hands over the table. The place is fitted up handsomely for a Chinaman's quarters, and the chess table is a rare bit of Chinese carving and painting.

The Chinese game of chess is very ancient, for Wu Wang invented it in 1120 B. C., but its rules of playing are very different from those used by Western nations. In the play-room a large table is erected, the surfaces of which is divided into seventy-two squares, of which eight are run together to form a river, leaving thirty-two on each side; but as the men stand on the intersection of the lines there are ninety positions for the sixteen pieces used by each player, or twenty-six more than is used in the European game. The pieces are like checker men in shape, each of the seven kinds on each side having its name cut on top, and distinguished by red or black colors. The four squares near each edge form the headquarters of the isinger "General," out of which he and his two sz, or "secretaries," can not move. On each side of the headquarters are two elephants, two horses and two chariots, whose powers are less than those of our bishops, knight and castle, though similar. The chariot is the most powerful piece. In front of the horses stand two cannoneers, which capture like our knights, but move like our castles. Five poo, soldiers or pawns, guard the river banks, but can not return when once across it in pursuit of the enemy, and get no higher value when they reach the last row. Each piece is put down in the point where it captures its man, except the cannoneers. As the General can not be taken, the object of each player is to checkmate him in his headquarters by preventing him from moving except in check. The want of a Queen and the limited moves of the men restrict the combination in the Chinese game more than in the Western chess, but it has its own elements of skill. The Chinamen in Mott street have had several tournaments which the papers did not report. Some of the players have attained an amount of skill that would put an American on his mettle to defeat. For more than seven centuries chess has been a great game with the Chinese, and it is held in great respect in China and here.—N. Y. Times.

PILGRIMS TO PALESTINE.

Sights and Scenes on the Banks of the River Jordan.

The crossing of the Jordan by the Israelites was accomplished in the most perfect order, because they had been trained under Moses to perfect military discipline, which was continued under Joshua. It was an occasion when almost any large body of men would have been thrown into confusion unless thorough discipline can be presupposed. If this was the first great pilgrimage to the Jordan, it certainly was not the last one. Thousands of devout pilgrims from different parts of the world visit this river every year. They bathe in it; and carry water from it to their distant homes. Greater numbers come from Russia than any other one country; but every country in Europe is represented, as well as North and South America and Australia. I have seen the road from Bethany to the banks of the Jordan literally crowded with pilgrims on their way to this sacred stream. In groups of ten, twenty or fifty, as the case might be, they were scattered throughout the entire distance, like the remnants of a routed army. They numbered probably two thousand or more. Once, on arriving at Jericho, I saw the bushes covered with garments, like the washing of a military encampment, and soon ascertained that they belonged to a crowd of pilgrims that had just returned from bathing in the Jordan. The clothing in which they bathe is preserved with great care, and it is these garments in which they desire and expect to be buried. The current of the river is very strong, and by ropes and other means precautions are taken against accidents while the pilgrims are bathing. It not infrequently happens, however, that persons lose their lives; but it is usually those who have confidence in themselves as being good swimmers. Such persons pay little heed to cautions. They run risks, and in a moment are carried beyond the reach of help. These facts serve to illustrate the difficulties the Israelites would have found in crossing the river had they not been miraculously aided. Three years ago the Governor of Palestine had a narrow bridge built over the Jordan. It was called an "American bridge;" and at the opening, to which I was invited, the valley presented a strange and lively scene—tents, horsemen, a multitude of people, and the sound of trumpets, as if some new Joshua, with another invading army, had arrived in the "borders of Jericho."—Interior.

—The consideration shown for another's feelings by a little three-year-old caused some amusement in his family, who were surprised at the thoughtfulness of a child. After the death of his grandfather the child was warned not to mention his name to the grandmother, since in doing so he might add to her grief. On one occasion he was reproved by his grandmother for disobedience, and he replied instantly: "If I am a bad boy I shan't go to Heaven where," then he paused, struck with instant thoughtfulness, "where that gentleman is," he continued in a satisfied tone, sure that he had hurt no one by careless mention of his grandfather's name.

LONDON WITHOUT END.

The English Capital's Peculiar Place Among the Cities of the World.

London never fails to impress the tourist with its peculiar place among the cities of the world. There are many possessing far finer groups of buildings; its main thoroughfares, such as Regent street and Oxford street, are not to be compared with those in Paris or Philadelphia; but there is a solidity in its pavements, a steady progress in its vehicles, a sense of continuity in the endless succession of its streets, an air of unpretending confidence in its crowds, an unabashed, monotonous ugliness in its lines of suburban villas which is unique. London is the place where incidents and gatherings which would move many a metropolis "to its center" are wholly unnoticed except by such as happen to come across them. Even the most popular events, which may interest some hundred thousand people, do not make a sign or ripple in the surface of the great brick and mortar sea which surrounds the city proper. It must be a very big man indeed who can draw direct personal notice in London. Metropolitan news is conveyed, not by conversation or verbal rumor, but by journals. The "talk of the clubs" (exalted by some "society" papers) is an infinitesimally small fraction of that which engages the metropolis. There is really no "talk of the town" as distinct from that of the nation. It is sheer glee which distinguishes London. Not long ago I stood by the castle in Edinburgh and noticed that I could discern men at work in the fields all around me. There were indications of separate outside life. It is so, moreover, in the large transatlantic cities. Down the straight streets of New York you can catch glimpses of white sails on the Hudson or East river; but when you look at London from any square or open space within its borders, there appears no proof that it has any borders at all, or that it ends anywhere. It might cover the whole earth for all you can see.—Cornhill Magazine.

OUR COUNTRY'S HOPE.

The Marvelous Intelligence of Billiard Hall Young Men.

"Man told me 's morning," said one of our best young men, "that Harrison, Indiana man, been elected judge."

"Don't elect judges," said the well-informed best young man, who sucked information daily from two kinds of canes, morning cane and afternoon cane. "President appoints 'em."

"What's President?" asked the best young man whose mother is his sole support, and she a widow.

"President Harrison; same fellow man told you was 'lected judge."

"Harrison President?" echoed the first best young man, in feeble astonishment. "Why—where's Cleveland? Thought all time Cleveland President."

"Discharged, reckon," said the well-informed best young man, and the convention was thrown into a very maelstrom of doubt, perplexity and uneasiness as this appalling mystery confronted them so suddenly, when the best young man, who wears his watch chain outside of his coat, cleared up the matter by explaining:

"Why, Cleveland, he's Vice-President now; that's the way it's fixed, Harrison and Cleveland take it turn about."

The best-informed young man turned green with envy. "Harrison," he said, "used to be judge once before. Long ago, when he was Governor of New York."

He regained, by this clever stroke, his former reputation of being a walking encyclopedia of universal knowledge.

"President's place worth much?" asked the best young man, who clerked in a billiard store and was believed to have vast ideas upon the subject of values.

The best young man, who wears his watch chain outside his coat, was inclined to think that it was $50 a month and meals, but he was scorafully sneered down by the well-informed best young man, who said it didn't pay a cent under $700 a year and sleep in the store.—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Why Illinoisans Are Called Suckers.

The first settlements of Illinois were made in the southern portion of the State. The land was new and rich, and yielded abundantly with but little cultivation; but there were no means of transportation or markets, and money was scarce and hard to get, an old fashioned pleasure looking as big as the bottom of a half-bushel, and was carefully hoarded to meet some contingency. As a result of this state of things all the surplus population regularly every spring took up their line of march to the Galena lead mines, where they worked during the summer; and as regularly every fall took up their line of march for their homes in the southern part of the State. This being the habit of that numerous family of fish called Suckers, which then, as now, ascended the streams in the spring and descended in the fall, the bands of Illinois settlers fluctuating between their homes and the mines soon became known as Suckers, and later on the name was generally applied and Illinois became known as the Sucker State and her people as Suckers.—Galesburg (Ill.) Register.

"Old Hickory" Was Tough.

Traveler in a sparsely settled region in Tennessee (coming down with red eyes to breakfast)—You say, madam, General Jackson once slept in the bed I occupied last night?

Aged landlady of country tavern—He did, fer a fack.

Traveler—Was it—er—the same bed in all respects it is now?

Aged landlady—Jes' the same.

Traveler—And he actually slept in it? Sure he slept?

Aged landlady—Sartin'. That's what I wuz sayin'. He slep' in it.

Traveler (wonderingly)—What a hide he must have had!—Chicago Tribune.

HUMOROUS.

—A barbers' trust has been formed in New York. Of course, it will "shave" every body.—Washington Critic.

—Four Oil City ladies met on one of our streets the other day and talked five minutes without uttering a single word of gossip. A great many strange things happen in Oil City.—Blizzard.

—Mamma—"Howard, are you going to take part in the tree-planting at school on Arbor Day?" Howard (emphatically)—"No, I hain't; there's 'leaff switches growin' round our school now."—Life.

—When Booms Stop.—Easterner—"I understand the great land boom at Dugout City has collapsed." Westerner—"Yes; no use keepin' it goin' any longer. All the land now is owned by outsiders."—N. Y. Weekly.

—At a Grocery Store.—Mrs. Snoozers—"Land alive! What are you going to do, Mr. Greengoods, with all these coops of chickens?" Mr. G.—"A great economy of mine. Eggs laid while you wait, you know. I'm tired of the kicks against my eggs."—Chicago Herald.

—"No, sir," said the editor to the poet. "Your work is rank plagiarism. Now get out. Well, what do you want?" he added, addressing the humorist. "I have some original jokes—" "Don't want 'em. I can use all the original humor I want out of my exchanges. Good morning."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?" Little Charlie—"I love papa most." Charlie's mother—"Why, Charlie, I am surprised at you. I thought you loved me most." Charlie—"Can't help it, mamma; we men have to hold together."—Texas Siftings.

—"You look tired, Miss Brown; too much dancing?" "Oh, dear me, no! but we gave what is called an aggaged dinner last week, where eight betrothed couples were invited, and afterward they retired to eight different corners of the two rooms and whispered all the evening, and it reminded maps and mamma so much of their courtship they went out and sat on the stairs and left me alone. Do you wonder I still look tired?"—Funny Folks.

—"Do you ever feel lonesome, deserted, and as though you had not a friend in the world, Mrs. Dobbs?" inquired Johnson of his widowed friend lately. "Yes, indeed, Mr. Johnson, and my heart always goes out to those poor unfortunates who are left alone in the world." "Then I take it that you have bestowed the full measure of your pity on that strawberry in the shortcake, Mrs. Dobbs?" "I would remind you, Mr. Johnson, that I conduct my business on a strictly cash basis," she replied, with withering scorn.—Minneapolis Journal.

HANNAH SNELL'S STORY

A Soldier and a Marine and Never Discovered to Be a Woman.

Hannah Snell flourished in the reign of George II. Her grandfather was a soldier who fought at Malplaquet; she married early, her husband being a Dutch sailor, who maltreated and deserted her, leaving her with a baby, which died, whereupon Hannah appropriated a suit of her brother-in-law's clothes, and assuming his name, which was Thomas Gray, enlisting in General Guise's regiment. After awhile she deserted, but subsequently re-enlisted in the navy as a marine, in which capacity she served in the East and West Indies. From her dexterity in washing and mending for the men, and from her being beardless, she acquired the nickname of "Miss Mollie;" but her bravery in action eventually caused her to be invested with the more honorable cognomen of "Hearty Jenny."

Being at last discharged from the service, during all which time her sex was undiscovered, Hannah Snell went on the stage, and appeared with much applause as Bill Bobstay, a sailor, and as Firelock, a grenadier. In consideration of the hardships she had undergone in the service of her country—which hardships comprised, among other tribulations, five hundred lashes that she got at the Indians, and an almost equally barbarous scourging at the gangway on board ship—Government awarded Hannah a pension of £20 ($100) a year, on the strength of which she took a public house in London, with the appropriate sign of "The Widow in Masquerade; or the Female Warrior."—From "Modern Amazons."

Water as a Medicine.

Some of the doctors have been telling their experience in practicing "the faith cure;" in other words, working on the imagination of their patients. Besides the bread pills of which our forefathers partook, it seems that now we are indulging in small doses of injected water in the place of morphine. One of the Manhattan hospital physicians asserts that it often puts a patient to sleep quite as well as the drug. Dr. Clinton gives water tinctured with quinine instead of morphine, and reports that it works wonders. So also salt and water are surreptitiously administered in place of beguiles. Are we in reality only bundles of fancies, or are we developing into a physical era, in which the mind shall control the body in ways not formerly possible? Can we not manage in some way to fool ourselves and go to sleep without being fooled by the doctor? Who will invent a substantial trick on himself?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Had Faith in His Mother.

An English gentleman, talking with his Irish servant, said:

"It is a long time since you heard from your mother, perhaps she is dead—"

"Oh, no, your honor," said Pat; "she is not dead or she would let me know it."—Detroit Free Press.