THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.
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BY JAMES G. HASSON.

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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.

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—Low Prices our method.

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Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that healthy health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Bartles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

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Nervous Prostration,

with bad back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 80 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moffitt, Killingly, Conn.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1, six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

1794. 1889.
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AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
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CIRCULARS FREE. SITUATIONS GUARANTEED.

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To Solicit Orders for our Choice Nursery Stock
Salary and Expenses, or Commission, if Preferred. We pay the wages of Peddlers and keep them at home. Our Stock is all fresh, of home growth, and warranted to Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. Address, stating age, R. S. CHASE & CO., 1430 South Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Nov. 28, 1888.

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THE :: SUN.
FOR
1889
And for the Democracy.

THE SUN believes that the campaign for the election of a Democratic Congress in 1892 and a Democratic President in 1892 should begin or on about the fourth of next March. THE SUN will be on hand at the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever, to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles held by Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden.

The great fact of the year is the return to absolute power of the common enemy of all good Democrats—the political organization for whose overthrow THE SUN fought at the front for fifteen years, the memorable years of Grant and the Fraud Hayes, and Garfield and Arthur.

It is the same old enemy that Democrats now confront, and he will be intrenched in the same strong position. It has been carried once by brave and fighting hopeful. Do you not believe with THE SUN that the thing can be done again? Wait and see.

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Daily, per month	$0 50
Daily, per year	6 00
Sunday, per year	2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year	8 00
Daily and Sunday, per month	0 70
Weekly Sun, one year	1 00

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Ourselves to keep abreast, but to keep the lead over all others in selling you
PURE, ABSOLUTELY PURE AND WELL MATURED, RIPE WHISKIES AND WINES
At prices that make all other dealers hustle. Just think of it:
Overholts & Co's Pure Rye, five years old. Full quarts $1.00, or $10.00 per dozen.
Still better!
Finch's Golden Wedding, ten years old. Full quarts $1.25 or $12.00 per dozen.
Better still!
Kentucky Bourbon, ten years old. Full quarts $1.25, or $12.00 per dozen.
And one of the most saleable Whiskies on our list is
The Pure Eight Year Old Export Duckenheimer. Full quarts $1.00, or $10 per dozen.
There is no Whisky that has ever been sold that has grown in favor with the public so rapidly as our old Export, and the simple reason is that it is utterly impossible to duplicate it.
There will never be any let up in the purity and fine flavor in any particular of the Pure California Wines we are now offering at 50 cents per bottle. Full quarts, or $5.00 per dozen.
In making up your orders please enclose P. O. Money Order or Draft, or Register your order.
JOSEPH FLEMING & SON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRUGGISTS,
PITTSBURG, PA.
412 MARKET ST. Cor. of the Diamond.
Jan. 25, 1889.—1yr

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AMERICAN FISHES.
A popular treatise upon the game and Food Fishes of North America, with especial reference to habits and methods of capture, by G. Brown Goode, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. With numerous illustrations and a magnificent frontispiece plate of a brook trout in nine colors. The work is published in one volume, Royal Octavo. Over 460 pages from new plates, on handsome paper, and elegantly bound. Sent free on receipt of price, $3.50.
FAULKNER & ALLAN,
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Ebensburg, July 19, '88.—4t.

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A RELIABLE REMEDY For Sick Stomach, For Torpid Liver, Billious Headache, Costiveness, Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient.
It is certain in its effects. It is gentle in its action. It is palateable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by assisting, not by outraging, nature. Do not take violent purgatives yourselves or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a popular favorite. Sold by druggists everywhere.
Sick-Headache, AND DYSPEPSIA.

KENTUCKY MULES.

The only firm in Penn'a who make a specialty of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1400 lbs., are D. Aronheim & Co., 59 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. Nothing but No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.
Correspondence solicited.

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Aug. 16, '89.-3m.

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of prime quality, bought in any quantity for cash on delivery, free brokerage, commission, storage, &c., by
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Importers and Exporters, 88 William St., N. Y.
Aug. 23, '89.-6m.

ONLY A WINK OF SLEEP.

Sweet Messenger of Rest,
To nerves o'erstrained, to brain o'erwrought,
From driving in the field of thought,
To mind oppressed by weight of care,
To eyes grown dim by broken glare,
And only a Wink of Sleep.

A Messenger of Rest
To hands o'restrained by daily toil,
To spirits bruised in life's turmoil,
To feet grown sore along the way
O'er which they pass from day to day,
And only a Wink of Sleep.

A Messenger of Rest,
Though brief, yet restful to the soul,
A guerdon bright, a welcome goal
From which to start life's race again,
Holding to fair world content,
And only a Wink of Sleep.

A Messenger of Rest,
With healing on its jeweled wings,
With which it plumbed from celestial strings
Of music heard in soothing strains—
One moment lost to care and pains,
And only a Wink of Sleep.

A Messenger of Rest,
One moment lost, a new life won,
A setting and a rising sun
Reflect their rays of richest hue—
Farewell to old, all hail the new,
Born of a Wink of Sleep.

—Close Housekeeping.

THE DRUMMER'S WIFE.

He Won Her Incidentally While Gaining Experience.

"I am a young man in years, but I've had a good deal of experience from my youth up, and I keep on I'll be a kind of a Methuselah at seventy," he said, thoughtfully.

We were sitting at the theater waiting for the first act, and my companion was a commercial traveler whom I had met at the hotel. He was a genial, jolly fellow, a good talker and well read; we had come to enjoy each other's company, and were at the theater together very naturally, indeed.

"Have you had any romantic experiences?" I asked, hoping to hear something novel.

"Well, yes, a good many," he returned, reflectively; "but my first business venture was as romantic as any thing that ever happened to me. I got my wife on account of it!"

"I should like to hear about it, if you care to disclose such a personal affair," I remarked.

"Yes, I would just as lief tell it as not while we are waiting. I always call it our 'Shakespearean Marriage;' it's a queer story, too!" He paused for a moment as if to select a convenient way to commence, then continued:

"When my class graduated from the High school—let's see—that was in '74—we all wanted to do something out of the ordinary and decided that we would give a play of some sort at commencement.

"We appointed a committee to look up the matter, and they reported in favor of a comedy, with a recommendation that 'As You Like It' be selected; so 'As You Like It' it was—you've read it, of course?"

I assured him that it was my favorite comedy.

"Well," he resumed, "some of us fellows drew lots for roles and Orlando came to me; that suited me first rate, for I liked sentiment, and love scenes, and wrestling and so forth. There was a girl in the class named Lilley Heynum—Jove! but she was as pretty as a picture!—and they chose her for Rosalind; the other parts were distributed at random.

"We rehearsed a good deal and when finally graduation day came we were in good form and played well for amateurs, and the whole town turned out to see us.

"Now, the beginning of the end is this: Lilley Heynum fell in love with me, and she did all her tender parts with Orlando in good, solid earnest so that any one could notice it, but I didn't. I was in love with Alice Cassel, and shouldn't have paid any attention to Lilley if I had known she loved me, but I had no idea of such a thing. When a fellow is in love with one girl he don't feel like flirting with any one that comes along—did you ever notice that?"

I presumed it was so.

"When I got my diploma I was almost too important to live; if you ever graduated you know how that is, and when my father offered me a clerkship in his store I wouldn't take it. I told him that I had gotten some education and wanted to use it, and what was more, I wanted to see the world. (I've seen enough of it since!) So when I saw an advertisement for insurance solicitors to do work down in Connecticut—I lived in Massachusetts—I jumped at the chance and applied for a place.

"The fellow who called himself 'general agent' for some big life insurance company was a slick scoundrel, but I was guileless and thought he was as honest as the angels. He told me that they paid twenty dollars a week salary and expenses, and that there was nothing much to do but canvass a town, report applicants for policies to him (he did the underwriting), and draw my pay.

"That looked like a wonderful chance to get something for nothing, and I told him to give me a town and I'd start the next day. When I told my father, he objected and said I shouldn't go, so I, like a foot boy, ran away; but I forgot to say that before I left Pittsville—that was my home—I called on Alice Cassel and clinched matters there, got engaged in regular style. By Jove! and when I got rich we were going to marry and live on our income.

"Dilford, that was my agent's name, gave me letters of introduction to a fellow named Jarson, who had been in the business, he told me; and to a big preacher. When I got to Penfield I couldn't find the preacher, but Jarson was there and he was very friendly; he did every thing for me and when I got homesick he tended to me like a brother—I tell you he was kind!

"Well, as luck would have it, I got acquainted with another preacher named Graynor, and he asked me to come and board at his house, which I did. I went to work, and the first two weeks my salary and expense allowance came all right, but, after that, Dilford kept making excuses for not sending money—his remittance from London was delayed, or something like that. I didn't suspect any thing, of course, but supposed it would all come at once; he did finally pay up all my salary, but didn't send money for expenses after the second week. It went on this way for a month, when one day I got a letter from my classmate, Lilley Heynum—she was a teacher then—saying that her uncle, the postmaster, had found out that my agent was crooked, and warning me to get out of his clutches as soon as possible. I showed the letter to Jarson, and he said that the 'girl was a fool' and 'her uncle a fraud,' so I didn't answer the letter.

"A few days later I went to the picnic of Mr. Graynor's Sunday-school, and when I was there Jarson's little boy tumbled out of a boat in the middle of the river, and I fished him out just in time to save the little shaver. Ole Jarson was awfully thankful, and swore that he'd never cease to love me, and be grateful to me; he got over that!

"A few days afterward he came to me and said he was in a desperate fix; a note of his was due that very day and he couldn't meet it, owing to the fact that some money he expected from New York hadn't come, and, while he would have plenty of cash in a few days, he was absolutely 'broke' just then, so he wanted to borrow some money of me for a week. I asked how much he needed, and he said all I could spare would'n't be too much. I had all my salary on deposit at the bank, and I gave him a check for all I had, about one hundred dollars, and took his note for the sake of the formality. A couple of days afterward I found he had skipped the town ostensibly to go to Philadelphia. I telegraphed to Dilford asking for my back pay, only to hear that he had gone to Boston the day before and was on a steamer for Queenstown at that time! Well, there I was—not a cent in the world—thirty-five dollars' worth of debts—no way to get home—I couldn't write to my father for money to get out of the difficulty, because I ran away and had never let him know where I was—there I was, stumped.

"Well, I told Mr. Graynor, God bless him! and he lent me enough to get home, and said that he trusted me for what I was indebted to him; in fact he acted the good Samaritan to me, and I respect his Christianity more than any one else's in the world!

"I left Penfield a pretty sad boy and, being ashamed to go home to my folks, I started for my grandfather's intending to borrow some money to pay my debts, and tell my father that I got cheated out of my salary and not say any thing about the rest of the affair.

"When I got to Springfield who do you guess I met in the depot?"

"Your grandfather?" I ventured.

"Lilley Heynum! She said she was a delegate to a teacher's convention being held there, and asked me where I was going. I told her that I was on a business trip, but got tangled up in my remarks, and she saw that I was in trouble as quick as a wink! She begged me to tell her all my troubles; she said she was my friend and might be able to do something for me. I was so discouraged that I told her every thing, and even that I was going to my grandfather's to get some money.

"After sympathizing with me and trying to cheer me up a little, she said that she had some extra money which she would like to be relieved of before she lost it, and offered to lend it to me with or without interest for any length of time; she promised to keep the matter quiet, and said that her offer would save me the embarrassment of asking my relatives for money and telling my dismal story.

"Of course I refused to take money from her, but she was persistent and at last I gave her my note, at ninety days and ten per cent., for forty dollars. I paid my debts at Penfield and went home. My father received me like the prodigal son, forgave me for running away and gave me a clerkship in his store at ten dollars a week, instead of twenty and expenses!

"Well, as soon as I got settled, I went to see Alice Cassel. She received me very coldly, saying that she wished to have nothing to do with one who had deserted his home and treated his father so disgracefully; that her father had forbidden my coming to the house, and that she had another gentleman who was more congenial to her. She returned my letters and tokens and said that she wished to have the acquaintance discontinued. Well, that was my first love affair, and I am glad it ended just as it did. Don't ever commit suicide because a girl rejects you—it is always better for you in the end—though it is hard to bear at the time; you can always find a woman just as good or better than the one who rejected you.

"Well, I felt heartbroken for a little while; but as I was working very hard I soon forgot all about Alice, and declared that I would have nothing more to do with the fairer sex—every one who gets jilted says that self-same thing and forgets it in less than a year afterward—isn't it so?"

I nodded my conviction that he was correct, and he resumed.

"At the end of three months I repaid Lilley Heynum and called several times to show my gratitude for her kindness, but after all cause for calling was removed I still continued to call once a month, or oftener, until at last I had a regular Tuesday night engagement, and before long I found myself in love more deeply than ever, but I was too poor to pop the question and had to adore in silence.

"When I was twenty-one years old my father gave me a fourth interest in his business as a starter, and after that I began a regular courtship and pretty soon I married the present Mrs. Nelton."

"But why do you call it the 'Shakespearean Marriage?'" I interposed, fearing that he would leave his story in a very unsatisfactory condition.

"Oh, yes, you want to hear about that, I expect. While we were engaged in a conversation one night in June, we naturally enough thought about the events of our school days, and commencement. I had made up my mind to get an answer that night, and when it came to the 'As You Like It' part, I nerved myself for the question and said very abruptly: 'Will you be my Rosalind?' She thought a moment and said: 'To you I give myself for I am yours.'

"Then I asked if she would marry me and she said: 'I'll have no husband if you be not he;' that is what Rosalind tells Orlando, you remember. Do you see the point now?"

"Well," said I, "that was strange!"

"Dr. Graynor had in the meantime been given the pastorate of the Methodist church in Pittsville, and he married us! On the day of the wedding I received a letter postmarked Denver, Col. I opened it and found a check for two hundred dollars and a letter from Jarson! He said that he was compelled to cheat me, as Dilford had him under his thumb on account of some fraud they had committed together, but that he had settled down to an honest life, and the two hundred dollars was for saving his son's life and in payment of the over-due note!

"Dilford was arrested afterwards and served a term in Sing Sing for a similar sharp game; that's all. Now, isn't that a little real life romance?"

"Yes," I answered, "but how did Dilford make any thing out of you?"

"Don't you see? He was getting a commission on the number of policies he issued, and if I did the work for nothing he made his money clear; he paid me some and Jarson, his confederate, borrowed it all, so I was a cat's-paw."

The orchestra ceased playing, the bell rang, the curtain rose and we were suddenly transported to a dreary Scottish heath where the witches conversed 'mid thunder, lightning and tumult, for it was "Macbeth." I never saw the narrator of this story after that night, and if this comes to his notice let him judge whether his story has suffered by the re-telling.—L. A. Lamb, in Yankee Blade.

EFFECTS OF FOOD.

How to Produce High-Flavored Meats and Choice Dairy Products.

The influence of soil upon herbage is a settled fact; also, food has an undoubted influence upon animals. The Southdowns on the calcareous pastures of the southern counties of England yield there mutton of the finest flavor, unequaled by that of any other sheep; and the Southdown mutton produced elsewhere, excepting upon the limestone soil and bluegrass pastures of Kentucky, is inferior in quality to the English mutton. Now that we are entering into the business of producing mutton for market, this fact must not be ignored, for unless the American taste, which has been refined by good living, and demands the best of every thing, is made a subject of consideration a large demand for this meat, so tender and sweet when properly reared, and fed, can not be made, and the business of growing mutton will always be secondary to wool-growing. Mountain regions are exceedingly well adapted for producing high-flavored and tender mutton, because of the pure air and water and sweetness of the herbage, and these elevated pastures will be sought for this industry by knowing shepherds.

Kentucky horses surpass all others, and their excellence is due to the fine herbage upon which they graze and which is produced upon limestone soil. This fact is so well understood by horsemen that many breeders have removed their stables from other localities to that favored State, because they could not compete with Kentucky-bred horses. The same principle holds especially true of the dairy. No Roquefort cheese can be made save on the pastures of Roquefort, in France; the rich and exquisitely flavored Stilton is produced nowhere else in perfection but in the neighborhood of that English town in Leicestershire. Our best dairy districts are found only upon limestone soils and where the famous bluegrass prevails; and makers of special kinds of cheese, as the Brie, in particular, have found Orange County, N. Y., the best locality for the pursuit of their business; one maker of this cheese not long ago failed to find what he wanted in New Jersey and succeeded only when he removed to that famous dairy locality in New York. This being so, those who desire to go into the business of fancy dairying must consider well their choice of location.—Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

On the Road to Prosperity.

Two lawyers meet upon the highway.

Ketcham—Hello, you're looking well and prosperous. What have you struck?

Cheatam—I don't think I'll tell you. It's too good a thing to give away.

Ketcham—Last time I saw you you looked mighty seedy. What's your lay now?

Cheatam—I'm working the railroad depots of Chicago.

Ketcham—I fail to grasp the scheme.

Cheatam—Why, it's simple enough. When through trains stop for a few minutes I arrange divorces for passengers while they wait.—America.

—"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honeymoon, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or vice-president of this society?" "I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered "I will be content with a subordinate position." "What is that?" "Treasurer."—Boston Journal.

PICTURESQUE FOULA.

A Pretty Island with Clever Inhabitants and Curious Superstitions.

The Island of Birds, for such it has been conjectured is the meaning of the word "Foula," is not so frequently visited by the tourists as it deserves to be. Situated at a distance of fifteen miles from the nearest point of the mainland of Shetland, its cloud-like form, which seems to float on the horizon, is visible from every hill-top of any importance in the archipelago. The eye of the observer of the picturesque, as it glides along the distant prospect, is caught by the fine, bold peaks of Foula, and returns again and again from the general survey to gaze fondly on that island as the finest feature of the scene. Nor is it only at a distance that it looks grand. The cliffs on the west side, which are beaten by waves which have rolled without a check all the way from Greenland, are the loftiest in the British Isles. The highest hill is the Sneck, which has an altitude of thirteen hundred feet above the sea. Another peak, almost as high, confronts the ocean as a stupendous precipice from summit to base. These crags are the homes of innumerable sea fowl, the norie sea parrot and kittywake being most abundant. On the east side the rocks are comparatively low, but not uninteresting. On the north side there are some remarkable stacks, or isolated rocks, one of them being pierced by a lofty Gothic archway and another surmounted by a ruin. The hollow center of the island affords peat, and the grassy slopes at the back of the cliffs affords good pasturage for cattle and sheep and a number of handsome ponies. The population numbers two hundred and seventy, and with the exception of three families is engaged in crofting and fishing. The Foulese are masters of many trades. They make their own turning-lathes and spinning-wheels. Some can repair clocks and watches; all can make and cobble shoes. A few are weavers and tailors, as well as dyers. Every man is a mason. The women clip, and, I am afraid, sometimes roo or pluck the sheep. They spin the wool and knit excellent stockings and sailors' frocks or jerseys. I believe if a Foulaman were to be placed naked on a desert coast, with nothing in his possession but a clasp knife, he would not only contrive to find food for his support, but in a short time would, by his unaided efforts, be provided with clothes, with a house, having a clock on the wall, and with a boat and fishing tackle. When they go to sea they never use the language that is employed on shore, but a jargon sacred to the occasion. A woman they call "cloven foede" or "hemelte." A parson is an "onstander," and the church is a "bone house," and so on. To use a land word in a boat is certain to frighten away the fish. A copper coin is nailed on every keel to prevent the "brigdy" (which is the Danish name for the basking shark) from sucking the boat to the bottom. A worsted thread having nine knots on it is tied around a joint when it is sprained. Sick cows are cured by drawing a tom cat by the tail over their backs. If a minister or a parson with flat feet crosses the path of the man going out fishing, no fish will be got. To accidentally wet the foot when stepping into the boat is a favorable sign. A cat should never be mentioned when a man is baiting his line. A rusty nail from a coffin will cure the toothache if used as a toothpick, and a sip of water from an old kneepan is a sovereign remedy for some disorders. To catch a halibut for bait the fishermen put nine pieces of peat into a kettle above the fire before proceeding to sea. A hen should be set when the tide is flowing, and an egg must be placed among the seed corn before it is sown. When a sheep is being slaughtered indoors no woman should pass between it and the fire. Stacks should be built and the ground dug according to the apparent course of the sun. Boats always take a turn sunward before going to sea.—London World.

Origin of the Name "Iowa."

The State derives its name from the tribe known now as the Iowa tribe. Much learning, or at least research, has been wasted in the attempt to show the orthography and definition of this word among the Indians themselves. While Washington Irving, with the license allowable to an imaginative writer, states that the meaning of the word is "beautiful," and recounts the incident by which that phrase was first applied to the country, saying that the tribe who, in their wanderings, arrived at the highest point in the Iowa prairies, looking over the vast expanse of country uninterrupted by hills or swamps, involuntarily uttered the word "Iowa," meaning "beautiful." But probably a better authority for the meaning of the word was Mr. Antoine LeClaire, a half-breed of the "Sac" and "Fox" nations, who always asserted humorously that he was the first white man born in Iowa, though his mother was an Indian. He was employed for many years by the United States as an interpreter in their dealings with the various Indian tribes. His definition of the word was: "Here is the spot—this is the place—to dwell in peace." It is very certain, however, that the name of the State, and the name of one of its secondary rivers, running through a large part of the center of the State, is derived from the name of the tribe.—Mr. Justice Miller, in Harper's Magazine.

—Visitor (dime museum)—"You are not a freak, are you?" Lady—"Yes." "Beg pardon; but what is there remarkable about you?" "I have been married ten years and I never once told my husband that I could have got plenty of richer and handsomer men if I'd wanted 'em."

—Any method which will keep the air from the inside of the shell will preserve eggs for a certain length of time.

FEET.

A plump little foot, as white as the snow,
Belonging to rollicking, frolicsome Joe,
In a little red sock, with a hole in the toe,
And a hole in the heel as well.

A trim little foot, in a trim little shoe,
Belonging to sixteen-year-old Miss Sue,
And looking as if it knew just what to do,
And do it in a way that would tell.

A very large foot in homely array,
Belonging to Peter, who follows the dray,
So big that it sometimes is in its own way,
And moves with the speed of a snail.

Ah! a very big thing is the human foot,
In dainty-made shoe, or in clumsy boot.
So 'tis well there are various tastes to suit,
And that fashion can't always prevail.

The plump little foot, a beautiful sight,
And the trim little foot, so taper and slight,
And the very large foot, though much of a fright,
Are traveling all the same road.

And it matters but little how small or how great,
So they never grow weary of paths that are straight,
And at last walk in at the golden gate
Of the city whose Builder is God.

—Springfield Musket.

THE DEADLY RATTLER.

Proof Positive That It Has the Power to Charm.

Tough but True Instances of the Baleful Influence of Its Eye—Hogs, Deer and Bats the Only Creatures It Fears.

"Do I believe rattlesnakes are able to charm birds and animals?" said a naturalist of local reputation. "That is a question that has been asked from time out of mind, and answered both negatively and affirmatively. Judging from my observations and experiments I am prepared to say positively that I do believe the rattlesnake can charm or mesmerize or paralyze, or whatever is the most correct term for the condition it brings upon its subjects, and that it can not only charm birds and animals, but that there is not a man living who can long withstand the terrible fascination of the rattlesnake's eye if he cares to test his ability by gazing into the eye when the reptile is excited and angry, using a strong glass in making the test.

"Any person who is familiar with the eyes of this deadly reptile ought not to doubt that the serpent possesses the power that so many naturalists deny. Even the eye of a dead rattlesnake, no matter how long the snake may have been dead, has a terribly malignant expression, and one that will make the most indifferent observer turn cold. When the reptile is alive and quivering with excitement, his brilliant length coiled like a painted spiral, the flat, vicious head raised and curved above the folds, and the far-sounding rattle vibrating as rapidly as a humming bird's wing, there is nothing in all nature so dreadful in its appearance as the eye that glitters and glares above all this deadly beauty, and I am satisfied that it is not only enough to strike birds and animals, but men, with irresistible, horrible nightmare, from which they are unable to arouse themselves until some disturbing force breaks the malignant spell.

"I would like to see the man who can look upon the eye of an angered rattlesnake through a strong glass, one that will draw the reptile apparently as close as a foot or so to the observer, and retain his gaze more than a minute without feeling himself irresistibly fascinated by the terror of it, an indescribable disinclination to withdraw his gaze in spite of the feeling of horror the awful eye inspires. I have tried the experiment a score of times. I am as strong in nerve as the next man, and have been used to handling and studying reptiles of all kinds all my life, but I have never yet been able to overcome the influence of the rattlesnake's eye.

"I have seen many instances of this influence on birds and animals. I remember once I was fishing in the Juniata river and my attention was attracted by the strange actions of a robin that fluttered and poised over a spot near the top of a stone wall, which protected the towpath of the canal that runs parallel with the river for some miles. I approached the spot cautiously until I got within five feet of the bird, which paid no attention whatever to my presence, but continued to frantically flutter within two feet of the wall. Glancing up I discovered the cause of the bird's strange actions. Coiled in a hole that had been made by the falling-out of a good-sized stone from near the top of the crude masonry and directly opposite the frantic robin, lay a rattlesnake, his deadly head upraised, his eyes glaring, and his red tongue darting in and out of his mouth like little jets of flame. The robin was unmistakably under the influence of the rattlesnake's mesmeric eye. It made frequent efforts to fly away up and down the stream, but it never got more than two feet either way. The snake turned its head whichever way the poor bird moved, and held it powerless with its awful gaze. Although I drew up so close that I could have touched the snake, it apparently did not notice me, so absorbed was it in fascinating the robin. I watched the proceeding for a minute, and then drew my revolver and shot the snake's head off. The robin fluttered a few seconds longer, and then flew in a dazed way and alighted on the wall not more than six feet below where I stood. It remained there for at least a minute, with its wings raised an inch or so, as you have seen birds on hot summer days. Then it seemed to recover itself and flew away. There could be no mistaking the fact that this was a genuine case of rattlesnake charming.

"Another time I was walking through the woods when I saw a chipmunk sitting on a low stump, every muscle drawn to its greatest tension, and the little animal gazing steadily ahead, its eyes fixed and staring. I walked on. The chipmunk did not move. I followed its staring gaze, and saw a rattlesnake, coiled as they always coil, and its eyes glittering like little coals of fire. I had my gun, and quickly put an end to the serpent's further mesmeric exercise. The strange part of the incident was that the chipmunk fell from the stump dead at the report of the gun. I thought that some stray shot might have struck it, although such a thing was highly improbable. I examined the little animal thoroughly. There was not a mark upon it. So strongly was the chipmunk under the influence of the snake, as I positively believe, that its very existence had become merged with that of the rattlesnake's. When the snake was killed the chipmunk's life was simultaneously ended.

"A person can not be a close observer of rattlesnakes long before he will discover a good many curious things about them. I have found out that there are at least three living things that a rattlesnake is in mortal fear of, and they are bats, hogs and deer. I discovered the fear a rattlesnake has of bats by putting one in the cage of a very fierce rattler I once had. I thought he would go crazy when the bat dropped down by his side. He got in the furthest corner of the cage and coiled himself up and actually hid his head. The bat flitted about in the cage, which was a very roomy one, now and then skimming the folds of the snake, who would only sound his rattles the louder and draw himself closer down in the corner. When I fished the bat out the snake slowly unwound himself and came out of hiding. I tried the experiment several times, not only on that snake but on others, and always with the same result.

"Every body knows how hogs that run in the woods in localities where rattlesnakes are found will soon drive the reptiles out of the neighborhood. They will go into a den of rattlesnakes if they can get in, and attack the snakes furiously, trampling them beneath their feet and tearing them apart with their teeth. The bite of a rattlesnake has no effect whatever on a hog. Deer hunt out rattlesnakes in the same way, cutting them to pieces by blows from their sharp hoofs. Many woodsmen claim that an apparent increase in rattlesnakes in some parts of Pennsylvania is due to the killing off of the deer or the driving of them out of those regions. There is another thing that the rattlesnake fears that I forgot to mention, and that is the black snake. The black snake will squeeze the life out of a rattler in a very short time, and no rattlesnake will stay long where there is a black one, if he can get away. There is an exception, however. When it comes time for snakes to gather into their wintering places, the black snake and the rattler and all other kinds of serpents take up their quarters with one another as peaceful as lambs.

"I have seen only two persons in my life who were bitten by rattlesnakes, and only one of them died although the same treatment was used in doctoring both. Poultices made of molasses and table salt, the latter stirred in the molasses until it was as thick as butter, kept on the wounds made by the snakes' fangs, and the usual generous doses of whisky, was the treatment in both cases. One man, a young one, with a healthy constitution, was well in five days. The other man, a middle-aged man, and not physically strong, died in two days