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AN OPPORTUNITY. We sat at the club in the fire-light, As it flickered and played on the wall, and we chatted of music and Egypt,

Of the opera, art and the ball And I talked half the night with the others, But my thoughts had flown far o'er the main, And were dweiling in quiet seclusion In the halls of my castle—in Spain.

In the castle I builded so lofty Which got a hard knock yesterday. When they told me Tom Jones is to marry

Nell Murray-sweet Neille-in May. Why, Nell Murray has dwelt in that castle Ever since it's been mine, and it's plain That without her light footsteps and laughter

'Twill stand silent and lonely in Spain!

She used to walk, too, with some children In the gardens so sunny and wide; But to-night they have all of them vanished And it seems as though some one had died Well, Jones is a good-looking fellow I think, since my fancies are vain And he has run off with its mistress

I'll shut up my castle in Spain. And I'll hang out a neat advertisement, Which somewhat as follows shall read. For sale or to rent, ready furnished To meet every possible need,

mansion of fine, siry structure, With a wide and extensive domain." And I'll sell to the first man who offers

To purchase my castle in Spain.
-Emily Alvord, in Harper's Weekly SAINT SOGORO.

True Tale of the Peasant Martyr of Soma, Japan.

In the first half of the seventeenth century Kotsuke-no-Suke was the lord of Soma, a rich agricultural district containing one hundred and thirty-six villages. Kotsuke-no-Suke was a hard, grasping landlord, who oppressed his peasants by heavy taxes until they were reduced to the last extremity of poverty. Year after year the wretched farmers petitioned their lord, through the village mayors, to have their burdens lightened, but without avail. Being a member of the Shogun's Cabinet Kotsuke-no-Suke spent the greater part of the year in Yeddo, where he maintained a private palace and a host of retainers. His extravagance gave rise to much comment in the capital, but few of the haughty nobles who frequented his entertainments knew by what means the Lord of Soma procured the vast sums of money necessary to support such lav-

ish magnificence. In the fall of the year 1643 the farmers dwelling on the estate of Kotsukeno-Suke assembled together to devise measures for their relief. That year the taxes had been heavier than ever before, and scores of families were threatened with starvation during the coming winter. The stoutest hearted among them were filled with despair at the apparent hopelessness of their situation. Sogoro, the mayor of one of the villages, and himself a farmer, had been, throughout all their vicissitudes, the stanch friend of the down-trodden peasants. He nowadvised them to draw up a petition to the Shogun's Cabinet, and then to select a committee to go up to Yeddo and present it to that body. When the evil doings of their Lord was known to his fellow-councilors their upbraidings and his own wounded pride might shame him into mercy. Sogoro's plan was adopted, and he was one of the number chosen to go to Yeddo to present the memorial to the Cabinet. Knowing the dangers that attended his mission.

Sogoro, on the eve of his departure, called his family together and said: "I am going to Yeddo, and it may be that I shall never return, for it is hard to say how I shall be treated by those in power. I am willing, however, to give my life for the good of our suffering fellow-tenants. Let us, therefore, drink a cup of wine together, for it may be that you shall see my face no more.

Sogoro and his companions went to Yeddo and there they soon learned of the riotous living of their spendthrift Lord, and they wept when they reflected that all his wanton luxury was bought with the life-blood of their famishing friends at Soma. In a few days they had an opportunity of presenting their petition to Lord Kuze, a member of the Cabinet, and they all felt elated that the great nobleman had condescended to isten to their grievances and to accept their memorial. The action of Kotsuke-no-Suke's ten-

If I die, mourn not over my fate; weep

not for me."

ants created no little stir in Yeddo, and many observations upon that nobleman and his style of living were made that could scarcely be called complimentary. But it does not do for people living in glass houses to throw stones. All the nembers of the Shogun's Cabinet had at one time or another been guilty of oppressing their own peasants, and it would be extremely awkward for them is the great college of Business Offices, where all the branches of a complete business education are taught by Actual Business Practice. The only member from Penna, of the "Inter-State Business Practice Association of America." The student leaners book keeping and business by engaging in business transactions. Practical Office Work And Banking are specialties. Individual instructions from v.a. M. to f. F. M. and from 7 to 10 F. M. The best advantages in Shorthand and Pypewriting—the highest speed in the shortest time. Send for catalogue now to sit in judgment upon Kotsukeno-Suke. So it was decided to return the petition to the complainants. Accordingly Sogoro received a summons to appear at the residence of Lord Kuze. There he was met by two councilors, who handed him the ill-starred memorial, saving:

"A short time ago you had the audaci ty to thrust this petition into the hands of Lord Kuze. By his extraordinary elemency he forgives your offense, but heware that you do not again presume upon his Lordship's forbearance, for ill

will it fare with you." "His Lordship's censure is just," numbly responded Sogoro. "But oh! my Lords, this action of ours is not hasty or ill-considered. Year after year have we suffered untold hardships, until now we and our friends are without even the necessaries of life. Therefore have we presented this petition. I pray you, Lords, consider our case, vouchsafe o help us that we may live. Our grati-

tude to you shall know no bounds." "Your request is a just one," replied he councilors, when they had heard the words of Sogoro, "but your memorial can not be received."

Disheartened beyond measure, Sogoro ght out his companions and acquainted them with the result of their efforts. It was a gloomy evening which the Soma men spent together, discussing with tearful voices the desperate extremity to which the failure of their plans had reduced themselves and their

friends. At last Sogoro said:
"There is still one thing left for us to do; we can appeal to our Lord's master, the Shogun. I know it is a capital offense for a commoner to approach his Majesty, yet, for the sake of my suffering brethren, I shall sacrifice myself that their wrongs may be made known and happily righted. On the morrow, therefore, do you all, except six men, return to Soma and tell our poor friends to have stout hearts, for there is yet tope for them.

Sogoro had from the first been recognized as the leading spirit of the enterprise, and his companions now made haste to follow out his suggestions. The intrepid farmer and his six associates drew up a new memorial, setting forth their grievances in a plain, straightforward manner and earnestly appealing for redress. Shortly after, while the Shogun, Iyemitsu, was on his way to Uyeno to worship at the tombs of his ancestors, Sogoro contrived to break through the troop of armed retainers that were escorting his Majesty, and thrust the petition into the hands of the Shogun. The daring farmer was seized and hurried off to prison. Iyemitsu was a just ruler and gave the peasants' memorial his careful attention. The result of it all was that Kotsuke-no-Suke was ordered to reduce his tenants' taxes to a proper amount, and to return to them the money he had wrongfully

deprived them of! The Lord of Soma was a very angry man, but though he might rage and vow vengeance upon the heads of his tenants, he had to obey the orders of his chief. And thus relief came at last to the long-suffering peasants.

But, alas for poor Sogoro! The irrevocable law of the nation pronounced his offense deserving of death, and he was turned over to his legal Lord for execution. In feudal Japan the nobility held the power of life and death over their peasant-vassals, and now the cruel Kotsuke-no-Suke, thirsting for vengeance, determined to destroy the whole family of Sogoro. In vain his tenants, his Samurai, his councilors, and even the Princes of the surrounding country besought the lord of Soma to be merciful; the bloody tyrant was inexorable. Sogoro and his wife were condemned to be crucified, and their three sons, aged seven, ten and thirteen respectively, were ordered to be beheaded in the pres-

ence of their parents. On the day of the execution all the inhabitants of the one hundred and thirty-six villages of Soma assembled to bid Sogoro and his wife farewell and to encourage them with their presence and their prayers. There was not one there, even to the executioners themselves, that did not call down the blessings of Heaven upon the martyrs, while curses, deep and bitter, were hurled against the hated Kotsuke-no-Suke. After the parents were made fast to the crosses, the three boys were led forth and beheaded in their sight. Friends received the bodies and bore them away to prepare them for burial. O Man, Sogoro's wife, turning to her husband, said in a

cheerful voice: "Remember, my husband, that from the first you had made up your mind to this fate. What though our bodies be disgracefully exposed on these crosses? we have the promises of the gods before us; therefore, mourn not. Let us fix our minds upon death; we are drawing near to Paradise, and shall soon be with the saints. Let us cheerfully lay down our lives for the good of our people.

"Well said, wife," responded Sogoro, gayly. "I am happy because I have attained my heart's desire. Our petition was successful; had I five hundred lives, and could I five hundred times assume this shape of mine, I would die five hundred times to redress the wrongs of our people." Then the executioner taking his spear

the side of her husband, and both died there in the sight of the sorrowing peasants. And Kotsuke-no-Suke's chief councilor, when all was over, came and knelt down before the dead body of the farmer and said: "Although you were but a peasant, you saved your brethren. You bruised your bones and crushed your heart for

thrust it into the side of O Man and into

their sakes. Honors shall yet be paid to your spirit, and you shall be canonized as a saint; you shall become a tutelar delty among the people of Soma." And so it came to pass. The farmers of Soma made the grave of Sogoro a place of prayer, and finally came to look upon him as divine. Finally a temple arose in his honor, and he was at length duly canonized as a Buddhist saint.-W. C. Kitchin, Ph. D., in N. Y. Ledger. AMONG THE PERUVIANS. The South American Nation Described by a Wisconsin Girl.

When Hon. John Hicks was appointed United States Minister to Peru he chose as Secretary of Legation a bright American girl, Miss Elizabeth L. Banks. Since being domiciled at Lima, the capital of Peru, Miss Banks has kept her eyes open, and, with instinct sharpened by her connection with various Northwestern newspapers, she has proved a good news-gatherer. Writing to a friend in this city, Miss Banks says: "Procrastination is the ruling habit of

Peru. Ask a Peruvian when he will do any othing and he replies 'Manana," which being translated means 'to-morrow.' Nothing is ever done to-day, all things take place on the 'madana,' which never comes. This 'manana' habit is, I suppose, breathed in with every breath of the air that one takes in Peru, and I am afraid I have drawn a good deal of it into my system. "This is a very interesting old city,

and yet the people and the government are very much behind the times, their ideas being those of one hundred years ago. The city of Lima has been called the heaven of women, the purgatory of men and the hell of asses;' and to the last proposition I will heartily assent. The city is full of donkeys, and the men and women who drive and ride them always carry a big chunk of wood with them, which they continually apply to the ribs of the poor animals. Some en-thusiastic writer has called the women of Lima the most beautiful in the world. There are some pretty Peruvian girls to be met on the streets or saying their beads in some of the many churches. Their dark eyes are the kind that would make a man jump off Pizarro's bridge into the river Rimac if his suit ! pened to go wrong. The Peruvian men pay a great deal of attention to their personal appearance and pass away much of their time in dress suits and tooth-pick shoes. They are very gallant, but are not half so nice as American men from any point of view. - Wash-

ington Capital. . -Small Boy-"Say, pa, I wish you'd get me a bicycle." Old Man-"Can't afford it, my son. Rent too high, coal too dear. Besides, I don't want you to break your neck." Small Boy-"Well, then, a tricycle." Old Man-"Can't do it. But I'll tell you what you can have. When winter comes I'll try and get you a nice long icicle." [The youngster is although nearly sixty, he is still a good

pacified. |-Grip. /- | deal of a masher.

CONCERNING OLD AGE. Statistics Based on Investigations of the

Prof. Murray Humphrey has just brought together a remarkable book on "Old Age." It is based upon the results of an inquiry conducted by the collective investigation committee of the British Medical Association.

In a portion of it the analysis of the returns respecting 52 centenarians are given; of these 16 were males and 36 females. Eleven of these were single (10 being females), 5 were married and 36 were widowed. Out of 50 returns 3 only were in affluent circumstances, 28 were comfortable and 19 poor; of these 9 were fat (8 being females), 20 were spare and 18 of average condition. Twenty-five were erect in figure and 25 were bent.

Out of 35 returns 28 used glasses, 7 did not; but of these 4 were poor, 6 had used glasses for 40-50 years, 5 for 30-35, 4 for 10-20, 2 for 4-6 years, 5 for "many years," 2 for a few years. From among these one had used spectacles for many years, but for the last twelve years had been able to read without them; another had not used them for twelve years; another "not for many years," but one can not now get them strong enough. Out of 47 returns 40 had a good diges-

Out of 48, 36 had good appetites, 2 bad and 10 moderate. Of 48, 25 were moderate eaters, 9 small and 12 large. In regard to sleohol, 15 took none, 24 a little, were moderates and one was used to a good deal of beer. Of animal food 3 took none, 10 moderate, 25 little, 2 very little and one much. Of aperients 22 took them rarely, 14 never and 5 frequently. Out of 39, 26 could say that their mem ory was good, 6 bad and 7 moderate. Of 45, 7 smoked much (4 being women), 2 little (1 a woman), 3 moderately (1 a

Out of 40, 37 did not take snuff. As to sleep, out of 40 32 were good sleepers, 5 bad and 7 moderate. From 35 returns the average time of going to bed was 9 o'clock; but 1 retires at 12 and 1 at 1k 5 at 7; 7 are bedridden. The average time of rising was about 8

o'clock, but 6 rose at 6 o'clock, 1 at 5, 9 at 10, 1 at 11 and 1 at 4 p. m. Out of 42 returns 24 had no teeth, and from 38 returns but 4 had artificia teeth; yet in men about 80 the average number of teeth is only 6 and in women 3.

In 12 returns the average age when married among the males was 23, and the females 25; the average number of children is, from the returns received, 5-7.—Pall Mall Gazette.

SYMPTOMS OF ECZEMA.

A Disagreeable Disease Due to Constitu Eczema-accent on the first syllableis one of the many eruptive diseases of the skin. The blood-vessels of the parts affected are in a state of congestion, accompanied by itching, smarting and exudation of serum, or watery portion of the blood. The disease varies greatly in severity and extent, as well as in its course and character.

perhaps on the eyelids or behind the ears, or near the joints. Some times there are pimples, either on affected spots or around them, or more or less diffused over the body. Sometimes vesicles-water-bladdersare formed by the exudation of serum

Its simplest form is a mere redness.

beneath the skin, the special seat being the back of the hand or the front and sides of the fingers. In a few days the serum may be absorbed, the swelling subsides, the cuticle dries up and comes off, and the skin either returns to its normal condition or the cuticle is thrown off in scales. In another variety there is intense redness, profuse exudation and the

formation of a thick crust, through fissures in which a mucous pus exudes. The final period of eczema, when chronic, may be characterized by a coming off of the cuticle in thin, fine scales, or by a tendency of the skin to chap and crack; sometimes the mere stretching of the fingers will cause it to break.

In some cases the skin becomes as hard and tough as leather, with an inclination to itch and throw off dry and scaly scurf; more rarely it is rough like an old wart, in which case the itching is generally very severe. As a rule, the eczema occurs in limited

patches, but occasionally it spreads over large part of the trunk or limb. There is hardly any part of the body which it may not attack. It is not con-The disease may result from a condi-

tion of the body-from constitutional debility, or temporary derangement of the nervous or digestive organs, or even from unsuitable or insufficient food-or it may have an external exciting cause -cold or heat in excess, insufficient clothing, or garments that irritate the skin.

The treatment must be first directed against that which causes the condition of which the eczema is only a symptom. At the same time local treatment will be necessary. But no general direction can be given suited to so variable a disease. A skilled physician should have charge of the case. - Youth's Com-

FADS OF SENATORS.

Statesmen Who Dress Well, Others Who Are Slouchy and Odd. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, is the handsomest man in the Senate-rather tall, trimly built and well proportioned, with brown eyes and gray hair and mustache, says a writer in the Chicago Times. Evarts might fairly be called the homeliest if it wasn't for the power in his face that is almost a sort of beauty in Four Senators are eminently well

dressed-Aldrich, Blackburn of Kentucky, Manderson of Nebraska, and Butler of South Carolina. Many think that Butler is the handsomest. But as to dress it is a close call among those four.

The slouchiest of the Senators in point of apparel is Payne, of Ohio. Payne's clothes simply hang upon him, his necktie is a string, or looks like it, and his collar is always awry. Quay's great fad is gray; he never wears any thing else. You might suppose that he always wore the same suit, but in reality he has half a dozen made

at a time, all just alike and gray-the same shade, too. Frye, of Maine, is never seen without a carnation in his button-hole. He is the dude of the Senate; he looks younger than he is and dresses younger than be looks. His hair is parted in the middle; he wears a bang and a gay necktie, and

MY LOVE HAS GONE AWAY.

I used to love the forest green Each shady nook and dell, Where birds were twittering overhead,

Intent their love to tell; But now it is a haunted spot, Where I no longer stray, For every thing reminds me that My love has gone away.

I used to linger on the beach To hear old ocean's roar, And watch the summer tides come in And dash along the shore; But now I can not bear to hear The dirge the billows play. For they have lost their charm, because

My love has gone away. The country lane was, I confess, Scarce broad enough for two, Unless the arm was round my waist, And thus we wandered through; But now it is a noxious place,

Where not a single ray Of light appears, and all because My love has gone away. The universe is dark and dull: Around, above, below, There is nothing quite so beautiful As 'twas awhile ago: The birds no longer sing so sweet, The skies are cold and gray,

And nature mourns with me, because

My love has gone away.

—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger. CALIFORNIA GRIZZLIES.

Game That Old Hunters Do Not Oare to Meet When Alone.

Bruin Was Not Satisfied with Spanish Steers-A Bear Hunt in Which the Bear Did All the Hunting That Was Done.

The California grizzly is a most interesting animal. As Bret Harte used to say, he has but one ungentlemanly habit, that of scalping with his fore paw, and this he caught from the wicked red man. Otherwise, unless aggressively assaulted, he is the pink of good behavior. He will walk off the trail and give you the right of way, he will gather salmon berries in the same patch, or dig roots on the hillside while you are sketching or writing not many yards away. If it were otherwise - if the grizzly had the temper of the royal tiger - thousands of the pioneers of California would have perished at his claws, for a full-grown grizzly when

roused is a terrible antagonist. When Americans came to California grizzlies were very numerous. General Bidwell saw scores of them in the Napa Valley, General Vallejo saw them feeding like sheep in the Santa Rosa. In the acorn season they were found in droves under the oaks. The Spaniards learned to lasso and kill them. The Americans found great sport in shooting them from horseback. When the Missourian stockmen came they poisoned theusand of grizzlies, and the work is still going on so steadily that the great Pacific coast bear is very scarce, and certain to become very rare in a few more years. At present the finest skins that come to San Francisco are from the high Sierras and from Alaska.

Forty-five years ago there were grizzlies in the Santa Clara valley and in the foot-hills within twenty miles of San Francisco. They were in the liveoak forests of Encinal and the Contra Costa, where Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda now stand. They were occasionally brought into the old mission of San Jose and turned into rings to fight Spanish bulls. But they lived for the most part in contented obscurity. When the pioneers came few of them understood the nature of the animal, and so the early stories that linger in the valley have elements of surprise that the later bear stories lack. •ld Captain Valpey, a Nova Scotian sailor, sold his sloop at an early day and bought a foot-hill ranch. There was

a deep guleh on the tract full of oak, madrone and chapparal. Pretty soon he discovered that a large grizzly lived there. The old captain went down to the village for advice. "He will kill your steers," said old Kester, who owned a stock ranch. "Buy a bottle of strychnine, and the first time you miss a steer go out and poison the carcass." Captain Valpey bought the strychnine. The next day he climbed up the hill, over the gulch, with his old spy-glass and looked down. He saw a great brown body moving along the trail, and soon the bear passed within fifty feet of the rock where he sat. The captain was delighted at his appearance. The next day at the village he declared: "Boys, nobody shall shoot or poison that grizzly of mine. He walks like an old salt, and he's as big as a horse! I ain't too poor to let him have a five-dollar Spanish steer whenever he wants it." Under these circumstances the Valpey

grizzly became famous and throve for several months. But one morning the old captain was up on "Maintop Kneb" with his spy-glass. He saw his drove of cattle was in the wooded pasture below, huddled up in a bend of the creek. Before them, marching back and forth, occasionally rearing up and growling, was the great grizzly. He was selecting his dinner, much to the amusement of the captain. Suddenly the bear charged into the band and struck down with one blow the only blooded steer the captain owned. The rest of the cattle escaped with wild terror. The grizzly made his meal and went off. The captain swore awhile, then he got his strychnine bottle, and, late in the afternoon, cautiously descended the slope to where the body of his \$100 steer lay with a broken neck. He poured the strychnine over the carcass, saying wrathfully: 'Wasn't Spanish beef good enough for you, ye old native Californian?" So he poisoned his bear, after all. There was a family of pioneers who

lived in the hills of Alameda County, not far from Valpey's. The elder, Zachariah Cheney, took his son Joe and a young man named Allen out to kill a grizzly. They all knew very well where to find him, in a wild and broken canyon, or about the rocks at its head, where oak trees grew. They had come across his tracks many times, and had seen him grubbing camass roots on the hillside when they were hunting up cattle. So they thought very little of the danger. Each of them had a gun and a revolver. Suddenly they met the bear at the head of the wooded gulch, who, seeing their warlike preparations, immediately charged them and treed all three in less than a minute. There was so little time for choice of a tree that the elder Cheney and young Allen got into scrub-oaks hardly larger than respectable quince trees. In less time than it takes to tell it the bear had Cheney on the ground, scalped him with one blow, crushed his arm and shoulder-· blade with another, and left him.

The bear instantly turned his atten tion to young Allen, seized him by the boot-leg, and jerked him from the tree so violently that the poor fellow rolled thirty feet down the gulch and under some willows, where he lay in silence. The third man was beyond reach, so the grizzly, master of the circumstance, rose to his full height, gave a roar of triumph, and walked leisurely home. Not a single shot was fired by any of the three men! Yet let no one too hastily shoot out the contemptuous lip, for ninety-nine men out of a hundred might have done as badly. The rush of the large grizzly from his chapparal shelter is a terrible thing to face. I distrust most of the current stories about successful hand-to-hand encounters with fullgrown grizzlies. There is an oak tree in Shasta County under which a miner who had fired upon a grizzly was killed by one blow from the enraged animal.

and when his companions killed the bear it was found that the man's bullet had passed entirely through the animal's If it were not for poison placed for

him in his haunts the great master of

the California forests would still walk 'alone as a rhinoceros" in almost every wild canyon of Coast Range and Sierra. Men learn to give him the track whenever they can, and if they go on the war-path it is with profound respect for their antagonist's strength and courage. once met five or six San Luis Obispo farmers who had shot a huge grizzly. They took their guns and went down into the gulch where the bear lived. They found him where he was compelled to cross the ravine to get to them, and so they were able to put over twenty bullets into him before he died at their feet. They had just skinned him and spread the great hide on the rocks when I rode up. I asked them how they felt about it and the leader said: "We none of us want to tackle another. If he had been on our side of the guich instead of on his own most of us would have been killed before we could pump enough lead into him." And that seemed to be

the general conviction. There were two Americans in the Santa Clara valley at an early day. brothers, named Howard and Michael Overacker. They owned large farms, had a wide acquaintance and were very popular. They were also the best rifleshots and the most cool and successful hunters in the county. I have seen Michael, at a turkey match, kill his bird at six hundred yards. They used to kill wild geese, coyotes, mountain quail and hare on the run with their Henry rifles. Still, though they had shot hundreds of deer, antelopes and elk they never went grizzly hunting. At last, in 1868, in the San Benito mountains, Howard Overacker had his bear adventure, and the details are very characteristic of the habits of the grizzly.

The eider Overacker was then in the rime of life, extremely strong, wity, lean and quick in his motions. His brother and a man named Ferguson formed the rest of the party. They leftcamp and separated, taking nearly parallel ravines. Howard was slowly working his way through the dense, thorny bushes, called by Californians chapparal, when he suddenly came upon a large and old grizzly at close quarters. The animal was less than twenty feet distant, and at once, with a roar of rage, threw himself upon Overacker. The hunter,

with that marvelous rapidity which such men acquire, put a bullet into his foe, threw out the shell and had pumped another cartridge into the rifle when the giant of the wilderness struck him. The blow delivered with the right paw struck him on the face and neck, hurled the gun into the bushes and felled him to the ground. The grizzly instantly caught him in three places—one paw over the ribs, breaking two and tearing them loose; the other paw on the ankles, ripping and crushing the flesh; the teeth and jaws closed on the thigh, mangling the flesh and tearing it from the bone. Overacker though perfectly conscious, lay without a motion through this terrific assault. The bear suddenly let go his hold on the thigh and caught Overacker by the shoulder, breaking and crushing the bones together. From the time when he rose against the man to the time when he dropped him a bundle of broken bones and torn flesh, the grizzly had seemingly put forth but one tremendous effort. Overacker said afterward that he was no stronger in the bear's grasp than a cat would be in his own. The bear left him a moment, walked about in a circle, returned suddenly and bit pieces of flesh as large as a marble from various parts of Overacker's body, and then took his final departure.

Overacker, a few minutes later, seized the branches overhead and struggled to his feet, but, to use his own phrase, "all turned black," and his companions found him half an hour later. For weeks he was not expected to live, but his wife's nursing and his magnificent constitution pulled him through. Two years later Overacker returned to the same region and shot two large grizzlies without any assistance. One of them received eight Henry rifle bullets before he succumbed. This little sacrifice to his vanity being accomplished, he hunts no more bears, and even discourages the light-minded sneer at the California grizzly. I asked the veteran whether he would have used a bowie if he had had it while in the grip of the forest king. Overacker smiled grimly: "It was a very large bear-as large as an ox. If John Sullivan had been in my place, and had driven a bowie-knife through the bear's heart, he would have been killed in the death struggle. As for a revolver, it would have been suicide to have tried it. But if the bear had been fifty feet off when I saw him, instead of twenty feet, I could have kept out of the way long enough to kill him."-Charles H. Shinn, in Chicago Inter Ocean. A Cause of Much Profanity.

When a man runs a quarter of a mile to catch a train, and jumps on the platform of the last car, "allout of breath," as the locomotive steams out of the station, he feels as if he had won a great victory. But when the train stops before it has proceeded fifty yards, backs into the station and waits half an hour for some unexplained cause, he's mad enough to blow up the whole business with dynamite. But he simply blows up" the railroad company with his mouth.

-A farmer of Templeton, San Luis Obispo County, Cal., pulled a beet the other day that weighed one hundred and fifty-four pounds. It was seven feet long.

A NOTABLE CRACKSMAN.

One Leaf from the Memoirs of Billy Porter, Bank Burglar.

The Anglo-Saxon race produces all the eminent burglars. The daring of American burglars and of their brethren in the allied profession of train-robbing has a world-wide fame. Englishmen, in their slow, conservative way, show but little less ability, though perhaps less brilliancy. Whenever on the continent mail bagsare stolen, banks or great jewelers robbed, Englishmen do the work. The famous robbery of French mails which took place about a year ago was a joint effort of Englishmen and Americans.

In many cases these artists are Anglomericans. Every now and then a beft, usually successful, is made of postal packages passing between the diamond merchants of Hatton garden. London, and the diamond cutters of Amsterdam. Dutchmen are the losers by the theft, and some Dutchmen doubtless profit by it, but Englishmen carry out the effective part of the work. The conclusion to be drawn from all this is that only members of the great, worldenveloping, Anglo-Saxon race possess the resourceful courage required in this

method of gaining wealth. Probably the most perfect type of the modern burglar is Billy Porter, who has been engaged in bank-robbing in every part of this country. He has several ther names of course. His American record is no well known to need repeating. He made a very interesting appearance in London some time ago, however, about which people may not have read so much. Billy and an accomplice entered the premises of a rich jeweler at Munich, and carefully secured all the stones and jewels of unusual size and value. What they took was worth 80,000 marks at the lowest estimate. Entrance to the jeweler's premises was effected in the most ingenious manner, and the thoughtful burglars left ropes, displaced flooring, etc. just as they used them, so as to provide an invaluable object-lesson for any of the German youth who might wish to emulate them. Then they calmly traveled back to England in firstcarriages and berths. The Eng detectives succeeded in tracing them and found Porter living with his wife, baby and mother-in-law in a nice house in a quiet suburb of London. They found the booty there, too. Porter and his accomplice were accordingly taken

to the Bow street police court and their extradition to Germany demanded. Porter is a typical gentlemanly burglar of meloerama, only a little less flashy. He came into court dressed in a black cutaway coat, trousers of dark material, patent-leather boots and a dark red searf. His chin was shaven, and he were a carefully-trimmed mustache. He carried a silk hat in his right hand and a pair of gloves in his left. Although he was repeatedly remanded from week to week, and passed the intervals in prison, he always came into court with he hat and gloves. He is short, rosyaced and of medium height, and he

He answered questions in a quiet, unconcerned manner, never growing angry or excited. When the various imple ments of burglary were held up to view he smiled sweetly.

ooked like an every-day middle-class

Inglishman.

The case ended in Porter's discharge because ne was a British subject, and he British Government does not extralite its own subjects for burglary. forter was born in Canada. The jewtler got his stock back, which was lucky for him.-N. Y. Evening Sun.

ORIGIN OF FRUITS. Historical Facts Concerning Some Famil-

lar Fruits and Vegetables. What would become of the wanderer in the deserts of Arabia and Barbary if Providence suddenly decreed the extinction of the date palm? Thousands of human beings would inevitably perish, for the inhabitants of Fezzan live wholly upon its saccharine and delicious fruit for nine months of the year. In Egypt, Arabia and Persia it forms the principal food of the people, and a man's wealth is computed by the number of date palms he possesses. When dried the fruit becomes an important commercial staple. Cakes of dates pounded and kneaded until solid enough to be cut with a hatchet supply the provision of the African caravans on their toilsome journey through the sunlighted Sahara. The date stones or eds are roasted as a substitute for offee, or ground for the sake of their oil, and the residuum given as food to cattle. All are familiar with the manner in which dates in our markets are put up. There are several kinds known commerce, the most important being "Fard" and "Persian." The former comes principally from Arabia, and the latter, of course, from Persia. Green peas-green peas were not used as food in France until the middle of the sixteenth century. Some years later their edible qualities found approbation in England. Cabbage-the cabbage

was highly esteemed by the Egyptians, and was the first "course" of all their repasts. It was no less valued by the Greeks and Romans. Cato pronounced it a remedy for all evils; Erasistatus recommended it as a panacea for paralysis; and Hippocrates as a cure for colic. Asparagus was anciently cultivated on a very extensive scale; its stems in the Roman gardens weighing three pounds each. The cherry originally came from Cerasus, in Asia, and came to us through England, and to England through Italy. The apricot came originally from Armenia. The plum was anciently cultivated in Damascus, though certain species seem to have been derived from Africa. The apple came from Asia, according to some authorities; according to others, it is African, and reached Normandy through Spain and France. It is probable that the Baldwin is of American origin. The orange is traced from the Celestial Empire, China. The quince came from Ceylon, in Crete, so authorities tell us. The fig is claimed by the Athenians as indigenous to the soil of Attica, but it was probably brought from a region further East. The pomegranate is the fruit of a species of tree belonging to the order myrtaca. The outside rind is thin but tough, and its juice stains every thing it touches with an undefined but indelible blue. The average size is about that of an orange. Within the grains are arranged in longitudinal compartments as compactly as corn on the cob, and they closely resemble those of pale red corn, except that they are nearly transparent and very beautiful.

They are ripe about the middle of Oc-

tober and remain in good condition al. winter.-American Analyst.

BLACK DIRECTOR ROOFING TO COVER THE SET. THE SHING ENGINES and HORSE FOWERS.
Saw Mails. Shingle Machines, Hay Precess, and Standard Implements generally. Sand for Illus-lated Catalogue Pennsylvania Agricultural Fab. 21 1800,-3m



loke, nature. Do hot take included purgatives your salves or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public favorite. Sold by druggists everywhere.