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BY JAMES G. HASSON,

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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stopped is your notion. Some folk always do otherwise—don't be a scalawag—life is too short.

Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE"

$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

VOLUME XXVI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY FEBRUARY 19 1892 NUMBER 7.

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The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of those who desire their advertisements inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$1.50
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1 inch, 1 year	3.50
2 inches, 1 year	5.00
3 inches, 6 months	6.00
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Fifth Annual Reduction Sale!

A GRAND SLAUGHTER IN PRICES OF

FINE CLOTHING!

One-Third LESS than Regular Price.

If you want a BIG BARGAIN in a Suit or Overcoat don't miss this sale.
If you want a RARE BARGAIN in a Fine Suit,

COME - AT - ONCE!

If you want to save thirty-three and one-third per cent. on Ulster Overcoats, Suits, Pants, Underwear, in fact everything in the Clothing in the Clothing and Furnishing Line, go to

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☞ Closed at 8 P. M. except Saturdays and between the 5th and 15th of each month.

M. R. DENNY, Salesman.

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—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
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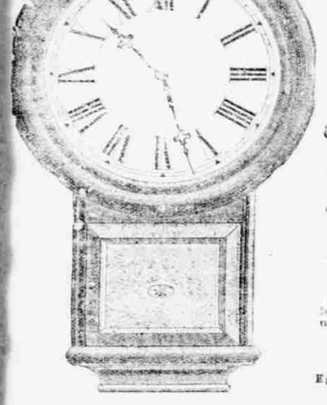

Watches, Clocks
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.

Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed in time and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED ☜

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885—tf.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
OF A VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, the assignee of Edward McGlade will expose to public sale on the premises, on

FRIDAY, FEB. 26TH, 1892,

at 4 o'clock, P. M., all the following described real estate of Edward McGlade, of the borough of Portage, in Cambria Co., to wit:

"All that certain lot of ground situate in the borough of Portage, county of Cambria, and state of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Beginning at corner of lot of Dr. J. Stricker, thence north two hundred feet to an alley; thence east 60 feet to corner of lot of Dr. J. Stricker; thence south 80 feet to place of beginning, being the same lot or piece of land the title to which became vested in Edward McGlade by deed of John Itel, dated 12th of March, A. D. 1887, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 58, page 581, etc.; the said lot having thereon erected a large two story

Frame Weather-Boarded House!

50x45 feet, of the outbuilds used as a Store, Hotel and Dwelling House, and necessary Outbuildings.

Terms of Sale.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid when property is knocked down; the balance of one-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale by said court; one third in six months and one-third in twelve months, to be secured by bond and mortgage of the purchaser, with satisfactory policy of fire insurance.

JOHN A. DEVLE,
Jan. 29, 1892. Assignee of Edward McGlade.

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,

PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

STRATTON

Band Instruments, Snare and Bass Drums.

Fine Piccolos, Clarionets, Cornets and all instruments pertaining to Brass Bands and Drum Corps.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

STRATTON & SON, 43 & 45 Walker Street, New York

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law.
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

☞ Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-'8-9

DONALD E. DUFTON
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

☞ Office in Opera House, Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

☞ Office on Centre street, near Post Office.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Office in Gallonade Row, on Centre street.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the store room of W. A. B. Little, in the borough of Loretto, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1892,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, adjoining lands of H. P. Anderson, T. L. Parrish, Joseph F. Durbin, Susan Gallagher, heirs of Joseph O'Brien, deceased, William Luby and Lemon & Bailey, containing

275 ACRES!

more or less, about 100 Acres of which are Cleared, and having thereon erected a large two-storied

FRAME HOUSE

and large Frame Barn and the necessary Outbuildings, all in good repair. There is a large quantity of Pine Timber, and various kinds of Hard-wood Timber on this property, and it is underlaid with Valuable Seams of Coal. The timber on said land and the coal in and under the same, together with the usual mining rights and privileges, will be offered for sale separate from the surface, and will be sold separately if a better price can be obtained in that way than by offering the entire land with the coal and timber together.

TERMS OF SALE:

Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; the balance of one-third at confirmation of sale, one-third in one year and one-third in two years after confirmation of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

M. D. KITTELL,
Trustee to sell the real estate of Francis Gallagher, deceased.
Ebensburg, Pa., Feb. 12, 1892.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, to us directed, we will expose to public sale at the Franklin House, in the borough of Chest Springs, on

SATURDAY, FEB. 27TH, 1892,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Allegheny, county of Cambria, Pennsylvania, about one mile from the borough of Chest Springs, adjoining lands of Jacob Beck, John Mangolon, heirs of Paul Conrad, deceased, D. W. McConnell, E. F. McConnell and Joseph Adams, containing

64 ACRES,

more or less, and having thereon erected a LARGE PLANK "L" HOUSE with Porch, and hewed Log Barn, with Sheds, Buggy Shed and other necessary Outbuildings, all in good repair. There is a large orchard of young fruit trees bearing an abundance of pears, apples, cherries and plums. There are two never failing springs of water close to the buildings.

TERMS OF SALE.

Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, the balance of one-third at the confirmation of sale; one-third in six months, and one third in one year from the confirmation of sale. Deferred payments to be secured by judgment bond and mortgage on purchaser and to bear interest from the confirmation of sale.

JOHN BARNET
AMANDA ADAMS,
Executors of Thomas W. Adams, deceased.
Chest Springs, Pa., January 8, 1892.

JOHN F. STRATTON & SON,
43 & 45 Walker St. NEW YORK.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Accordeons, Harmonicas, &c., all kinds of Strings, etc., etc.

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm; large profits, quick sales; SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Gen. A. Scott, 849 Broadway, N. Y.

THE DEATH OF THE LEAVES.

Right royally robed in scarlet and gold,
Battalions of leaves to my vision unfold;
How they whirl! How they fly! obeying the call
Of their mother, the earth, on whose bosom they fall.

Yet myriads are clad in colors severe.
Mayhap in lament of the death that draws near;
For as shelter and shield from the midsummer's sun,
Their mission is ended—their life-work is done.

But why do I say that "their life-work is done,"
When, truthfully pondered, 'tis only begun?
Their use is but changed from the tree to the ground,
And weighty the service which now they have found.

Uniting their fibers so flimy and fine,
From oak and from maple, from tendril and vine,
Rich tapestries fling they o'er forest and glen,
Outvying portrayal by pencil or pen.

What exquisite carpet for green-wooded aisles!
How dextrously spread amid rocky defiles!
While the surplus is woven by birds into nests,
As offerings votive, the leaves' last bequests!

Oh, wonderful leaflets that shimmer and shine,
Whose shadings of green are now ruby as wine,
Or yellow as gold, or brown, russet, sere—
The lessons ye teach me are priceless my dear.

The study, though complex, so rich is in thought,
With wisdom of ages it seemeth inwrought,
How well if our "life-work," when death draweth near,
Like the leaves, shall in vistas extended appear.

—A. H. Mercer, in N. Y. Observer.

ON A SALT MARSH.

Our Experience While Occupying Government Land.

Some years ago my husband, baby and I were in one of the far western states living in a sort of pioneer fashion while trying to make successful a business newly started by himself.

We had lately come from New York, where we had friends and a good home and lots of comfort and many luxuries. But Philip, my dear husband, wasn't satisfied with our easy life there. He was too proud to be merely a well-paid clerk in my father's thriving store, and he even foolishly imagined that he owed his position more to charity on account of his marrying me than to the real merits he possessed.

Besides he was ambitious to be rich and his own master, so neither he nor myself took much pleasure in our happy circumstances. We wanted to jump from the frying pan into the fire, though we didn't think so, and soon, after a couple of years spent in discontent as to our future, we determined to "go west" and grow up with the country.

I was a strong, brave and energetic young woman when we reached the wild western town where we located, and looked upon the hardships we were undergoing before we became wealthy and great as very romantic and delightful.

And so did Philip. Although he was ever careful not to make my burden heavy he never spared himself in the big undertaking before us.

But his business didn't grow fast enough to suit his high aspirations and he was continually looking out for some new scheme for making money.

One night, after baby was asleep and we sat cozily before the fire, he told me of some immense salt meadows still further west which the government was dividing into large tracts and giving them to settlers. "Now," he said, with a beaming face, "if we should locate on one of these tracts before they are taken and live there for a few years, we could then be the owners of property that will certainly become very valuable in time, as the country grows in its neighborhood. Then we can sell out and go back to New York with a fortune."

If I had discouraged the idea then I know he would have dropped it.

But I was even more sanguine of the results than he, and fell in with the scheme at once, only advising that we should hold on to our present business, too, and endeavor to run both, which he gladly agreed to.

In a month's time he had his shanty erected on our salt marsh tract, and thither we went with the necessary household effects in a prairie wagon, baby and all.

The weather was warm and beautiful when our hopeful little family of squatters arrived on our dominion, which was to be our fortune, and the rough and rather frail log cabin looked like a palace to my ambitious and romantic eyes.

'Twas in the center of our big tract, and the saline deposit, covering the marsh for miles and miles, glistened and sparkled in the bright sunlight like the first light fall of snow used to when on the green meadows about the old homestead in our native eastern state.

Not another domicile but our own could we see, nor a hill, nor even a bit of woods. All was a wide, dreary, dead level—white mostly with salty scum and black and bare in spots with what looked like dried mud, such as the bottom of a pond discloses when the water is drawn off.

Not a sign nor a sound of life save the dismal croakings of the lonely frogs was there to our knowledge for many miles around.

We were in a desert uninhabitable apparently for man or beast, sure to starve if our supplies were not often renewed; with no protection from the deadly tornadoes in summer and the forty-degree-below-zero blizzards in the winter save our little mud-plastered log shanty.

What a place for a woman and a baby!

But the prospective fortune we would have to travel home with, and the glory of doing something heroic for husband and babe, braced me up, and with a merry shout I took possession as our new home in the saline desert and commenced housekeeping in a very primitive style.

I was cheerful and made no end of fun over everything, for I knew if I showed the white feather then Philip would quickly have given up the tract to take me back to civilization.

Of course we never expected to become permanent residents of the place nor even stay there the year through, only be there off and on for a while, just long enough to secure the title and sell out when the boom came—for salt.

It may have been sharp practice on our part against the government, but I wasn't then enough of a politician to know it—and Philip never told me.

Running our two businesses necessitated frequent travels back and forth for Philip, but as there couldn't be the least danger of me being discovered alone in such a desolate and uninviting desert I wasn't a bit afraid, or, at least, I pretended I wasn't.

In fact I insisted that Philip would himself attend to the other business, and not leave it in charge of a partner who might be neglectful or dishonest, as my husband calculated to do when we started on our grand way of making our fortune.

It was in the early autumn when Phillip left me for the last time ere winter. The next trip he made I was to go and not return till spring following.

While he was absent the rainy season set in, rather earlier than we expected, but I was well provided for and, under the circumstances, quite comfortable.

It had rained "pitchforks" and poured "cats and dogs" for two days, and on account of the floods, as I rightly supposed, my husband was detained.

Being busy with packing our things to take to town where we were to spend the winter, and caring for baby (who was as fine a bouncing boy as ever was seen), I didn't mind the storm very much until on the third day of steady rain, when I became alarmed.

On the afternoon when I looked out anxiously, hoping to see Philip coming with the big covered wagon to take me away I was frightened at the sight before me.

The marsh as far as I could observe in the heavy downpour of water, was overflowed and the flood was rising and threatening to destroy or float away our frail little shanty.

The wind was terrific, too, and the lightning and thunder were fearful.

But I felt more concerned for my husband's safety than my own, for I imagined him lost in a vain attempt to reach baby and me, and even fancied I could hear his voice calling amid the tempest.

However, there was nothing I could do except to fasten the rude door and windows and go to sleep, trusting that the morning would find all safe and bring bright skies again.

Our shanty was raised on posts from the ground a foot or so, and, as yet, the floor was high and dry.

After giving baby his supper and laying the darling, fast asleep, in the cradle, I got into bed without undressing and tried to rest, but the rocking of the house and the startling claps of thunder and the noise of rain on the roof kept me awake and frightened, in spite of my efforts to be calm and trustful.

The lamp, shedding a dim light on the brown timbered walls and ceiling of our sleeping room, only added to the dismal gloominess and it was long before I could close my eyes.

At last I was dozing and losing myself in ugly dreams when I was aroused by feeling something drop on my bed covering. I shut my eyes again, thinking I dreamed it.

A multitude of strange scratching noises, apparently from the walls, mingled with sharp, squeaking sounds and more things dropping on my bed made me sit bolt upright and look to see what they were.

Horrors! Mice in countless numbers driven by the raging flood without were dropping from the rafters all about me. Climbing on the house outside, thence through crevices under the eaves to my room, they were coming fighting and squeaking and falling, the foremost pushed down by the terror-stricken army behind, till the walls and floor—even my bed, were black with them.

With a shriek I jumped to my baby, mice hitting my bare feet and running over them, and back into bed with my child I got, for there was no other or better refuge for us.

There, with blankets tucked to our necks, I sat striking and shouting and warding off as best I could the endless army of half-drowned mice that were dropping on our heads and shoulders and led till the blessed daylight came, with the bright sun shining through the window, telling the unprecedented rain had ceased.

The floor was too thick with the field mice, some as big as rats, for me to step out to open the door and drive them forth. All I could do was twist on the bed holding baby, thankful that no more of the dreadful creatures were falling on me, and wait for Phillip.

At noon he came, for the flood soon subsided, and I answered his shout with a cry of joy.

He burst in the door, fearful that I was in worse trouble than mice could make, and never heeding the escaping creatures—caught me and nearly in his big strong arms. The next day I left our salt marsh tract for good and, I believe, it went back to the government. If it did they are welcome to it, mice and all.—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

WOMEN AND MIRRORS.

Why a Lady Lingers at the Looking-Glass and Views Herself Four Times.

There is at least one lady in Chicago who has the courage to tell the truth in a matter in which most women would tergiversate. On being twitted by a reporter for the Inter Ocean on the general foulness of ladies for mirrors she said:

"Yes, I frankly admit that when a woman has got her bonnet and gloves on and is perfectly ready, with her parasol in hand, she always goes back to the mirror to take a last fond farewell. Every woman does this, but few are honest enough to confess it.

"I don't mind telling you," continued the frank but cynical young lady, "that I myself am not satisfied with one last look. I invariably take four. The first is for myself, that's fair; the second is for my brother, or—or some other young man, that's nothing but just; the third is for my friends, that's only generous, and the last is for the women I don't like and who don't like me, that's human nature. If the fourth satisfies me, then, I assure you, I never take any more."

Which Is Correct?

Of course Detroit can successfully claim some of the very sweetest and prettiest and most natural and brightest girls that ever drew the breath of life, but all of them are not quite up to that standard.

"Mamma," said one of these not-quite-ups, "is it proper to say that a horse is bow-legged in his fore-limbs, or bow-limbed in his fore-legs?"

And the good mother looked up from her work of sewing a reinforcement on the seat of Johnnie's pants and never said a word, but, oh, that look.—Detroit Free Press.

THE GOOD OLD REMEDY.

When everything goes wrong, boys
When you're sick or tired,
When you visit your best girl,
And by her is got fired,
There's nothing in the world, boys,
Will bring you such relief,
As a real good hearty laugh, boys,
'Twill soon allay your grief.
So for each pain whate'er the cause,
Just try the laughter plan.
Laughter's an institution, boys,
Then let's laugh all we can.

Let preachers rate frivolity,
We very well do know
The greatest prosers use it,
But oppose it just for show;
They find it such a help, boys,
As all poor sinners do,
And they need its consolation, boys,
As much as I or you.
Of all the remedies on earth
Within the reach of man,
Laughter's the best and cheapest, boys,
Then let's laugh all we can.

—Pharmaceutical Era.

A FEARFUL ORDEAL.

An Act of Mercy But It Wrecked a Life.

The superintendent was escorting three guests through his institution. At a certain point he made a partial pause, and, motioning to the figure of a man visible in one of the rooms off the corridor, said: "There is one of the saddest cases that has ever come under my notice." The person alluded to was seated in one of the pleasant parlors of the establishment which lined the hallway. His hair was gray, and in his form were symptoms of age which a look at his face belied. There were no wrinkles, none of the deep furrows which care will plow in the human face. The eye was bright, and had a look of gentleness very attractive to the observer.

"He certainly does not look like a dangerous individual," remarked one of the guests.

"Dangerous?" replied the superintendent, "he is as harmless as a kitten, and sometimes I don't believe he is really insane, but for all that he is better off where he can be looked after. You see, he has fits of temporary dementia, during which his excitement runs away with him, and he might do himself some injury, though he would never raise his hand to harm anyone else.

"His trouble is very peculiar; he had an awful experience once in connection with a railway accident and at each returning anniversary of that event he becomes much depressed, seemingly only desirous of hiding himself away from all observation. He is never violent, but these seasons of depression are so intense that it appears advisable he should be watched."

"Does he ever talk of the event at other times than at its anniversary?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; in fact, at all other times he seems to enjoy meeting people, and if the subject of accidents arises in the course of conversation he is almost certain to tell his story. If you care to hear it an allusion will bring out one of the most affecting stories you have ever heard."

The superintendent was right; on the way out he said: "Well, Mr. Martelle, how are you? Let me introduce some friends of mine."

After a few words of commonplace conversation, one of the guests adroitly led the talk up to railway disasters by referring to something he had seen in the morning papers. Martelle was seen to move uneasily in his chair and to become visibly agitated. His face flushed and in a voice tremulous with emotion he began: "Gentlemen, you may not have heard of it, or if you have, you may have forgotten it, but I was in a railway accident once that has colored the whole course of my life."

Each one present manifested an interest in the subject that, while premeditated, was not in the least affected. Thus encouraged he went on:

"I was making my first trip in the west. I had been through California and was heading for the Yellowstone country. One day we were whirling along, everybody in good spirits, and I had just gone forward into the smoking car and accepted an invitation to join in a game of whist. My partner was a fine-looking man, about thirty-five years old, with a pleasant face and voice, and full of good humor. The game was close, for all happened to be good players. Each side had one to its credit and the rubber had been begun.

"Suddenly there was a lurch, a shock, and then for me there was nothing but a deep unconsciousness. How long I remained so I cannot tell, but it could not have been long. With the return of my senses came the knowledge that I was hurt. There was a pain in my back and the blood was trickling down my face and neck from a wound in the head. I was lying on the ground and it was some minutes before I could realize what had happened. Gradually matters became clearer. I remembered the game of cards and the sudden shock, and then I knew some dreadful accident had happened. While our game had progressed night had fallen, and in the dim light from the stars and several lanterns I could see the figures of men moving about here and there, and I soon realized that they were bearing the forms of dead and wounded to my locality, some distance from the wreck.

"The sense of sight had been the first to recover, but now the terrible throbbing pain in my head seemed to fall away in hearing became more active. It was an awful sound that broke upon my ears. Shrieks, groans and pleadings for help were mingled with cries of children for parents and parents for children.

"I made a struggle to get on my feet. Though at first the pain racked me from head to foot, I found I could stand, and was soon walking slowly and carefully about. Naturally my first thought was concerning my friends in the game of whist, they being the only acquaintances I had on the train. Almost at the moment I thought of them two of them came to me. They were uninjured, and it had been their hands that had carried me from the car while I was unconscious.

"It took but a minute for my friends to give me some idea of the extent of the catastrophe. Our smoking-car had been derailed and had rolled down a steep embankment, dragging the engine and one other coach with it. As near as they could tell at that moment there had been at least a dozen killed and twice that number wounded.

"I inquired: 'Where is my partner? Is he alive?'

"'Yes, he is alive,' was the reply, 'but he is in a bad fix. We are working our best to get him out of the wreck, but without help he cannot be saved. He lies there with his lower limbs pinned in between two great iron rods, and with all the strength we have been able to apply we can't release him. He must be in horrible agony, though he is still conscious.'

"It was but a step or two from where we stood to where the man lay, and we turned to see if there might not be some possibility of helping him. A terrible cry came from the sufferer. Just then some one called: 'The car is on fire. The coach is burning.'

"The flame from some lamp had caught the dry upholstery. The wind had suddenly increased and was blowing the flame toward the spot where our poor friend was helplessly pinioned. While some ran for water others with ax and lever made an effort to pry the heavy rods and timbers from the sufferer. It was no use; there was no appliance at hand with which it could be done, and those who went for water came back empty-handed. The engine lay upon its side and every drop of water had leaked out and had been drunk up by the greedy earth.

"'For the love of God, men, do something,' cried the imprisoned wretch. 'Must I slowly roast to death?'

"With an awful effort he raised himself upon an elbow and looked around upon the faces near him. These were rapidly diminishing in number, for the heat had now grown too fierce to be borne, and the crowd which had never ceased their efforts to set him out were driven away. Suddenly his eyes fell on my face and recognized me.

"'You,' he cried in an awful voice, 'you are the man to do it. Take that ax and kill me.'

"The thought paralyzed me. He saw me shrink and shudder, and with a supreme effort he pointed his finger straight at me and cried again with more intensity than before; 'You! you! do it, I tell you.'

"The heat was making his garments smoke. 'Don't let me roast,' he once more cried. I forgot my pain and in a wild delirium I snatched up an ax and drove the blade crashing into his skull, then all the world became again a blank.

"It was many weeks before I was restored to consciousness and many more before I was able to move. My bodily injuries, though severe, did not cripple me, and I am now strong and physically well. But my mind is sometimes upset. I believe I did the best thing that could be done for the poor man, though the act was performed in a frenzy that made me irresponsible. I believe to-day it was an act of humanity. It has wrecked my life, however, for until memory fails I shall be compelled to live that scene over and over again in all its horror."—Chicago Times.

UNPOPULAR GREAT MEN.

Unpleasant Consequences of Getting Too Far Ahead of the Age.

A little more than three and a quarter centuries have passed since the birth of Galileo, the greatest philosopher and astronomer that Italy ever saw. In the same year—1564—Shakespeare was born. At that time the people of the eastern continent were almost totally ignorant of the existence of America. They had heard in a vague way about the great western world, but they could form no conception of the vast extent of our territory, many believing that it was simply a small island. In the same year that Galileo and Shakespeare saw the light the Huguenots began a settlement in Florida, which at that time was thought to be an enchanted spot. Galileo was the eldest son of a nobleman of Florentine, and in his infancy manifested an interest in the stars. While looking at the heavens one night he said in childlike manner:

"There are thousands of stars, and yet all of them together do not give one-tenth the light that the sun itself gives." No boy ever worked harder to gain knowledge, and no boy had so many obstacles to overcome as this young student. Before he had reached his eighteenth year he was well versed in Latin and Greek, was an excellent artist and an accomplished musician. His father wished him to practice, but his tastes and inclinations led him to fellow mathematics. Galileo's ideas were so far beyond the age in which he lived that no publisher dared print his works. His first essay on "Hydrostatic Balance" was written in 1586, but it was not until 1610 that it was read by the public. His essay on "The Center of Gravity" was not published until fifty years after it was written. While in his seventieth year he was cast into prison and all his works prohibited. This was a terrible blow to the old man, for he had committed no crime; he knew in his heart that he was right. When he asked why he was sent to prison he was told that he had been making false statements. "You say that the world moves, but it does not," said his enemies. "It is the sun that moves." "But the world does move," said Galileo, fearlessly, as they were shutting him in a dark cell. We speak of the "dark ages," of the "ages of superstition," etc., of the centuries past, and forget all about the ignorance, darkness and superstition of the nineteenth century. Galileo stood foremost among the unpopular great men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There are three in the nineteenth century who are laughed at for advocating "impossible" schemes—Mr. Morse, because he said a message could be sent by wire; Cyrus W. Field, because he said a cable could be laid across the Atlantic; Edison, because he stated he could light houses and streets by electricity.—Growing Youth.

Cuban Gentlemen.

Havana has about four thousand conveyances, and the drivers are the most unscrupulous men in the business. They could give the old time hackmen at Niagara Falls points and then beat them in getting fares. A traveler from Brooklyn sums up the situation in three sentences: "Ride at the peril of your purse; walk at the peril of your life. If you ride they will rob you. If you attempt to walk they will run over you."

Named After Presidents.

A Kansas editor has discovered that ten per cent. of the counties in the United States are named for presidents. In Kansas there are seven counties which bear the names of presidents—Garfield, Grant, Jackson, Jefferson, Johnson, Lincoln and Washington.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

"Oh, mother, take the plagues away,
As you put them out of sight.
For I am sick and sore to-death,
I learned pains to-night.
I'll tell you all about it if you'd listen, mother dear,
So come and sit beside me on my little hassock here.

"You heard the wedding bells to-night,
The wedding bells they were.
I'm very glad they were not mine,
I'm glad as mortal dare.
Oh, how can I live through it, my heart's so full of cheer?
You tried so hard to catch him, but you couldn't, mother dear.

"Miss Frisbasy came among us,
With her blushes sweet to see,
With ruby lips and pearly teeth,
Far low her head bent she.
Yes, they were manufactured—excuse this joyful tear,
She thought that she could fool him, and she did it, mother dear."

"In vain you tried me, mother,
To put curlers on my hair,
And wear my lips with cosline,
And black of roses wear.
Yet to your fond entreaties I never would give ear,
They didn't cut a figure—no, they didn't, mother dear.

"Peace to you, Mr. Moneybags,
And happiness be to—
I'd be an old maid all my days
Before I'd be your wife—
Now, mother, I will sober down—I'm not crazy quite,
But give to take the plagues away, I cannot pain to-night."

—Pharmaceutical Era.

TRAIN ROBBERS.

Engineer Jim Tells of the Express Messenger's Fidelity.

We were sitting in the cab on the south side of the Montana union depot, in Butte, when Jim told the story. There was a tremor in his voice and a moisture in his eyes that proved how deeply his feelings were moved by the old, old story, which I had taken the chance remark led him to tell. Everyone who knows Jim Cook—and who doesn't know the rugged engineer, one of the oldest men in the Union Pacific service?—knows that his heart is built in proportion to his massive frame. Touch him right, and no woman could be more tender in thought and no grizzly could be more fierce. Jim has seen exciting times in the service of the Union Pacific, and his cabin is dotted with remembrances of the early days of transcontinental railroading.

We had been chatting in a desultory way of adventures, and we, who the subject was suddenly changed and I happened to mention the robbery of a Northern Pacific train a year ago, Jim's manner changed instantly.

He had been leaning forward, resting his elbows on his knees, and suddenly he drew back from the palms of his hands. Now he sat bolt upright, his eyes fixed on the window, and he poured out a flood of eloquence. His language could not fashion into words, but it could see tragedy in his face, but the next minute the expression changed to one of pity. Then he began to talk. I with an adequate idea of his manner of telling it could be given with his story. He seemed to see the thing he was describing.

"Hold up," said he. "I never was in but one, and never hear of one that doesn't call up the ghost of poor Charlie White to haunt me. Charlie was an express guard in the early days. A pluckier little man never breathed. He had been a telegraph operator in 'Frisco before he got on our run, and I knew him first rate. Knew his wife, too, for he was married—a little pink and white wax-doll sort of woman who looked like a saint. We had long runs in those days, our division, Charlie changed with me—extended from 'Frisco to Ogden. (I've forgotten the station named by Jim.)

"One afternoon—we left Ogden—as we were pulling out of the depot at Frisco I got the bell. As I brought her to a stand I saw the Wells-Fargo man run up to the express car and hand Charlie a square tin box with a grip handle. Looking back as she took her head again I saw the express agent make a motion to Charlie. Leaning half out the door Charlie slipped his lock and I snailed.

"Just beyond them I saw something else—two rough-looking bearded men, swinging up one after another on the rear platform of the last car. Then I thought nothing of it, afterward I knew they had been shadowing the express agent.

"All afternoon I had an uneasy feeling. Every engineer is a bit superstitious, I suppose, and I remember that I wondered if my uneasiness wasn't a premonition of bad luck. We ran along without mishap during the early evening, but when we stopped to take water about nine o'clock I caught sight of a dark figure stealing along in the shadow of the express.

"I called to Tom, my fireman, to see who it was, but when he turned it was gone. This didn't bother us much at the time; it might have been a brakeman or the conductor, but I hadn't noticed any lantern.

"While we were fearing away again at a pretty good pace I suddenly caught a clicking sound like the putting on of brakes. It was a trifle up grade at that point and I hadn't called for 'em. Telling Tom to keep going as she was, I climbed back over the tender to see what was the matter.

"Just as I got to the rear I noticed a widening gap between the tender and the express and realized that we were uncoupled and that the bell rope had been cut; at the same time I saw one of the bearded men standing at the brake wheel of the express. He had me covered with a six-shooter.

"As I clambered back to the cab I heard a shot; then half a dozen of them in quick succession. 'Road agents!' Tom yelled in my ear as I took the lever. I brought her up as quick as I could and held her ready to run forward or backward as circumstances might decide.

"The train had almost come to a standstill, when I saw a gleam of light cut through the night about midway of the car. Then that streak of light was darkened by the lengthened shadow of a man, which moved crosswise of the train and seemed to melt out into the night.

"'Get back, Charlie!' I yelled, for I thought he was about to look out for the cause of our stopping.

"'Open your head again and I'll blow it off,' said a voice beside me. Turning, I saw a man at each of the cab's front windows. They had jumped up on the pilot and crept back alongside of the boiler.

"There seemed to be a dozen of the robbers. Not more than two had come on the train, I am sure. The whole thing had been planned. Those near the engine, with the exception of the two at the cab windows, made a rush for the express car. As they ran into the stream of light coming through the open door a shot fired from the darkness to the left of the train bowled one of them to the ground. The others fusilladed the spot from which the shot appeared to come, and then two shots fired under the train from the other side, and another shot from away out in the dark, laid one of the thieves out cold and caused another one to howl.

"The trainmen were beginning to fight. My blood got warm. I had a good six-shooter under the seat, and if that fellow at the cab window had only taken his eye off me for a moment I'd been out there helping the boys. Those at the rear of the train then joined those in front, and all made a dash at the open door of the express. They were all in a bunch in the light.

"The first man to enter the door stood a moment and then fell back outside in the crowd. The shot came from the darkness away out to the left. Another man tried it. As he fell on his face in the car, the others, who had been watching, fired a volley at the flash away off in the dark. The next man who tried to enter the car was soled.

"The others kept watch until he reappeared at the door. Something was wrong. Two others got in to help him. Then one of them whistled, and my man at the window jumped off and ran back to the train.

"That was my chance. Out came the gun from under the seat, and I got a snap shot at Tom's man, but missed him. As he turned on me Tom struck his arm with a wrench, knocking the pistol from his hand. He jumped off into the darkness. We backed her slowly up toward the train, firing as we went.

"Suddenly a dark form rose up on Tom's side of the train and threw something into the tender. Tom and I both thought the man. He scattered up and at the cab steps and groaned. Then in a superhuman effort he caught the handrail, and just as we were preparing to give him another shot he staggered into the light.

"'It was Charlie! We both had hit him!

"'Pull out, Jim, and save the box!'

"That was all he said. It was the box he had thrown into the tender. No matter how much there was in it, it did not seem worth the life of the boy who saved it to the company. While I lifted Charlie up into the seat Tom threw the old engine wide open and we ran away from the train robbers and all.

"It was forty miles to the nearest station, a small government post. Tom fed and warmed the engine. I sat on the seat beside Charlie and held him up. The cattle and rumble of the wheels seemed me at every revolution.

"They seemed to be repeating the words: 'You've killed him!' 'You've killed him!' Tom made those forty miles in an hour, good time over that road at that day, but it seemed to me an age. As we were running in Tom gave the bell and whistle both, and then when she came to a stand he fired two shots. The bluecoats were out in jiffy.

"Everything was told in a few words. Charlie was carried into the quarters and wounded over to the surgeon, a fine old fellow named Hamilton. With an escort of twenty men we ran back to the train. The robbers had left it. Finding the express empty of treasure they had tried to go through the train. There were too many revolvers among the passengers and they drew off.

"When we reached the post again Surgeon Hamilton walked up to the cab. 'Are you Jim Cook?' said he. I nodded. 'Take these to Mr. White's wife,' and he handed me Charlie's watch, a bank book and a bunch of keys. 'He told me to tell you,' the surgeon went on, 'not to feel bad about that shot. The road agents found him with that last volley, and he would have gone under anyhow from his other wounds. His body will go back with you on your return, and I will give you a letter to the express company.

"Tom cried like a child. I couldn't cry; my brain seemed to be on fire; I was thinking one minute of how reproachfully Charlie had looked at me when he swung into the cab with a dying effort, and the next of a frail little woman in 'Frisco who was patiently waiting Charlie's return.

"The company gave her a pension, but she didn't need it long."

"What was in the box?" I asked.

"Certificates of stock in a wildcat mining scheme."

"Why—"

"It was like this," said Jim, wiping his eyes and bringing his story to a close. "The express agent saw that somehow the fact that a shipment of treasure was to be