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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.

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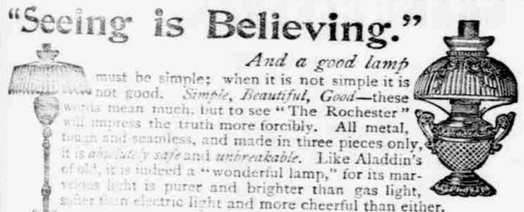

must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. *Simple, Beautiful, Good*—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is *absolutely safe* and *unbreakable*. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

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"The Rochester."

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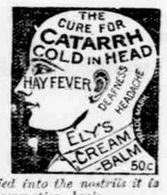

Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from additional colds, restores the sense of taste and smell. Full size 50c at druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

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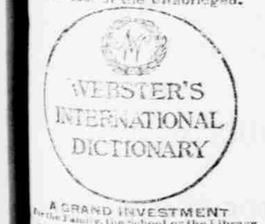

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THIS well known and long established Shaving Parlor is now located on Centre street, opposite the livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Luther, where the business will be carried on in the future. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOONING done in the neatest and most artistic manner. Clean Towels a specialty.

Ladies waited on at their residences.

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Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ebT-30

FIRST TO GREET COLUMBUS.

When the feast is spread in our country's name,
When the nations are gathered from far and near,
When east and west send up the same
Glad shout, and call to the lands: "Good cheer!"

When north and south shall give their bloom,
The fairest and best of the century born,
Oh, then for the king of the feast make room:
Make room, we pray, for the scarlet thorn!

Not the goldenrod from the hillsides blest,
Not the pale arbutus from pastures rare,
Nor the waving wheat from the mighty west,
Nor the proud magnolia tall and fair
Shall Columbia unto the banquet bring.
They, willing of heart, shall stand and wait;
For the thorn, with his scarlet crown, is king.
Make room for him at the splendid fete!

Do we not remember the olden tale
And that terrible day of dark despair,
When Columbus, under the lowering sail,
Sent out to the hidden lands his prayer?
And was it not he of the scarlet bough
Who first went forth from shore to greet
That lone grand soul, at the vessel's prow,
Defying fate with his tiny fleet?

Grim treachery threatened, above, below,
And death stood close at the captain's side,
When he saw—oh, joy!—in the sunset glow,
The thorn-tree's branch over the waters glide.
"Land! Land ahead!" was the joyful shout;
The vesper hymn o'er the ocean swept;
The mutinous sailors faced about;
Together they fell on their knees and wept.

At dawn they landed with pennons white;
They kissed the sod of San Salvador;
But dearer than gems on his doublet bright
Were the scarlet berries their leader bore;
Thorny and sharp, like his future crown,
Blood-red, like the wounds in his great heart made,
Yet an emblem true of his proud renown
Whose glorious colors shall never fade.

—Emma Huntington Nason, in St. Nicholas.

THE CASTAWAYS.

Eight Shipwrecked Mariners and Their Unvarnished Tale.

On a December morning, in the year 1888, a mail steamer, homeward bound from a New Zealand port, was approaching the meridian of the Horn, but on a parallel more southerly than it is now the custom of steamships to take in rounding that stormy, ice-girt, desolate and most inhospitable of all headlands.

December in those distant regions is mid-summer, and the weather of that morning was as fair and still as a breezeless April day in this country, but the swell of th vast tract of ocean ran ceaselessly—reminiscent respirations of a giantess whose conflict with the heavens is eternal, and whose breathing pauses are very few and far between, indeed. Over this long, dark blue, westerly swell the great metal fabric went sweeping in long, floating, launching courtesies, whitening the water astern of her with a mile of wake.

The chief officer was on the bridge; the first breakfast bell had rung and the captain, smart as a naval officer in buttons and lace trimmings, quitted the chart room and joined the mate to take a look around before going below. This skipper was a man of eagle sight, and instantly on directing his eyes over the ship's bow he exclaimed:

"What is that black object yonder?"

The chief mate peered and the captain leveled a telescope.

"A ship's boat," said he, "and seemingly full of people."

The boat, when sighted, was some three or four miles distant, and the speed of the steamship was about thirteen knots. In a few minutes the alarm in the engine room rang its reverberatory warning, sending a little thrill of wonder throughout the ship so rarely is that telegraph handled on the high seas.

"I count eight men, sir," cried the chief mate, with a binocular glass at his eye.

Again the engine-room alarm rang out; the pulsing that for days had been ceaselessly throbbing through the long fabric languished, and in a few minutes to another summons of the metal tongue below ceased, and the great steamship floated along to her own impetus slowly till the boat was within the toss of a biscuit off the bow, with the passengers crowding to the side, and sailors and waiters and steerage folk blackening the rail forward.

The occupants of the boat consisted of eight wild, hairy, veritable scarecrows of men, dressed in divers fashions—Scotch caps, yellow sou'westers, sea boots, toil-worn monkey jackets, and the like.

"Boat ahoy!" hailed the captain, as she slowly washed alongside. "What is wrong with you?"

A fellow standing up in the stern sheets cried back in a strong Yankee accent:

"For God's sake, sir, take us aboard! Our water's almost given out, and there's nothing left to eat."

"Look out for the end of a line," bawled the captain. "Are you strong enough to get aboard without help?"

"Aye, sir, we'll manage it."

A rope was thrown, and one after another the fellows came swinging and scraping and scrambling up the clean side of the steamship. The passengers crowded around and gazed at them with curiosity and pity. Their sympathetic eyes seemed to find famine painfully expressed in the leathern countenances that stared back through mats of hair.

"We must let your boat go," said the captain.

"Can't help it, sir; tha nkful enough to be here, I reckon," answered the fellow who had called from the stern sheets and who acted as spokesman.

"Anything belonging to you to come out?"

"Nothing, by the etarnal. Let her go, sir. If sailors' sea blessings can freight a craft she ain't going to float long."

The boat was sent adrift, the engine bell rang out, once more the great mail steamer was thrashing over the long, tall heave of Cape Horn swell.

"How came you into this mess?" inquired the captain.

The man who had spoken before made answer:

"We're all that's left of the crew of the Boston bark George Washington. She was a whaler, one hundred and eighty-four days out. It were four days ago. I was the first to smell fire, some while arter two o'clock, in the middle watch."

"It wanted ten minutes to six bells," exclaimed a man, and a general, emphatic, hairy nod followed the interruption.

"I was the first to smell fire," continued the other, "call it what hour ye like. I gave the alarm and all hands turned to with hoses and buckets. But there was a deal of oil in the hold, and the ship's planks was thick with grease besides, and that gave us no chance. By ten o'clock in the morning the flames had bursted through and was shooting up mast high, and then we calculated it was time to look to the boats."

The others stood listening with hard, solid, leathery faces, generally gazing with steadfast eyes at the speaker, but sometimes glancing askant at the captain and the crowd of others which stood around.

"There was a tarnation ugly sea running," the man went on, "and, the wheel being deserted, the ship had fallen off and lay in the trough, and the lowering of the stern boats, whalemen though they was who had the handling of 'em, cost our company of twenty-eight souls the loss of all hands, saving them as stand afore ye."

"A bad job! A measly, cruel, bad job!" here broke in a long-jawed man, whose brow and eyes were almost concealed by a quantity of coarse red hair.

"Well, us eight men got away in the boat," proceeded the spokesman, "bringing along with us nothin' but a small bag of bread and about six gallons of fresh water. We've been washing about since Tuesday, and now, the Lord be praised, here we be, with a chance of getting something to eat, and, what's more pleasureable still to our feelings, the opportunity of comfortably turning in."

A murmur of pity ran among the passengers, several of whom were ladies, and there was more than one somewhat loud whisper to the effect that the captain ought really to send the poor creatures forward at once to get some breakfast instead of holding them starving and dry with thirst to talk. The eagle-eyed skipper, however, asked several questions before dismissing them.

"Since, then, by their own confession, the fire gave them plenty time to escape from the bark, how was it they had left her so ill-provisioned as they represented?"

This was most satisfactorily accounted for. Other inquiries of a like nature were responded to with alacrity and intelligence. Every sentence that one or another of them let fall was corroborated by the rest. Their tale of suffering, indeed, in the open boat was almost harrowing, and the captain, with the first note of sympathy that his voice had taken, ordered them to go forward, adding that after a good hot meal had been served them they might turn in and sleep for the rest of the day wherever they could make a bed.

At the breakfast in the saloon nothing was talked about but the American whaler that had been consumed by fire, the dreadful drowning of some two-thirds of her crew and the miraculous deliverance of the survivors from the inexpressible perils and horrors of an open boat in the solitude of the stormiest part of ocean the wide world over. A benevolent gentleman proposed a subscription. Before the luncheon bell was rung a sum of thirty pounds sterling had been collected. The incident was a break in the monotony, and when the eight men reappeared on deck during the afternoon they were promptly approached by the passengers, who obliged them to recite again and yet again their melancholy story of maritime disaster.

On the morning of the third day following the date of this rescue a ship was sighted almost directly in a line with the vessel's course. As she was neared she was seen to be rigged with stump or Cape Horn topgallant masts; she was also under very easy canvas, which gave her a very short-handed look in that quiet sea. Great wooden davits overhung her sides, from which dangled a number of boats. She presented a very grimy, worn aspect, and had manifestly kept the sea for months. It was observed by the chief officer, standing on the bridge of the steamer, that the eight rescued men, who were looking at the sail ahead, along with some of the crew and steerage passengers, disclosed several symptoms of uneasiness and even of agitation. Suddenly the stripes and stars, with the stars inverted, were run aloft to the peak end—a signal of distress. The engines were slowed and the steamer's head put so as to pass the vessel within easy hailing distance. A man aboard the bark stood in the mizzen rigging.

"Steamer ahoy!" he roared.

"Hello!"

"I have lost a boat and eight of my men. Have you seen anything of her?"

The captain, who had gained the bridge, lifted his hand.

"Bark ahoy!" he cried. "What bark is that?"

"The George Washington, whaler, of Boston, one hundred and eighty-four days out."

The captain of the steamship concealed a sour grin.

"How came you to lose your boat and the men?"

"They stole her one middle watch and sneaked away from the ship."

The captain of the steamship laughed.

"We have your men safe here," he shouted; "glad to learn that you are not burned down to the water's edge, and that the rest of your crew look brisk, considering that they are drowned men. Send a boat and you shall have your sailors."—W. Clark Russell, in Wit and Wisdom.

A Remarkable Woman.

Details are given by the Bosnia papers of the strange career of a woman named Mila, who has been sentenced to death by the district court of Paracevac, in Servia. This woman has for ten years been the terror of northeastern Servia. In 1881 a prize of two hundred ducats was offered for her capture, two years later five hundred were offered, and in 1890 the promised reward was increased to one thousand ducats. She had a band of devoted Haiducks, with whom she committed her robberies. She never went about otherwise than in man's dress, with all her weapons in her belt and a rifle on her shoulder. Young, handsome and a perfect markswoman, she was the beau ideal of her band. She had a lover named Petrovitch, who fell ill some time ago, and whom she nursed with devotion in a cave on the Roumanian frontier. Her people told her in good time that she was watched and must fly for safety, but she refused to abandon her sick lover. After the battle with the gendarmes, two of whom she killed, she was captured. In the court she spoke for over an hour in her defense, and when sentence was pronounced listened to it with stolid indifference.

SINGING BY THE WAY.

He sang as the little hearted robin
Sings in a summer day,
Painfully that my listened
To the music of his lay.
The joy of life and of living
Seemed voiced in the simple strain
That filled the air with such sweetness
As the birds have after rain.

His weary and toil-worn neighbor
Heard, and was glad to hear,
For into his life of labor
It threw a thrill of cheer.
It lifted his thoughts from sadness,
It charmed away his care,
And the music and the gladness
Brought a blessing, unaware.

We may all be singers, my brothers
Of songs to help and cheer;
The strain may not be lofty;
There may be few to hear,
But into some life the music
Of the song we sing may fall,
Brave with its faith in the goodness
Of the God who is over all.

Let the joy of our lives run over
Our lips in a cheerful song,
And the world may have more of sunshine,
And the faint of heart grow strong.
Sing, for the joy of singing,
And sing your cares away,
And share with others the gladness
That comes to you, day by day.

—Ellen E. Rexford, in Detroit Free Press.

WITH THE CHINESE.

Tastes of the Inhabitants of the Celestial Empire.

They Have a Fondness for Dishes That Seem Anything But Inviting to an American—Some Queer Dainties.

In passing through Chinese towns the astonishingly large number of cook shops interest and attract the foreign passer-by. One's curiosity is often aroused to know the ingredients of the messes he sees being concocted, but investigation very often ends in some unpleasant disclosure and unless one is possessed of a veritable cast-iron stomach and a nose well hardened to Chinese smells, he had better beware of even a Chinese Delmonico's. These places are unpleasantly pressed upon the pedestrian, however, for the front is invariably open to the street, and in order to tempt customers by the sight and smell of viands the cook prepares his dishes over a charcoal fire in full view and sets samples of his materials and his bill of fare out on a showboard before him. Tables and stools are placed in the rear, and here the hungry wayfarer may banquet off such delicacies as particularly tickle the Chinese palate. Among the common people an ordinary meal consists of boiled rice, coarse greens and a little fat pork, goat's flesh or fish. At the public eating houses dainties out of the ordinary line are to be had, and Chinese cookery is executed with a flourish as it were. All sorts of fish, flesh and fowl, beasts of the sea, air and land are represented in a Chinese menu. The Frenchman is not the only one who has his froglegs and snail soup, for the Celestial, too, revels in these dainties, and many more even more strange. Snakes and eels alike know the fryingpan, and when skinned and dressed appear very much alike. Many varieties of non-poisonous snakes are used for food. Silkworm grubs are regarded as a choice morsel and are stewed in lard and eaten as a relish, and a multitude of other insects are deemed edible. One variety commonly seen in the fish stalls looks like an American locust before it has taken on wings, and a large white grub that inhabits the bamboo sprouts is much sought after in the south. Another variety of edible worm is found at the root of the sugarcane. The cane is generally pulled up, the roots being used for fuel, and the harvesters as they go along pick up these worms and drop them into a little basket which they strap about the waist.

Many Chinese things taste very good, but their food is, on the whole, anything but tempting. Their cookery abounds in "made" dishes of complicated construction, highly flavored with spices and herbs, and, on account of the limited use to which the chopsticks can be put, the ingredients are cut up into small pieces. Boiling, stewing and frying are popular methods of preparation, and the cook shops show a variety of nauseating-looking messes whose odors are not to be met with outside of China. The worst I have yet encountered come from the duck eggs that have been kept in wet clay until they are "high," and fermented radishes which bear a strong family resemblance to sauerkraut, and these can best be described by the southern expression—"powerful bad." Although we turn up our noses at John Chinaman's bill of fare, he in turn looks askance at ours and thinks we are disgusting creatures to drink milk and eat cheese, and he cannot be induced to touch butter.

It seems to be the general impression that dogs and cats form staple articles of diet. This is not true. They are eaten to a greater or less extent by the poorer classes only, and vary in popularity according to the district. In the seaports, where animal food is readily obtained, they are not consumed, and in Canton there are only three or four stalls where their flesh is sold, but in country districts many people eat these animals, and rats, also. The Hakkas, a wild hill tribe occupying the mountainous district west of Amoy, go in for cat and dog more largely than any other people and their method of preparing them for culinary purposes is horrible in the extreme. Dog's paws are frequently seen among their meats in the butcher's stalls. Black cats are universally deemed more desirable than white or spotted, and tortoise-shell cats are seldom eaten. A well-known missionary to these people, in relating his experience with these animals, says that his family can always keep a tortoise-shell, while a black cat invariably disappears. Horseflesh is extensively consumed throughout the empire, but is horribly tough, for only old beasts unfit for use are killed for food. Both house rats and a kind of wild rat that inhabits the rice fields are eaten and are hawked about the streets strung up by the tails.

The famous bird's-nest soup is a very rare delicacy and can be afforded only by the rich. It is served as a first course at grand dinners usually. The nests are built by a kind of swallow on high rocks by the seashore, and the material is secreted by glands inside the bird's bill. I think it was Huxley who facetiously remarked that these birds built their nests "all out of their own heads." A native recipe for making the soup reads, with characteristic vagueness, like this: "Take as many nests as are necessary, clean and pick out the feathers, and boil in sufficient water to make a thin jelly. Pour this over hard-boiled pigeons' eggs, and float on the top shreds of ham. Serve sweetened if desired."

The number of edibles in China is legion, and their combinations are simply distracting. The people have a regular intuition for cooking, and every man, woman and child can prepare a good meal out of the most meager supply of materials. Sweetmeats are eaten by young and old, and one can scarcely go anywhere without meeting a vendor of confectionery. Bright yellow cakes of rice and sugar are sold to children at every street corner, and queer tasting bonbons of bean flour, millet seed or popped rice, candied seaweed, melon rind and orange peel are eaten in enormous quantities at New Year's time and other feasts. Every housewife prepares once a year an enormous sweet loaf of buckwheat flour and keeps it on hand to offer visitors with tea. It is as heavy as lead and a villainous compound, and, like the old-fashioned fruit cake of our grandmothers, lasts the year round, and its appearance upon special occasions is inevitable.

Table etiquette such as would please a Chinese host would shock and disgust an American one. Men keep on their hats when eating, and it is quite the "proper caper" to make as much noise as possible in the process of mastication, for the more made the greater is supposed to be the enjoyment experienced. Between courses a basin and towel are passed around, and the guests mop off the face and wash the hands. The more food is consumed the better, for the more the host is honored, and if it seems necessary to refuse a second helping the polite thing to say is: "O, no, I dare not, for I'm afraid you haven't enough." A host in properly exercising his hospitality must press his guests to eat, and the distressing importunity with which one is urged makes a foreigner feel very uncomfortable.

Because elaborate dinner sets come from China, it must not be supposed that these are used by the natives themselves. They are manufactured for foreign trade only. A native set consists of simply a great number of bowls of different sizes, colors and shapes, chopsticks, and chinaware spoons, about the size of a dessert spoon, with short, curved handles. The chopsticks are of silver, ivory or wood, and are held in the hand much as we would hold a lead pencil. A very slight motion causes their tips to approximate, and pieces of food are easily grasped by them, and they are only used in grasping and shoving, for a Chinaman can no more eat liquids with them than we can eat soup with a fork. The dexterity with which they are used is rashly overestimated, for food of a semi-solid nature, such as rice, is eaten by placing the bowl to the lips and pushing the contents into the mouth with the sticks, and one viewing a family of the best cultured eating a meal in the most approved fashion thinks it anything but a dainty process.

A cup of tea finishes every repast, but it is not such a cup as would satisfy our depraved taste, for the native article is a tiny affair scarcely larger than a thimble. Tea is taken upon all occasions, by both sexes and all classes, and a tea-drinking is a simple yet always formal affair. A native tea set consists of a large pot for water, a smaller one for tea and ever so many tiny handleless cups set in groups of six upon little trays of lacquer or of china. Boiling water is brought in the larger and poured over the tea in the smaller pot and then almost immediately poured off into the cups. The host or hostess then takes a tray in both hands—it would be very impolite to take it in one—and bowing low offers it. The guest selects the very nearest, bows low and receives it in both hands. He must then ask the host to drink with him, and both consume the amber liquid in little sips. In China tea is never drank with milk and sugar, and, though always very strong, never has that "puckery" taste that comes of long boiling. All varieties have a flavor much like our best grades of black tea, for the green tea of commerce is a vile compound not even tolerated on native soil. The real green tea cannot be exported, because it is very liable to undergo fermentation when exposed to the damp sea air. It then turns black, and the substitution for exportation that comes to our market is made by coloring the leaves with Prussian blue and gypsum. None of the exported teas possess their original flavor, for all that are intended for shipping are submitted to an extra drying process at the seaport. This is very injurious, for it drives off much of the flavoring principle and aroma. The "caravan teas" of Russia owe their superiority to having escaped this last port drying, which is so fatal to a fine flavor.—Detroit Free Press.

Fun in Parliament.

An amusing story is told of a certain occasion in the house of commons, when one Thomas Massey Massey moved that the church of Henry VIII. should get rid of the name of "mas" in Christmas, and substitute in place of the too Romish expression the more Saxon one "tide," thus, "Christide," says Life. O'Connell, who happened to be present, and who was seldom at a loss for the right word at the right time, moved that "as the honorable gentleman prized the old Saxon so much, he would do well to begin at home, namely, to Saxonize his own name. Let him do away with the 'mass' in 'Thomas Massey Massey,' and put his beloved 'tide' in the place of it, thus: 'Thotide Tidey Tidey!'" Needless to say that the house roared at the complete turn of the tables on the objector to the "mas" in Christmas.

A Ten-Thousand-Year Clock.

Herr A. Noll, of Berlingen, Germany, has constructed the most marvelous timepiece that was ever evolved from the human mind. Calculations, based on two years of solid going, prove what the maker claims for his wonderful clock, viz.: "That it will run for ten thousand years without winding. Hands on the dial point to the time of day, the day, the week, months, seasons and years. It also calculates the changes in the moon and tells when the sun is "fast" or "slow." The clock is the result of five years of patient, arduous labor.

WHEN HORACE USED TO SING.

Don't you remember Horace Brown?
Our singing master—course you do.
There wasn't a man in all the town
Could pitch a tune an' carry it thro'
Like Horace. Every Sunday night
He'd stand and make the old church ring
It helped the parson out a sight
When Horace used to sing.

His voice was tenor—so they said—
I've never heard another like it.
An' every hymn the parson read
No matter what the tune—he'd strike it.
"Greenville," "Hebron," or "Pleyel's Hymn,"
He'd sing in praise unto his king.
An' many an eye wet with a tear was dim
When Horace used to sing.

He was a curly feller, too;
Not like the most of men you meet
Maybe he wouldn't speak to you
If you met him on the street
Sometimes. But, Lor', that was his way.
He wasn't put out 'bout anything
Somehow that feelin' didn't stay
When he began to sing

'Tis twenty years since I've been home,
And things has changed a right smart, too;
I couldn't rest, so thought I'd come
An' see how the old town looked now.
I've seen the old church a-standing there,
The pillar where his life's blood stained
An' climbed the narrow gallery stair
Where Horace used to sing.

It almost seemed that he must be
Within the place he loved so well.
An' those old tunes came back to me
On which his sweet voice rose an' fell.
I've heard them from seven fellows since,
An' split their throats—but couldn't bring
The tears that come in days of yore
When Horace used to sing.

He's dead, you say—that voice is lost?
I don't believe it—never will.
In that fair land with streets embossed
In shining gold, he's singin' still.
He's leadin' now an angel choir
An' makes the concerts of Heaven ring.
An' some day when I get up higher
I'll hear old Horace sing.

—Belfast Age.

A WILD HOG TRAP.

How Two Boys Made Money to See the Centennial.

Yesterday I heard one farm boy say to another: "Come and see my two calves. I'm going to keep them til they're two-year-old steers, and then sell them and go to the Columbian exposition on the money. They'll bring fifty dollars by that time."

"But I've got a colt that'll bring seventy-five by that time," rejoined his companion, triumphantly.

"Maybe," replied the first lad, composedly. "But I tell you, Frank, there's a good deal more risk on colts than on steers."

Their earnestness vividly recalled to me a time, fifteen years ago, when I was a boy of sixteen, and lived in the Arkansas "backwoods." I was making similar plans to visit the centennial exhibition of 1876 at Philadelphia.

A young neighbor, Benton Arbuckle by name, was equally desirous of attending the exhibition; but, like myself, he was in painful doubt where the dollars were to come from for railway fares, for a new suit of clothes and for other necessary matters.

Often we raised a little money by gathering pecan nuts in the woods and selling them at the store two miles away; but the pecan crop was light that year, and our hopes suffered blight with it. We knew that seventy dollars apiece was the least possible sum that would suffice to transport us to Philadelphia and return us to our native country. The case looked hopeless.

We studied hard to think of some other means. Wild turkeys were getting scarce in the woods. Formerly a good many had been shot and marketed every fall. Deer, too, were far from plenty.

After a careful canvass of the situation, Benton and I decided that our only chance to raise money lay in the wild hog, which were still to be found in considerable numbers in the river-bottoms in our part of the state.

These wild hogs are descended from ordinary swine brought into the country by the earlier settlers. In several generations of wildness they have developed the characteristics of the wild hogs of the old world. They run swiftly through the brush upon the slightest alarm, and are always difficult to approach.

Shooting is not the best method of hunting wild hogs, for unless shot through a vital part they squeal frightfully, and often run a long distance. The squealing may frighten the drove away, and cause them to desert the locality for another tract of forest.

My companion and I proposed to trap them, and so far as possible to conduct a still hunt. We intended to make bacon, for which we were reasonably sure of obtaining eight cents a pound. We fitted up a disused log-shanty as a smoke-house, and arranged to bring home the carcasses on mules from our traps.

Benton, who had more time than I, spent several days in looking about for a good place in which to set a trap, and chose one upon Sugar creek. At a point where a high bank had been washed out we set stakes and built a strong corral eight feet high, in such a way that the bank formed one side of the inclosure, and the fence skirting the margin of the stream formed the other sides.

The yard thus formed included a space fifty or sixty feet across, which on one side was overhung by a bank from twelve to fifteen feet in height. The earth had been cut away by freshets, so that the roots of the brushwood above hung down in a straggling fringe.

A trap gate was constructed to rise and fall between posts on each side of an opening five feet wide. To spring the gate a line was attached to it, which ran across to our hiding place on the other side of the stream.

We did the work very quietly, for we heard hogs moving about in the swamp. Carefully removing all the chips, we masked the corral and the gate with brush, causing it to look like a thicket.

For bait we had bought four bushels of corn on the cob. This we broke into short pieces, which we strewed on trails leading to the trap. We also gathered several bushels of acorns, and these and the corn trails were sown to a distance of half a mile in three directions—all leading to a generous heap of the provender inside.

We laid these trails very early the morning after the trap was completed. We were to take turns watching, day by day. Benton undertook to watch the trap the first day, and I went home. We hoped to capture at least one hog every day.

Before eleven o'clock that forenoon Benton appeared at our house, very hot and much out of breath from running. He could hardly speak, and wasted no words.

"Pulled the string on five!" he gasped. "Get knife and mule and gun, and come quick! They are foamin' round awfully! Guess we shall have to shoot 'em! Hurry! hurry!"

In five minutes I was on the way, urging my mule to the top of his speed. Benton got his own mule and gun and overtook me.

We approached the corral from the opposite side of the creek, and securing the mules on that side, waded across and peeped into the trap.

Sure enough, there were five porkers! Evidently they had calmed down a little, for they grunted softly as they devoured the remains of the heap of acorns. But scenting us, or sighting us through chinks in the fence, they began to dash around, springing up the sides of the corral so fiercely that we saw plainly it would be altogether unsafe to enter the inclosure before shooting them. There was an old boar in the group. They were yearlings and two-year-olds, apparently, weighing from a hundred to two hundred pounds each. From running in the swamp they were all nearly as black as bears.

We loaded our guns with ball, and, taking aim between the posts, shot the pigs one by one. All five came down, squealing terrifically.

I had never dressed a hog before, but we both knew that it was necessary to bleed them immediately. Laying down our guns, we climbed into the pen, got out our knives and proceeded to this least pleasant portion of the business.

The squealing was frightful. We had got to the third victim only when we became suddenly aware of a commotion in the woods outside.

"Bill!" cried Benton, straightening up to listen, "there's a whole drove a-coming, old boars and all! They're coming to the rescue, just as they do when a bear tackles a hog in the swamp!"

Above the outcry which the suffering porkers inside the pen were raising we could now plainly hear the barking and roaring of the approaching drove. It was a terrible noise; the underbrush cracked as if a forest fire were running through it.

"Whew! You don't suppose they can break in here, do you?" exclaimed Benton, turning pale.

"That's more than I know," said I. "But if they do break in, I shall break out pretty quick!"

We had scarcely more than uttered the words when the drove came foaming up the creek to the very gate of the trap. They stopped an instant, an old boar barking like a bulldog, and then all scurried round the fence on the creek side, through mud and water. Here they suddenly stopped short again, as if to locate their distressed brethren, then dashed around the north end of the corral and up the high bank a little way above.

Again finding themselves wrong, they turned and came dashing along the top of the bank, on the land side of the pen; and then they all charged headlong down over the bank into the corral.

Before the first hog had struck the ground inside the pen I was well on my way to the top of the corral fence, and Benton had climbed a small oak tree that stood within the inclosure.

"Great jingo!" cried Benton from the tree. "Isn't that old tusker a big one? See the foam fly! Bill, there's more than twenty of them! Will the fence stop 'em?"

"I think it will," I said. "Are you all safe?"

"I reckon I am," he answered. Then he looked down at the wild hogs foaming around the base of his small tree, snapping their jaws; and my sense of humor made me laugh in spite of myself.

However, I presently did better for Benton than laugh at him. I slipped down on the outer side of the pen, and getting a strong pole, pushed it over the top of the corral into the oak where he was roosting, and by the aid of this pole he was able to get to the fence.

Now was our time. We loaded our guns and opened fire on the drove inside, disabling the old boar first of all.

For half an hour the unearthly din of shooting and squealing kept up. Including the five which Benton had snared at first, there were now twenty-four hogs in the trap. Several of them were old settlers, and quite fat and heavy.

We worked fast and hard during the rest of the day and most of the night to secure the pork. It made a fine lot of bacon, and although we never met with any success afterwards, we went to the centennial mainly on the product of our hog trap.—A. J. Towle, in Youth's Companion.

MURDEROUS INSANITY.

Illusions of Touch and Smell Which Prompt the Sufferer to Take Life.

The incipient paranoiac may hear voices about him and for a time be able to convince himself of their unreality. But sooner or later these sounds become so tangible that they have the full force and import of actual voices. At first he hears them only when people are actually speaking, his mind merely misinterpreting what he hears. This perversion is technically termed an illusion. But at last he hears words