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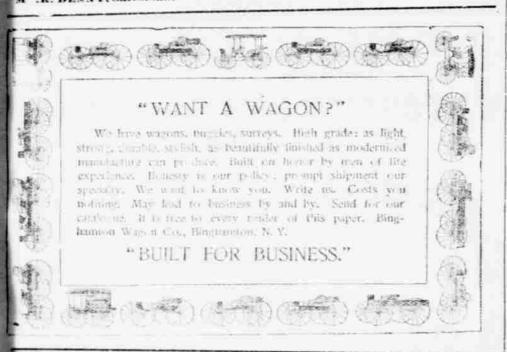
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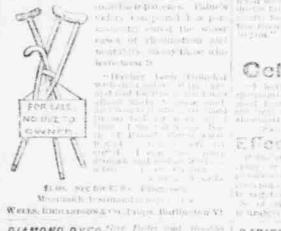


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1794.

VANDERSON'S VOTE.

A Boy's Experience as a Country Politician.

It had been a hot political campaign. All over the state brass bands were playing, cannon were firing, illuminations were glaring and four hundred and twenty-seven stump speakers were delivering every night four hundred and twenty-seven addresses. The harangues were at once "ringing, electrifying masterpieces of eloquence,"-to quote the reporters who agreed with their sentiment-and "tissues of driveling mendacity,"-to quote the reporters who did not agree. The four hundred and twenty-seven mass meetings were each "a grand outpouring of an aroused people," or "a small, spiritless gathering of disheartened demagogues"-quoting as before.

In almost every town rival companies of "Jones Guards," "Smith Rangers" and "Thompson Continentals," arrayed in uniforms that did not fit, and carrying torches that dripped with oil, scuffled through dust, splashed through mud, and bespattered themselves with kerosene.

They raised flags, serenaded candidates and escorted all sorts of distinguished statesmen from nowhere in particular to everywhere in general,

and back again. Then the newspapers! How they "nailed lies," "exposed conspiracies," "tore off masks" and "held up to publie execration," proving "irrefutably" that their own side had, and would have, all the virtue and victory, and the other all the vice and vanquish-

ment? Our village of New Nicopolis had every requisite for a lively canvasstwo balls, two newspapers, two bands and two aspirants for every office. Moreover the town was so evenly divided politically that no candidate could reasonably expect a majority of more than three or four votes.

As the struggle drew near its end, men became so excited and enthusiastic that business was almost at a standstill. No one thought or dreamed of anything but politics. The men spent more time at the tayerns than on grocery counters than they did on their anvils. The women were divided into two classes-those who quarreled every time they met, and those who wouldn't speak to each other at all. Of course we boys imitated our elders. We attended every meeting,

marched in every procession, and got up meetings and processions of our own in our patriotic ardor. We engaged in ceaseless discussions which were none the less hot and intolerant, because, as a general thing, neither of the disputants had the slightest idea of what he was talking about. Going out on the streets alone was

like taking a little promenade on Hounslow Heath in the old days of highwaymen; and on the evenings of opposition mass meetings my return from the post office was often in imitation of the British retreat from Con-

Now election day was here. We were assured that victory was in the air, and about to perch upon our banner. Victory seemed to be regarded as a hird of some kind, but whether it would turn out an eagle or a crowengle for the winners, crow for the losers-no one could tell.

If my participation in the campaign had hitherto been merely sympathetic, I was happy in knowing that youth, like old age, had on this day its honor and its toil. Though I could not vote myself, I could bring indifferent or disabled citizens to the polls with my own pet colt and buggy.

The first ballot put into the box at

Town Hall was thrown by old Jemmy Grant, the lame cobbler, whom I had dragged out of his stall at seven o'clock in the morning, that he might do his whole duty as a free American -and to keep Fred Crandall from getting at him first. Fred was active for the hostile camp, and if his slow-paced family horse could not make as many trips as my Knox three-year-old, yet he brought three times as much freight when he did come, being provided with a two-seated beach wagon, while my buggy had room for but one passenger. Fred was a boy of the most irritating audacity and enterprise, and he possessed, moreover, the advantage of knowing nearly every voter by sight and each man's political opinions by heart. Consequently he lost no time in asking

for information where to go or whom to bring, while I required a great deal of direction and advice. All day long the contest went on, until, late in the afternoon, there was scarcely a man in the whole town of New Nicopolis who had not voted; but as ballots became fewer the anxiety in-

creased, for the check books showed almost an equality between the parties. Even my father began to grow nervous, and the politicians rushed about like lunatics. One of them suddenly ran up to me.

"Here, Charley!" exclaimed he. Drive out on the north road as fast as you can go, and bring in Vandersonat the red house next beyond the

bridge." I whirled my horse around without waiting for more. The rest of whatever the politician had to say was lost in the rattling of the wheels as I dashed down the road at tweive miles an hour; but the colt had gone too far and too fast that day to keep up such a gait, and I soon reluctantly allowed him to

take an easy jog trot. Fred Crandall suddenly dashed by with a fresh steed, which I recognized as Dr. Parker's new roadster. Things must be at a desperate pass indeed if the doctor was willing to commit his best horse to such a hard-driving Jehu

Fretting was of no use, though, and 1891. I watched him disappear over the next hill with more or less resignation. It was a long road to Vanderson's, and I had still half a mile to go when Fred appeared as suddenly as before around a turn just ahead. He had no one with him, and his countenance indicated the greatest disappointment. He pulled up as we met, and called

"Where are you going, Charley?" I simply smiled, having no intention of betraying my plans. "Well, don't tell if you don't want to," continued he, "but I know. You're

going to Vanderson's." "What then?" I inquired. "Nothing, only your man isn't at

home. You might as well save yourself the trouble of going any farther." Now this struck me as suspicious. did not precisely think Fred was telling a falsehood, but my brief experience of politics had inclined me to distrust everything an opponent might say. So I resolved to find out for myself, and told Fred as much.

"All right for you, Charley," replied he, driving on offended. "Go ahead and see what you'll make of it." I reached Vanderson's comfortable looking farmhouse almost certain of proving Fred right and myself wrong

by finding no one there. To my extreme surprise I saw an elderly man near the stable, hard at work oiling a wagon-wheel. "Mr. Vanderson?" I inquired. "The same," he replied, hardly look-

I caught my breath. Fred had told me a lie, after all: I am glad to be able to say that I wish I had believed "I want you to come to town with

me, if you please," I continued, after a minute. He looked at me, quizzically. "Want me to vote, ch?" "Yes, that's it. How did you know?" "Oh! there was another young man

here awhile ago, who wanted the same thing.' So Master Fred had been trying to steal my man, had he? I no longer regretted anything, but solemnly resolved that Vanderson should go to the polls if I had to earry him on my back.

"He laid down on me pretty consid'ble hard, but I told him it warn't no use. I'm all sole alone to-day, for my son's gone away and there's slathers o things to do." "It won't take you an hour, Mr. Van-

derson. The election's awfully close, and we need every vote we can get," I pleaded. "Do, ch? Well, ye can't have mine,

young sir," answered he, looking extremely obstinate. "Fustly, this wagon's to ile-" "I'll help you on that!" exclaimed I,

umping from the buggy and grasping the oil can. "Secondly, the stove's to black," he continued, giving up the oiling to me without protest. "I'll do that, too."

Thirdly, the ashes is to sift for mulching the apple trees." "And that, too," I persisted, wondering how it happened that all his jobs should be either dirty or dusty. He began to show signs of yielding. "If ye can git through in time, p'r'aps

'll go with ye, young sir." My ofling of that wagon must have been a rare sight, and my blacking of that stove a rarer. By the time I be gan to sift the ashes my face and lothes were oil where they were not all stove polish. The ashes combined with the other substances and the perspiration arising from my exertions formed a remarkable complexion pow-

Meanwhile old Mr. Vanderson lighted a pipe, seated himself comfortably to windward of my whirling ash dust and talked on about his farm, family, friends and foes until I thought he would drive me distracted. Then he began to ask me questions about the studies at school, and, finding astronomy to be one of them, immediately brought out his hobby-a theory that the moon is inhabited.

Upon this he argued to such an unbearable degree that I heartily wished the moon were inhabited by Vanderson, vote or no vote. But I had put my hand to the ash sifter and I would not look back.

I finished the work, did three or four more little jobs which he pointed out, and at last, oily, dusty and tired, succeeded in getting fairly on the road to

We drove up to the hall only just in season. The crowd seemed in more suspense than ever and our arrival caused a great commotion. Some applauded, some cheered and some aughed-not a few hissed-and a general rush was made into the building.

As I hurried my companion through the throng I caught sight of Fred, who stood staring at us with a queer mixture of conflicting expressions. With a triumphant glance at him I pressed up to the box, in which, scarcely a second before the clock struck the hour of closing, Vanderson calmly placed a straight ballot which carried the election by one vote for-the opposite

party! Such a yell as went up! Nothing saved me from being mobbed by my friends except that the other side surrounded me in a dense mass to proffer their sincere though bitterly ironical congratulations. And Fred was the

loudest of them all. "Didn't I tell you, didn't I tell you?" he kept shouting. "The son who had gone away was your man. Old Mr. Vanderson's never voted anything but our ticket for the last forty-five years!" "Sartain true, young sir!" said the old man, grinning. "Ye never asked me about my views, an' I tuk it fur granted ye was one of us. But if ye ain't much of a canvasser ye're a master hand to work. If ye'll come out tomorrow we'll continue our argyment consairning the inhabberterbil'ty of

the moon, an' I'll hav s'more ashes fer ve to sift!" I broke away from him, escaped the crowd, and rushed home like a wild boy. Father subsequently found me buried in the haymow up to my neck,

erying with rage. "There, there, sonny, never mind, never mind," said he, soothingly. "If you aren't exactly cut out for a politician no more is your father, either; and it's a great relief to me that I haven't got to go to the legislature!" But if I had only believed Fred, or if I had asked old Mr. Vanderson a few questions-or if, or if, or if!- Manley H. Pike, in Youth's Companion.

An English Tradition-Southampton Fields, known to curiosity seekers as "The Field of the Forty Footsteps," is a small plat of ground lying directly to the rear of the British museum, London. Tradition says that two brothers, sometime during the duke of Monmouth's rebellion, engaged in a deadly duel upon this little piece of vacant ground. Both were killed. When the grass began to grow in the following spring there were forty dead patches in it, corresponding exactly in shape and size to impressions left by human feet. Superstitious people said that they were the last steps taken by the brothers before exchanging the fatal shots. To this day the place is known by the name given

above. - Philadelphia Press.

HE WAS KIND. A Pleasing Story About the Late Secre-

tary Wlodom. Speaking of the cabinet officers who rathered around Mr. Harrison's table at the beginning of his administration brings to mind the late Secretary Winlom. He was a kind and affable gentleman, and his sudden death was a

shock to the country at large and a cause of grief to those who enjoyed his acquaintance, says a writer in the Washington Evening News. I remember an incident which showed his kindness of heart and the unostentatious qualities inherent in the truly

> It was an insufferably hot day in the August preceding his death, and the sun glared with blind force on the concrete of the open space between the west entrance of the treasury and the white house.

> On the curb of the fountain basin a half grown sparrow was making fruitless efforts to get a drink of cool water which bubbled tantalizingly just beyond its reach. Finally it leaned a little too far, and, losing its balance, fell overboard.

Its struggles were taking it toward the center of the basin and beyond rescue. I reached out my open umbrella, and just as I was drawing him in I felt a hand on my shoulder and a hearty voice said: "Well done! I'll see that you have a

life-saving medal for that." It was Mr. Windom. He was on his way to a cabinet meeting, but the affairs of state and the country's finance had to wait while he assisted at the rescue of the half-drowned bird. He took the bedraggled little creature

in his hand, and after smoothing its plumage laid it on the sunny terrace out of harm's way to dry. Then, inviting me to share his big green sun shade, we walked on to the white house.

GERMAN RUDENESS. A Noted Doctor on the Uachivalric Cor

duct of His Countrymen. Louise von Kobell, who is Frau von Eisenhart, has written a book of "Conversations of Dr. Dollinger," lately translated into English, from which the Daily News of London has taken exracts. Driven into an inn by a showe in one of their walks, he was greatly annoyed by the conduct of some young men, who swore at the weather, smoked and called impatiently for beer.

"Tobacco and alcohol are demoniacal powers," said Dollinger, half in jest and half in earnest. "Smokers are barbarians. . . . The eternal smoking of pipes and eigars by our forefathers loubtless helped to bring about the short sight which has now become hereditary in Germany. Tobacco smoking is the rain of society and of chivalrous conduct toward women."

Talking of the German love of public houses, he said: "When I compare our young men with young Englishmen what a difference I find! How many spectacle-wearing, weakly, uncouth, mannerless youngsters I see here, white it is a real pleasure only to look at the boys and students in England, so vigorous, healthy, well grown, clean and dis tinguished-looking in their attractive

college dress." At another time he said that if he were a legislator the first law he would introduce in Germany would be one for the protection of young girls. England and America were, he said, in advance of Germany in the treatment of women. "For instance," he added, "I hardly think that an educated Englishman would allow his wife to fetch him his boots, slippers, eigars and newspapers, as do so many of our countrymen."

TURKEY HUNTING IN ARIZONA. The Great Slaughter Just Before Thanksgiving Day.

The Arizona bill of fare is too apt to contain only the items bacon, beans, hard bread, flapjacks and coffee three hundred and sixty-four days in the year. Thanksgiving is the exception, and no dinner is complete on that day without a tarkey to remind the miner. prespector or ranchman of the old nome in the east. In the southeastern section of the territory there is a creek called Rio Prieto, and nicknamed the "Turkey river." It is the only place within about two hundred miles where wild turkeys abound, but then there are enough of them in the narrow val-

ley to stock a state. Just before Thanksgiving this valley is filled with hunters from every part of the territory, and the slaughter is very great; but it takes place only once a year, and the ranks will be filled up next spring and summer. Some of the hunters come so far that they have to make "jerky" of the turkey meat in order to get it home. Aminer must be very fond of turkey when he will travel one hundred miles for it, and then take it in the shape of salted and sun-dried strips and shreds, and usually fried in a gravy of bacon, grease and flour.

These turkeys are very large birds, as half a dozen are about as much as a pack-mule can carry out of the valley. Old-timers say that gobblers weighing thirty pounds have been taken out of the Prieto canyon.

WELL-KNOWN MEN.

WHITELAW REID has been presented with a Sevres vase of great value, by the French republic, as a mark of its appreciation of his services as American minister to that country.

John S. Duss, the new head of the Economites, has had a stroke of paralysis. He is getting better, however, and says the society will turn its attention to manufacturing rather than to farming. BANKER W. S. LADD, of Portland,

Ore., one of the wealthiest men in that state, carries in his pocket a ten-cent piece which is a part of the first "twobits" he ever earned; that was back in the early '50s. CAPT. McKAY of the Umbria has nothing of the seaman about his manner or uniform, appearing on board his

own ship more like a passenger than

an officer. He is a short, slightly-built man, with a pale face and black hair, and is as quiet and reserved as a traveling clergyman. COOK TALCOTT, who died in New York city a few days ago, enjoyed the distinction of having defeated Gen. Grant for the position of county surveyor of St. Louis county before the war, and but for that defeat Grant's later career would most probably have

been very different from what it proved

ZULU MAGIC.

Extraordinary Performances of Witch Doctors.

Professor of the Black Art Is Astounded by the Tricks of Native Jugglers in Southern Africa.

During the Zulu war, says Prof. Kel-

lar, the well-known magician, in an article in the North American Review, I was in South Africa, traveling north through Zululand. In Dunn's reservation, two hundred miles north from Durban, in Natal, I saw a witch doctor levitate the form of a young Zulu by waving a tuft of grass about his head, amid surroundings calculated to impress themselves deeply upon the most presaic imagination. It was evening and the witch doctor, who belonged to the class more than once described by Rider Haggard with great accuracy, was as revolting in his appearance as the high caste fakirs had been pleasing. A number of fakirs had gathered

about our camp fire and I had given them some illustrations of my own skill. They seemed puzzled, but were not specially curious. One of them stole away and after some minutes returned with their own conjurer, the witch doctor in question. After considerable solicitation from the natives, the intricacies of which my knowledge of the Zulu language did not enable me quite to penetrate, the conjurer, who at first seemed reluctant to give his consent to an exhibition of his powers before me, took a knob kerry or club and fastened it at the end of a thong of rawhide about two feet long. A young native, tall and athletic, whose eyes seemed to be fixed upon those of the conjurer with an apprehensive steadfastness, took his own knob kerry and fastened it at the end of a similar thong of hide. The two then stood about six feet apart, in the full glare of

the fire, and began, all the while in silence, to whirl their knob kerries about their heads. I noticed that when the two clubs seemed, in their swift flight, almost to come in contact, a spark of flame passed, or appeared to pass, from one of them to the other. The third time this happened there was an explosion, the spark appeared to burst, the young man's knob kerry was shattered to pieces, and he fell to the ground apparently lifelesss. The witch doctor turned to the high grass a few feet behind us and gathered a handful of stalks about three feet long. Standing in the shadow and away from the

fire he waved, with a swift motion, exactly similar to that of the clubs a few minutes before, the bunch of grass around the head of the young Zulu, who lay as dead in the firelight. In a moment or two the grass seemed to ignite in its flight, although the witch doctor was not standing within twenty feet of the fire, and burned slowly, crackling audibly. Approaching more closely the form of the native in the trance the conjurer waved the flaming grass gently

over his figure, about a foot from the flesh. To my intense amazement the recumbent body slowly rose from the ground and floated apward in the air to the height of about three feet, remaining in suspension and moving up and down, according as the passes of the burning grass were slower or faster. As the grass burned out and dropped to the ground the body returned to its position on the ground, and after a few passes from the hands of the witch doc-

apparently none the worse for his wonderful experience. WITH A SPIDER'S WEB.

tor the young Zulu leaped to his feet,

Power Could Be Transmitted from a Big Engine If Run Fast Enough.

"Science can do some wonderful things," said Samuel Watson, a practical engineer, who has been devoting some time to studying the various methods of transporting power from the motor to the machine. He read a paper on his discoveries some time ago before one of the engineering societies in New York, says the St. Louis Globe-Demo-

"It would strike you as rather funny to see the slender line of a spider's web conveying the power from a two hundred and fifty horse-power engine, wouldn't it? But it has been demonstrated that such a thing can be done Now let us start with the most common and general method of transporting power, the ordinary leather belt. Sir Robert Ball, an eminent scientific engineer, has found that the heavy slowrunning belt can, when the conditions are favorable for a change from weight to speed, be made away with, and a light-running, cotton rope may take its place with a greater amount of satisfaction than the belting ever gave. Following up this line of thought it has been demonstrated that a rope as light as sewing cotton going at the same rate of speed as a rifle ball would satisfactorily earry a single horse-power. Now take the extreme lightest line known to the world, that of the spider's web, and the extreme highest-known velocity of travel, which is that of light, and we find that, astounding as it may seem. if a line of spider's web could be driven at the speed of light, it would satisfacctorily carry something over two hundred and tifty horse-power. Singular, isn't it? But Sir Robert Ball's discovery in this respect is going to be of inestimable value in electricity in a very

short while." Australia Is First.

Eight car loads of goods that were shipped from Australia two months ago have been unloaded within the agricultural building and deposited upon the space assigned to that country. This will be the first exhibit to enter the building, and as the work of installation is to proceed at once Australia will have the honor of being the first in position. The space assigned to the exhibitors from the antipodes within the agricultural building is on the first floor and just east of the central dome. It is eighty-five by one hundred feet in dimension and well lighted. The exhibit is to consist of wool and cereals of all kinds and some canned goods. It is, however, with its wool that Australia

expects to make the best showing. The Slaughter of Birds. in one consignment recently a feather dealer in London received 6,000 birds of paradise, 360,000 birds of various kinds from the East Indies, and 400,000 humming birds. In three months another dealer imported 356,398 birds from the East Indies.

INSURANCE AGAINST BORES. One Form of Imposition, at Least, Has Found a Remedy.

From London comes news of the organization of a Social Demands Insurance company. The society arises out of the question that each man and woman puts to himself: "How much can I give without seeming shabby?" when asked to give money to objects for which they have no sympathy, but to which tradition or some sense of reci-

procity obliges contribution. There are always restless people about getting up statues, testimonials anniversary gifts, from silver dinner services down to quill pens, whom one wishes in Jericho, but are impossible to refuse. To thus lighten these needless burdens of life comes the Social De-

mands Insurance company. According to a writer in the London Times this society, on receipt of a subscription graduated according to the income and needs of the members, will transact for them the whole business on the cheapest possible scale. The society will not be afraid of being called shabby, having no corporal delicacy of

feeling. Members (who have paid in their subscriptions) will merely send to the secretary each week their social begging letters. The society, doing a ready money business, can easily buy in bankrupt stock of clocks, epergnes, bric-abrac, silver, books. Thus it will be able to furnish suitable presents at reduced

The London society goes far in engaging a staff of sculptors, ghosts, impressionist painters, in acquiring a collection of painters' misfits that can be easily altered to suit the occasion, and other artistic refuse that may be utilized at reasonable terms.

The subscription of a duke, for example, to the Social Demands Insurance company is put at £10 10s, while a person of letters would not be charged more than 6s. 8d.

In this country, until the tariff is reduced, the subscription of the rich men ranking with the English dukes would be approximately \$70, while writers would be proportionately charged not more than \$2 a year. These sums, however, are initiation fees, and engage paid out would have to be subsequently

A DIFFICULT JOB.

Niagara.

The Mending of the Suspension Bridge at The cables of a suspension bridge are subjected to great strains, and are therefore firmly anchored to heavy masses of masonry by means of long bars of iron or steel having holes at each end by which they are bolted or pinned together. The Engineering News says that one of the bars in the anchorage of one end of the smaller suspension bridge at Niagara was found recently to be broken. The problem of replacing it was difficult, since the wires attached to it had to have the same tension when it was in place that they had when the old bar was intact. The new bar was formed of a piece of steel twenty feet long, six inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick, with a hole in one end and a band bolted to the other. This band was designed to pass around an iron bar in the abutment and resist the pull of the wires. When the band had been placed about this pin in the masonry and bolted to its bar the bar was carefully heated by a wooden fire in a trough below until it had expanded sufficiently to allow the end of the wire cable to be connected with it. As it cooled it contracted until. when it reached its normal temperature, the wires attached to it were strained

to the same degree as the others, and, in this way, a difficult problem was

easily and cheaply solved. RHODE ISLAND'S ODD CUSTOM.

The Election of Black Governor in the

Old Colonial Days. A rollicking time in Rhode Island in the old colonial days was the election of the "Black Governor," described in the New England Magazine. After the white people had elected the governor of the state, the slaves had a curious custom of gathering together on the third Saturday in June and electing a black governor. To this election the negroes went in fine style, on Narragansett pacers, with their wives on pillions behind them. All were dressed in their finest clothes, with swords and with powdered hair, and often a long false queue tied on behind. When all had gathered together, the vote was taken by the opposing parties forming into two long lines, with the respective candidates at the head; the lines were then counted, and the longest line elected its candidate. After the election a supper and dance were given, for which the white owner of the newly elected black governor had to pay The last election of a slave governor was held in 1800, but the custom of "Nigger Lee-

England until many years later. A Man "Tp a Tree." The following paragraph is printed in several British Indian papers: "Up a tree," wrote a native forest subordinate recently in his diary, "where I adhere with much pain and discomposure while big tiger roaring in a very awful manner on the fire line. This is a very inconsid-rate tiger, and causes me great griefs, as I have before reported to your honor. This is two times he spoiled my work, coming and shouting like thunder, and putting me up a tree, and making me behave like an insect. I am not able to climb with agility owing to stomach being a little big owing to bad water of this jungle. Chenchu mans can fly up tree quickly. It is a very awful fate to me. Even when I do not see this tiger and he does not make dreadful noise, I see the marks of his hoofs and his nails on the path!"

tion" day did not die out through New

Loved His Dog. An old colored man went to inil in Washington last week for the sake of

his dog. He had neglected to pay for a license to keep the animal, for kill the dog he would not. His explanation was that the dog belonged to his child. and about the time he was going to get the tag for the dog his child died. It took every cent that he could beg or borrow to pay the funeral expenses. "And," he said, "I keep the dog for the sake of the dead child." He promised to get the tag if the judge would give him further time, but, as the old man had not wrecked a bank or done anything in the first-class order of crimes, he had to go to jail.

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MEXICO NEEDS IMMIGRANTS. People From Northern Europe Would Set

a Valuable Example of Thrift. There is a rumor to the effect that an effort will be made in Mexico to turn the current of European emigration from the United States to that country. There is room in Mexico for many more people, but it is by no means as sparsely inhabited a country as many Americans think, says the Denver Republican. In area it is about one-fourth as great as the United States. Its population is 12,000,000. The same density in the United States would give this country about 48,000,000, which is but 2,000,000 less than the census of 1880 showed our population to be in that

Mexico needs a different kind of population, rather than an increase. About one-half the people are full blooded Indians, and of these one-half are uncivilized. There are about 1,000,-006 whites, the majority of whom, of course, are of Spanish descent. The remainder, with the exception of a few negroes and Chinese, are of mixed blood. Probably 9,000,000 of the inhabitants have Indian blood in their veins, two-thirds of this number being full blood. The hope of the country is, therefore, in the people who have Indian blood. If they shall not develop to a high civilization the country will always be governed by a small class,

composed chiefly of the whites. Fortunately the civilized Indians of full blood are a quiet, orderly people, capable of performing a great deal of abor and attaining to proficiency in the mechanic arts. Juarez, one of the greatest of Mexican statesmen and gencrals, was a full-blood. The hybrids, like hybrids generally, are worse than their parents of either stock and have caused a great deal of trouble. Immigration of a good class from northern Europe would do Mexico good, because the immigrants would set an example of industry and thrift to the natives. But there is not much inducement for immigrants of the laboring, mechanic or agricultural classes to settle in Mexico. The demand for labor does not equal the supply, and the farmers would find but poor markets for their products. Mexico is a good country for men with money to invest in mining and other industries requiring large capital. but to immigrants without means the field is not inviting.

ARE WINTERS COLDER? It Seems So in Europe, While Ours Are

Growing Warmer. It is often asked, regarding the seasons, whether they alter from year to year, whether there is a positive change in climate from century to century.

The general opinion seems to be, according to the New York Press, that the springs and summers are cooler than they were once, and that the win-The records of thermometrical obser-

vations show that the temperature of the month of May is diminishing, but that the temperature of the year, taken together, rather tends to increase. Taking into consideration a period of fifty or sixty more years, there has been observed an actual diminution of the mean temperature in the climate of France. But observing a longer period

-comparing, for example, the earliest centuries of French history with the present time-no sensible difference of the seasons can be established. For example, the Roman emperor, Julian, was very fond of living at Paris, and about A. D. 360 he made several long sojourns in that city. In his Misopogon he relates that he was greatly surprised one fine morning to see the Seine stopped in its course and its waters changed into blocks of marble. So we see that there was at that time,

as well as to-day, winters severe enough to freeze the rivers, and that the climate has not changed much if any. Perhaps the men of the present time have a more sensitive epidermis than

had their hardy ancestors.

LIFT YOUR HATS.

Neglect to Do So on Meeting a Lady Is a Breach of Good Manners. "There are two occasions upon which I never will recognize a gentleman, not even my own husband," said a wellknown society woman the other day to

a New Orleans Picayune man, "If he

is sitting on a street corner to have his

shoes blacked he might bow at me till the crack of doom, but I would not recognize him. Or if he was coming out of a saloon."

"Did you ever have a man greet you in the street without lifting his hat?" asked a friend. "Once or twice, but I never recognized that individual again. One of the best known clergymen in New Orleans makes a habit of not raising his hat to some ladies he knows. He would not feel flattered if he could hear the com-

ments that are made on his boorish "Perhaps he forgets," said a man who

was ready to defend his sex. "That is no excuse. I would not expect an armless man to lift his hat to me on the street, but nothing less could excuse him. A gentleman has no business to forget at least the appearance of good breeding. A woman feels a man has treated her with almost familiar contempt who does not lift his but when speaking to her, and if she has any spunk at all she will never bow to

HER ANNUAL DIVORCE. A Married Woman's Yearly Season of

him again."

Respite. "I don't know what I would do," said a very gay married woman to a Philadelphia Times writer, "if it were not for my annual divorce," she laughed. "You perhaps wonder what that is, but it is really the greatest of social institutions, and I would die without it. 1 mean the six or eight weeks every sum mer that I can go away and be just like a young girl once more.

"I love Jack very dearly, but I would get very tired of him if it were not for this yearly respite. We are very happy now over our reunion, whereas if he had seen me every day all summer long he would be wanting to go out every night and leaving me alone instead of doing escort duty. It is a great scheme, and should be adopted by all

Poor, elastic wedding vows, we thought. "Till death do us part" has not the significance it once did in the good old days of our fathers and mothers, when an "annual divorce" would have been regarded with holy

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