JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XXVII.

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

armed to resist arrest?

once took the alarm.

I call Mrs. Burke?"

servants here?

the closet.'

Mollie said. 'Can you stay here while

any nonsense that came first to my

lips, but now I said in French:

"All this time I had been murmuring

"'Wait! I must speak to you before

you send for Mrs. Burke. I am not

"'Oh, marm,' cried Fanny, 'what

awful gibberish she do talk, to be

"'Yes, she has fever,' said Mollie,

coming to the bedside. Get some cold

" 'Don't start or scream,' I muttered,

still in French, in a low tone, keeping

my head in motion; 'There is a man

hiding in the closet who has designs on

the plate and wedding presents, I am

sure. Can you ring the alarm bell in

Mrs. Burke's room and get the man-

"'Oh! you poor, poor darling!' said

Mollie, caressing me. 'To think you

have been lying here suffering while

we were dancing and enjoying our-

selves! But you must have something

to take. Fanny, as the maid came with

a pitcher of water, 'bathe Miss Mattie's

head, while I see what medicines are in

"I said there was one actress, and I

was wrong. Mollie walked coolly to

the closet, knowing the thief was

crouched down in the far corner behind

some bundles, and took from a narrow

shelf a few bottles, crossing the room

to read the labels by the candle on a

table beside the bed, and, returning

again, two or three times, while I

pitied and soothed me.

moaned and muttered, and Fanny

"Really, my dears," said Aunt Mar-

tha, complacently, "considered as a

first appearance, without study or re-

hearsal, I must say that it was very

well done. The last bottle Mollie took

back was put upon the shelf, and with-

or hurry, but quite naturally, she

"I knew then, what I had almost

" There is nothing here that will do,

"Then I heard her go lightly and

swiftly down the long entry, and my

heart throbbed almost to suffocation as

wondered if the wretch in the closet

would burst out upon us. And all the

time I was keeping up the delirious

moaning and muttering. Oh, how long

the time seemed! But at last I heard

the sound of heavy feet, the confusion

of many voices, and, while Fanny stood

in open-mouthed wonder, spilling over

hand, five sturdy men walked into my

room, headed by the upper gardener,

and all armed with pokers, sticks or

alone held a pistol.

door and said:

into the room.

in N. Y. Ledger.

that's what I'd a done.'

away.

other weapons. The head gardener

"Cocking this, he opened the closet

" 'Suppose you come out! If you've

nothin' to hangin', if you murder me.

"Then he came out, sullen and ugly.

His first look was at the bed, but I had

added to Fanny's amazement by sud-

Mrs. Burke, who had followed the men

it? Gibberish as was giving informa-

on that bed when I came in I'd a

stopped her clack. I'd a strangled her,

my private theatricals by falling to the

floor in a fainting fit in which there

was no acting at all."-Anna Shields,

Animals, as a rule, understand who

their friends are. The Washington

Post tells the story of a dog whose eyes

had been treated by an oculist, to his

great relief. The trouble returned, and

the dog's master determined to take

him to the oculist's a second time.

Flim Flam seemed to know where he

was going, for, on entering the square

where the oculist had his office, he

raced ahead of his master and up the

steps, where he had been once before,

and on the door being opened bolted

straight for the treatment-room, in-

stead of waiting his turn downstairs.

as two-legged patients learn to do to

their sorrow and impatience. This time

the treatment was a zinc solution that

was very severe and brought the water

in streams from the patient's eyes, but

never wincing, and the only sign of

feeling he made was to hold out one

paw pathetically for his master's hand.

A Circular Rainbow.

Many of the best scientists and phile

sophers declare that a circular rainbow

is one of the impossibilities, and give

opinions. About two years ago this

idea was exploded by Dr. Fleming, who

one he saw in the Welsh mountains. He

mounted Finsterrehorn, and while near

the top of the peak were treated to the

rare sight of a circular rainbow, the

phenomena lasting about half an hour.

and forming a complete circle. . .

A second circle was also visible. We

the first of the party observed it, and

splendid view."

library were Dora's presents, valuable learned reasons in support of their

he took it with his nose in the air

me the cup of water she held in one

Fanny,' she said, quietly. 'I must see

if Mrs. Burke has anything. Don't

leave Miss Mattie until I come back."

closed the closet door and locked it.

doubted, that she had understood me.

water, Fannie, and bathe her head."

the call.

sick.

\$1.50 and postage per year in a tvance.

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NUMBER 15.

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are liable. Positive and rapid care guaranteed. A Word About Catarrh It is the mucus membrane, that wonderful semiflu denvelope surrounding the delicate tissue of the sirand food passa or that estarth makes its simphold. Once established it cats into the very vitals and makes life a long trawn breath of mirery and disease, du'ling the sen e of hear. the faculty of smell taining the breath, and will ing the refused pleasure of taste. Insidensity by creeping on from a simple cold in the head, it assaults the membraness lings and envelopes the bones eating the delicate coats and chasing thanniation, stoughing and death. Nothing than in an astonishing quick time. He will relieve thort of total eradeation will secure health to be patient and all alleviates are simply process introduced softerings leading to a tatal termination, or Salm has by a treatment, local and constituinflammation, stoughing and death. Nothing

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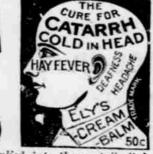
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FEES BROS.

SOMEBODY'S COMING HOME. Shine, O glorious day, shine clear Scatter the clouds with the sun's bright ray Gladdest and best, O day most dear!

- Somebody's coming home to-day. Warble your cheeriest roundelay, aice all the echoes of woodland glee,
- Somebody's coming home to-day
- Clap your hands in the merriest way, Somebody'll come to his baby boy, Somebody's coming home to-day
- Ring, O bells of my heart, ring out! Ring all the sadness and gloom away; Ring away loneliness, fear and doubt, Somebody's coming home to-day. Ada Simpson Sherwood, in Good Housekeep

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Aunt Martha's Story of an Interesting Drama.

"Dear me," Edna said, tossing aside small paper-bound volume, "this will not do at all. It is stupid." "Stupid!" Jennie cried. "Is that all? All the rest are too long, or too short, or have too many parts, or some other insurmountable objection. But mere

stupidity!" "Don't be sarcastic, Jennie," Dollie said, looking up from her book. There were six of the girls, and on table, chairs and even the floor were sixty, at least, of the books. It was just as Dollie spoke that Aunt

but as sweet as a rose for all that, and prettier at sixty than half the women of this world are at twenty. "What are you doing?" she asked, with mild astonishment. "Selecting a play for private theatricals. We want to help the fund for the

Martha came in; tall, prim and stately,

sufferers at the B -- street fire," said Tassic, collecting scattered books in one great pile. "Private theatricals!" said Aunt Martha, with a very odd smile. "It is a long time since I took a part in

private theatricals. Forty years and nore." "You?" we all cried in chorus, for Aunt Martha, although she never interfered with us, was well known to ove of theaters and all that be-

longed to them. "The audience was very small." said Aunt Martha, still with that puzzling smile, "and there were few performers. Still I tell you about it?" "What was the play?" asked Edna.

perhaps hoping for aid in her perplex-"'The Midnight Alarm," said Aun t

"I think not. It was composed for the occasion and never written out." By this time we had deserted the table and array of "acting copies" of popular dramatic works, and were drawn up in a circle near Aunt Martha's

chair, keenly interested in hearing all about it. "It was when I was a young girl," said Aunt Martha, "and had been invited to be bridesmaid for my very dear friend, Dora Burke. She was the only child of a very wealthy widow who lived in Willow Banks, and had one of the most luxurious homes I ever visited. But it was in the country, ten miles from a large city, where Mrs. Burke owned another house in which her winters were passed, but which was rented to a lady who took Mrs.

Burke and Dora as boarders for the winter. "So, when it was decided to have a grand wedding, it was also arranged that it should be at Willow Banks, where there were many spare bedrooms, and which could be reached by carriages from the city. One peculiarity of the domestic life I must mention here. Years before, Mrs. Burke had been robbed by burglars, admitted to the house by a dishonest servant, and from that time she would have no servant sleep in the house. A separate building for their use was connected by a covered way and fitted up comfortably. Here Mrs. Jones, wife of the head gardener, kept house for the gardeners, stablemen and maid servauts, who were summoned when wanted by a bell from Mrs. Burke's room. A second bell, also connected with her

pulled if the men should be wanted at night for fire or burglary. "The wedding was very grand, but while the festivities were at their height. I was taken ill with a severe pain that I was subject to. I tried in vain to conceal my suffering, and finally whispered to Dora's cousin, Mollie Burke, that i must go to my room and lie down. She wanted to go with me, but that I would not allow, as she was filling Dora's usual place in assisting

Mrs. Burke.

her room, was an alarm, only to be

"I will come in before I go to bed, she said, and I slipped away unnoticed. "My room was at the end of a long entry, a room I liked because it commanded a magnificent view, but it seemed lonely to me that night, going there from all the light, gayety and music in the drawing-room. There was an immense closet in it, as large as many modern hall-rooms, and in that was stowed much of the 'rubbish' that most families own, odds and ends whose usefulness is over, but which are too good to throw away. In this, I carefully hung up my fine dress, slipped on a woolen wrapper and crept to the bed, having only the bright moonlight to guide me. I could not sleep, but the pain wore away and I lay quiet, wondering how soon the guests would leave. Already Dora and her husband had driven away to the city, to start upon their wedding trip, but the rooms had been still filled when I left them. "I cannot tell what made me think then of the temptation for burglars there would be in the house that night The family plate, usually stored in a bank vault in the city, and only displayed on great occasions, was all spread in the supper-room. In the

jewels, silver, lace and other costly of-"As if in answer to my fears, I suddenly became aware that some one moved softly along the entry, creep ing, creeping, to my door, and so across the room to the closet. As the figure crossed the window, I could see that the intruder was a tall, powerfullybuilt man. He entered the closet, and I could hear him stealthily crouch down in the corner, probably pulling over him some of the articles on the floor. "I dared not move. Alone, a weak girl, far from the other inmates of the house, I was afraid he would murder

me if I tried to get to the door. I lay FULL OF RATTLERS. shivering one minute, hot the next, my Thrilling Experience of a Geologist In heart beating so hard I was afraid the

an Old Tunnel. burglar would hear it. I cannot tell Prof. William Watts, assistant in the how long it was before I heard Mollie's field for the state mining bureau, revoice at the end of the long entry, bidcently had, according to the San Franding some one good night. Even then cisco Examiner, an experience in Colusa I was terrified. What were two girls county that made his hair stand on end. in the grasp of a man presumably "I went to Colusa county to examine

a quicksilver mine in company with "As Moine intered my room, dears, another gentleman," he said, "and after the private theatricals commenced, one a ride of a few miles into the mountains actress for an audience of two. She we reached our destination. The mine spoke to me, and I moved my head unhad been partially developed by a tuneasily, muttering like a person waking nel run in about one hundred and fifty suddenly in delirium. Her fears at feet, but work had been abandoned many months before. We had proceed-"'Oh, Mattie, Mattie, dear,' she ed but a few feet into the inky darkcried, 'I had no idea you were so sick! ness of the tunnel when I, being in the Fanny!" she called, going to the door. lead, struck a match to light a candle. No sooner had the light flared up than "One of the maids, who was, I I heard the warning of a rattlesnake learned later, making up a bed at the and saw a big fellow coiled up at my other end of the long entry, for an unfeet ready to strike, while further on l expectedly detained guest, answered saw numerous other squirming reptiles. The match dropped from my hand as I "'Fanny, Miss Mattie is very sick," jumped backward several feet.

"Bz-z-t! Bz-z-t! "Another snake sprung his rattle. had landed directly upon the second

snake and felt it wriggling under my "Bz-z-t! bz-z-t! rattled another from the tunnel side just by my face, and the whole place seemed alive with the horrible things. The din created by their incessant angry rattling was frightful. We got out all right, but were badly scared. Later a party was formed to exterminate the big nest of snakes, and large numbers of them were killed. The unused tunnel was just the place for them to spend the winter months comfortably." Prof. Watts kills rattlesnakes with his long-handled geological hammer, but says that when he strikes a tunnel full of them nothing short of a Gatling gun is of any use whatever.

TOOK TO BEANS TOO EARLY. A Boston Boy Inhaled One and Had It

Cut from His Lung. In the amphitheater of the Massachu setts general hospital, Bosion, on a recent afternoon, one of the operating surgeons, Dr. John W. Elliott, showed a Globe man a little child about three ears old who had inhaled a bean into the lung, and on whom an operation was performed for its removal. The operation has proved remarkably successful. The bean, which was of the ordinary size of a white bean, had been inhaled into the right bronchus, and, as the right lung was thus shut off from receiving its proper amount of gir, the danger of broncho-pneumonia with a fatal termination became imminent and tracheotomy was performed. The in cision, about an inch long, was made in the median line of the neck, and after going through the superficial structures of that part the trachea was reached and incised in a vertical line. The incision was made larg, enough to admit a very long and slender pair of forceps, which were carefully passed down the trachea and into the right bronchus. A short distance below where the wind pipe divides the end of the forceps touched the bean, which was firmly lodged. Grasping the bean with the forceps, the surgeon broke off a small bit of the offending substance and withdrew it. Three attempts resulted in getting only small particles. It had beome softened, and the soft part of the bronchus had swollen and closed in about it. The next attempt was more successful. The fine teeth of the head of the forceps buried themselves in the substance of the bean and with careful manipulation it was extracted. Immediate relief was experienced by the little sufferer, and the child is practi-

THE SCARF PIN WAS ALIVE. How a Colorado Miner Reformed a Con-

vivial Traveling Man. "There is a Colorado miner who is a new kind of a temperance reformer. got a pistol, perhaps you'd better not Being the owner of mines he is enabled shoot, 'cause what you'll get for to travel, and a few days ago he arburglary what ain't actually done ain't rived in Chicago on his way home from Florida. Just to be eccentric, says the And there's five of us, so you can't get Chicago News, he bought a chameleon down south and had it fastened to the end of a little gold chain, so that he could wear it as a scarf decoration. The lizardish little reptile was about three denly recovering and joining Mollie and inches long and, like all of its kind changed the snakish color of its body when disturbed. The owner walked "'Oh!' said the ruffian; 'that's it, is up to the hotel bar with a traveling man who had been "laying over" in Chicago three days, raising his expense tion. If I'd a knowed there was a gal as ount and other things. The travel ing man did not see the thing on the scarf until he had poured his drink. Then he glared hard. "And then, my dears, I finished up

"What's that?" be asked

"What's what?"

"That-searf pin?" "I wear no scarf pin." The chame leon flirted its tail and crawled out on the lapel of the coat, as the owner brushed his hand toward the searf. "Holy seissors, it's alive!" shouted the

raveling man. "What's alive?" and the miner again brushed the little animal, which crawled under his vest. Then he looked down and said: "Now, do you see any-

The traveling man stood, shaky and pale, looking for the thing to reappear. No more liquor for me," said he, suddenly, and made a rush for the elevator. By the time the crowd broke into a laugh he was too far away to hear.

AN "ELECTRICAL" SPRING. Shrewd Device by Which the "Greenles Were Gulled Successfully.

The Electrical Review publishes the following about a wonderful "electric spring." It was but a plain mineral spring, but the cups that the patients drank from were fastened by a brass chain to an iron bar which inclosed the mouth of the bubbling spring. You were prevented from coming too close ov another circular iron railing about eight feet across. The ground around the pring was naturally moist, and it was either this ground or the iron which was one of the ends of an open electrical cirenit. The cup held by the chain was observed and made scientific notes of the other end. The person drinking simply completed the circuit through says: "On September 30, 1890, we the body, and when he had finished the attendant kindly and immediately removed the cup from his hand. The drinkers always felt that "delightful tingling sensation," and rejoiced that they had found the fountain of youth. Some imagined they even felt the new were near the summit of the peak when blood coursing through their veins. A small induction coil ingeniously confrom that point the face of the mouncealed and connected with the cup and tain is almost perpendicular, giving a railing was a cheap method for producing that "invigorating feeling."

THE RULER OF RUSSIA.

Character and Habits of Czar Alexander III.

A Monarch Whose Life Is Wrapped in Mystery-His Influence Upon the War Issue in Europe.

A good illustration of the different points of view from which men observe the same question or condition of things is afforded by some some recent utterances by well-informed writers on the present situation in Europe.

These writers, while believing a general European war to be probable at no distant date, differ as to which of the European rulers is the most likely to begin it. A well-known correspondent of the London Times declares that the issue of war hangs upon the life of Emperor Francis Joseph. Should the emperor die, he would be succeeded by his nephew, who is represented as a vicious and incompetent prince. His accession, the correspondent thinks, would be likely to result in the disruption of the Austrian empire, and a consequent scramble by Germany and Russia for various portions of it, from

which war would result. An eminent London editor believes that a European war depends upon the caprices of the young German emperor. At present that restless potentate is strongly inclined to peace, but he is subject to frequent changes of mind, is fond of the science of war, and any day may alter his policy to a warlike one. Still another writer, not less well

known, is strongly of the opinion that the maintenance of peace or the initiation of war depends upon the will of the Russian czar. He asserts that as long as the ezar keeps a check on his ambitious soldiers and statesmen no collision will take place between the powers. When an

event so momentous as a general war

depends upon the life or will of any

man, or of two or three men, the per-

sonal qualities of those men become a subject not only of deep interest, but of much public importance. The czar of Russia has long been core or less of a mystery to the world in general. His life is so secluded and apart that even his own subjects can know but little of him. He is only seen in public when he drives hurriedly

through the streets to his palaces or the railway stations. A recent description of the czar by one entitled to belief in his accuracy presents in a somewhat new light the character of this mighty ruler, who holds sway over so many millions of his fellow-beings, and by a word could

plunge Europe into war. The contrast between the czar and his remote cousin, the young German emperor, is a very strong, one. The kaiser shows an almost morbid activity of mind and body. He seems never to be at rest. He is constantly traveling, speaking, reviewing, issuing proclamations, devising policies and working at important state problems. He clearly esires to appear as a broad statesman, an effective orator, and as a skillful The ezar, on the other hand, is dis-

eribed as being very "slow minded." His mind works with difficulty upon the state questions which come up before him. He finds it hard to make his way through the mass of business which his ministers submit to him from day to day; he is said to work at his papers often until two or three o'clock in the morning, without having finished his task. Alexander III. did not receive the

special education usually given to eirs to the Russian crown. His elder brother Nicholas, who was the heir. did not die until Alexander had reached young manhood. Probably, if Alexander had been especially trained to fill the throne, he would have found his work less difficult.

One aspect of the czar's character which will inspire the respect and liking of Americans is his undoubtedly deep and devoted affection for his family. His happiest hours are those which he spends with his wife and children, and he is always relieved when his royal tasks are done, and he can return to his domestic circle.

The marriages of princes, which are usually dictated by reasons of state and not by mutual affection are by no means always happy ones, and it is gratifying to see so powerful a ruler as the Russian czar presenting to his people an example of domestic happiness and fidelity.

A Puzzling Case. A woman was brought to one of the New York hospitals some weeks ago

suffering from typhoid fever, but one feature of the case could not be accounted for by the diagnosis of typhoid. The woman's body was covered from head to foot with small star-shaped figures. Each was composed of a central spot no larger than a pin head surrounded by five other spots of the same size at regular distances from each other. Such a species of skin disease had never before come under the observation of the hospital staff, and there was nothing to be found in the books which would clear up the case. The woman was too ill to talk about it, and no light was thrown on the subject until the patient's mother came to the hospital to see her. She was an old woman, born in the Austrian Tyrol of peasant stock. She explained how on the first day her daughter was taken sick she had made the marks which were still visible on her body. and then rubbed her with kerosene as a preventive against fever. The instrument used was a cork with five needles stuck into it.

Baby Jack's Theology. The doctrine of original sin is a difficult one to controvert, taking the world at large into consideration, but it is one which Baby Jack, aetat twenty-three months, steadily and sturdily refuses to admit into his theology. He says: "Now I lay me," with the utmost fervor and in a language of his own, which only the audacity of a mother would claim to mean anything. He asks: "Dod" to "b'ess" every one of his relatives to the forty-fourth degree, not forgetting his pet cat and "Hoo-Polly " the unclean rag-doll, but when mamma prompts: "Please make Jack a good boy," Master Jack says: "Das" in response as earnest as that of any good Methodist brother. "Das" means "yes," and Jack thinks he is a good boy, and no moral suasion can induce him to suggest to Providence that there is the slightest necessity for making over.-N. Y. Recorder.

TRACKING A CARIBOU.

Snow-Shoeing and Crawling to Get at the Big Game.

After a Big Bull-Twenty-Two Miles Over Snow and Through Brush -Old Joe's Triumph. A glance over a sportsman's experi-

Exciting Chase of a Determined Hunter

ence will perhaps convey an idea of what still-hunting elk and caribou means when the animals have enjoyed the doubtful advantage of a slight acquaintance with man's murderous methods.

Now, first, as to the earibou-a keennosed, shy, fast-trotting, sturdy fellow, and right worthy game for any man's rifle. Two varieties of this speciesthe woodland and the barren ground caribou-inhabit the American continent. The woodland variety is found in Maine and certain extreme northern portions of the United States, notably about the headwaters of the Mississippi river and in the extreme north of Idaho. The barren ground caribou does not generally range so far south as the international boundary. In Canada caribou are much more widely distributed. They are plentiful in Newfoundland, scarce in Nova Scotia, more numerous in New Brunswick, abundant in Quebec and Labrador, and fair numbers of them haunt the wilds of northern Ontario (especially the north shore of Lake Superior) and portions of Manitoba. In British Columbia they abound among the mountains, and not infrequently great herds are seen defiling from some canyon or moving down some mountain side in Indian file, and looking at a distance like a pack train.

The best caribou-shooting may be had in Newfoundland and British Columbia, but Quebec and North Ontario yet offer rare good sport to those who like roughing it.

During the winter of '89, says E. W. Sandys in Outing, I was temporarily located at a point on the magnificent north shore of Lake Superior, my companion being a half-breed hunter who ore a resonant Indian title too long for insertion in these pages. When he wanted to travel light he bore the name of "Jo," which will answer for the present. It was cold up there in the icy breath of the Great Inland sea, but we were snug enough in an old railway construction log camp and had fairly good sport with grouse, filling up time attending to Jo's lines of traps. Between Superior and the "height of land" is a perfect network of takes and streams, large and small; the country is very rough and rocky, varied with great barrens, muskegs and beavermeadows. Vast portions are densely forested, and others carry only ghostly, scattered "rampikes," showing where fires have swept. Our headquarters were the log camp referred to, but we had a temporary camp at the end of a line of traps some ten miles inland, near the head of a chain of small lakes, famous in the annals of the fur trade. I'rom it westward extended an immense barren for mile after mile,

bounded by a gray-blue wall of forest. One night, while we were at the little camp, a heavy fall of snow redressed the hard-featured landscape, and Jo and I fell to discussing the chance for caribon. About daylight we turned out, and Jo stood for a few moments reading the sky and sweeping the barren with those marvelous aboriginal eyes of his, which could count a band of animals farther than I could see them. Presently he grunted softly and exclaimed:

"Dar um car'boo!" and pointed westward. I looked long and earnestly, and at last made out a distant object moving slowly over the snowy barren. Getting the glass, I focused on it and discovered that it was indeed a caribon-a lone bull evidently-as no more could be found.

After hurriedly feeding, we stuffed our pockets with bread and meat, felt that matches, pipes and "baccy" were in their places, donned our snowshoes and started in the direction of our vanished game. "Car'boo all right; feed day on moss. Bymeby find um more car'boo," said Jo, and I guessed that he liked the prospect.

It was a cold, gray day, a sharp breeze blew directly across the barren, and now and then a few snowflakes sifted down, hinting of another downfall, though there was already more snow than we wanted. But there was little danger of anything serious, and we didn't trouble about the weather. After tramping for about three miles, Jo discovered the tracks of the caribou, but the beast itself was not in sight.

Jo decided that he would work across the barren in case the game had doubled on its course, and leave me to follow the track. "Me go cross, look long um tree. You run track, bymeby mebbe you find um car'boo," and he waved his hand, indicating that he would cross and then scout along the woods on the farther side. I moved ahead rapidly, while Jo was

in the open, being anxious to get far enough in advance of him to forestall all possibility of his wind reaching the game before I got within range. I had followed the track until it was nearly noon, keeping a sharp lookout ahead, before I caught a glimpse of the bull browsing quietly near the edge of the woods. A long look through the glass told me that he was a magnificent specimen, bearing a particularly fine set of antlers, and that he was feeding near cover which promised a comparatively easy approach within certain range. To obtain this splendid trophy was my firm resolve, if patient, skill ful "creeping" counted for anything. Working carefully well to leeward the shelter of the dense timber was at last safely gained at a point some half mile from the game. I had already put in a lot of hard work and was half wearied. but the golden prospect sustained me. Once safe in cover the shoes were removed, and, gliding, stealing, flitting, shadow-like, from tree to tree, now crouching in the line of a bowlder, now crawling and wriggling painfully over a snowy open patch of moss, I at last gained the edge of the timber within one hundred and seventy-five yards of my meat. He was standing with his rump to

me, and his nose occasionally sought the moss, only to be raised in a moment and thrust into the wind while the gentleman chewed a mouthful. About half-way between us was a goodly clump of brush, overgrowing call attention to any matter of limited or indi-vidual interest must be paid for an advertisments. Book and Job Printing of all kinds nearly and excelously executed at the lowest prices. And don'tyou lorget it. some scattered bowlders, while the space between my shelter and the brush was filled with little hummocks and hollows, showing where the low growth, moss, etc., upheld the snow, If I once gained the brush and nerves kept steady he should drop in his tracks. I hesitated for a moment between waiting for a broadside shot from where I was, or attempting to crawl to the brush, then got down on hands and knees and began the difficult journey. The hummocks were smaller and hollower when reached than they looked at first, and when half-way across the dangerous space it became a question of wriggling along a la serpent. In this position the caribou was invisible, but I had faith in the wind, and was wriggling doggedly forward when from a clump of woss not twenty feet from my nose a grouse walked quietly forth clucking softly to

itself in regard to my probable busi-

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Here was a pretty position. Of course I didn't dare flush the grouse for fear of alarming the caribon, and for long, agonizing moments I lay there in the snow staring at that infernal bird, while it eyed me dreamily and chuckled in an exasperatingly commiserating fashion, until the eramp-knot in my leg grew hard as a baseball, and I fumed and raged and grouned inwardly. At last the fool bird satisfied its curiosity and trotted demurely away. and when it had got to a safe distance I straightened my cramp and wriggled on to the tuft whence the grouse had come. Inch by inch I raised my head until a clear view was possible of the bull's feeding-ground-he had van thed as though the earth had swallowed him! Hastily glancing up the barren, I caught sight of him walking smartly along a good four bundred yards a way. He was not alarmed; he had no ther heard, seen nor winded me. He had

merely decided to move along. But chance favored me in the next move. The caribon, after going balf a mile, suddenly turned across the barren and hended for the timber on the farther side, at the same time edging slightly in my direction. This course kept him well to windward, and when he finally approached the distant cover I started for him again. It was a long, hard task to cross the barren in a erouching position, but finally I managed to get behind him safely and followed the track. I was now very tired, for the shocing was heavy, but the chase was leading homeward. I was mad all through and game to fight it out on that line till darkness came. Presently it began to snow and in half an hour the air was thick with softfalling flakes. This was in my favor, save that I sometimes lost sight of the bull, only to rediscover him walking steadily along headed direct for the camp. My only nope was that he might halt to feed. He was going about as fast as I could, and so for two good hours we recled off the miles at an exercising guit. At last the snow almost ceased, but the air was darkening fast, and I guessed we must be within a short distance of camp.

While I was endeavoring to figure out my exact whereabouts the bull halted in an open space, bordered on my side by clumps of good cover, and began to feed. My weariness was forgotten in a moment; luck had turned my way at last, for he was in perhaps the best position for me that he could have chosen in the whole barren. Sneaking rapidly on as far as was safe, I once again doffed shoes and got nown on hands and knees and crawled, and crawled, and crawled, until the cover was gained, and my victim stood broadside on, not eighty yards away. He was feeding busily and had no more idea that I was near than I had of shouting. Carefully I raised to my knees and waited one moment to pull myself thoroughly together for the shot that must needs decide the matter. A last glance at the distance, and at the sight to make certain that it was at the lowest notch and I thought to myself: "Now, my son, I surmise I'll just settle for all this tramp. If I don't drop

"Whang!" the roar of a rifle sounded from a clump to my left, a stream of fiery smoke shot from the brush, the bull gave a tremendous lunge for ward and went down in a heap.

For an instant I was petrified with amazement; then leaped to my feet prepared to do I hardly knew what, From the brush near by rose a lank figure, a coppery face peered forth, and an unmistakable voice muttereg: "Gess I down um car'boo!" "Jo! You blank, smoke-tanned idiot, I've a blamed good notion to put

Jo started with as much surprise as his kind ever show; then his broad mouth spread in a diabolical grin, for he guessed every incident of the story. "Me no see you. See um enc'boo cum long. Me hide, tink mebbe kill um ear'boo. You lynx, you creepcreep-me no tink you chase um car'-

a ball through you!"

And that was all the comfort I got, outside of the head and feet, which were all I wanted of the bull.

Later in the evening, when I told Jo of the all-day chase and where I had been, he grunted and said: "Cha e um car'boo berry long time-twen-too mile dat way an back." "Yes, and I crawled a quarter of it,

confound you!" "Um, dat so? Me go two, three, four mile, look at trap, den run back to mend shoe. Me stop by fire, lymeby get um car'boo." "Yes, after I chase him twenty-two

miles for you, you old squaw!" A chuckling grunt proved that Jo realized the humor of the thing in full. and the way his eyes twinkled and the wrinkles curved round his silent mouth almost threw me into fits, for there was no use in kicking against fate.

She Had Her Revenge. "Angelina," said Edwin, "there is a little question that I have long been

wishing to ask you." "Yes?" she said, opening her eyes very wide and pretending complete ignorance, although confident that she was fully aware of its purport.

"I wanted to ask you whether I ought to let my mustache grow or not?" Gulping down her disappointment, she said: "I would let it grow, if it will grow, but I'm afraid it is like you -undecided what to do."-N. V. Press.

-Husband-"Yes, I have everything; gun, ammunition, game bag and all. Wife-"It does seem as though there is something else. Oh, yes! The money to buy the game, to be sure."

