Cambria : Freeman
is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PENNA.,
BY JAMES G. HASSON.

Guaranteed Circulation, - - - - 1,200

Subscription Rates.

One copy, 1 year, cash in advance		$1 50
do	do if not paid within 3 months,	1 75
do	do if not paid within 6 months,	2 00
do	do if not paid within the year..	2 25

☞To persons residing outside of the county 25 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

☞In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise.—don't be a scalawag—life is too short.

Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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

$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

VOLUME XXVII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1893. NUMBER 16.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$1.50
1 inch, 3 months	2.50
1 inch, 6 months	3.50
1 inch 1 year	5.00
2 inches, 6 months	6.00
2 inches, 1 year	10.00
3 inches, 6 months	8.00
3 inches, 1 year	2.00
¼ column, 6 months	10.00
½ column, 6 months	20.00
½ column 1 year	35.00
1 column, 6 months	40.00
1 column, 1 year	75.00

Business items, first insertion, 10c. per line subsequent insertions, 5c. per line

Administrator's and Executor's Notices	$2.50
Auditor's Notices	2.50
Stray and similar Notices	2.00

☞Resolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest must be paid for as advertisements.

Book and Job Printing of all kinds neatly and expeditiously executed at the lowest prices. And don't you forget it.

GANSMAN'S

SPRING DISPLAY OF QUALITY AND ELEGANCE.

We are wide awake and early in the field with a Spring Stock of the Highest Quality.

Our special efforts for the Spring season is to increase the purchasing power of your dollar with the Greatest Values ever offered for your money; it will be to your interest to call and see our charming display of new novelties and reliable standard grades in Men's, Boys' and Children's

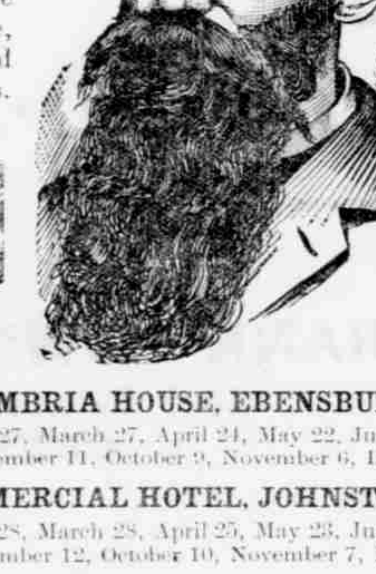
CLOTHING.

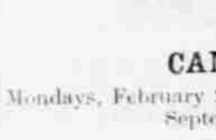
If you wish to see the newest ideas for the season, come and see us.
If you wish to see the very best styles and reliable makes come and see us.
If you want value for your money come and see us.
If you want to enjoy the full purchasing power of your dollar spend it with

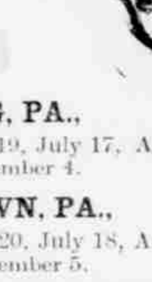
D. GANSMAN,
LARGEST CLOTHIER, HATTER AND FURNISHER,
1118 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA.

☞M. R. DENNY, Salesman.

DR. MORITZ SALM,







This eminent Physician has devoted a lifetime to his Specialty—Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Lung and Chronic Diseases.

The Doctor has been for years a Professor and lecturer in several of our largest Medical Colleges, and has earned great fame as an authority and author on all subjects concerning his specialty.

CAMBRIA HOUSE, EBENSBURG, PA.,
Mondays, February 27, March 27, April 24, May 22, June 19, July 17, August 14; September 11, October 9, November 6, December 4.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
Tuesdays, February 28, March 28, April 25, May 23, June 20, July 18, August 15, September 12, October 10, November 7, December 5.

He will visit Ebensburg every four weeks, thus saving his patients the trouble and expense of visiting Columbus, O., as he is the only physician and surgeon in the country who carries his own manakins, models, diagrams, etc., to illustrate and make plain to all afflicted the cause and nature of their disease. This will give his numerous patients and others who are in need of medical treatment an opportunity to consult this distinguished physician, whose duties at the institute will permit only monthly visits to your community.

CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE.

ALL EYE OPERATIONS SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED BY HIM

Chronic Diseases of the eye.

Such as Granulated lids, chronic Inflammation of the lids, of the Iris of the Choroid, of the Retina, chronic Ulcerations, Spasms of the lids and Eye, Tears running over the the cheeks, Day and Night Blindness, Purulent or matter Sore Eyes, Gonorrhaeal Ophthalmia, Symphilitic Opthalmia, Red Blotches or Brown ones on the ball, Phlyenular Ophthalmia, Opacities or milk white spots on the eye, Glaucoma or cupping on the nerve, Amaurosia, Falling out of the lashes, Sores, Redness of edges of lids and eyes, and other diseases to which the eye or its appendages are liable. Positive and rapid cure guaranteed.

A Word About Catarrh.

It is the mucus membrane, that wonderful semi-fluid envelope surrounding the delicate tissue of the air and food passages, that catarrh makes its stronghold. Once established it eats into the very vitals and makes life a longdrawn breath of misery and disease, dulling the sense of hearing, trammeling the power of speech, destroying the faculty of smell, tainting the breath, and killing the refined pleasure of taste. Insidiously by creeping on from a simple cold in the head, it assaults the membranous lining and envelopes the bones, eating the delicate coats and causing inflammation, sloughing and death. Nothing short of total eradication will secure health to the patient and all alleviates are simply procrastinated sufferings leading to a fatal termination. Dr. Salm has by a treatment, local and constitutional made the cure of this dread disease a certainty, and has never failed. Even when the disease had made frightful inroads on delicate constitutions, hearing, smell and taste have been recovered and the disease thoroughly driven out

Chronic Diseases.

The doctor treats no acute diseases but makes an entire specialty chronic and long standing diseases. Cases given up by other doctors and pronounced incurable, he most desires to see. The doctor has treated over 15,000 cases in Pennsylvania in the last twelve years, many of which have been given up as incurable, some to be blind, others deaf, and a large number to be invalids for life. But behold now they see and hear, and many are on the high road to recovery every day. The doctor is surrounded with the largest collection of fine instruments ever imported to this country for examining and treating chronic diseases of the Head, Face, Throat, Eye Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, Skin, Brain and Nervous System, Cancers, Tumors, Piles swellings, Old Sores, Fits, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gout, Sick Headache, Debility, Depression of spirits, Diseases of children, Hereditary diseases, Etc etc., and in fact all long standing and chronic diseases.

Ear Troubles Cured.

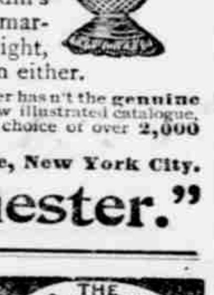
In an astonishing quick time. He will relieve you of all roaring, hissing and ringing noises heaviness, itching, pain, running of the ear, will close up a hole in a drum of fifty years standing, will insert Artificial Ear Drums of his own invention with astonishingly gratifying results.

Diseases of Women, such as have baffled the skill of all other physicians and remedies, quickly cured. Cancers, tumors, fibroid, and polypoid growths cured without the use of the knife or caustics. No cutting. No pain. No danger.

Manhood perfectually restored. Quick, painless and certain cure for impotence, lost manhood, spermatorrhoea losses, weak and nervous debility; also for prostatitis, vericocele, and all private diseases—whether from imprudent habits of youth or sexual functions, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free and strictly confidential. Absolute cure guaranteed. No risk incurred. Free examination of the urine—each person applying for medical treatment should bring 2 to 4 ounces of urine, which will receive careful chemical and microscopic examination. Small tumors, cancers, warts, moles etc., removed without acids, knife, pain or scar. New method. Electroysis Epilepsy is scientifically treated and cured by a never-failing method. Address all communications to Box 760 Columbus, Ohio. **Examination and consultation free to everybody.**

☞Our Advertisement Will Appear Twice Before Each Visit.
Address all communications to Box 760.

"Seeing is Believing."



And a good lamp 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.

Look for this stamp—THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the *Largest Lamp Store in the World.*

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

☞ **"The Rochester."**

Ely's Cream Balm THE CURE FOR **CATARRH** HAY-FEVER AND COLD IN HEAD

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. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

50c ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street NEW YORK. 50c

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent
EBENSBURG, PA.

J. F. McKENRICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA
☞Office on Centre street.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

FEES BROS.'
Shaving Parlor,
Main Street, Near Post Office

☞The undersigned desires to inform the public that they have opened a shaving parlor on Main street, near the post office where barbering in all its branches will be carried on in the future. Everything neat and clean.
Your patronage solicited.
FEES BROS.

AT TWENTY-ONE.

Behold! My boy, a mystic veil
Hangs just within thy reach.
What lies beyond its lustrous folds,
What weal or woe that future holds,
What snowy peak thy crown upholds,
With jeweled flash thy heart embolds—
But Time alone may teach,
And Fortune point the golden trail.

But hark! The wondrous hour doth wait;
Fate holds aloft her seal.
Look back! Youth's pleasures seemed fair—
Hast tasted all thy sweetened share?
Too late to call them back, for there
Time steps between and points to where
The draperies reveal
The splendor of thy man's estate.

Ah! but thy smile grows e'en more bright;
Deep thrills thy glance with pride;
Thou'dst not exchange yon fruitful field
For childhood's fragrant, flowing yield?
How swells thy strength, its power to wield
'Mid vines whose wealth's but half concealed.
In virtue be it tried
And in the hours of purest light.

Press on, my boy, straight to the goal,
Nor wander off in doubt;
Some other path may seem more fair,
Some other burden free from care—
Stand not, with questioning, idle stare
Let conscience all thy works compare.
Away! with joyful shout,
And faithful honor guard thy soul.
—George E. Bowen, in Inter Ocean

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

An Incident of Mexican Cruelty on the Texas Border.

A little restaurant overlooking the San Antonio river. Two men with chairs tilted back and feet against the projecting rail of the balcony, were smoking their evening cigarettes.

The dusk lay above them like a bat's wing, ready to fall swiftly and suddenly, as it does in southern latitudes.

Both were young and of goodly presence. Western suns and winds had tanned their cheeks and burned in the red of youth to a rich tropic hue.

Across the brow of one—a brow whose boyish contour moved women with mother instincts to sudden longing to caress—lay loose waves of soft yellow hair. Beneath looked out eyes of dark gray, heavy with the long thoughts of those early, desperate days—days when a republic worked out in blood her long probation. The other had a fairer countenance, more lightsome and full of happy promise.

No dark prophecy brooded in the sunny shadows of the bright blue eyes, and laughter sprang as lightly to the lip as the blush to the cheek of a maid.

Superadded to-night to his native exuberance was some foreign element of joyousness, which seemed to master spirit and muscles alike. He was full of movement. Tossing away a half-finished cigarette, he clasped his hands back of his curly head and broke the silence with sudden speech.

"Ned, I am too happy to smoke; I am the happiest man in all this border land. Nellie Herndon has promised to be my wife. It's a secret yet, but I couldn't keep it from you any more than I could keep my love from her. There is not another woman like her, north, east, south or west. Did you ever notice the gold of her hair? It is like sunshine spun into threads. Whenever I look at her I think of some quaint old words my mother used to read out of a book long years ago when I was a boy back in my old Georgia home. They went this way: 'Whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose.' I suppose the preachers would call that irreverent, but God will bear me witness there's no irreverence in my heart when I think of her."

At Harvey Armstrong's first words the color was washed out of Ned Foster's face as with a sponge, his very eyes seemed to pale.

Bringing the chair to the ground, concealing his face with his hands, he leaned over the railing and looked down into the sluggish waters of the river flowing a few feet below.

How old and wise they looked, those waters, in their calm, unfretted flow.

"Good for you, old fellow," he said, as he extended his hand. "May you have centuries of happiness. If any man deserves her it is you, Harvey."

This was in the summer of 1841.

In the autumn of 1842, when President Houston ordered out Gen. Somervell to the Rio Grande to organize troops and avenge the insulting raids of Vasquez and Woll, Ned Foster was among the first to respond to the call for volunteers.

About one hundred and eighty miles south of Saltillo, on the road to the City of Mexico, is an old fort, known in history as the Hacienda Salado.

To this place, on the 26th of March, 1843, were brought the recaptured remnant of the unfortunate Mier expedition, that gallant band of three hundred and sixty men, the flower of western militia, who went forth to do battle for the honor of the young republic and were so treacherously dealt with by the followers of Santa Ana, to whom they surrendered as prisoners of war. All readers of Texas history know how the terms of the treaty were broken and the betrayed men shown no mercy but marched into the interior, subjected to incredible hardships, and finally imprisoned miles away from home and friends.

Feeling keenly the indignity of their treatment, and fearing worse at the hands of such perfidious foes, they overpowered the guard and escaped, to be retaken ten days later and returned to the same inclosure whence they had fled.

All this is history; but we have no written record of that interval between the escape and the recapture, when the little company wandered, lost and helpless, among the fastness of unfamiliar mountains; no record of those ten days and nights when the sun rose and set but to mark another and darker experience in the calendar of human pain.

Ned Foster and Harvey Armstrong were among the number. Stronger than the multiplied threads of the cable had grown the bond of friendship between these two men in the awful realism of danger and suffering.

For four days the weary and footsore had traveled down a deep canyon whose steep sides narrowed and narrowed until they closed and barred them in. Then the retracing of those same steps.

A few, sorely weakened, gave up the struggle and dropped out of the ranks.

Some became deranged and, wandering off, slipped down the rocky ravines and were killed.

On the evening of the tenth day they were met by a body of Mexican cavalry and bidden to halt and give up their arms.

After three days' rest, in which their half-spent lives were restored by those arts of healing the Mexicans know so well, they were carried, handcuffed in pairs, into Saltillo and thence to Salado.

The hoary walls of the old hacienda looked down in sinister strength as the thinned ranks filed in. Eight Mexicans were outside digging a trench. Ned exchanged a look with Harvey, his companion in irons, and whispered: "That means death." He was not wrong. At two o'clock of the same day the prisoners were ordered out and ranged in double line against one of the walls.

The officer in command then read the written decree of Santa Ana, president of Mexico, a decree which pronounced for these men a fate so ingenious in its torture to mind and body that it might have been conceived in the subtle brain of a Herod.

Every tenth man was to be killed, the decision to be made by lottery.

Into a jar were to be dropped one hundred and seventy beans—one hundred and fifty-three white and seventeen black.

Each man was to take out a bean. Those drawing the black ones were to be shot before the sun went down; the rest spared death, but retained as prisoners.

It was a dark and cloudy day, this 26th of March, with high winds that whipped the sand into great waves and blew it across the plains.

Beyond the door of the courtyard nothing could be seen but the flying sand.

Over all spread the dusky canopy of the heavens.

A Mexican soldier mounted a stool and held aloft the fatal pitcher.

The roll was called.

As each hand was slowly lifted and poised for one single instant above the mouth of the jug life and death must have met and made salute.

The game was for souls, and the die was a Mexican bean!

Foster's name was called near the last and he carelessly dropped in his left hand, with perchance a reminiscence of childish days when he had done such things "for luck," and found he had picked up a white bean.

As he returned to his place Harvey passed him, and Ned saw in the white, drawn face of his friend no sign of fear, but the mental anguish of Gethsemane.

What was it he had said last night in one of the pauses of that long march?

That perhaps, even now, a baby voice was waking faint echoes in his little home, and that the anxiety he was bearing for another was sharper with pain than any physical torture he had experienced.

Ned looked at the smooth white oval of the vegetable seed in his hand and made a resolve.

When he looked up Harvey was just raising his hand. Ned noticed how it trembled.

When the fingers were withdrawn there was something black outlined against their bloodless tips.

The change in his face was that of death.

With a quick movement toward his friend, Foster made a sudden thurst and gesture, and—how it was no one could ever explain—but after the slight confusion and peremptory orders to fall in line Harvey was seen standing in his old place staring with bewildered gaze at a white object in his open palm, and Ned, erect and calm, with brow of more than mortal beauty, awaiting the signal of death.

As soon as Harvey regained control of his confused faculties he made frantic, pitiable efforts to communicate with his friend, but was silenced at the point of a musket and compelled to throw himself face downward with the rest, while the seventeen doomed men were led forth, bound together with cords, their eyes bandaged, and shot repeatedly until life was extinct. They asked the privilege of being shot from the front, but were refused, and made to sit upon a log near the wall with their backs to the executioners.

Six were taken out first, then six more and then five.

Darkness fell like a great funeral pall as the last shots were fired, and stars shed their holy candle rays above the dead; the dishonored dead, lying in one great heap, body piled atop of body.—Nora C. Perry, in Omaha Bee.

Spoony and Didn't Care Who Knew It.

The newly wedded couple boarded the train at a village station and a crowd of about a hundred people saw them off. The groom was a strapping young fellow, with sunburned face and hands and bear's grease on his hair, while the bride might have been the "hired gal" on the same farm. They had no sooner taken a seat than he put his arm around her and began to caress one of her hands. A voice in rear of them cried out "Spoons!" but the bridegroom gave no sign. Pretty soon he pulled her head over on his shoulder and there was a titter from the rear of the car. The head stayed right there, however, and Josh got both her hands in his one paw. Three or four voices cried out: "Oh!" and "Ah!" but it was fully two minutes before he tenderly pushed her away and rose up and looked around and said: "We are married. It was a case of luv. We sparked fur seven years. She's my violet and I'm her towerin' oak. We've got one hundred and eighty miles to go and we are goin' to spoon every durned rod of it and if thar's any critter here who thinks he can't stand it he kin git out and walk!"—St. Louis Republic.

Where the Apostles Are Buried.

All that now remains of the apostles of Christ are in the following places: Seven are sleeping the sleep of the just in Rome, viz: Peter, Philip, James the Less, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias and Simon. The remains of three lie in the kingdom of Naples: Matthew at Salenro, Andrew at Amalfi and Thomas at Ortona. One, James the Greater, was buried in Spain, at St. Sago de Compostella. Of the exact whereabouts of the remains of St. John the Evangelist, there is much dispute. Mark and Luke are buried in Italy, the former at Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. Peter is buried in Rome in the church which bears his name; so, too, are Simon and Jude. James the Lesser is buried in the church of the Holy Apostles. Bartholomew in the church on that island in the Tiber which bears his name. The "Legends of the Apostles" place the remains of Matthias under the altar of the renowned Basilica.

DESERT PHANTOMS.

Wierd Visions That Lead Travelers Astray in New Mexico.

Vast Dry Stretches of Territory Where Even the Wild Beasts Go Mad from Lack of Water—Strange Stories of the Plains.

One of the wierdest of desert scenes is the mirage, and no more curious stories have been told of them in recent years than by Dean Duke, of San Francisco, who, as superintendent of a great cattle range in New Mexico, has been much in the saddle during the last few months, and has seen many of them.

Mr. Duke, who, according to a San Francisco exchange, lately arrived in that city, tells of quaint towns beyond the American border being refracted in the skies and made to appear as actually existing on the New Mexico deserts. The towns vary in size, and the domes of churches and of government buildings, the stores, and all the outlines stand out in clear view. The air is so thin and pure that a real object fifty miles away does not appear to be more than five.

"In riding over the plains I have seen many of these strange mirages of towns of Old Mexico," said he. "The spires of the churches, with their white crosses, the adobe buildings and everything about them are complete. Riding at a distance one takes them for real towns, and it is only after learning that there can be no such cities in the vicinity that he gives up his idea of going to them. Many men have been deceived by them, as they have been by the mirages resembling lakes.

"Not long ago an American named Frank Seybold was journeying from the old town of Juarez, Mexico, to Los Palomas, in New Mexico, with a lot of merchandise. About forty miles south of Deming, in Chihuahua, he saw a beautiful lake and pulled over the plains to get water for himself and team, as both were very thirsty. He drove for quite a distance and still didn't appear to get any closer. Still the lake was there before him in such beauty and naturalness that he never thought but it was genuine, and kept on. He could feel, as he thought, the cool breeze from the lake, and was encouraged to push ahead.

"At length after going several miles and getting no closer the fact of its being a mirage of the desert dawned on him and he wheeled his team around to get back. But night came on before he reached the road. He pushed ahead, thinking to reach it anyway, and thus got lost and wandered around till he could not reach the road.

"He had, therefore, to stay where he was, and in the morning he renewed his search. It was no use, however. He could not find it, and after wandering around a good while longer he unhitched his teams, left his goods, and proceeded in the direction he supposed Los Palomas was. It was four days in all before he got back, and in that time he had no water and suffered greatly. It was a wonder he got through at all.

"Another case I know of occurred last summer. A Mexican got lost on the plains, was deceived by the mirages, and went hither and thither in quest of water. Finally he was deceived by this so much and had gone so long without anything to drink that he became delirious, and, whipping out his revolver, shot himself to get rid of his sufferings.

"His hand was unsteady, and instead of inflicting a fatal hurt he shot himself in the leg. He saw the blood oozing from it, and in his crazed condition drank it as it came from the wound. Strange to say, it revived him so that he partially recovered his reason, and at last got back to where he could get water and be treated. He eventually recovered.

"On the vast dry plains near the Mexican border last summer a great many coyotes went mad because there was no water to drink. In this mad condition they would bite anybody they found. Two Mexican boys were sleeping on the ground in their blankets one night when a mad coyote attacked and bit both of them. One of the boys afterwards died of hydrophobia from the coyote bite, but the other finally got well.

"There have been several instances of people dying down there of hydrophobia from the bites of the mad coyotes. Rather more of them have occurred over the line of Mexico than anywhere else. It was the excessive dryness that caused the coyotes to get crazed. At such times they are dangerous, and one must look out for them."

A PARTRIDGE BRINGS LUCK.

Strange Superstition Among the Primitive Folks of Maine.

In regard to the habit of partridges of flying into civilization, and a popular superstition regarding them, an Augusta man said to a reporter of the Bangor (Me.) Commercial:

"One flew on our premises and was captured. Then came up the question whether we should kill the bird or allow it to live. At that time there was a general superstition that if a partridge came to a house where a sick person lay, and the bird was killed and the sick person ate the broth, it would effect a cure. There was a girl sick at our house, and the doctors had given up her case as hopeless. Some of the family said kill the partridge and give the sick girl the broth. But the sick girl and others were for permitting the partridge to live. We were equally divided, and agreed to let one of the neighbors, whom we saw coming to the house, decide whether the partridge should be killed or not. He said kill it, and we did, and the sick girl ate the broth and got well."

LAST OF THE CENSUS.

COLORADO'S assessed valuation in 1880 was $74,471,693; in 1890 it was $188,-911,325.

THE larger cities in our country are: New York, 1,513,501; Chicago, 1,098,576; Philadelphia, 1,044,894.

SUPERINTENDENT PORTER estimates the cost of the last census at eleven cents for each person. A good many of those enumerated are not worth the cost.

IN 1855 the United States produced 784,000 tons of pig iron; in 1870 the product was 1,865,000; in 1880 it was 3,835,000; in 1890 it was 9,202,703 tons.

THE United States census reports of stock give these figures: 14,056,750 horses; 2,296,532 mules; 16,019,591 cows; 36,875,648 oxen and cattle; 43,431,136 sheep; 50,625,106 swine.

AN UNHAPPY PEOPLE.

Troubles of Jewish Colonists in the Argentine Republic.

It is learned from the Jewish Progress that the Russian Jewish colonies which have been planted in the Argentine Republic by Baron Hirsch are already suffering from the hostility of the Argentinians, or, as the Jewish Progress says, are subjected to "persistent persecution by the Spaniards and Portuguese of the orthodox church." The climate is unfavorable to them; the conditions of life are not what they looked for; they cannot pursue those industries which they like best; the government is not over friendly to them, and now the natives have turned against them with the intent of driving them out and of preventing other of Baron Hirsch's beneficiaries from joining them. It is certainly hard for the poor Jews who have gone and for those who desire to go to Argentine, where there is room for ten million new settlers. The government of the country has for years past been anxious to obtain immigrants from Europe and has offered inducements to newcomers which have been accepted by Italians and some Germans; but, as soon as a few hundred Jews go there, there is opposition. The Argentinians are as intolerant of Judaism in the nineteenth century as their Spanish ancestors were in the fifteenth.

The Jews of Russia, says the New York Sun, are in a plight indeed. The government of their native country is anxious to get rid of them and they do not find it easy to learn of any country in which they will be welcomed. Turkey will not permit them to enter any part of its territory excepting Palestine, which few of them desire to go to. Austria will not receive them; Germany will not receive them, and even the Jews of German nativity are kept in fear of an anti-Semitic outbreak. In France there is a strong anti-Jewish sentiment. In England parliament has been asked to take measures to prevent the continuance of the Jewish influx from Russia. Spain and Italy are no more to be thought of than the Scandinavian countries or Ireland. We should suppose that Russian Jewish colonies might be formed in the countries of northern Africa, especially in Algeria, under French protection. We do not see why the ancient home of the race, Palestine, is so unattractive to the Jews of our time.

This American republic seems to be the only country of the world to which the Jews of Russia can come with any assurance of peace, protection and prosperity. We had a very great Jewish immigration last year until it was stopped by the enforcement of the quarantine laws in September and by the president's proclamation, which was applicable to all immigrants. It is not likely that there will be any great addition to our Jewish population this year.

SLEIGHING IN THE SOUTH.

An Unwonted Snowfall Resulted in Some Queer Attempts at Cutter-Making.

Sleighing is a rare thing in Atlanta, Ga., and so vehicles with runners are not numerous. But the inhabitants managed to enjoy the snowfall of last winter just the same. The Journal of that city says a few genuine cutters were to be seen, but the improvised sleigh did just as well. Gaspipes, pieces of flat iron and planks were used for runners, and were fastened to the axles of the vehicles. Atlanta was going to make the most of the snowstorm, and she took a sleigh ride. One gentleman sawed out a huge hogshead and nailed it to a pair of skids. He looked like King Gambrinus as a double team towed him over the frozen beautiful. A lady, who evidently had some fancy for the style of the Esquimaux sat on a cushion on a flat wooden sleigh to which was hitched a small black pony. There were no shafts, but long traces, just as the Laplanders use. The lady was wrapped and hooded, and in her arms she held a rosy-cheeked, bright little baby, muffled like a papoose of Iceland. Two men, who liked to kill two birds with one stone, constructed a sleigh on the design of a river skiff. A man of family and of originality built a double sleigh with a children's addition. On the front and larger sleigh he and his wife sat in two wicker chairs, and in the smaller, which was towed by the larger, his two children tilted back in little rocking chairs. Six young gentlemen, one of whom runs a furniture store, fastened six huge red rocking chairs on a wooden frame with runners. Two stately and dignified mules made the rockaway slip like a greased toboggan.

The Shah's Little Joke

"In an art exhibition of London," wrote the shah of Persia in the journal he kept during his last visit to Europe, "we were looking at a painting representing an ass. I asked: 'What is the price of this painting?' The director of the exhibition, who was a corpulent man, with a white beard, looked up the price-list, and said: 'One hundred English pounds,' which are equal to two hundred and fifty Persian toman. I answered: 'The price of a live ass is at the most five pounds; why should this be so dear when it is only the picture of an ass?' The director replied: 'Because it causes no expense and eats neither hay nor oats.' I said: 'Although it causes no expense, it can, on the other hand, neither carry burdens nor give a man a ride.' We both laughed."

Rubber Trees in the United States.

The plants which produce the principal portion, if not all, of the rubber supply, are natives of tropical America. As there is no similar climate in the United States, it is altogether unlikely that any of these trees could be cultivated to be of any commercial importance in this country. Although an almost tropical climate prevails in the extreme southern portion of Florida, yet occasional low temperature, even in these portions, would be fatal to the permanency of these plants.

Dogs as Smugglers.

In the Netherlands dogs used to be trained by smugglers to cross the frontier laden with parcels of lace, at night. A quick-scented dog was despatched ahead of them, who, when he smelled customhouse officers about, turned back and warned the others, who lay concealed behind bushes or in ditches till all was safe. At the end of the journey the leading dog showed himself alone, nor did the others come up till a whistle was given by the consignee to show all was safe.

MIGRATORY SERVANTS.

They Come and Go with the Freedom of the Wind.

To-Day They Are Here and To-Morrow Where Are They?—A Case Which Many of Our Readers Will Appreciate.

In the matter of keeping servants one can never tell when the lightning will strike. To-day she is here, and to-morrow where is she? The domestic harmony is fair and lovely as a summer day; then suddenly and without any warning whatever the girl appears with the remark: "I must leave on Monday, ma'am." The lady of the house is prostrated with consternation; she reminds the girl of the dress she gave her for Christmas; promises her fifty cents a week more wages and another night off, but these arguments and petitions are useless; the girl is adamant in her determination. She had made up her mind. Other people make up their minds sometimes, but they are as pliable as wax compared to the servant.

After the lady of the house has had her scene with the servant, she reports the matter to her better half, who remarks complacently: "What, Mariar going? You can't persuade her to stay? Nonsense! You women never know how to do these things. You lack diplomacy and tact. You have to handle these matters gently. Let me tackle Mariar." So in a blithe way he approaches Maria and says:

"I hear you have some thoughts of taking your departure?"

"If it's lavin' you mane, you have hurd right," is the answer.

"Tut, Mariar. I know you don't intend doing anything of the kind. Get that idea out of your mind."

"I goes on Monday," replies Maria, and plunges her hands into the tub and says no more.

The reasons for her going are many, for Maria is but a type. Sometimes it is to visit a sick sister, brother or cousin; sometimes the climate doesn't agree with her; sometimes she is going to marry the coachman around the corner and have a house of her own. Again she is going without any apparent reason. She likes the family; the wages are all right; there is nothing the matter with the missus, but she is just going. She is a bird of passage, and when the inclination comes to fly she spreads her wings and vanishes. You might as well try to imprison an eagle as to keep her when her soul is bent on flying.

A family on Sproat street had an experience with one of these restless souls which will long remain a sad memory. The yearning to be away—as strong as that of the robins when winter comes—always seizes the faithful domestic when the house is full of company. In this case a second cousin, his wife and two children were making a visit at the house of the Sproat street resident, who is of a hospitable disposition and doesn't mind how much company he has if the wheels of domestic affairs are moving smoothly. No sooner were the newcomers fairly installed than Maria, or to speak more specifically, and not of a type, Katie, approached the lady of the house.

"You'll have to find a new girl, ma'am."

The lady gave a miniature shriek.

"Surely you are joking, Katie," she faltered.

"I'm not joking, ma'am. I never joke."

"But you would not leave me like this?"

"I give you fair warning, ma'am. That is all a poor girl is expected to do."

"But the house is full of guests and what will they have to eat?"

"That's not my lookout, ma'am. Perhaps they can cook for themselves."

The lady begged and implored, and in answer to all her supplications came the firm reply: "I leave on Choosday, ma'am."

That afternoon the lady explained the situation to her husband in tremulous tones. "What shall we do, dear," she exclaimed. "What shall we do?"

"Never mind, love," he replied. "A girl like Katie shan't phase you. We'll get another girl soon and meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile—"

"I'll get up early and fix the fire—"

"Ah."

"And start the furnace—"

"Oh."

"And sweep off the sidewalk—"

"You darling."

Then they embraced tenderly. His brave, helpful nature sustained her drooping spirits in the hour of trial. The first thing he did that night was to purchase an alarm clock and when he went to bed, set it for six o'clock. Before dropping to sleep, he remarked, reassuringly, to his wife: "Don't worry, now. The clock'll go off. I'll put on the coffee myself."

It seemed to him that he had hardly sunk into slumber when he was awakened by a horrible din as though a boiler explosion had taken place under the bed. He sprang up in affright and reached for his revolver, while stars danced before his eyes. Then he discovered that it was only the alarm clock. He pulled on his trousers the wrong way and fell over a chair in trying to get them on, at which he said something that caused his wife to remark, in drowsy tones: "Remember, we have guests, dear." Then the owner of the voice sank into slumber once more, while he, half attired, with his coat and vest on his arm, devoid of collar and carrying his shoes, started downstairs. It was very dark. He never knew before it was so dark at six o'clock. Did Katie have to get up at this hour every day? If so, he did not blame her for leaving. Confound the cat! Who would have thought she was sleeping on the stairs? Where were the matches? Is there anything so hard to find in the dark as a match box? Ah, he has found it. Striking a light he groped his way toward the cellar stairs. To his chagrin the furnace had gone out and for half an hour he labored as faithfully as Hercules at any one of his tasks, covering himself with dust and glory. Soon the fire was burning cheerily and he made his way upstairs into the kitchen. "How in the world does Katie make a fire without kindling?" he muttered. Finally he lighted a lamp and went into the woodshed. "I'll split some kindling in a jiffy," he said. So saying, he chopped up a board and met with no further mishap than to injure himself with a flying splinter.

As he passed through the back yard with the kindling he glanced toward the east. "I wonder where is the god of day?" he remarked. Then he started the fire in the kitchen stove and put the kettle on. It was so dark that he was obliged to keep the gas lighted. "It's funny the sun doesn't come up," he commented as he drew his shivering form nearer the fire and watched the tea-kettle, which was now emitting steam and whispering the while one of its soft lullabies. Between the puffs, the kettle murmured: "Wouldn't you like to go to sleep—whoo, whoo—a nice early morning nap—puff, puff—the sweetest sleep of all the night?—whoo, whoo." While this rhythmic measure was going on and he had nearly yielded to the influence, a bell rang out the hour. "One—two—three." Then there was silence. The other bells followed and they all struck three times. Were the bells mad? Three o'clock? Impossible! Had not the alarm clock gone off and had not the clock been set for six o'clock? Then why should all the bells strike three? Were they wrong? Or, was it possible that the alarm clock had gone off at two o'clock? It was more reasonable to suppose that the fault was with the alarm clock. He had heard that they sometimes exploded before their time. With many silent blessings on the clock he silently stole upstairs and crept into bed. Meanwhile the kettle downstairs went right on murmuring: "Whoo—whoo—he's going to take his morning nap—puff—puff!" At the same time his wife whispered: "Is breakfast ready yet, love?" "No," was the gruff response. Then she sank into dreams and he followed suit, his slumbers being broken by exploding alarm clocks and the flying splinters of kindling wood. Suddenly there was a loud pounding. He started up just as another clock had gone off in his dreams.

"What is that?" he exclaimed.

"It's the milkman, I think, dear," said his wife.

At the same time, in corroboration of her statement, a sonorous voice arose from below:

"Mi-lk!"

"Why doesn't he come in the middle of the night?" growled the husband as he arose and threw a blanket around him.

"My dear, you are not going down like that? You will catch your death of cold."

"I don't care," he answered, desperately. As he opened the back door the wind blew in upon him and the snow covered his bare feet. He looked like a bleached Indian chief as he stood there wrapped in his blanket. He coughed in a funereal manner as he was roughly greeted by the wintry blasts. The milkman, who was covered with snow and had icicles on his beard, regarded him in amazement.

"Mornin'," he said.

"Never mind about exchanging any civilities, my friend," returned the other with chattering teeth. "Just pour out your milk."

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"It's frozen. But I'll leave a cylindrical chunk of ice in the jar, and you can thaw it out." With that he clattered his pails and disappeared whistling blithely as though life had no cares. The husband returned to the kitchen with the cylindrical chunk of frozen milk, intending to melt it near the fire. But to his consternation he found that the fire had gone out. The kettle was puffing away despairingly, singing very softly: "Whoo-whoo—you've got to build the fire again—whoo-whoo — puff-puff—" and then, after exulting a moment the steam suddenly ceased coming from the spout. While setting and lighting the fire once more, he soliloquized upon the migratory propensity of servants and told himself that the next girl they employed would have to sign a contract to remain at least a month. By this time he was getting quite warm with indignation, and, although the atmosphere was so chilly indoors, he would soon have been comfortable. He knelt on the floor before the stove and began blowing at the fire, his temper not being improved by his ineffectual attempts to fan the flame into promising proportions. The flame wavered, fluttered, looked as though it might become a promising conflagration, and then—went out. He wrapped his mantle more closely around his form and was about to give audible vent to his feelings when he heard a light voice behind him:

"You had better go to bed, love, and allow me to make the fire."

It was his wife, and there was a suspicion of laughter in her bright, blue eyes.

So saying she knelt in turn before the stove and soon a cheerful fire was burning. Then the kettle began to sputter again. "It's all right now—she knows how to do it—whew, whew—you'd better go to bed—puff, puff—"

Then followed a day of tribulation, the guests being given an explanation which they received good-naturedly. In the afternoon the wife went to an intelligence office and left word to have a girl sent at once. That evening there was a timid knock at the side door. The wife went to see who was there.

A familiar and welcome voice was heard:

"It's me—Katie. If you please, ma'am, I wants to came back. I've changed my mind about lavin'."

The wife indulged in a series of rapturous exclamations and Katie was once more installed in the bosom of the family, where she continues to reign.—Detroit Free Press.

WOMEN OF EUROPE.

QUEEN VICTORIA possesses a small cabinet of Rose du Barri china that is valued at $150,000.

EX-EMPRESS FREDERICK of Prussia, the queen regent of the Netherlands, and Empress Augusta, all hold the positions of regimental chiefs in Prussia.

THE widowed Princess Nazel is the only upper class woman in Egypt who is allowed to see men and has this privilege through the special order of the sultan.

THE editor of El-Ahram, an Egyptian journal, is a favorite with the khedive, who has, as his latest means of showing his approval, conferred the order of the Chefakat upon the editor's wife.

ONE of the few women who were privileged to call Mr. Gladstone "William" died recently near Liverpool in her 87th year. She was Mary Ann McKean, and for more than half a century she was in the service of the Gladstone family.