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 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 interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be thoroughly understood from the time forward.

☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it. If stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise.—Such 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, AUGUST 11, 1893. NUMBER 31.

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	12.00
¼ column, 6 months	16.00
½ column, 6 months	27.00
¼ column, 1 year	38.00
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 50

☞ 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.

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.
Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.
Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
In Key and Stem Winders.
LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.
☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED ☜
CARL RIVINIUS
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

"WANT A WAGON?"
We have wagons, buggies, surreys. High grade; as light, strong, durable, stylish, as beautifully finished as modernized manufacture can produce. Built on honor by men of life experience. Honesty is our policy; prompt shipment our specialty. We want to know you. Write us. Costs you nothing. May lead to business by and by. Send for our catalogue. It is free to every reader of this paper. Binghamton Wagon Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
"BUILT FOR BUSINESS."

"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 has n'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
THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c
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

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO
No. 1 Farm Harness. $24.50 No. 119 Road Wagon. $27
WHOLESALE PRICES.
No. 41 Wagon, $43. No. 718½ $42.
OUR HARNESS
W. S. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

Mountain House
STAR SHAVING PARLOR!
CENTER STREET, EBENSBURG.
CASSIDAY'S
Shaving Parlor,
EBENSBURG.
CANCER and Tumors CURED; no knife; book free. DR. GRATIGNY & LONG, No. 162 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

1794. 1891.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE 'ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 31, 1882.
FEES BROS.'
Shaving Parlor,
Main Street, Near Post Office
H. C. COOPER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, EBENSBURG, - PA.
☞ Office on High street in room formerly occupied by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

AUNT JEMIMA'S QUILT.

A miracle of gleaming dyes,
Blue, scarlet, buff and green;
O'er'e'er before by mortal eyes
Such gorgeous hues were seen!
So grandly was its plan designed,
So cunningly 'twas built,
The whole proclaimed a master mind—
My Aunt Jemima's quilt.

Each friendly household far and wide
Contributed its share;
It chronicled the country side
In colors quaint and rare.
From belles and brides came rich brocade
Enwrought with threads of gilt;
E'en buxom widows lent their aid
To Aunt Jemima's quilt.

No tapestry from days of yore,
No web from Orient loom,
But paled in beauteous tints before
This strange expanse of bloom.
Here glittering stars and comets shone
O'er flowers that never wilt;
Here fluttered birds from worlds unknown
On Aunt Jemima's quilt.

O, merry was the quilting bee,
When this great quilt was done;
The rafters rang with maiden glee,
And hearts were lost and won.
Ne'er did a throng of braver men
In war clash hilt to hilt,
Than sought the smiles of beauty then
Round Aunt Jemima's quilt.

This work of art my aunt esteemed
The glory of the age:
No poet's eyes have ever beamed
More proudly o'er his page.
Were other quilts to this compared,
Her nose would upward tilt;
Such impudence was seldom dared
O'er Aunt Jemima's quilt.

Her dear old hands have gone to dust,
That once were lithe and light;
Her needles keen are thick with rust,
That flashed so nimbly bright.
And here it lies by her behest,
Stained with the tears we spilt,
Safe folded in this cedar chest—
My Aunt Jemima's quilt.
—Samuel Minturn Peck, in N. E. Magazine.

A SNAKE BITE CURE.

The Old Settler Tells of Its Wonderful Effects.

"Great spooks!" exclaimed the squire, looking up from the paper he was reading and keeping his finger on the place. "Twenty thousand! Wat do ye think o' that, major? Twenty thousan' folks dyin' from snakes in one year!"

"Wat do I think on it?" said the Old Settler. "Wull, I think them folks must 'a' took their applejack pooty durn new, b'gosh, an' a leetle too often!"

"Applejack!" said the squire, glaring at the Old Settler. "Applejack hain't got nuthin' to do with it! These folks was bit."

"Bit, was they?" responded the Old Settler. "Wull, tha hain't nuthin' that kin bite wuss th'n new applejack, squire. I've know'd it to be sharper'n a sarpent's tooth. But who were tellin' ye 'bout all them folks dyin' from snake bites? That's a good many folks, squire. Ye orter be a leetle keerful of yer figgers when ye set out to peddle facts."

"Why, consarn it!" exclaimed the squire, "here it is, right here in the paper! The paper says that last year tha was twenty thousan' folks died in Injy from snake bites!"

"In Injy, hay?" said the Old Settler. "Why, I didn't hev no kind an idee taat the sarpent had got ez much of a footholdon Injy's coral strand ez all that! Humph! I must tell M'riar 'bout that, an' tha'll be a special meetin' of the Clothers o' Them that's Naked an' Feeders o' Them that Hungers called to look inter it. This here won't never do! M'riar must call a meetin' of the Clothers an' Feeders, and the sistern must line the nex' cargo o' red flannel shirts an' secon'-han' pants with leather. I been specin' they was a little too thin to pertect them heathens on Injy's coral strand. An' w'at is the news from Greenlan's icy mountains, squire? How many folks is missin', 'long o' snakes, up there? An' does Afric's sunny fountains send in any returns? Gosht'lmighty! This'll make trouble fer my yaller-leg chickens ag'in, w'en this news gits around, fer the Clothers and Feeders alluz stays to supper. Wat's the returns from Afric's sunny fountains, squire?"

The squire folded up his paper, put it in his pocket and gave the Old Settler a withering look, but said nothing. This was plainly disappointing to the Old Settler, but after awhile he resumed the subject.

"Twenty thousand, hay?" said he. "I wisht I know'd the directions o' some leadin' heathen over there an' I'd send him a letter tellin' him 'bout the never-failin' Sugar Swamp cure for snake p'ison, an' tha wouldn't be no use o' snakes bitin' anybody in that pleasin' kentry any more, fer they'd only waste their p'ison. If anything ever were a cortion to snakes that Sugar Swamp p'ison cure were! Gosht'lmighty, how it could draw! An' that were jist the trouble with it. It had so much heft to its drawin' powers that the danger were that if it got its hooks onter a feller that had snake p'ison in him it were liable to kill him while it were curin' him. Pervidin', o' course, that ye wa'n't keerful in usin' on it. The ingrejints o' that Sugar Swamp snake p'ison cure is a secret ez nobody kin ever her outside o' our family. The perscription were thunk up by an ancistor o' mine who kim inter Sugar Swamp w'en things was skeerce. Ev'rything but b'ar an' snakes. Tha wa'n't but two bar'l o' apple juice in the hull settlement w'en this ancistor o' mine sot down there, an' folks was comin' in ev'ry day all bit up by snakes, and consekently havin' to be filled up with that juice in a way that were alarmin', that bein' the only snake p'ison cure ez were reco'nized 'mongst the 'arly settlers o' Sugar Swamp. So this ancistor o' mine he got all worked up over it, seein' the way things was goin' the future were goin' to be very short, ez fur ez life bein' pleasant had anything to do with it, snakes bein so plenty, folks bein' so willin' to be bit an' apple juice bein' so skeerce. So he up an' says:

"'It's a durn shame,' says he, 'to be a wastin' good apples, jist cause folks won't git outen the way o' snakes! This here's got to be stopped. A feller can't hev no show at a toothful of that apple no more, 'less he goes an' gits bit by a snake. Them two bar'l won't last more'n a month, an' then w'at a we gointer do? I'll think up a snake p'ison cure, b'gosh, and save the kentry!'

"'An' so my ancistor went off an' thunk up a snake p'ison cure, an' it's main p'ints was its heft o' drawin' power. It wa'n't a cure ye took in'ardly, but it was clapped onter the place where the snake had socked the p'ison in, an' that p'ison mowt better had a millstun 'bout its neck an' jumped inter the sea than ben foolin 'round inside o' folks w'en that cure got arter it.

"From all I kin learn, tha were an orful hellabaloo in Sugar Swamp the fust time that snake p'ison cure were used. Sim Janniken kim a tearin' in one day, and floppin' down in the tavern ez usual, he hollers out:

"'Spooks a spinnin'!' says he. 'I'm bit ag'in! Fill me up!'

"Now, this were the third time handrunnin' that Sim had been bit that month, an' it took a pint ev'ry time to skeer the p'ison outen him. So w'en he kim in this time an' flopped down an' waited fer Uncle Noar Tidfit to come a-rushin' out with a bottle an' a tumbler, my ancistor were there, all ready with the snake p'ison cure he had thunk up, an' he run up to Sim an' says:

"'Where'd it bite ye?'

"'Calf o' my leg!' says Sim.

"'My ancistor slides Sim's trousers up, an' slaps a handful o' his snake p'ison cure on the calf o' Sim's leg.

"'Hal' on!' says Sim. 'Tha hain't no use of a snake bitin' ye if ye can't hev the Simon-pure cure fer the p'ison! If I can't be cured reg'lar,' says he, 'w'at's the use o' runnin' the risk o' snakes?'

"But my ancistor know'd his business, and clapped on the cure he'd thunk up. But he didn't know his business as good as he orter, fer he kep' the p'ison cure onter Sim a leetle too long, and when he thort the time were up fer it to yank all the p'ison out b'gosh he found that Sim wa'n't much better'n a pig that'd ben stuck, fer the cure had drawed ev'ry durn drop o' blood outen him ez well ez the p'ison, an' w'at were left o' Sim wa'n't wuth nothin' 'cept to the coroner.

"'Gosht'lmighty!' says my ancistor. 'The heft o' this snake p'ison cure is more amazin' than red cels!' says he.

"But he know'd a thing or two yit an' he clapped another hunk o' the cure onter the back o' Sims neck, an' in less'n ten seconds it draw'd the hull o' that blood back into Sim ag'in, an' pooty soon Sim got up, an' shakin' his fist at Noar Tidfit, he says:

"'I hain't ben treated reg'lar!' says he. 'I've ben sot down on in this here tavern! Noar,' says he, 'if this is to be the upshot o' things, a feller mowt jist ez well go to Ireland,' says he, 'where tha hain't no snakes!'

"An' then Sim scuffled out o' the tavern, lookin' disap'inted an' down in the mouth. An' the consekences o' that p'scription my ancister thunk up was, that ez folks got to know it things changed. Where they usety come in more'n a dozen a week to git cured in the ol' fashioned, reg'lar way for snake bites, they fell off so that by an' by tha wa'n't one a month kim in, an' folks took to killin' off snakes ez useless nangers on, an a cumbrance o' the soil. I wonder if we could find any way to interdince that Sugar Swamp snake p'ison cure over inter Injy, squire?"

"Dunno, major," said the squire. "Seems to me, though, ez if some o' the ol' fashioned, reg'lar cure mowt be interduced a leetle closer by. Wat do ye think about it? Wanter interduce some?"

"Wull, sence ye mention it," said the Old Settler, smiling, "I don't keer if I do."—N. Y. Sun.

AMERICAN COLLEGES.

Why They Have Had an Unnaturally Severe Struggle for Existence.

The American college of the middle of this century, like its English original, existed for the work of the church. If the college dies the church dies, was the basis of its appeal for money and influence. Its duty was to form a class of educated men in whose hands should lie the preservation of the creed. In the mouths of ignorant men the truths of the church would be clouded. Each wise church would see that its wisdom be not marred by human folly.

The needs of one church indicated the needs of others. So it came about that each of the many organizations called churches in America established its colleges here and there about the country, all based on the same general plan.

And as the little towns on the rivers and prairies grew with the progress of the country into large cities, so it was thought, by some mysterious virtue of inward expansion, these little schools in time would grow to be great universities. And in this optimistic spirit the future was forestalled and the schools were called universities from the beginning. As time went on it appeared that a university could not be made without money, and the source of money must be outside the schools. And so has ensued a long struggle between the American college and the wolf at the door—a tedious, belittling conflict, which has done much to lower the name and dignity of higher education.

To this educational planting without watering, repeated again and again, east and west, north and south, must be ascribed the unnaturally severe struggle for existence through which our colleges have been forced to pass, the poor work, low salaries and humiliating economies of the American college professor, the natural end of whom, according to Dr. Holmes, "is starvation."—David Starr Jordan, in Popular Science Monthly.

CHURCH NEWS.

THE Presbyterian board of home missions has received deeds for four hundred acres of land near Asheville, N. C., where the erection and establishment of an industrial school will be commenced immediately.

A NEW JERSEY Methodist conference has just rejected a class of applicants for the ministry with the remark that it never met a class so defective in education and with such large families. Too many men who can't earn a living at anything else think they are able enough to preach.

MOST societies in Japan are for one sex only, and in many churches there must be two societies—one for the young men and one for the young women. In other churches, however, where it is possible to do so, pastors find the society an admirable means of breaking down the artificial distinctions between the sexes, which often stands in the way of the best church work.

REV. EDWARD A. LAURENCE, pastor of the First Congregational church of Baltimore, one of the most wealthy and aristocratic churches in the city, has left his handsome house and made his abode in the tenement house district. He has taken two rooms on the third floor of a house in which live four laboring families. It is his desire to become better acquainted with the poor people and help them if he can.

GIVE PRAISE ERE DEATH COMES.

Your friend died yesterday? Yes—one is gone
Whom we shall miss like sunlight in the dawn;
'Twas joy to meet her wheresoe'er we went
Her speech left in the heart a sweet content;
You could not tell the very words she said,
But somehow you were cheered, sad thoughts were laid
Away, and you went home to duty's sway,
Unconscious of the clouds the livelong day.

Your friend is dead! did'st ever say to her
You loved her, that her love and friendship were
To you most dear, or did you breathe them in
As the air you take from Heaven, and have been
Just as unmindful? and now it is too late.
Alas, those words "too late!" it seems our fate
Never to know our blessings till they're gone;
Leaving us pondering why we are forlorn.

Why do we wait till death has closed the door
To speak the loved one's praises o'er and o'er?
Why not some flowers along the pathway spread,
To bloom again within the heart, and shed
Such sweetness there, it softens all the pain,
And life is full of hope and joy again?
One word of love is oil upon the waves;
Then be no miser, he who gives life—saves.

We all are children, whether young or old;
And ne'er outgrow the love of praise; and gold
Can never touch the best in man like praise;
It is the balm that mortal grief allays;
It leads to deeds heroic, and to ways
Oft made immortal by the poet's lays.
Yet love and praise we heard till life is gone,
Then give in vain libations while we mourn.
—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

MY NEW NEIGHBOR.

She Was a Quiet Little Body for Ten Years.

People Would Gossip Until the Husband Returned and Cleared Away the Mystery That Had Surrounded His Little Family.

When Mrs. Croswald moved into the "big house" on Perrost street opposite my own humble dwelling I was extremely anxious to know all about her affairs. My sister Cora, who was visiting me, sat in the window half the forenoon watching the drayman unload. It was she who discovered the name "Croswald" on the piano box. Piece after piece of brand-new furniture disappeared through the wide hall door, eliciting little envious comments from Cora, who had begun housekeeping on the second-hand scale a few weeks before. Pervost street was so quiet that if a family moved in or out it was an event. There was nothing—absolutely nothing—in which we could interest ourselves that would afford so much variety and pleasure as did the affairs of our neighbors. The bump of curiosity—one of the predominant features of woman—was fully developed in my sister and myself, though I hated to have anybody know the latter fact. It was noon before we got our morning work done. So far we had seen no tenants—only the drayman and furniture.

About four o'clock Cora called me from the kitchen. I leaned over her shoulder and saw a lady alight from a carriage; two boys and a little girl had preceded her to the house. We stretched our necks this way and that to catch a glimpse of a man, but no Mr. Croswald did we see. We looked just as long as there was any light; we swept off our clean porch a dozen times; we became deeply concerned about the gate, that had been the plaything of the winter wind for many months. Cora took a hammer and gave the broken hinge a couple of infantile taps, then thought "Tom" could fix it better than she. Daylight didn't last any longer than the time prescribed in the almanac, and, after one long, lingering look at the house across the street, we drew our curtains and sat down to talk about Mrs. Croswald's nice furniture. We wondered where she came from; if she was a widow or grass widow. We imagined as much evil as one woman could imagine about another.

The next morning we had callers who came to ascertain what we had found out. Mrs. O'Searly rolled her eyes and shrugged her shoulders as she came up the walk. I knew the signal; it meant: "Open your ears, my friend, I've heard something you ought to know." She took a chair just inside the door. "Them's nice children," she said, as the three children scampered about the lawn in the opposite yard. "I've found out their names, Mrs. Mitchell. Hev you bin over yit?" Without waiting for my reply she went on: "I hain't seen nothin' of him, yit, hev yew? Them's nice things she's got. I watched out of my side winder an' saw every bit of the furnitur that was took in! They hain't no man about the house ez I kin see, so she must be a widder," and Mrs. O'Searly stopped to wipe her heated face with her apron. I wouldn't for the world let Mrs. O'Searly know that I had made my neck lame trying to see through the cobwebby curtains across the street. I was beginning to despise myself heartily, and mentally declared that whatever I should find out in future I should keep to myself. I felt like a martyr, though, when I made the resolve, but knew it was better late than never to begin to mind one's own business. Mrs. O'Searly took her leave, and a few minutes later Mrs. Bromfield called to borrow a basque pattern. She lived four or five blocks up the street and was quite out of breath with her long walk. Her next-door neighbor was a dressmaker. I told her my pattern was loaned and watched in vain for the look of disappointment to clothe her features. Well, Mrs. Bromfield took her departure after repeated injunctions to me about becoming too intimate with strange people. "Our suspicions may be all wrong, but do be careful; now do, dear," and my friend who made me distrust everybody for ten blocks around left me in no pleasant frame of mind.

I wanted to tell Cora what Mrs. Bromfield had told me, but, after second thought, concluded to wait developments in the case. Presently our gate clicked and Mrs. Croswald's younger son came to the door. "Mamma would like to borrow a saw, if you please," he said, doffing his cap. Cora got the article and Archer Croswald trotted back to his mother. He told us his name was "Archie."

"She knows how to bring up her children," said Cora, giving me a knowing look. My four boys were the plague of their auntie's life, with their mischious pranks and uncouth manners.

Time passed on, and Mrs. Croswald had lived opposite us ten years. Yes, lived in spite of the sidewise glances of Mrs. Bromfield and the open sneers of Mrs. O'Searly. She was the best neighbor I ever had, though the worthy Mrs. Bromfield couldn't see what I liked about her, and Mrs. O'Searly knew there was some "skulduggery" going on that folks knew nothing about. There was a reserve about Mrs. Croswald that puzzled us not a little.

She seldom visited her neighbors (you don't blame her, do you) and at the end of the ten years we knew no more about her affairs than we did at the end of the first. Fenwick, the elder boy, was a telegraph operator and was well liked by the young people. He was a handsome youth of twenty-one. Ada and Archer were still at school. We never heard the children speak of their father, though we asked them several times when he was coming home or how long he'd been dead. Our curiosity began to die out at the end of the fifth year but still we surmised a great deal.

We invited Mrs. Croswald to teas and bees and circles, but she kept the mantle of dignity wrapped so tightly around her that I took very little real pleasure from her company, the few times she accepted. One day my husband brought home a paper, and during the evening startled me by reading the notice of a new invention. "The patentee, Mrs. Emily Croswald, has concluded not to sell the right, as was at first reported. Mr. Croswald will conduct the sales. We join their friends in wishing them success."

"Mr. Croswald! Mr. Croswald! Why-e-e—, Tom, where he has been all these years?" I exclaimed, taking the paper to read the notice for myself. "Fifty thousand dollars! Why, Tom! How I wish I could patent something!" Then I went to the window and saw the quiet woman contentedly swaying to and fro in a rocker on the opposite porch.

I fell to wondering what Mrs. O'Searly would say when she found out there was a man in the case. While I stood at the window Fenwick came from school and handed his mother a letter.

Now comes the story part of this story. Mr. Croswald had been unjustly accused of forgery, but had no visible way to prove his innocence. The offense had occurred in Pennsylvania and he had passed ten years of his life in the state prison there. The real culprit, dying, had confessed his sin, and the letter which I saw Fenwick hand his mother contained the tidings of Mr. Croswald's release. A week later he appeared, and as the tall, fine looking man entered the gate I saw his form tremble with emotion. The children ran to meet him, but his eyes looked beyond them to the figure in the doorway. "God bless her! God bless her!" he cried, taking a child by either hand and leaping up the steps. Mrs. Croswald told me all about the trouble, and my tears mingled with hers as I listened. Gradually the reserve left her and she became blithe as a bird. I have learned a good lesson from knowing her that I never learned from the good book—"Love thy neighbor as thyself."—Lephia M. Bryant, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

SHARP JEWISH WIT.

Anecdotes Which Show That the Hebrew Can Appreciate a Joke.

A striking commentary was recently made by a Russian Jew on the judicial corruption which stains his country. He passed the law courts in one of the cities of the empire and noticed a fine statue placed in front of the building.

"Whom does this statue represent?" he inquired of a passer-by. "Why, Justice, of course." "How sad," exclaimed the Jew, heaving a profound sigh, "that Justice should be relegated to the outside of the edifice and be altogether excluded from admission within!"

"Death is the best physician," said a witling to his medical attendant, who had been somewhat too assiduous in his professional visits. "Why so?" asked the doctor. "Because he only pays one visit."

A dialogue overheard at the stock exchange on a frosty winter's day: "Mr. Moses, what would you advise me to buy to-day?" "Thermometers, of course; they are very low at present, and are sure to rise."

A Mr. Goldsmith became a convert to Christianity. He thought it advisable to adopt a name with a more Gentile ring, and dubbed himself Mr. Smith. "What a fool!" exclaimed a member of the congregation on hearing of the change; "this is the first Jew who has thrown away his gold."

At a festive banquet representatives of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish clergy had been invited, and were engaged in pleasant converse. The rabbi, faithful to the dietary precepts of his religion, partook of only a few of the dishes. An appetizing joint of roast pork was set on the table. The Catholic priest turned to his neighbor and asked: "When will the time come that I may have the privilege of serving you with a slice of this delicious meat?" "When I have the gratification of assisting at your reverence's wedding," the rabbi rejoined with a courteous bow.—Rabbi Adler, in Fortnightly Review.

A Tale of the Orient.

Here is a romantic story in real life which reads like a novel. The scene is in Turkey, where service in the army is compulsory. It was discovered a few days ago that a young girl had been serving for three and one-half years under her brother's name and had distinguished herself by especially good conduct. An investigation was immediately made, and it was found that the girl had taken this heroic step—which means even more in Turkey than it would here—in order to free her brother, who was her mother's only means of support. The sultan, when he heard of the sacrifice, bestowed the Schesaket order of the third class and a life pension of five Turkish pounds a month. The girl was sent home and her brother remains free from serving.

SALIENT SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

CLOUDS are on the average about five hundred yards in thickness.

ONE square foot of glass will lose as much heat as six square feet of twelve-inch brick wall.

WHEN showing the violet shade the thickness of the film of a soap bubble is about 1,240,000th of an inch.

ONE heat unit equals 772 foot pounds, and the heat that must be extracted from one pound of water to convert it into ice equals 109,624 foot pounds.

THE pure white lustre of the snow is due to the fact that all the elementary colors of light are blended together in the radiance that is thrown off from the surface of the thousand and more distinct and perfect crystals.

SHORT AND SWEET.

"Leu-can-the-mum Vul-ga-re"—oh, you have a long name, too,
You poor, dear little daisy; I can sympathize with you.
Does not your head feel heavy with that dreadful name to hold,
And don't you feel, Leucanthemum Vulgare, very old?
I do, dear, when I 'member, though they think my name is "sweet,"
And love to say it over—"Gladys Constance Marguerite."

And then, when you've been naughty, does your daisy mamma say:
"Leucanthemum Vulgare!" in such a stern, sad way?
My mamma does—oh, daisy dear, how many times she's said:
"Now Gladys Constance Marguerite, go right upstairs to bed!"
And then I know I'm very bad, for that's my punish name;
Oh, daisy dear, do you suppose all mammas do the same?

But I love best to call you, dear, just "Daisy;" for you see
That's my pet name, the very same that every one calls me;
And we are twins now—are we not?—for both of us have woes.
About our long, long "punish names," that no one ever knows.
They may be "grand and "dignified" and "sweet" and all the rest,
But we both love, dear—don't we?—our short Daisy names the best.
—Abbie F. Brown, in St. Nicholas.

RATHER REMARKABLE.

A Good Story of Two Very Queer Proposals.

An orchard separated Mr. Fisher's door-yard from Mr. Dunbar's. The two families were very good friends, and used the path which led from one garden to the other as a means of a quicker communication than the road.

Both families kept summer boarders. Across the road, and a beautiful stretch of meadow, was the sea rolling in on a wide sandy beach.

Harry Curtis and Will Blake came down from their business in Boston every Saturday night and boarded at the Fishers' over Sunday.

During the summer the same thing had happened to both of them. They had both fallen desperately in love with Miss Grace Derry, who boarded at the Dunbars'.

It was Sunday. Harry had taken a hammock and Will a reclining chair out under the apple tree to read.

Over on the Fishers' porch they could hear Grace's voice singing to her own guitar accompaniment. It was a sweet voice, and it brought her face vividly into the minds of both young men. Harry was thinking:

"I will get up presently and stroll over and ask her to go out for a drive on the beach to-night."

Will drew himself slowly out of his reclining chair and yawned indifferently.

"Well, I guess I'll leave you," he said, and went down the orchard path and over to the porch where Grace was sitting.

"Come, walk down to the beach with me, will you?" he asked.

"Yes; only wait until I get my hat and put away my guitar."

Across the road and down through the meadow they strolled to the beach. Grace dropped down on the sand looking out across the rolling blue-green waves.

"I am so happy," she said. "Some say the sea makes one gloomy, but it doesn't me. This has been the happiest summer of my life."

"It has been the happiest summer of my life, so far," he said, "but the summer is not half over. You have it in your power to make it completely happy. I wonder if you will?"

Grace looked at him quickly, but did not speak.

"You know you told me you liked rubies better than any other stone," he said, after a moment. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a little morocco case and laid it in her lap. "See how you like those."

Grace opened the case. There was a little ring, set beautifully, with three small rubies. She gave a gasp of delight.

"Oh, how perfectly lovely!"

Then she looked at him curiously and closed the case and held it out to him. He folded his hands around his knees and looked across the sea.

"Could anything induce you to put that ring on your third finger?" he asked.

Grace dropped the case on the sand. "I don't know what you mean!" she said.

He turned and caught both her hands in his.

"It seems that I love you, Grace, more than all else in the world. Don't tell me you do not love me in return!"

She drew her hands away slowly, and stood up.

"Did you get that ring for me?"

"Yes, I got it in the hope it would be yours some time. Oh, Grace, don't say you don't care for me."

"Well, you did have faith in me to go and get that ring before you knew. I never heard of such a thing!" she said, indignantly.

"You can throw the ring into the ocean if you'll only tell me that you love me. I thought that was a nice way of telling you. I see I've made a fool of myself."

He caught up the case from the sand and threw it far out into the waves.

"Oh, how could you? That beautiful ring!"

She turned and walked across the beach and he followed her.

"I'll dive till I get it if you say so. You do love me, Grace! say that you do!"

"No," she said, "I don't, and I think this is the queerest proposal I ever heard of—the idea of you daring to get that ring before you'd asked me!"

"I never dreamed you could be so heartless and cruel," he said, angrily. Then he turned and walked away in the other direction up the beach.

Harry Curtis went through the orchard after supper and found Grace on the porch. She got up and went to meet him.

"I want to see Mr. Blake," she said. "Will you go and send him over here?"

"Well, no," Harry answered; "I can't, for the reason that he took the five o'clock train to Boston."

"Well, never mind. I—I don't know, but I'd rather write it to him, anyway," Grace said.

"Oh, you would!" Harry answered. "Now, perhaps you don't care about a moonlight ride with me?"

"Yes, I do; but I must write to him before I can sleep."

This confidence did not make Harry particularly happy, but he went for the dog cart.

Harry was silent and gloomy on the ride, but Grace was very happy and talked on ceaselessly.

"Isn't everything beautiful? I don't feel as though I ever was unhappy or ever could be again," she said, looking out across the moonlit water.

"Say, Grace," Harry asked, turning suddenly toward her, "it's none of my business, but did Will propose to you this morning?"

Grace looked at him a moment without answering.

"Yes, he did. How dare you ask such a thing?" she said.

"Oh, I just thought I'd like to know," Harry answered, indifferently. They drove on for some time in silence.

"But I refused him," Grace said at last, with a little laugh. Harry looked at her quickly.

"You did! Then why must you write to him before you sleep?"

"I wasn't kind to him. I wanted to say I was sorry."

"And ask him to come back, I suppose?" Harry said.

"No; but he proposed in such a queer way, and I was so angry, I didn't think till afterwards that perhaps he really did care very much, and—but I won't tell you any more."

"I wonder if I could propose to suit you," Harry laughed; "I wouldn't care to have Will's luck."

He put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a little morocco case, and threw it into her lap.

"I'm not going to say anything unless you'll put that on."

Grace opened the case, laughing. This was the way Will had begun, but some way it did not seem the same at all.

A diamond sparkled out from the blue silk lining. This was not the same, either. She put it on and held out her hand to him.

"Wasn't that a neat way of doing it?" he asked, proudly. "You see if you had wanted to refuse me you could just have handed back the ring and that would have been all there was to it. But now—" There was an eloquent pause.

"What would you have done if I had given back the ring?" Grace asked, perfectly happy.

"Oh, I should have thrown the unlucky thing into the ocean and taken the next train to Boston."

"Why, that's exactly what Will did!" Grace said, looking at him quickly.

"What! You don't mean it!"

He did not tell her that Will had been reading the same novelette that he had, in which the proposal ended as Will's had done; and so she always thought the similarity of her two proposals a most remarkable coincidence.—Boston Globe.

SHE SAID A HARP.

A Gay Deceiver Who Got Left for Once in His Life.

He had made love to a thousand girls and he had told the same story of loyalty and devotion to each one.

At first it was accepted as true and a few tender young hearts were strained almost to the breaking point, but in time the objects of his adoration caught on and he was not such a heart smasher as he thought he was.

Last winter or early this spring a young Detroit woman crossed his path.

She was beautiful, rich and responsive, and he threw himself at her feet.

She rather liked the idea of his being there, though she knew him better than he knew himself, and she did not disillusionize him.

One day she sat idly listening to his tale of love and she was getting tired.

"I would," she said, "I had a harp whose strings I might touch and find a chord responsive to my own heart's yearning."

He caught her hands in his fervently.

"Dear one," he murmured, "take me."

She drew her hand away idly and looked at him with a cruel glitter in her lovely eyes.

"I said a harp," and the words came as the blows of a heavy hammer; "I said a harp, not a lyre."

And then he smote his mouth with a club and went forth and kicked himself.—Detroit Free Press.

Sermon to Measure.

Dr. X—— is an eloquent preacher, but he belongs to the old-fashioned school, and finds it difficult to adapt himself to the modern fashion of short discourses. It is a standing joke in his family that after writing a sermon he has cut it up into a series of discourses. On one occasion he received a note from a well-known clerical brother, asking if he would deliver a sermon upon some especial church festival. The doctor replied that he had just completed a sermon upon the golden calf which seemed to him appropriate. The answer of the committee, as sent by telegram from the brother clergyman, who knew Dr. X—— intimately, and was acquainted at once with his peculiarities and with his ability to take a joke, read as follows:

"Golden calf just what is wanted. A forequarter is all that will be needed."—Detroit Free Press.

Wanted Light on the Subject.

A native of Troon, on the coast of Ayrshire, Scotland, when the contract for lighting the first three steamers fitted for electric light at the Troon shipyard was completed, formed one of a social party gathered to treat the electricians who had made the installation and otherwise celebrate the event. In a burst of candor and comradeship he was overheard saying to one of the wiremen: "Man, Peter, efter workin' wi' you on they boats, I believe I could put in the electric licht mysel', but there's only ane thing that bates me." "Aye, what is that?" said his interested companion, willing to help him if it lay in his power. "It's this, man; I dinna ken hoo you get the ile along the wires!"—Electrical Review.

PEOPLE.

THE prince of Wales is always gloved.

WHEN the wife and daughters of the Chinese minister to England were presented to Queen Victoria, they were allowed to remain seated after their presentation, as their small feet unfitted them for long standing.

MRS. BLAINE will go to Bar Harbor soon and some time later sail for Europe, with her youngest daughter. She will probably stay abroad a year, spending most of the time in England, where she will take a house.

MR. RUSKIN has often visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, notwithstanding their difference in politics. Mr. Ruskin used to say that he and Carlyle were the only genuine tories left in England. He has always been utterly intolerant to the liberals and radicals.