A DEGRADED PEOPLE.

The Descendants of Indian Shanks in New York State.

Half-Savages Who Live Apart from Civilized People and Subsist Wholly Upon the Fruits of the Hunt.

The little store at Slayback's settlement, in the wild region about the headwaters of the Delaware river, in Delaware and Sullivan counties, has among its customers some who are undoubtedly the queerest lot that ever had occasion to trade at anybody's store, says a Delhi (N. Y.) correspondent of the New York Sun. They are a race entirely to themselves and live in the wilderness far away from any other human habitation, if their own habitations may be dignified with the name of human, for they are the rudest of huts, built of old tree-trunks, brush, mud and odds and ends of slabs and other refuse lumber. None of these huts are more than eight feet high, and chimneys or windows are unknown to them. There are about two hundred of these people, men, women and children, and they are all related to one another—related in such a way that they are of an extremely low order of physical and mental development. They are known by three family names—the Shanes, the Walshes and the Macartys—but how they came by them no one knows. There origin was peculiar.

More than a century ago, while a good many Indians still tarried on their old hunting and fishing grounds in the upper Delaware wilderness, a family named Shannon settled near the headwaters of the Popacton branch of the Delaware. They were father, mother and three daughters. The mother died soon after they came into the region. The eldest daughter left home and lived with an Indian hunter known as Shanks, who had a cabin in that vicinity. Some time after that her father was found dead with a bullet through his brain. Who was his murderer was never found out. His other two daughters joined their sister at the Indian's cabin, and for several years the three women lived with the hunter, leading the life of savages. Each of the sisters had nine children by their Indian lord, and when he left the region and went to Canada, never to return, they remained, and there are people living in Delaware county to-day who remember them as old women, begging and thieving about the country. Their numerous progeny intermarried and the present wretched colony in the mountains beyond the Slayback settlement are descendants of them to the third and fourth generation.

No one ever knew one of these people to have money. They have no use for money. They are expert fishermen, trappers and hunters. They bring fish, game, furs, nuts and berries into the Slayback store and trade them for such things as they require, and their wants are few. Tobacco, pork and ammunition are the chief items in their supplies. They all chew and smoke, the women and children as well as the men, and the stronger the tobacco the better it suits them. They are not given much to strong drink, but even under the stimulation of alcohol they are dull and sullen. A peculiarity of these half-savages is their indisposition to talk. Whether they are communicative among themselves is not known, but with others they use no words beyond what are necessary in their business dealings. There are many mutes among the children of the present generation and deformities are almost the rule.

The moment a stranger approaches any of the huts of this colony, every man, woman or child who may be in sight instantly scurries away and disappears, but presently unkempt heads will be seen cautiously appearing at chinks and cracks in the ramshackle hovels and wild eyes will peer out at the intruder. There are no useful domestic animals to be seen anywhere about, but many wolfish-looking dogs, as wild and suspicious as their owners, crowd and whine about the huts. The complexion of this strange tribe is uniformly a muddy yellow in color. It is a singular fact that, notwithstanding the lack of moral sense and responsibility among those degraded people, they have apparently no inclination for the commission of crime against the community at large, as the records of the courts for half a century show. They live absolutely by and to themselves and neither care for nor know anything beyond the bare obtaining of a subsistence which at its best is but scant.

He Ruined the Business.

American temperance agitators would not enjoy themselves in Austria. A native of a small village, after a long cataleptic trance, a year ago, declared that he had been to Heaven and had been commissioned by the Almighty to return and teach the peasants the wickedness of drinking spirits. Soon the entire village took an oath of total abstinence. The district governor committed the man to the madhouse, where the doctors kept him for six months and then declared him sane. He resumed his agitation and in a short time seven villages had taken vows of abstinence. The result was that a number of liquor dealers to whom the government had granted licenses refused to keep their contracts. The district judge gave orders that the dangerous agitater be arrested if caught preaching abstinence.

TRY

USING old matting under carpet.

FOR grease spots, equal parts of ether and chloroform.

SPRINKLING the inside of damp gloves with violet powder.

KEEPING a dish of water on the back of a tight stove, to purify the air.

DARNING gloves in buttonhole stitch, repeated till the hole is filled up.

A TEASPOONFUL of ammonia to one teacupful of water, for cleaning jewelry.

A STRIP of wood back of the door where the knob hits the paper in opening.

POWDERED pipe clay, mixed with water, to remove oil stains from wall paper.

How Swimmers Drown.

The Northwestern Lancet offers a new explanation of the sudden drowning of good swimmers, hitherto attributed to cramp. There is nothing in a cramp in the leg to prevent an ordinary swimmer supporting himself in the water by his hands or on his back, nor to cause him to throw up his hands and sink once for all, like a stone. Such cases are attributed to perforation of the eardrum, through which the excess of water pressure occasions vertigo and unconsciousness, and a practical caution results to persons having such perforation to protect their ears with a stopper of cotton when bathing.

—The Cause of His Grief.—Banks—"Noseads has been very despondent ever since the death of his aunt." Chumley—"Not quite that long; just since the reading of her will."—Truth.

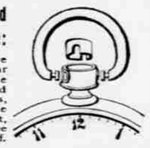
—The English evening primrose is a night flower, and opens its petals at sunset with a snap like a vegetable torpedo.

A FOOL never wants to learn, but the WISE MAN reads that OLD HONESTY CHEWING TOBACCO is the best that is made, and at ONCE tries it, and saves money and secures more satisfaction than ever before. AVOID imitations. Insist on having the genuine. If your dealer hasn't it ask him to get it for you.

JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

WITHOUT THE Non-pull-out BOW (RING) it is easy to steal or ring watches from the pocket. The thief gets the watch in one hand, the chain in the other and gives a short, quick jerk—the ring slips off the watch stem, and away goes the watch, leaving the victim only the chain.

This idea stopped that little game: The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the grooves, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.



Sold by all watch dealers, without cost, on Jas. Boss Filled and other cases containing this trade mark—

A watch case opener sent free on request

Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Mountain House STAR SHAVING PARLOR! CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

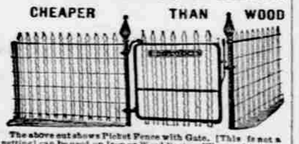
THIS well-known and long established Shaving Parlor is now located on Centre street, opposite the livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Luther, where the business will be carried on in the future. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING done in the neatest and most artistic manner. Clean Towels a specialty.

☞ Ladies waited on at their residence.

JAMES H. GANT, Proprietor

FREE $10.00 worth of lovely Music for Forty Cents, consisting of 100 pages of the latest, brightest, liveliest and most popular selections, both vocal and instrumental, gotten up in the most elegant manner, including four large size Portraits, CARMENCITA, the Spanish Dancer, PADEREWSKI, the Great Pianist, ADELINA PATTI and MINNIE SELIGMAN CUTTING. ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO THE NEW YORK MUSICAL ECHO CO. Broadway Theatre Bldg., New York City. CANVASSERS WANTED.

Steel Picket Fence. CHEAPER THAN WOOD



The above cut shows Picket Fence with Gate. (This fence a netting) can be used on Iron or Wood Posts. When writing for prices give Quantity, Number of Gates, Double and Single, Wanted. We also manufacture Heavy Iron Fencing, Crestings, Stable Fittings, Fire Shutters and FIRE ESCAPES, Cellar Doors, and Railings, Brass and Iron Grills, WIRE BOOK AND WINDOW SCREENS, and all kinds of WIRE WORK.

TAYLOR & DEAN, 201, 203 & 205 Market St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

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.

A MOTHER'S CURSE.

Mrs. Samuels Called Down Vengeance on the Heads of Her Son's Enemies.

Mrs. Zerelda Samuels, mother of those notorious bandits, train robbers and ex-guerrillas, the late lamented Jesse and the still living but reformed Frank James, is reported lying seriously ill, with but slight hope of her recovery, said the Buffalo Inquirer, in a recent issue.

"I'll never forget," said a gentleman recently, "the scene when she caught the first view of Jesse's dead face in that little undertaker's shop in St. Joseph, where the body was removed soon after Bob Ford killed the notorious outlaw.

"She had aged years in the short twenty-four hours since her boy fell a victim to the treachery of one he had befriended. She seemed stunned by the tragedy. Here, for twenty years and more, she had lived in the full knowledge that every hour of each day might bring her tidings that one or both of her boys had met with a violent death, but when it came the shock well-nigh shattered her reason.

"The ice box in which Jesse's body lay was opened, and for full two minutes the gray-haired mother looked on the face of her dead son; then all her vigor seemed to return, her bent figure straightened up, and in tones which could be heard half a block away she began such a tirade of abuse against his slayers as I never could have imagined mortal mind capable of framing.

"Whether it was in answer to her prayers I am not prepared to say, but certain it is that Charlie Ford never knew an instant of peace from the day that Jesse was shot. Unlike Bob, he did not even pretend to conceal his real feelings under an air of bravado. Both boys were in mortal terror every minute until Frank surrendered that he would cross their path unexpectedly some day and that their lives would pay the forfeit. Bob hid this fear by assuming a blustering boldness, which at times he was far from feeling. His was the stronger character of the two. Charlie, on the contrary, passed his nights in restless sleeplessness and his days in terrified expectancy of vengeance. Even the short period of security which he enjoyed while Frank was in custody afforded no lasting peace for him. As soon as Frank was released the old terror returned with renewed force, and so preyed upon his nerves that he soon became a mental wreck. It drove him to a suicide's grave at last."

MORE POWERFUL THAN STEAM.

Marvelous Force Obtained from Musical Vibration.

I, for one, believe, says a Boston Transcript correspondent, that we are on the eve of a great era of applicable force, and that the wasteful method of steam and electricity will be relegated to a desuetude such as has overtaken the stage coach.

The grounds of my belief are based not wholly on hearsay, but chiefly on a curious experience. A few days ago a young man living in the vicinity of Boston took me to his room and showed me an apparatus which he had himself constructed with amazing ingenuity and skill. The fundamental primum mobile of this simple machine was musical vibration. I have no right to describe the apparatus, but the force produced in an incredibly brief interval of time by means of a fiddle bow was so enormous that there seemed to be no way of measuring it, and the chief difficulty in the way of practical application lay in the regulation of this force, which, if directed full upon a human being, the inventor believed, would instantly vaporize his body. A single drop of water confined in a hollow stoll tube was resolved by a small fraction of this possible energy into a motor capable of running an engine, if properly applied.

It is well known to all scientific men that a cubic foot of atmospheric air contains latent (if one might use the term), or in suspension, force enough to kill a regiment. Musical vibration seems to set free a portion of this energy, and its resources are infinite. If once they can be regulated it will be the simplest and most inexpensive way of doing all manual work, for it will require no heat.

The young man who thought out this wonderful series of apparatus is self-made, not having had great advantages of education; but for pure genius I think, whether as a practical inventor or as a theoretical experimenter, he will take high rank among the great of the world.

A Combative Deer.

A West Virginia hunter, with gun and dog, while scouring the mountains for game, heard his dog howling some distance away in the woods. Arriving at the spot, he found the hound in furious combat with a buck. He fired but missed, and before he could reload the deer had gored the dog and charged him. The hunter narrowly escaped the rush, and in return dealt a blow with his gun, which did not appear to hurt the deer a particle, but did break the stock. Escape was impossible, and the hunter had to fight with the barrel of his rifle. Fortunately, he was both powerful and active, and, although once knocked down, he managed to deal three or four heavy blows, the last of which stunned the deer, whereupon the hunter dispatched it with his knife. The buck was one of the finest killed in that section for many years.

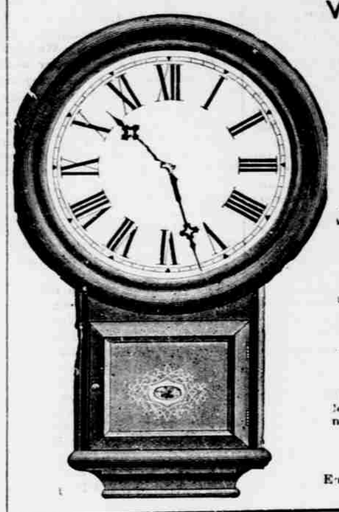
The Naval Powers.

An official report of the instantly available battle ships of the six great powers shows that of first-class vessels England has 15, France 9, Russia 3 and the Triple Alliance 10, of which 9 are Italian and 1 German. All the English vessels steam 16½ knots and upward, 2 being 18½; none of the French is over 16.2 knots; while 2 of the 3 Russians are under 16, the third reaching 17.8. In second-class ships England leads with 12, France has 9, Russia 4 and the Triple Alliance 11, of which Germany owns 7 and Austria 4. Here there is no such superiority of speed on the English side, three being under 13 knots, while no French vessel goes so low as that figure and all the Russians steam 14 knots and over.

New Use for Rubber.

Good results are obtained by using rubber in connection with an anchor rope in equalizing and relieving strain in dredging, and in measuring the depth and swiftness of currents. Formerly a severe strain was caused by a sudden jerking in a pitching vessel. This is now overcome by what is called a rubber accumulator, which consists of seventy rubber discs or buffers on a middle rod, so arranged that by compression they act as a spring. The bugers are cylindrical in shape, two and one-quarter inches in thickness, and separated from one another by metal discs one-eighth of an inch thick, and two inches larger in diameter than the rubbers, which on expansion do not overlap the metal surfaces. In this device it is found that a compression can be had of five feet, which is sufficient to distribute the strain along the entire length of the ship. The application is made by running the rope from a reel located aft to the middle of the foremast, and then passing it through the rubber accumulator to the end of the anchoring boom, which is a spar thirty feet long. From this the rope with a two hundred-pound weight attached is dropped vertically into the sea.

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 KINDS 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.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Have sold to consumers for 21 years, saving them the dealer's profit. We are the Oldest and Largest manufacturers in America selling Vehicles and Harness this way—ship with privilege to examine before any money is paid. We pay freight both ways if not satisfactory. Warrant for 2 years. Why pay an agent $40 to $50 extra for your Write your own order. Boxing free. We take all risk of damage in shipping.

WHOLESALE PRICES. Spring Wagons, $31 to $50. Guaranteed value another dealer asks Surreys, $65 to $100 cash as self for $100 to $150. Top Buggies, $57 to $80, as fine as sold for $125 to $175. Farm Wagons, Wagonettes, Hill Wagons, Delivery Wagons and Road Carts. BICYCLES FOR MEN, BOYS & CHILDREN.

Our Harness are sold at Manufacturer's Prices.

RIDING SADDLES and FLY NETS. 5 per cent. off for cash with order. Send 4c. in stamps to pay postage on 116-page catalogue.

Address W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA

These two diseases cause untold suffering. Doctors admit that they are difficult to cure—so do their patients. Paine's Celery Compound has permanently cured the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia—so say those who have used it.

"Having been troubled with rheumatism at the knee and foot for five years, I was almost unable to get around and was very often confined to my bed for weeks at a time. I used only one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and was perfectly cured. I can now jump around, and feel as lively as a boy." FRANK CAROLL, Eureka, Nevada.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists. Mammoth testimonial paper free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

"Paine's Celery Compound has been a God send to me. For the past two years I have suffered with neuralgia of the heart, doctor after doctor failing to cure me. I have now taken nearly four bottles of the Compound and am free from the complaint. I feel very grateful to you." CHAS. H. LEWIS, Central Village, Ct.

Paine's Celery Compound

"I have been greatly afflicted with acute rheumatism, and could find no relief until I used Paine's Celery Compound. After using six bottles of this medicine I am now cured of rheumatic trouble." SAMUEL HUTCHINSON, So. Cornish, N. H.

Effects Lasting Cures.

Paine's Celery Compound has performed many other cures as marvelous as these,—copies of letters sent to any address. Pleasant to take, does not disturb, but aids digestion, and entirely vegetable; a child can take it. What's the use of suffering longer with rheumatism or neuralgia?

DIAMOND DYES Give Faster and Brighter Colors than any other Dyes. | BABIES Living upon Lactated Food are Healthy, Happy, Hearty. It is Unequaled.

"Seeing is Believing."

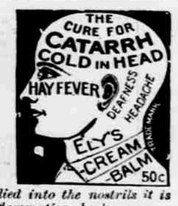
And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. *Simple, Beautiful, Good*—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is *absolutely safe* and *unbreakable*. Like Aladdin's 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."

Elys 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

TRIAL LIST.

Cases set down for trial at a special term of court to be held in Ebensburg beginning MONDAY, MAY 14, 1894:

Groaan vs. Edwards.
Gillive Irvin
Kutruff vs. Irvin.
Brass vs. McCloskey.
Huntley vs. Ebensburg & Blacklick Railroad Company.
Barker, trustee, vs Lantry.
Felt et al vs. Stutzman.
Betts et al, vs Michaels.
Fuller vs. Reighart.
Vincent Barstrew & Co. vs. Cresswell.
L. Strauss & Co. vs. Plunkett.
Lance vs. Lance.
S. H. Shuk & Sons vs. Crouse.
McKee & Co. vs. Evaty.
Wyland et al. vs Becker.
Cambria Iron Company vs Rawley.
Somers vs. Geesier et al.
Kerr vs. Yeckley.

J. C. DARBY, Prothonotary.

April 16, 1894.

To Investors.

WHY go away from home to seek investments when you can buy Pennsylvania First Mortgage securities on the Cash or Monthly Payment plan and which will net you twenty per cent. on your money? For particulars call on or address H. A. ENGLEHART, Aug. 5, 1892. Ebensburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE. Estate of Michael Storm, deceased. Letters of administration on the estate of Michael Storm, deceased, late of the township of Cresson, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, having been granted to me, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement. MARGARET E. STORM. Cresson, Pa., March 30, 1894. Administratrix.

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

NOTICE. We, the undersigned, hereby all persons not to hunt, fish or trespass in any way on our premises, as we will prosecute to the full extent of the law. H. B. NOEL, JOHN EEHE, ALEXIUS WILL, J. A. GLASS, A. J. M'MULLEN, HUGH M'NEELIS. Clearfield township, March 9, 1894.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Schedule in effect November 19, 1893.

Connections at Cresson.

EAST.

Seashore Express	6 25 a m
Altoona Accommodation	9 15 a m
Main Line Express	11 04 a m
Altoona Express	1 00 p m
Mail Express	5 17 p m
Philadelphia Express	8 12 p m

WEST.

Johnstown Accommodation	8 14 a m
Pacific Express	8 37 a m
Way Passenger	2 36 p m
Mail Train	4 26 p m
Johnstown Accommodation	8 34 p m

Ebensburg Branch.

Trains leave as follows: 7 20, 10 20 a. m., and 3.30 p. m. and arrive at Cresson at 7 57, 10 55 a. m. and 4 05 p. m. Leave Cresson at 9 35, 11 30 a. m. and 5.20 p. m., and arrive at Ebensburg at 10.05 a. m. and 12 15 and 6 05 p. m.

Cresson and Clearfield.

Leave Irvona at 6.45 a. m. and 2 40 p. m. arriving at Cresson at 8 05 a. m. and 4 p. m. Leave Cresson 9 35 a. m. and 5.25 p. m., arriving at Irvona at 10 55 a. m. and 6.45 p. m.

For rates maps, etc., call on agent or address Thos. E. Watt P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, General Manager.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.

Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases. Known by a tired, inhaled feeling; Inaction of the kidneys weaken and poisons the blood, and unless cause removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Bright's Disease and Dropsy.—Mrs. J. L. G. MILLER, Bethlehem, Pa. 1,000 other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed.

Cann's Kidney Cure Co., 720 Venango street, Philadelphia Pa. Sold by all reliable druggists. 4 21 93

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Letters testamentary on the estate of Mary Ann Cooper, late of the borough of Ghert Springs, in the county of Cambria, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment thereof, and those having claims or demands against the same are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement. PETER J. M'KENZIE, Executor of Mary Ann Cooper, deceased. April 6, 1894.

DO you need Job Printing? If so, give the FREEMAN a trial order.

FORMIDABLE NAMES.

The Complicated Nomenclature of European Nobility.

It is customary on the continent of Europe to bestow several baptismal names upon a child, only one of which is used ordinarily in after life—usually the first in the list. In France, as well as in some other European countries, the bestowal of any other baptismal name than one belonging to the Christian saints or taken from the Bible or from the name of persons of mythology or ancient times is forbidden by law.

No child can be given a name which is the surname of a living person—not even that of the president of the republic.

Though it is customary to use but one of the Christian names which are bestowed it is necessary to give the entire list on certain formal or official occasions. Lately in Paris an Italian gentleman, M. Campagna des Barons de Sartana, was naturalized a French citizen, and on this occasion his full name had to come out. It was as follows:

Vincenzo Salvatore Maria Gennaro Francesco-de-Sales Francesco-d'Assisi Francesco-de-Paolo Rocco Michele Crocifisco Emiddio Pasquale Giovanni Giuseppe Geltrude Carlo Gaetano Alfonso Ciro Andrea Luigi Gioran Giusepe Geraldo Antonio di-Pava Antonio-Abatte Campagna des Barons de Sartana.

All these names up to "Campagna" are given names; the rest constitute the surname, which is sufficiently long in itself. The Christian names are twenty-six in number. Several of them consist of the combined given names and surnames of distinguished persons, after the manner of a certain English child who, at the request of his parents, was baptized "Sir Henry Havelock General Wolseley Prince Albert Jones."

The names of some of the members of the British nobility are constructed on a plan not altogether different from this. For instance, the name of the present earl of Wharncliffe is Edward Montagu Stuart Granville Montagu-Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie.—Youth's Companion.

TWO STANDARDS.

The Captain's Little Practical Joke on His Passenger.

Jokes of a "practical" order are usually dangerous in one way or another, but a story is told of one harmless joke which illustrated the power of imagination in an amusing way some years ago.

At the time when most of the North river sloops came in at Coenties slip, the Levant, a packet from Fishkill anchored off the Battery to wait for a change of tide. A passenger who had been for the first time in his life on a sailing vessel, and who had been anxiously begging to steer the craft, not noticing that the vessel was at anchor, was told at last that he might take the helm.

He obeyed the summons with alacrity, and listened to the captain's cautions in regard to keeping clear of other vessels and so forth, and then the captain went below.

The tide was rushing by at a great rate, and the amateur helmsman felt much gratified with the progress his craft was making as he looked down at the water.

In time, however, an investigation of the surrounding landscape led to a slight feeling of dissatisfaction on his part, which steadily increased as time went on. At last the captain appeared again, and inquired gravely how he was getting on.

"Well," replied the amateur, with a dubious smile, "I appear to be gettin' on first-rate by water, but plaguey slow by land, if I'm any judge, captain."—Youth's Companion.

SOME WONDERFUL THINGS.

A Grammar Schoolboy's Simple Account of His Anatomy.

"Martin," said a wise grammar-school boy to his little brother of six, "come here and tell me what you have inside of you."

"Nothing," said Martin.

"Yes, you have. Listen! You've got a whole telegraph stowed away in your body, with wires running down to your very toes and out to your finger tips."

"I haven't," said Martin, looking at his feet and hands.

"You have, through, and that isn't all. There's a big force pump in the middle of you, pumping, pumping, seventy times a minute, all day long, like the great engine I showed you the other day at the locomotive works."

"There is no such thing—"

"But there is, though; and besides all these things, a tree is growing in you, with over two hundred different branches, tied together with ever so many bands and tough strings."

"That isn't so at all," persisted the little boy about ready to cry. "I can feel myself all over, and there's no tree or engine, or anything else, except flesh and blood."

"Oh! that isn't flesh and blood; that's most of it water. That is what you are made of—a few gallons of water, a little lime, phosphorus, salt and some other things thrown in," said his brother.—Union Signal.

A WOMAN'S LUCK AND PLUCK.

Stranded and Destitute She Walks Three Hundred Miles to Help Her Children.

A pathetic story of a mother's devotion and heroism comes from Kansas City. Last September Mrs. Elizabeth Page, a widow, whose home was in Detroit, took her four children, the eldest being a son only sixteen years of age, with her household goods stowed away in a wagon, and drove to the Cherokee strip, where she settled on some land. Others contested the claim, so she was compelled to leave. Striking for home, she arrived safely in St. John, Kan., where one of her horses died. She sent her son on to Kansas City to earn money to take the family there, but he failed to find work, and became so discouraged that he wrote his mother he would commit suicide if she could not help him. She answered that she would come, and promptly sold the remaining horse, household goods and her watch, paid the children's board, and with ten dollars in her pocket walked all the way from St. John to Kansas City, a distance of three hundred miles. Kind farmers on the route fed and lodged her so that not one cent of her money had been spent when she arrived. The police matron became interested in the couple and obtained money to send the boy to Detroit, where he is to have work, and buy a ticket for the mother to go back to her children.

An Interesting Sight.

An interesting sight was witnessed by the visitors at Niagara Falls recently. It was the annual migration of crows toward the south. This usually occurs in early winter, but this year, for some unknown reason, did not occur until the 1st of March. The crows passed southward by the million, and for two days the air was black with them, and the noise of their cawing was almost deafening. When they got to the falls the lit in large numbers on the ice bridge and set up a wild cawing. The sound echoed against the walls of the gorge and made a tremendous noise. When they were rested they arose with a loud whirring of wings and continued their flight. Many flew into the falls and were drowned.

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APPEARANCES DECEIVE.

An Illustrative Instance Recently Witnessed in New York.

A young man who walked up Fifth avenue the other evening wore a silk hat and an extremely long "prince" coat. He walked in a listless way, as if he had nothing in particular to do, and as if he would not do anything were there something to be done. He seemed to take little interest in anything, unless it were to avoid the puddles at the street crossings and keep his shoes from getting spattered. As the young man walked along he heard a loud shouting up the avenue and, looking in that direction with calm and deliberate way, he saw that a cab horse was running away. The horse was coming down the avenue at a lively rate, and the driver, who was clinging desperately to his box, was yelling like a Comanche Indian.

When a horse runs away in New York, says the Tribune, or that there is an earnest desire on the part of all the people in the street to lend a hand in the proceedings, as happened in this case, was just what usually happens. Two or three men would run out into the street, throw their arms, wave them violently and shout. The horse would move a little faster, the cabman would yell more lustily, and those who had run out to the street would add their cries to the general hubbub. This happens at regular intervals.

But the calm young man who strolled along in so leisurely a manner was evidently not going to interfere with a runaway horse. He stood on the edge of the sidewalk watching the frightened animal come tearing along. Of a sudden, however, a change came over him. When the horse had nearly reached him his form straightened and his eye came alert. At the minute when the cab was opposite him he swung out into the muddy street, and, running like a deer, was almost instantly at the horse's head. They ran neck for a few seconds. Then the young man's arm shot out swiftly, and he had the plunging animal by the bridle. As he ran he drew down the horse's head until the animal had either to stop running or stumble and break its neck. It stopped running.

In the crowd which pushed into the street was an impulsive old gentleman who nervously threw open the door of the cab. He assisted a man who was inside to alight, and then, seizing the man by the arm, led him up to the young man who had stopped the horse. He was scolding the driver in a mild way for being so careless as to allow his horse to get the bit between its teeth.

"There," cried the excitable old gentleman, in an admiring voice, "this young man to whom you are indebted for saving your life."

But the young "life saver" said, in almost a drawl: "No thanks are necessary. It's a very easy matter to stop a runaway horse." Then he stepped over and rolled up his trousers, walked to the man whom he had "saved," and, regaining the sidewalk, sauntered down the avenue.

TARDY REWARDS OF GENIUS.

Millet's Widow and His Greatest Painting, "Death and the Woodcutter."

A few days ago, writes the Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, there passed away the troublous life the widow of the artist, Jean Baptiste Francois Millet. It is rather a commentary on the strange ways of this world that the man whose picture, "Angelus," brought so fabulously high price, sold that and many other masterpieces for sums ranging from one to two hundred dollars, spent his life after toiling miserably and hopelessly in the vain effort to earn money enough to keep the wolf from his door, and suddenly broke down under the strain and died of a malady brought on by anxiety and privation, not in spite of that his fame would speedily be carried to the skies.

His family survived to see the apotheosis of his glory; but what of the fact of "The Angelus" bringing in over one hundred thousand dollars, sold the artist's widow for a song? That, within a week after the payment of money had been paid for her husband's work, she herself, from the depths of poverty, was jolted into a little house at Barbizon by the enforced closure of a mortgage for two hundred dollars and, had it not been for the charity of her son-in-law, would have been reduced to begging her bread, an unsolved mystery.

Millet's greatest work remains in Paris; it is the property, I think, of Mme. Charcot, widow of the physician, who inherited it from her father, the celebrated millionaire tailor, Laurent Richard. It is called "The Woodcutter." The grisly figure lays one bony hand on the shoulder of the old and weary man, bending under his load of wood; and the vague, vague face is raised in absolute joy to meet the summons. One hand is loosening the cord that binds the burden of branches and the other one willingly in the welcoming clasp of the Great Consoler. It is not an exaggeration of Lafontaine's fable; it is the utter weariness of life of an unsuccessful and wretched man, who has toiled and transferred to canvas with intensity of personal expression that transforms talent into genius and renders genius transcendent.

A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

THE MAN (with an only son) "What kind of scholars do you turn out in this institution?" Principal—"Those who won't study."—Texas Siftings.

HUSBAND—"How did you get on that big, ugly servant girl?" WIFE—"I hired a bigger and uglier one to drive her out and take her place."—N. Y. Weekly.

SHE—"The letters of Junius are spoken of as the most wonderful composition in the language." He—"They don't compare with Jack Hardy's. I once wrote a letter of condolence to a friend and she took off her mourning immediately."—Life.

"WAGG," said Dawson, "why don't you always using my name in your jokes?" Dawson says this and Dawson says that?" "Why," said Wagg, "I do it so that they will seem brighter. People who know you always say, 'Dawson, that's pretty bright—for Dawson.'"—Harper's Bazar.

MR. NORRIS (at the restaurant)—"Yes, sir; a small tenderloin and a bottle of Bass have been my regular lunch every day for the last twelve years." Mr. Norris's friend—"Great Scott! This is the tenderest piece of roast beef we've had this month! I'm sick and tired of the sameness. I don't see, Mary, why on earth you can't manage to introduce a little more variety into your cooking."—Brooklyn Life.

—An Italian organ grinder had escaped a fine by his wit. He was playing before the house of an old gentleman, who furiously ordered the wild gesticulations ordered him to move on. The Italian stood on his ground and played on, and was arrested for causing a disturbance. At the court the magistrate asked him why he did not leave when he was requested. "Me no understand Inglese," was the reply. "You must have understood by his tone that he wanted you to go," the magistrate. "I think he came to," was the rejoinder.—Rosebud.

MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

HEART DISEASE 20 YEARS.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

DEAR SIRS: For 20 years I was troubled with heart disease. Would frequently have falling spells and smothering at night. Had to sit up or get out of bed to breathe. Had pain in my left side and back most of the time; at last I became dropsical. I was very nervous and nearly worn out. The least excitement would cause me to faint. I was also much troubled with fluttering. For the last fifteen years I could not sleep on my left side or back until began taking your New Heart Cure. I had not taken it very long until I felt much better, and I can now sleep on either side or back without the least discomfort. I have no pain, smothering, dropsy, no wind on stomach or other disagreeable symptoms. I am able to do all my own housework without any trouble and consider myself cured.

Elkhart, Ind., 1898. MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

It is now four years since I have taken any medicine. Am in better health than I have been in 40 years. I honestly believe that Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure saved my life and made me a well woman. I am now 62 years of age, and able to do a good day's work.

May 29th, 1892. MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

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