EBENSBURG, PA., FINDAY, JUNE 29, 1894.

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.

NUMBER 26.

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from Pole to Pole

The Harpooner's Story.

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THE MARIPOSA "WHALE." **CARTER'S**

Some Great Exploits of a Giant California Hunter.

His Fame to Be Perpetuated by a Monument-Stronger Than Sandow and More Dexterous Than Corbett.

Steps are being taken in Fresno to rect a monument to Asberry Wills, he famed Maripo a giant, who used to whip bears single-handed and who ould lift more than Sandow, and was altogether more formidable in his way than Corbett.

He was the most famous of all California's strong men, and was probably the most phenomenal man in his successes as a hunter ever known on the Pacific coast. Asberry died over a dozen years ago, and his body lies in a rocky defile near the edge of King's Canyon. The determination on the part of some California pioneers to build a monument to his memory has caused many remarkable stories of his prowess be related. His phenomenal strength, coupled with his exploits in the Sierras, are fresh in the minds of

the Argonauts. Asberry was born in Mariposa county, and at the age of seventeen years stood six feet four inches in his stocking feet, and was at once entitled to and received the sobriquet of the Butterfly Whale." The word "butterily" was the translation of Mariposa, which in the Spanish means butterfly The name was originally bestowed to the county because of the very large number of curious butterflies there The "Whale" was exceedingly fond of adventure in the wild mountains about him. He was of fine Physique, proportionately built, and with eyes as harp as an eagle's. His hair and beard were as blac's as a raven's wing, and he always wore quantities of both. This man was always accompanied by two companions, whom he design nated as "Old Hell-in-the-Brush" and "Heart Deep." The former was a magnificent London twist rifle-bore gun. which carried an ounce ball. It weighed eighteen pounds, and was an old-fashioned muzzle loader, but never in any way went back on the name be stowed on it by the "Butterfly Whale. "Heart Deep" was a huge double-edged steel dirk weighing eleven pounds, which the "Whale" wielded as easily as the average man would a penknife. On one occasion, while on a hunting trip on the south fork of King's river, he came to a meadow and concluded to fence off a little of it for the use of his mustangs. He and the single companion with him began felling the trees. By some miscalculation one of the trees fell in a different direction from what was expected, and caught the friend of the giant, crushing him to the earth. It had been a very lofty tree, was two feet thick, where it cought the unfortunate man, and was almost as heavy as lead. But the "Whale" was coual to the emerg-

ency. Concentrating all his giant strength, he lifted the trunk from the crushed and bleeding form. The man soon died of his injuries, but his last hours were much easier by reason of the feat of his giant friend. Many other feats of strength were performed by him at different times. His lifting power was nine times his own weight, or eighteen hundred pounds. One of his most phenomenal feats of strength, combined with his great presence of mind in time of danger, was il Instrated while he was on the middle fork of King's river prospecting for gold. Just before dusk one evening he espied a six-months-old grizzly, weighing fully two hundred pounds, on a shelving ledge of rock asleep. The "Whale" said he would capture the beautiful thing alive, and began to steal up on it. His companion, Lewis, advised him that he had better shoot it, but the "Whale" said he would enjoy the fun. At this Lewis climbed a tree to be out of any possible scrimmage. The giant advanced cautiously up to the edge of the ledge and grasped the young grizzly by its hind feet. The bear woke, was astonished, and for the first time in its life summoned all its young strength in a desperate battle. It chanced that the edge of the bowller on which the "Whale" stood was sloping, and he could not get a firm foothold. A fearful struggle ensued, and at length both bear and man

rolled off into the copse of yerba buena and fern. The brute was powerful and set up a velling. This called the mother, a huge grizzly, only a few rods away, from the brush. She came twenty feet at a bound, growling terribly, and with eyes blazing like fire. Lewis, from his perch in the tree, tried to shoot her and fired several times. In rolling over with the bear the "Whale" had come up on top. He realized immediately his precarious position, and, grabbing the cub by its heels, swung it with prodigious force, by a powerful swing of his great arms, against the giant grizzly. Its head struck the fiery brute square in the mouth, and its bruised and bleeding form dropped from his hands. Quicker than it would be possible to tell it the "Whale" had jumped to the fore and buried the eleven pounds of steel of "Heart Deep" in the vitals of the old bear, killing her immediately. Lewis clambered down from his tree and looked in vain for marks of his bullets. He had not hit

the bear at all. "Heart Deep" alone had done the work. The giant of Mariposa only met one enemy to which he was forced to succumb. Mountain fever at last seized his powerful frame, his mind departed, and soon the reaper wrapped his thick. mysterious mantle of eternity about him. On the left bank of the deep and somber King river canyon beneath a few feet of granite soil and the shade of a wide-spreading juniper, wrapped and unsung, except in local tradition, lies the hero of Mariposa, and above

his grave is only this inscription:

Engagement Fright. ince. To these kindly queries the A RICE ELEVATOR.

New Orleans Claims the First One Ever Erected in the World.

What the New Orleans papers call "the first rice elevator in the world" has just been erected in that city, says the Seattle Telegraph. The "plant" consists of an elevator tower, into which the grain is directed through a movable chute from the loaded railroad cars and from which it is transferred by machinery to the bins and barrels of the warehouse, the latter being connected with the elevator tower by a covered bridge. The rice on reaching the summit of the tower, is spilled out on a rubber belt some sixty feet in length, running at a high rate of speed between rollers inclined at an angle of sixty degrees. These rollers are located at intervals of eight feet and serve to keep the rubber belt curved in such a manner that the rice is not spilled while in transit. This belt terminates just within the wall of the warehouse, where the grain is received in a hopper. At the bottom of this hopper is an aperture opened by a trap door, through which the rice is spilled on to a screw conveyor traversing the length of the second story of the warehouse and passing over a series of bins designed to receive the grain. By a delicate arrangement of scales and weights the rice is weighed while in the hopper. At regular intervals rubber belts similar to the one running from the elevator tower receive the rice from the screw and carry it across the bins. An ingenious contrivance causes it to be dropped into the receptacle when that receptacle is reached. A single man can operate this apparatus and thus control the movement of each class of rice, till it is finally deposited in its appropriate bin. Its travels are by no means terminated at this point. Six screw conveyors traverse the ceiling of a lower story. Opening the trap doors in the bottom of the bins on the story above, the rice enters the spirals of these machines and is borne across the building and received upon another rubber belt. This leads directly to the milling department, where the husks are stripped off and the grain prepared for the market. The capacity of the elevator is estimated at about eight hundred barrels per hour, which is equivalent to twenty four hundred bushels, or four loaded cars. The warehouse can accommodate ninety thousand bushels of grain.

A WOMAN'S MAIL ARMOR. The Strange Garment Worn by a Califor-

pia Adventuress. The story of the achievement of Maria Bensley has become familiar through the recent attempts at settlement of the Bensley estate in San Francisco. The story of the woman's personality, as related by the Examiner, is more remarkable. As one evidence of her peculiarities it may be cited that she wore a coat of mail. The woman was the wife of John Bensley. once a financial power in San Francis co. When he failed and fled, after hiding his property, to escape his creditors, she remained to fight them, and proved herself a diplomat. After several transfers she got hold of the Bensley property, in turn disposing of it to a fictitious woman, from whom she had no trouble in securing a power of attorney. "Mrs. De Tarente" she called this fictitious woman, and, needless to say, when Mrs. Bensley desired to dispose of any property Mrs. De Tarente never dissented. While Rens ley was away his wife found herself in many trying situations, and when she became a widow her peace of mind was still disturbed by the importunities of creditors and their recourse to the law. Mrs. Bensley traced her pedigree back to noble families that never existed. and her pride was based on titles that were never bestowed. She had few confidantes and the enemies her husband had acquired readily transferred their attention to her. She was worried, and looked it. She grew thin and feeble, but lost no whit of her pluck. One day Mrs. Bensley was dining at the Pleasanton when a message was brought to her. She read it, gasped and fainted. As she fell from her chair she struck the floor with a clang. People who raised the attenuated form wondered at its weight. When medical attention was called the mystery was explained. Inclosing the woman's body was a coat of mail. steel-linked and bullet proof. In her contentions and her scheming to keep creditors from getting their dues she had learned to fear vengeance. It is believed that until death Mrs. Bensley wore her armor. When stricken with heart disease she was still in the midst of a legal fight, still maintaining her frauds, and had as much

reason as ever to believe herself in dan-

ger of violence Belgian Marriage Licenses. A recent enactment in Belgium has made it obligatory for brides to have their marriage licenses or "marriage lines," as they call them in that land of fens and dikes, gorgeously bound in gilt-edge morocco. This is considerately done-or, in other words, done for a consideration-by the municipalities, who have now taken to binding up a quantity of more or less useful information with the documents. There is a summary of the Belgain marriage laws, a rough and ready lesson on the treatment of children, and a table with spaces for a catalogue of the issue of the marriage. The table contains room for twelve children to be entered, so this may be taken as a gentle hint that that number is the extreme limit tolerated by Belgian burghers in a well-conducted family. The manual seems only to need the addition of a few choice receipts and a hint or two on the best means of obtaining divorces in order to defy criti-

The Whistling Oyster. didn't care." -London Auswers.

name of prudence.-Bam's Horn.

THE FIRST TEST.

Give Chloroform a Trial as an Anæsthetic.

Startling Results Obtained from Adminis trations of the Untried Drug-Dignified Physicians in Grotesque Attitudes.

While the discovery of anæsthetics in surgery was made by an American -it is claimed for three different men-yet the first use of chloroform for the pur pose was made by Dr., afterward Sir. James Simpson. Chloroform is still generally used by English surgeons, while in this country most surgeons prefer ether. A recent article in the Century by Miss Eve Simpson, his daughter, gives an interesting account of her father's experiments. In his resolution to discover some new and unobjectionable agent to produce in sensibility under the surgeon's knife he was bold almost to rashness. He tried every new compound first upon himself, and then, with a few devoted medical friends, made further tests of

all such as seemed to promise success. In the year 1847, especially, he had been working hard, holding, with Prof. Miller, Dr. Duncan and Dr. Keith, a sort of anaesthetic seance every night after supper. So many strange, unpleasant and more or less dangerous mixtures were tried by these gentle men that one of them, Prof. Miller, made it his custom to make a brief call at breakfast time every morning in order, as he would say, cheerfully, to hear if any of the experimenters of the evening before were dead yet.

It was one evening in November. after having tried several other substances with little effect, that Dr. Simpson bethought himself of a small bottle of chloroform which he had meant to try and which must be some where about the place. A search was instituted, and it was found under a

heap of waste paper. It was tried at once. Immediately a delightful excitement seized upon the doctors; their talk became brilliant, mirthful and then positively hilarious. Prof. Miller, Mrs. Simpson, and one or two members of the family who were present, became much interested in listening to the doctors as they expatiated upon the charms, qualities and agreeable effects of the new fluid Prof. Miller relates what ensued:

"Suddenly there was a talk of sounds being heard like those of a cotton mill, louder and louder-a moment more, then all was quiet, and then a crash!

"On awaking, Dr. Simpson's first perception was mental, 'This is far stronger and better than ether,' said he to himself. His second was to note that he was prostrate on the floor, and that among the friends about him there was both confusion and alarm. "Hearing a noise, he turned about and saw Dr. Duncan beneath a chair; his jaw had dropped, his eyes were staring, his head was bent half under him. He was quite unconscious, and was snoring in a most determined and

alarming manner. More noise still and much motion. "Then his eyes overtook Dr. Keith's feet and legs making valorous efforts to overturn the supper table, or more probably to annihilate everything that was on it. I say 'more probably,' for frequent repetitions of inhalation have confirmed, in the case of my esteemed friend, a character for maniacal and

nmestrained destructiveness, under chloroform in the transition stage." It is little wonder that Mrs. Simpson was alarmed. But the daring doctors were extricated from among the legs of chairs and tables, and soon recovered themselves and were filled with triumph at the success of their new amesthetic. When Dr. Simpson became Sir James Simpson, he took for his motto Victo Dolore (pain conquered), which certainly meant more and was more honorably earned than the mottoes of most poblemen and noble houses.

A Winer's Inch. The mode of measurement of a miner's inch of water varies in different localities, but the accepted legal measure is that quantity of water which will flow through an opening of one square inch in the bottom of a vessel under a mean pressure of four inches. Fifty of the above miner's inches is equivalent to a discharge of one cubic foot of water per second. To get the number of gallons in miner's inches multiply the given number of inches by 14,961, pointing off five decimals. The result will be the number of gallons discharged per second. To get the miner's inch in gallons, divide the number of gallons flow, or discharge per minute, by 8.9766. The result will be the number of inches sought. One miner's inch in gallons: Per second is 0.1496; per minute, 8.976; per hour, 538.56; per day, 12,925.44; per month, 393,418; per year, 4.721,017. One miner's inch will flow: Ten acres per year, 1.45 feet deep; 14.49 acres per year, I foot deep; 18.11 acres per year, 9 inches deep.

A Clear Case of Beat.

Judge Underwood, of Georgia, once met a friend on a train and said to him: "I want to tell you of a case I had before me at Cedartown the other day, and see what you think of it." He then stated the case, and his friend expressed a view of it, to which he replied: "That same view you express was very largely, ably and elaborately maintained before me on this hearing by Wright, Branbam, Featherstone and several other lawyers from Rome-old lawyers, experienced lawyers - and there was not a soul on the other side but a bright young lawyer from Cedartown, who had never had any experience, and myself. This, in fact, was his first case, and they out-argued us; but we beat them, sir-we beat 'em!"

Kossuth and His Mother. One of the most painful trials of Kossuth's exile was his inability to be present at the deathbed of his mother. She lived in poverty in Brussels, and she expressed a desire to see her son once more before she died. The Belgian government of that day would not grant his request to visit her unless he consented to be accompanied wherever he went by an officer of police. He might have consented to this degrading condition, says one biographer, for her sake; but no sooner did his mother hear of it than she herself forbade him to come to her, and she expired in the last days of 1852, blessing him with her dying breath.

FIGHTING DUELS IN ITALY. About the Only Exercise in Which Na-

tives of the Sunny Land Induige. Dueling is the leading and almost the only athletic sport in Italy, says the Idler. It is true that there is an Alpine club, so-called because its members climb the lesser heights of the Apennines, but there is no cricket. and, except among the laboring classes, ball games of even the mildest character are hardly ever played. The young Italian gentleman finds in dueling an exercise which is beneficial to his muscles and sufficiently exciting to interest him, and the middle-aged Italian keeps up his practice with the foils and occasionally challenges and fights a friend just to show that he is not so old as to have lost a genial interest in the innocent pursuits of youth. Dueling is contrary to law in Italy, but the duelist is never punished (unless he should accidentally kill a man). except in the army, where the sport is obligatory and strictly prohibited. The same curious anomaly exists in Germany, where army officers are arrested and punished if they fight a duel and either cashiered or forced to resign if they do not. The Italian officer, when challenged to fight, is virtually told: "You'll be condemned if you do and condemned if you don't." This seems to the Anglo-Saxon decidedly idiotic, but nothing can well be more idiotic than dueling. Playing charades in a drawing-room rises to philosophic heights of wisdom in comparison with it. At least ninety-nine out of every hundred Italian duels are of the class technically known as "first blood" duels. That is to say, the combat ceases the moment either of the adversaries loses blood. In these duels the sword is always used and the slightest scratch on the hand or the arm-which are the localities usually scratched-signalizes the end of the game and authorizes the duelists to sheathe their weapons and go somewhere to dinner together. Instances have happened in which a duelist has been accidentally ran through the body and killed, but incidents of this sort are extremely infrequent compared with the fatalities of the football field. Italian dueling is probably the safest of all athletic sports, except prize fighting as practiced by modern pugilists by means of letters to the

JONES' SNAKE-KILLING PIGS. The Farmer Trained His Razorbacks to

Exterminate Serpents. "Talk about snakes," said a resident of Boston the other day, "there are more of 'em to the square acre in Florida than in any other part of this glorious country. But as numerous as they are they are not half as abundant as they were a few years ago, before any organized effort was made to annihilate the whole serpentine breed.

"It seems that a bright idea involving the wholesale extinction of snakes entered the mind of one William Jones, who up to that time had been a poor farmer struggling to support a big family. Now he is one of the solid men of the county, and he made all his money by the successful execution of that idea. He knew that the ordinary razorback hog of Florida was a great natural enemy of snakes, and he set to work to systematically train a whole drove of hogs to hunt down and destroy the reptiles. In a little while he had his swine as thoroughly trained in their part as setter dogs are drilled to point quail. He first cleared his own farm of a vast quantity of big ones. and then he began to hire out his hogs to his neighbors who were snake-afflicted. The fame of those razorbacks spread all over the land and people whose places were infested with rattlesnakes and men who were clearing

up new land sent for Jones' hogs. This is no romance, for I talked with Jones himself and he told me all about it, and exhibited his book of engagements, which also contained a record of all the snakes slain for the last twelve months. I have every reas n to believe he was stating the facts, for he gave me a warm invitation to visit his place and promises to give an exhibition that would demonstrate the skill of his snake-killers."

Balzae or Gaboriau never wrote a more thrilling story of long pursuit and successful revenge than comes by the China steamer in accounts of the assassination in Shanghai of Kim Ok Kim, the Corean refugee. It occurred in a foreign hotel in the European settlement, and the assassin, Hung, was arrested and held for trial. Hung eamped on Kim's trail for six years in the hope of getting him outside of Japan. While in the pay of the Corean court he cultivated the acquaintance of Kim, who had lived at Tokio for several years under a Japanese name. Hung induced a Corean exile, who owed Kim a large sum of money, to write offering to pay the old account with interest if Kim would come to Shanghai. The trial will probably show that the Corean court promised the assassin a big reward for removing a dangerous conspirator whom the Japanese government had saved from their vengeance for ten years. Kim was the ablest Corean who has come to the front since the hermit kingdom was opened to foreigners. He spoke Japanese, Chinese, French and German flu-

A Fellaheen Minister.

Ali Pacha Moubarek, whose death has recently taken place, was the only Egyptian fellaheen, or peasant, who ever attained the rank of cabinet minister. He possessed all the craftiness of his downtrodden race, trimmed his political sails with much skill when he saw that the Arabi revolt was on the point of failure, and found means of remaining a friend both of his countrymen and their English masters, a mat ter of some difficulty. Like most fellaheen, he was exceedingly uncleanly in his appearance and personal habits, objecting most strongly to sanitary appliances as superfluous.

Japanese Industries.

It is a matter of singular interest that Japan is now manufacturing modern war material for the use of western nations. Six guns manufactured at the Japanese government arsenal at Osaka have just been supplied to the Portuguese government. A month or so since a British firm took the first steps in the establishment of a watchmaking concern in Japan for the manufacture by Japanese workmen of watches for western markets.

HARD ON STENOGRAPHERS. New York Is No Place for the Idle

A High Standard of Proficiency Set by Employers Applicants Are Subjected to a Thorough Examination. That New York is the grand center for competent stenographers and a short-lived rendezvous for incompe tents is frankly admitted. Yet, of the estimated thirty thousand stenographers and typewriters in the city to-day, the proportion who are a credit to the shorthand profession is said to be surprisingly small. A veteran phonographer in touch with the progress of the art recently said: "Here in this city there are every year a legion of young people who commence the study of shorthand through the ill advice of parents or friends, without making the first inquiry into the mental or physical qualities requisite in the make-up of a skillful stenographer; hence it is

or Incompetent.

that only about one person in twenty ever reaches the goal of success." One instructor says much more is expected of a stenographer to-day than ever before, and more talent is required here in New York city than in any other place he knows of in this country. Business men no longer tutor and humor incompetent employes. Schools are demanding a higher standard of excellence than ever before. We will not recommend a pupil for a position until he has passed a rechnically rigid examination in taking from dictation and properly transcribing all forms of office corre spondence, legal matter in the form of complaints, answers, affidavits, agreements, testimony, specifications, amendments and other details. Besides this, we frequently dictate extracts from magazines, newspapers and encyclopædias.

Only a few years ago the prediction was made that shorthand schools must decrease their production of graduates, or, as a natural result, one of two things was imminent among shorthand writers-a reduction of wages or a raising of the degree of excellence required for the obtaining of employment. The latter alternative seems to be rapidly approaching. Probably fifty per cent. more shorthand skill and general education is to-day required to hold a good position in New York city than was needed five years ago. When questioned as to this the above in-

structor said: "Work here is done quickly and systematically, and the stenographer who succeeds in this busy metropolis must know a great many things besides having the mere ability to make marks and operate a typewriter. He must have education, skill and discernment, and be able to use shorthand and to typewrite with great intelligence. One year's training in a business house here is conceded to be as valuable, from a practical point of view, as three years' training in many other large cities.

"That this fact is rapidly becoming known and appreciated is shown by the steadily increasing number of young people who come here from a distance to learn and practice the art. They come to this city from Florida. Kansas, California, Cuba, Spain, and, indeed, from all over the world; yet, despite this great influx, salaries here range higher than in any other part of the country. In Chicago, for instance, many stenographers last summer ac cepted positions at three or four dollars less per week than they would receive here.

Our best short-hand schools now require an entrance education. Candidates for admission are closely examined in spelling, punctuation, penmanship, English composition, geography and many other vital points, and there is no hesitancy in rejecting any applicant who is disqualified. Only a few years ag., the average speed necessary to answer the requirements of an amanuensis was seventy to one hundred words per minute, while at the present time a rate of less than one hundred and twenty words per minute is deemed inadequate.

"Of high-grade stenographers," said Mr. Snyder of the Remington bureau, "there is not half enough to meet the demands. Through this agency alone, three thousand stenographers and typewritists were last year recommended to paying positions. Of this number, probably two-thirds were

"It is curious to note," he added, "that the young men who come to New York from the country meet the requirements far better than those who are residents of the city. The former come here with a definite aim and purpose, look upon their position and surroundings more seriously, and work with much greater earnestness and sincerity."

Very Peculiar Books.

The most curious book in the world is one which is neither written nor printed. Every letter is cut into the leaf, and as the alternate leaves are of blue paper it is as easily read as the best printing. The book is entitled "The Passion of Christ." It is a very old volume, and was a curiosity as long ago as 1640. It belongs to the family of Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. Another book in which the text is neither written nor printed. but woven, has lately been published by Roux, a bookseller at Lyons. It is made of silk, and was published in twenty-five parts at ten francs each. Each part consists of two leaves, so that the entire volume contains only fifty leaves, inscribed with the service of the mass and several prayers. Both the letters and the border are woven in black silk on a white ground.

Educating a Prince. It is a costly business, the education of princes. The great Krupp establish ment at Essen recently turned out a miniature fortress to be set up in the private grounds of the royal palace at Potsdam. It is to be used in the education of the crown prince of Germany and his brothers. Its cost was six hundred thousand marks, and its principles of construction are not to be made public. There are armored turrets that rise, fire their guns and instantly sink out of view. It is said that a number of new principles are embodied in the construction of this fortress, but they are for the present to remain secrets for political reasons.

SHE SAW MRS. CLEVELAND. The Midgle-Aged Woman Made a Run

for It and Got There. Women adopt all sorts of devices for getting a good look at Mrs. Cleveland. On fine days the mistress of the white house generally takes a ride in the family phaeton, accompanied by her babies and the nurses. In the afternoon between three and four, if the sun is shining, says a Washington in-

formant, she goes out in the victoria. accompanied either by her husband or a friend. Women, young and old, have discovered this habit of Mrs. Cleveland, and are beginning to lie in wait for her to catch her as she comes out on the front portico to enter the carriage. There is no privacy for inmates of the white house, and so when Mrs. Cleveland goes riding she is obliged to walk through the public vestibule and across the public portico. A day or two ago a beyy of schoolgirls joined the waiting group on the portico, and when Mrs. Cleveland came out she was obliged to run the gantlet. When she returned an hour or two later a funny thing happened. A welldressed, good-looking, middle-aged woman, evidently a stranger in the city, was passing the street gate when a carriage turned into the circular drive of the white house grounds. The quick-witted sightseer instantly surmised that the occupants were Mrs. Cleveland and her babies. She saw a chance to accomplish her long-felt desire of getting a good look at the president's wife and she did not miss it. The race was a long one and she knew she could not win it unless something happened to detain Mrs. Cleveland, after she ar-

rived under the porte cochere. Lifting her clothes in both hands she started up the circular pathway along the drive at a breakneck speed. The passers-by and the spectators at the door applanded, and, perspiring and panting, she reached the steps just in time, for Mrs. Cleveland had stopped to give an order to the coachman, and the energetic lady was enabled to plant herself where she could stare the president's wife in the face for at least ten seconds, and could also see the babies as they were lifted from the carriage by the nurses and carried into the

As Mrs. Cleveland disappropriate the vestibule a gentleman standing by said, admiringly, to the female sprinter: "Well, you made it." "Yes," she said, mopping her face,

'folks from my part of the country generally do."

AMUSING LLUNDERS. Desperate Situations of Diffident Young

Some amusing examples of unintentional transpositions are given in a recently-published collection of "liulls and Blunders." Slips of the kind usually result from pervousness rather than from ignorance, but it is a question which was responsible in the case of the pompous colored preacher who told his flock that it was "easier for a camel to go through the knee of an idol than for a rich man to enter

Not so in the case of the courtly and cultivated George William Cartis, who, it is said, was so overcome with stage fright when he commenced his first lecture that instead of the reference to the bottomless pit which he intended to make, he astonished his hearers by beginning tremuleusly:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the pittom-

less bott-!" The crowning specimen of ludicrons helplessness in the face of clusive syllables is that of the unfortunate speaker who, at a pathetic point of his ddress, when his here was about to undergo a heartrending parting from home and friends, uttered, in his most melting voice:

"Biddy, diddy-" He stopped confused; flushed, set his mouth and tried again, with a difficult resumption of the interrupted

"Diddy, biddy-" Something was wrong still. He grew searlet, perspired, and gasped forth a third attempt, not more intelligible. His bearers could none of them interpret it. It might be High German, or it might be a Mother Goose refrain:

"Diddy, hiddy, biddy doo" The situation was desperate: but the persistent orator rallied, paused until he had fully recovered his self-control. and trying once more, with slow atterance and distinct enunciation, conquered at length the simple parase which had overthrown him. He said: "Did he bid adjeu?"

MEXICAN HANDICRAFT.

Wonderful Skill in Fashloning Gems Into Carious Shapes.

It is recorded of the Mexican lapidary to whom was intrusted the fashioning of the exquisite wedding gift of Cortez to his wife in 1529 that he was a workman "unusually gifted with a delicate sure touch, wonderful skill and unparalleled ingenuity."

The first of the five famous emeralds forming the ring was in the form of a rese; the second, that of a horn; the third was like unto a fish with eyes of gold; the fourth was like a little bell, with a fine pearl for the tongue. On the rim of this tiny bell was inscribed. in Latin: "Blessed is he who created thee." The fifth emerald, the one of greatest value, was fashioned like a little cup, with a foot of gold, and four delicate gold chains were attached to a large pearl as a button. The edge of this cup was of gold, on which was engraved, in Latin: "Internatos mulierum non surrexit major"-Among those born of woman none greater has

It is recorded that for just one of these precious gems the almost fabulons sum of forty thousand duents was

offered, and declined by Cortez. The sole relie (that can be identified) now in existence of the incredible wealth of ancient Mexico is a gold goblet with the sides rudely reposse. with the representation of a human head, upon one side in full face, on the other in profile, and on the third the back. This wonderful piece of ancient handicraft seems to be of pure gold. It was brought from Mexico and purchased at Cadiz by Edward Earl, of Ox-

It is stated that it was once the property of Montezuma.

This goblet stands four and a half inches in height: its diameter of lip measures three and a quarter inches. Its weight is said to be a little over five ounces.

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A young fellow whose betrothal had ust been announced was met by an ntimate friend lately who questioned the happy man on his changed appearcouth replied. "Well, I don't know what it is, unless there is such a thing as engagement fright. If there is that's what I have."

That the whisting mania should go as far as the oyster is not at all astonshing, for why should not a bivalve do what a woman does? It was an enterprising oyster who lived in a shell in the year 1840 and was exhibited in Lon don. If we can believe the words of thousands who saw it, the thing somehow actually whistled. Douglas Jerrold, who saw it, surmised that the oyster had undoubtedly "been crossed in love and now whistled to keep up appearances, with an idea of showing that it

-A great deal of meanness masque rades in all parts of the land under the