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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.

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

GOOD-BYE

TO PROFITS

We are selling off all our Winter Stock at LESS THAN COST. The reason for this Startling Reduction is that we must have room. Spring will soon be here and rather carry anything over we will sell at a sacrifice. A Genuine Bargain for everybody.

NOTICE A FEW OF OUR PRICES.

Men's Fine Suits,	$ 3.50; former price, $ 5.00
Men's Fine Suits,	7.00; former price, 10.00
Men's Fine Suits,	8.00; former price, 12.00
Men's Fine Suits,	9.00; former price, 14.00
Men's Fine Suits,	10.00; former price, 15.00
Youth's Fine Suits—the best,	2.26, 2.50, 3.00 and 3.50
Men's Fine Overcoats,	5.00; former price, 8.00
Men's Fine Overcoats,	6.00; former price, 9.00
Men's Fine Overcoats,	7.00; former price, 12.00
Men's Fine Overcoats,	9.00; former price, 15.00

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Men's Fine Dress Shoes,	$1.25 to $3.00
Boys' Fine Dress Shoes,	.80 to 1.50
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Children's Fine Dress Shoes,	.20 to 1.50

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All-Wool Henrietta, finest,	35 cents.
Lancaster Ginghams,	5 cents.
Fine Cashmeres, in all colors,	22½c., worth 40c.
Fine Cashmeres, in all colors,	30c., worth 50c.
Fine All-Wool Cloth, in all colors,	35c., worth 60c.
Fine Gingham,	5c., worth 8c.
Fine Bleached Muslin,	8c., worth 10c.
Fine Unbleached Muslin,	6c., worth 8c.
Fine Bleached and Unbleached Cotton Flannel,	7c., worth 10c.
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A full line of Blankets,	75c. to $4 a pair.
A full line of Horse Blankets.	

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Fine Floor Oil Cloth, 1 yard wide,	25c. per yard.
Fine Floor Oil Cloth, 1¼ yards wide,	35c. per yard.
Fine Floor Oil Cloth, 2 yards wide,	55c. per yard.
Fine Table Oil Cloth, assorted,	20c. per yard.

☞ A FEW LADIES' COATS TO CLOSE OUT AT $3.50, $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 AND $7.00; FORMER PRICES, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, $8.00 AND $12.00.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Fine Unlaundried Shirts, from 25c. up to $1.00 for the best. Fine Cyclopedic Shirts, Jersey or Cloth, from 40c. up to 1.25, the best. Fine Hats from 50c. to 1.50 for the best. Our $1.50 Hat is as good as any other Hat in the country for 2.50. We also have a fine line of Trunks—the Cheapest and Best you ever saw. Come one and all. We are always ready to show our goods.

Economy Clothing and Dry Goods House,

Next Door to Bank, CARROLLTOWN, PA.

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

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

FOR ARTISTIC

JOB PRINTING

TRY THE FREEMAN.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency,

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

THE MARKETS.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 22.

WHEAT—No. 1 red, 57@58c; No. 2 red, 56@57c.

CORN—No. 2 yellow car, 48@49c; mixed car, 46@47c; No. 2 yellow shelled, 46@47c.

OATS—No. 1 white, 36½@37c; No. 2 do., 36@36½c; extra No. 3 white, 35½@36c; mixed, 34@35c.

HAY—Choice timothy, $12.00@12.50; No. 1 timothy, $11.50@12.00; No. 2 timothy, $10.75@11.00; mixed clover and timothy, $10.75@11.00; packing, $6.75@7.00; No. 1 feeding prairie, $8.50@9.00; wagon hay, $14.00@16.00.

BUTTER—Elgin creamery, 27@28c; Ohio fancy creamery, 21@22c; fancy country roll, 17@18c; low grades and cooking, 9@10c.

CHEESE—Ohio, mild, 11@11¼c; New York new, 11½@12c; limberger, full make, 10c; Wisconsin Swiss, 13@13½c; Ohio Swiss, 11½@12c.

EGGS—Strictly fresh Pennsylvania and Ohio cases, 22@23; storage, 16@18c; southern and western, fresh, 21@22c.

POULTRY—Large live chickens, 50@55c per pair; live chickens, small, 30@40c; ducks, 60@80c per pair, as to size; dressed chickens, 10@11c per pound; turkeys, 11@12c per pound; ducks, 12@13c; spring chickens, 11@12c; live turkeys, 7@8c per pound; live geese, 90c@$1.00 per pair.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., Jan. 22.

CATTLE—Receipts liberal this week; 60 cars on sale. The demand is somewhat less this week, compared to last. The market is opening up slow, with prices 10@20c lower on all grades. Prime, $5.10@5.30; good, $4.60@4.80; good butchers, $4.00@4.30; rough fat, $3.00@3.60; fair light steers, $3.20@3.40; light stockers, $2.00@3.20; good fat cows and heifers, $2.30@3.20; bulls, stags and cows, $2.00@3.10; fresh cows and springers, $15@35.

HOGS—Receipts light, but the demand is fair, market opening up slow at the following prices on heavy grades, while steady on light: Heavy Philadelphias, $4.40@4.50; medium Philadelphias, $4.30@4.35; best Yorkers, $4.20@4.25; common to fair Yorkers, $4.10@4.15; roughs, $3.00@3.75.

SHEEP—Supply is light for both sheep and lambs, and the demand is good. The market opened up steady at yesterday's advance from last week. We quote prices as follows: Extra, $3.60@3.75; good, $2.80@3.15; fair, $2.15@2.25; common, 50c@$1.25; yearlings, $2.85@3.15; best lambs, $4.40@4.75; common to fair lambs, $2.60@3.70; calves, $5.00@6.00; heavy and thin calves, $2.00@3.00.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 22.

HOGS—Market steady at $3.50@4.30; receipts, 1,200 head; shipments, 1,900 head.

CATTLE—Market quiet at $2.00@4.60; receipts, 200 head; shipments, 300 head.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep, market steady at $1.50@4.00; receipts, 600 head; shipments none. Lambs in fair demand at $2.50@4.25.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.

WHEAT—Spot market weaker. No. 2 red, store and elevator, 58⅝@58¾c; afloat, 60⅝c; f. o. b., 59⅝c afloat; No. 1 northern, 68⅝c delivered; No. 1 hard, 69¼c delivered.

CORN—Spot market weaker. No. 2, 48⅝c; steamer mixed, 47¼@47⅝.

OATS—Spot market inactive. No. 2, 33c; No. 2 delivered, 34c; No. 3, 32c; No. 2 white 36c@36½c; No. 3, 35½c; track white, 36@40c.

CATTLE—European cables quote American steers at 11@12c per pound, dressed weight; refrigerator beef at 9@10½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Market very dull, but steady; sheep, poor to prime, $2.50@3.75; lambs, common to choice, $3.50@5.00c.

HOGS—Market firmer at $4.80@4.80.

New Postmasters Nominated.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—The president has sent the following nominations for postmasters to the senate: Samuel E. Smith, Tippecanoe City, O.; William R. Houser, Chambersburg, Pa.; W. S. Marshall, Kittanning, Pa., and Daniel H. Johnson, Bluefield, W. Va.

Lynchers Held For a Murder.

O'NEIL, Neb., Jan. 23.—George Mulliban and Mose Elliott have been held without bail on the charge of murder in the first degree for the lynching of Barrett Scott, the defaulting ex-treasurer of Holt county.

Argentine's President Resigns.

BUENOS AYRES, Jan. 23.—Dr. Saens Pena, president of the Argentine Republic, has sent in his resignation to congress and that body proclaimed Senor Uriburu, the vice president, to be president of the republic.

A LITTLE TOO QUIET.

The Funereal Silence That Pervades the Channel Islands.

Jersey and Guernsey are gardens, says a recent French visitor to the Channel islands. The fields are so neat, so carefully kept, that they seem rather like garden plots. The least corner of earth is cultivated—the roadsides, every little hollow, and even "an inch of earth on the end of a rock."

But these Edens are silent, the traveler goes on to say. Now and then people on the islands smile; but no one ever laughs. Laughter is unbecoming, and to laugh aloud would be scandalous.

The birds sing, but not the people. Even the children are sober—little men and women rather than children. The trees are yews, cypresses and weeping willows.

When the people go to walk, they take to the cemeteries. Lovers exchange vows upon tombstones, and houses that are near graveyards rent more readily and at a better price on that account.

"We are admirably situated in our new house," said a young Jersey woman to the French writer; "we are right opposite the cemetery, and I can see the tombs from the windows of my bedroom. In the moonlight the view is lovely."

And still the Frenchman has to admit that there is something very attractive in this solemnity and stillness. The longer he remained in the islands the less he felt like coming away.

Another Moon.

A city-bred, tenement-bred youngster took his first excursion into the country with a "fresh-air" party, says the New York Tribune. It happened to be at the time of the full moon. Night after night the little fellow went out after supper and sat upon a stone behind the farmhouse, and watched the wondrous orb as it rose behind the trees. Then his week expired, and he went back to his tenement district. A year passed, and as it happened the fresh-air fund sent the same susceptible boy to the same farmhouse. Supper was eaten, and he slipped out behind the house and made straight for the stone in the back yard. But where was the moon? He looked and looked, till finally, not in the east, but in the west, he discovered a slim silver crescent. The disappointment was too much for him, and he returned to the house, weeping. "Oh, it isn't the same feller!" he said. "It isn't the same feller we had last year!"

Cotton from Wood.

An artificial cotton, said to be much cheaper than the natural, is reported from France. It is made from the wood of the pine, spruce or larch, which is defibrated and then disintegrated and bleached with a hot solution of bisulphide of soda and chloride of lime. The resulting pure cellulose is treated with chloride of zinc, castor oil and gelatine, and the paste is passed through a perforated plate. This gives a thread, which is woven into a presentable fabric.

Electric Sunstroke.

It is now claimed that there is such a thing as electric sunstroke. The workers around electrical furnaces in which metal aluminum is produced suffer from them. The intense light causes painful congestions, which cannot be wholly prevented by wearing deep-colored glasses.

WITHOUT A THRONE.

A King Who Was Without Honor in His Own Country.

History in Brief of the Late Count of Paris—His Services as a Volunteer in the United States Army.

Louis Philippe Albert, Comte de Paris, whose death occurred recently, writes Pierre Cominges in Golden Days, claimed to be the king of France. He was, however, never on the throne and never acknowledged king in France. The monarchical governments of Europe, as a rule, professed to believe that he really was king, but, of course, to preserve their friendly relations with the republic, they were forced to recognize the president as the chief executive of that country.

Nevertheless, Louis Philippe was regarded as a king by quite a strong party, who will now turn to his son, Louis Philippe Robert, a young man of twenty-five, who is very much in earnest in his pretensions to the throne of France.

Comte de Paris was born in Paris on August 24, 1838, and became, by the death of his father in 1842, the immediate heir to the crown his grandfather, Louis Philippe, had picked up when Charles X. dropped it in his flight from Paris, after the "Three Glorious Days" of July, 1830.

When he was ten years of age Comte de Paris was, with his grandfather, King Louis Philippe, driven from France by the revolution of 1848.

Though too young to remember his father's death, Comte de Paris doubtless always remembered the scene when his brave mother took him and his brother to the chamber of deputies, only to escape therefrom at the peril of their lives. After many dangers, the fugitives succeeded in crossing the frontier, and went to live at a country house belonging to the grand duke of Saxe-Weimar.

The exiled king and queen reached England, and there the ex-king died in 1850. Ever afterwards Comte de Paris has occupied the position of pretender to the French throne.

He has lived a very quiet life, enlivened by very slight conspiracies, none of which involved any very dangerous schemes, and as a result he has been very little before the public eye.

The only time, indeed, when he came very prominently before the world was in 1861, when, accompanied by his brother, Duc de Chartres, and his uncle, Prince de Joinville, he came to America and offered his services as a volunteer to aid in the preservation of the union. Gen. McClellan, then commander of the army of the Potomac, made him and his brother officers on his staff, with the rank of captain.

John Jacob Astor, whose name will always be a synonym for millionaire in the United States, was also on the staff of the general. Both the distinguished foreigners were obedient, well-behaved and thoroughly acquainted with the duty of their positions. Comte de Paris was repeatedly intrusted by Gen. McClellan with important and dangerous commissions, which he fulfilled with credit and ability. For more than a year the comte participated in the varying fortunes of the army of the Potomac, accepting no pay for his services.

France began shortly after this to interfere in Mexican affairs, and there arose a coolness between this country and the comte's, which led to the comte's resignation, lest he might be called upon to fight his own people. He therefore resigned his commission, in spite of Gen. McClellan's efforts to retain his services.

The overthrow of Napoleon III. and the downfall of the second empire at last enabled the comte to return to France. The third republic, very soon after it was established, fell into the hands of a coalition of royalists, who permitted the Orleans princes to return to their native land and restored them their estates, which had been confiscated by Napoleon III., with forty million francs as an indemnity for the deprivation of their revenues. The comte received his share, and also his ancestral estate.

For awhile it seemed very probable that the monarchy would be restored; but, as the partisans of the other claimants refused to help them, the French people at last got tired and became for the most part good republicans. In 1873, when it was too late to do any good, all the claimants to the French throne, except the Bonapartists, recognized the comte as de jure king of France.

A royalist demonstration in 1886 led to the exile of the comte and all members of his family.

He took up his residence in England, and from that country issued manifestoes declaring that the men who were ruling France had lost the confidence of the people, and the only salvation of the nation was to restore the monarchical form of government.

The new head of the French royal house—Louis Phillippe Robert—is quick, intelligent, active, energetic, passionately fond of movement, and uncompromising in the expression of his thoughts and feelings. In disposition and temperament he is singularly unlike his father, who was one of the best informed men living, a deep thinker and a scholar.

What influence the new pretender will exert on the destinies of France cannot be guessed, but the probabilities are that, like his father, he will live and die a mere pretender—a king without a throne or a crown.

A New View of the Ox.

"A railroad train that I was on the other day," said a man, "went with a rush and a roar across a little bridge under which at that moment there was a man driving an ox team. A moment later as we rushed on we saw the team out on the road, the oxen jumping and skipping and apparently trying to run away. The driver was standing in the cart and swinging his goad around and bringing it down on them with vigorous whacks; finally he checked 'em. I don't pretend to know much about oxen, maybe they're given to running away, but to me it was a new view of the dull and plodding ox."

—During the years from 1835 to 1850 poisoning by means of arsenic became so common in England that parliament in 1851 passed very stringent laws regulating the sale of this poison.—Philadelphia Record.

TO PREVENT FIRES.

Official Caretakers and Local Financial Responsibility Necessary.

People who live among our forests have seen them burn so often, while no effort was made to ascertain the cause or punish the carelessness or criminality of the incendiary, that they have naturally come to consider forest property in a class by itself, with no right to protection against fire, like a dwelling house or other property. Not until these views are radically changed, says Garden and Forest, and it is appreciated that a forest fire, from its possible magnitude, is the worst possible fire, will legislation be of substantial value. What such legislation should be in its essence is well set forth in a circular to lumbermen prepared by B. E. Fernow and sent out by the department of agriculture. An efficient law will assume that organized machinery must be provided to make it effective, and, since the damage done by forest fires extends beyond mere private and personal loss, the state must be represented by some one empowered to organize a fire service. Responsibility for the execution of the law must rest upon this executive head, and facilities for prosecuting offenders must be at his command. Nothing like any voluntary service can be trusted. Officials must be paid and must be held responsible for care in performing their duties and obedience to regulations. This point cannot be insisted upon too strongly. Protection against fires will cost money, and this fact must be recognized at the outset. Again, the common interest in the protection of property must be recognized by creating financial liability for its enforcement on the part of the community and its members—that is, each county, for example, must be obliged to pay into the state treasury a certain sum of money for every acre burned over each year, as a fire indemnity fund, to be applied to the maintenance of the system and for the payment of damages to those whose property has been burned without neglect on their own part.

A law based on such principles is now in force in Maine, and the people of that state are proving that it can be made effective.

TWO VIEWS OF CHINA.

Prelates Say She Has Neither Soldiers Nor Patriots.

"I think it is one of the most thoughtful points in Divine Providence that the Chinaman was born anything but a soldier," said Rt. Rev. Joseph Key, bishop and late episcopal pastor of China and Japan of the M. E. church south. "Why," continued the prelate, "it is a fact which a great many people know, and yet which few stop to seriously consider, that if all the people of this earth were to pass before you on review every third one would be a Chinaman. If they were a warlike race, or if, in fact, they were not strongly averse to war, they could overturn the world. The Chinese army is but a skeleton. From the emperor down to the most petty officer in the empire it is a system of squeezing, and they are all there to make what is in sight. There are a number of posts in China, each in command of a general, and he is supposed to have several thousand men. Really, he will have but few. When word reaches him that inspection of his forces will be made on a certain day he goes out into the rice fields and easily gathers the requisite number, each one of whom he furnishes with an imperial ensign and proudly puts them through some sort of evolution before the inspector, who counts them, and after finding the requisite number makes the general the annual allowance. When he is well out of the section the men are paid for their time and sent back to the rice fields. Of course, there are some regular troops, but the knowledge of such action on the part of the commandant at interior posts caused me to say it was but a skeleton."

Mgr. Philibert Termoz, prelate of the pope, who comes upon an apostolic mission and who arrived in San Francisco from the orient the other day, has spent several years in Japan and China.

"The great trouble with China," he said, "is the lack of patriotism among the people. In Japan every mother's son is steeped in patriotism. In China a viceroy and a number of soldiers are hired to defend the country. They might be so many Hessians for all the patriotism they possess."

WEALTH IN CIGAR STUBS.

Remarkable Work of a Collector of the Refuse.

The story told by Mr. Jonathan Pinchbeck at North London police court the other day is so remarkable as fully to deserve the prominence that has been given it in the press, says London Truth. Mr. Pinchbeck, among other striking statements, asserts that from January, 1876, to January, 1893, he picked up on his way to and from work in the neighborhood of Clapton 600,000 cigar ends, which he valued at £1,800. He estimates the distance covered in these daily walks at 11,823 miles. Even allowing him a walk on Sundays, this would mean that for seventeen years he picked up very nearly 100 cigar ends per day in the course of less than a two-mile walk. Each walk would not have taken him much over an hour. Further, in seventeen years he collected tobacco to the value of £1,800, which means a return of about £106 per annum, or over 40 shillings per week, for an hour's work per day. If this can be done in the neighborhood of Clapton, the returns would be vastly greater in the West End, where cigar ends are presumably more plentiful. The vicar of All Souls', Clapton, has written to the papers to guarantee that Mr. Pinchbeck is a deserving man. If the vicar can also guarantee that he is a truthful one, a new and lucrative industry has been discovered.

The Early Man.

Speculations as to the early condition of the first men and women are by no means pleasant ones. There were no words expressive of love or hate, simply coughings, splutterings, hissings. We did not stand erect, but crouched. The legs were without any calf. If the Ainu is taken as a type, we were covered with short hair, which, it is believed, ran into shades of red. Foreheads were low and protruded, mouths mere muzzles, and the teeth were like fangs. Ears ran to points, and there were no lobes at the base.

HORSEFLESH FOR FOOD.

The Taste for It Spreading in Europe—Sentiment and Science Against It.

Hippophagy, or to speak less euphemistically, the habit of eating horseflesh, is spreading in Europe. While savage man is known to have sated his ravenous hunger on horseflesh or any other variety of flesh he could find, the modern origin of this peculiar taste dates from the siege of Paris, during the Franco-Prussian war, when the populace were compelled from dire necessity to sacrifice this noble quadruped to sustain life. Many acquired a taste for the meat and the demand for it did not cease with the capitulation of the city.

It was to be seen on sale at many of the butchers' stalls, and has been ever since a staple article of diet for thousands of the poor of the French capital. For horseflesh is much cheaper than beef. Beef in Paris is worth twenty cents a pound, while horseflesh can be had for eight cents a pound, which affords a reason why the barbarous custom should take a firm hold upon these people when once necessity gave it root.

Once planted in Paris the practice spread to other continental cities, especially Berlin, where horseflesh is consumed in considerable quantities by the poorer classes, and the medical authorities and humanitarians are raising their voices against what they justly consider a barbarous and dangerous custom.

The medical men warn the eaters of horseflesh that the horse is peculiarly liable to the disease known as trichinosis, also found in hogs, and while cooking generally destroys the germs of this disease, it cannot always be depended on to do so. The disease is frightfully fatal in its effects and baffles medical skill.

The humanitarians take the ground of sentiment, urging the almost human affection of the horse and the close companionship he has shared with man since the dawn of the human race. A base return, they deem it, to slaughter and eat this noble creatdre. In spite of these warnings and protests hippophagy is on the increase in Europe. It has not yet reached England, nor is it likely to as long as the roast beef and mutton of Australia and New Zealand last. Still, if the sentimental Britishers are too squeamish to eat their horses, they are not too squeamish to sell them to the continent to be eaten. Quite a number of superannuated equines are exported for that purpose.

RIDE FOR LIFE IN ARIZONA.

A Plucky Woman Who Saved a Snake-Bitten Miner from Death.

At Smith's mill, fifty miles northwest of Phenix, arising from his cot the other night for a drink of water, says the Tucson Miner, Harry Carroll stepped squarely upon a rattlesnake and was bitten upon the bare foot. There were two pints of frontier whisky at the camp, and one of these Carroll immediately dumped into his system. Stowing the other in his pocket, he then mounted a horse and started for the stage station at the canyon of the Hassayampa, a dozen miles away. On the road he drank the remaining flask, and from that time on knew nothing, save that he fell from his horse. Mrs. Conger, the custodian of the station, was alarmed to see the horse coming back, and mounted the animal, and, accompanied by her dog, she started on the search. Eight miles away, in the stony hills, fully exposed to the glare of Arizona's July sun, solely through the intelligence of the dog, Carroll was found lying unconscious. He had been there eleven hours. The plucky woman loaded the suffering man on the horse and, bringing him to the mill, nursed him out of danger. The day was hot in the extreme, and the dog, searching for the man, became overheated and on returning to the camp died within a few hours. It may be believed that he was given a burial as good as the camp could afford.

"I WANT TO KISS PAPA."

Pathetic Appeal of a Little Girl Whose Father Had Been Sent to Prison.

Among the prisoners arraigned in Jefferson Market police court the other day, says the New York Recorder, was a laborer, charged with intoxication. As he was led from the notsome pen a pale, careworn woman, leading a pretty child of four years, made her way to the bar and began to plead in his behalf. He had taken his bit too much, to be sure, and it wasn't the first time, alas! but he was a good man when himself. Couldn't the judge be easy on him? Upon the stolid, well-fed magistrate this plea had some effect, but not much.

"Ten days!" was the laconic sentence, after a brief interview with the policeman who had made the arrest.

The unhappy wife turned away with a sob, but the little girl held back, and, grasping her father's hand inquired: "Aren't you going home with us, papa?"

The prisoner's eyes filled with tears, and he tried to whisper something to the little one, but a big policeman grasped him roughly by the arm and hustled him away.

"Don't do that! Don't take my father away! I want to kiss papa!" cried the child, struggling to follow the hard-hearted bluecoat and his captive. She had her way, too, for that policeman would have made himself the most unpopular person in New York if he had not pleased to allow the unhappy little family to exchange affectionate farewells. And the child was led from the ugly place wondering what it all meant.

Where Was He Brought Up?

Who says there is no American language? Harper's Magazine gives the following story as evidence that in some portions of our land a tongue is spoken that is distinctively our own. Prof. F., of Harvard, tells the tale. He was at a picnic, and after the affair was well under way a carpenter, a sturdy New Englander, appeared on the scene with several planks, out of which he proceeded to construct the dinner-tables. Noting the thickness of the planks, the professor chaffingly inquired why it was necessary to use such heavy timber. "Why?" returned the carpenter. "Why, in order that not when dinner's half eat tables might squash and victuals leave us." It was some hours before the professor was able to translate this satisfactorily, but he finally discovered that it could be done.

HOBBES AND GEOMETRY.

How He Happened to Fall in Love with It—Went to Oxford.

Hobbes got his Latin and Greek at Malmesbury from a young scholar named Richard Latymer, newly come from the university (doubtless meaning Oxford), and, as was then common, he acquired by exclusive attention to those languages a facility in them which now seems not only precocious but almost monstrous, says the National Review. "It is not to be forgotten," says Aubrey, "that before he went to the university he had turned Euripidis Medea out of Greek into Latin iambiques, which he presented to his master." We need not regret that this performance is not preserved, for Hobbes, though ready enough in handling both Greek and Latin, does not appear to have been a fine or accurate scholar.

Hobbes was not yet fifteen when he went to Oxford. He did not care much for logic, yet he learned it and thought himself a good disputant. There is no reason to think he learned anything else at Oxford save a strong dislike of academic institutions and methods. He turned from the official studies to amuse himself with geography and voyages. As to mathematics, there was no official recognition of them at all while Hobbes was at the university. So there is nothing improbable in the statement that Hobbes had never opened a copy of Euclid until he was near middle age. The story is best told in Aubrey's own words:

"He was forty years old before he looked on geometry, which happened accidentally, being in a gentleman's library, 'Euclid's Elements' lay open and it was the 47th Prob., Lib. I. So he reads the proposition. 'By——?' says he, 'this is impossible.' So he reads the demonstration of it, which referred him back to another, which he also read, 'et sic deinceps,' that at last he was demonstratively convinced of that truth. This made him in love with geometry."

CHINESE CONSUMPTIVES.

The Mongolians Speedily Succumb to the Dread Disease.

That there is a large Chinese population in Boston is well known, and yet it is seldom that one hears of a death in the Chinese quarter. The proportion of Chinese residents, says the Boston Transcript, is small as compared with those of other nationalities, and there is no way to tell the exact number of deaths among them, as they are recorded by the city officials under the head of miscellaneous nationalities. Inquiry reveals the fact that Chinamen in nearly every case die of consumption. They are ill, as a rule, but a short time. In their native country their principal diet is rice, which, from its healthfulness, tends to lengthen life. When they begin business here all their habits change. They work early and late, seldom leaving their shops, and as they succeed they begin to eat American food. It is remarked by all with whom they have dealings that they always buy the best the markets afford. It is their custom to work until midnight or after and then enjoy a hearty meal. If they are well to do they are certain to have chickens and whatever fruit can be procured, no matter how expensive it may be. If they have just started in the laundry business it is quite likely that they will form a company and adjourn to the nearest "night lunch wagon" or restaurant.

Living, as most of them do, in such small rooms, when sickness overtakes them they cannot receive proper care and they are carried to the hospitals.

IT WAS NO CAT.

The Malodorous Experience of Two Unsophisticated Policemen.

Two policemen were trudging along their beat on Pequot avenue, in the heart of New London, at a late hour the other night, says the Boston Herald, and they were not hunting at all—not scenting game at any rate—when a thickset looking cat sauntered along the sidewalk, clad in a gay striped suit fashionable in country walks at this season.

"Kitty! Kitty!" called one patrolman, kindly. "Come here, kee-ecty!" and then he tapped the stranger gently with the tip of his night stick.

But it was not a cat in the least—not a cat of the kind they were used to—and it grossly and basely abused their confidence, and so they fairly hammered the stuffing out of the ungrateful beast, both men did.

In fact it seemed as if they could never get their till of satisfaction out of it, so brimful of indignation and resentment and other emotions and things were they; and then they bore the frail remains of their prey into the police station with more deference than tenderness.

But the police captain temporarily excused them from doing further duty in the populous and cultured walks of the town, and nightly now they patrol a lonesome and sequestered picket in the far outskirts, and relations are strained between them and the rest of their fellow-citizens.

England's Submarine Cable System.

The war in Corea has just brought out prominently the control which England has over the submarine cable system of the world. English companies own lines having a length of more than 150,000 miles, which cost over £30,000,000 and produce a revenue of more than £4,000,000. The government has done everything in its power to facilitate the laying of these cables by subvention and patronage, and the preliminary surveys have been nearly all made by the naval authorities. In return the companies are obliged to give priority to the dispatches of the imperial and colonial governments over all others, to employ no foreigners and to allow no wire to be under the control of foreign governments, and in case of war to replace their servants by government officials when required.

Only Six Tons of It.

There are only six tons of platinum commercially in existence; it is indispensable for glow electric lamps, for no other metal as good an electrical conductor can be fused into the glass. Therefore, its price has increased within recent years many hundred times and threatens to go yet higher. Either a substitute conductor will have to be discovered or a new variety of glass made with a coefficient of expansion nearer that of ordinary metal. There is a big bonanza here for some inventor.