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NUMBER 6.

VOLUME XXIX.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1895.

600)-BYT--70 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 than carry anything over we will sell at a sacrifice. A Genuine Bargain for everybody.

NOTICE A FEW OF OUR PRICES

Marie from emiliar in the			-	14	\$ 31,500	former price,	\$ 5.00	Notice Our	Pi	ice	es o	n	Dr	у.	Goo	ds.	
dens fine suits.	-	100	-		7.00:	former price,	10:00	All-Wool Henrietta, finest,			+	- 2		-			cents.
Baga Lacentha a			-	-	861105	former-price.	12.00	Lancaster Grighams,		100	- 4		-				cents.
Lore Core, States 18	-	-	-		12.1911-	Corner ration	7:1-13:1	Fine Cashmeres, in all colors,							221c.,		
louid), in SHRS, 3	-		=	-	30.00:	former pri e.	15,00	Fine Cashmeres, in all colors Fine All-Wool Cloth, in all c		*			100		30c.,		
and a trace state—the best					0.06	2.50, \$,00 and	E 13.50	Fine Gingham,	olors	4	1 4	-		la-			
late I in exemplate.					5.008	Commercial	8.00	Fine Bletched Medie							Q.,,	worth	
ha a Title excensions.	-	2	147		15,190;	former price.	9:00	Fine Unbleached Muslin,	-				+		6c.,	worth	
let 1 to Overvials.	90.0		in-	-	7.000	former price.	12.00	Fine Unbleached Muslin, Fine Bleached and Unbleache Fine Blue Calico,	ed C	otton	Flam	nel,		-	7C.,	worth	
dina l'un trorre sife :			-		9:00:	former price,	15,00	A full line of Blankets, -			-	٠.		-	75c. to	worth	
We Will New	Office	Van	Cino	nt I				A full line of Horse Blankets.									Paris.

How Do You Like These Prices on Potters' Oil Cloth? 80 to 1.50 Fine Floor Oil Cloth, 1 yard wide, Fine Floor Oil Cloth, 11 yards wide, 35c. per yard. 1.25 to 2.75 Fine Floor Oil Cloth, 2 yards wide, .20 to [1.50] Fine Table Oil Cloth, assorted,

N - A FEW LADIES' COATS TO CLOSE OUT AT \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00 AND \$7.00; FORMER PRICES, \$5.00,

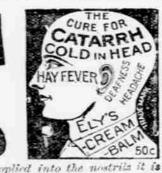
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The I release from Sic. up to \$1.00 for the best. Fine Civer thirts, Jersey or Cloth, from 40c, up to 1.25, the best. Fine Hats from 50c, to 1.50 for the the Har is as good as any other Hat in the ecumity for 2.50. We also have a fine line of Trunks—the Chearest and Best you ever saw. Come one

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FATS TO ADVERTISE. RAIL THE NEWS, READ THE PREE-

Ebeasburg Fire Insurance Agency T. W. DICK, General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

THE MARKETS.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 5 WHEAT-No 1 red, 55@56c; No. 2 red, 54/3 CORN-No. 2 yellow ear, 476748c; mixed ear, 45 d 46c; No. 2 yellow shelled, 46 d 47c OATS-No. 1 white, 351-3636; No. 2 do., 3414

HAY-Choice timothy, \$12.00@12.50; No. timothy, \$11.00 #11.25; No. 2 timothy, \$10.25 4 10.50; mixed cover and timothy, \$10.00 #10.50; packing, \$8.00 ad.50; No. 1 feeding prairie, \$8.50 BUTTER - Eigin creamery, 26@27c; Ohio fancy creamery, 23% 23c; fancy country roil, 18st 20c; low grades and cooking, 9st 10c. new, 11 9 a 12c; limberger, fall make, 10 10 d He: constn Swiss, 13:61356; Ohio Swiss, 1156 EGGS - Strictly fresh Pennsylvania and

Onto cases, 30 a33c; storage, ligible; southern and western, tresh, 28#30c. POULTRY-Large live chickens, 65/870; per pair, live chickens, small, 40 050;; ducks, 60.5 So per pair, as to size; dressed chickens, 12.5 ISc per pound; turkeys, 13@13; per pound; ducks, 14@15c; live turkeys, 9@10c per pound; live ge ese, 90c/6\$1.00 per pair.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., Pub. 5. CATTLE-Receipts fair, but the demand s better and the market stronger at unchanged prices; only a few cars on sale. Prime \$5.00x5.20; good, \$4.45x4.65; good butchers, \$5.00x4.15; rough fat, \$5.00x5.70; fair light steers, \$3.10.63.35; good fat cows and heifers, \$3.25.63.80; bulls, stags and cows. \$2,00003.35; fresh cows and springers, \$150035. HOGS-Receipts light, but demand is only fair, market steady at about unchanged prices. Heavy Philacolphias, \$4.55:94.45; medium Philadelphias \$4.30.04.35; best Yorkers, \$4.30.04.85;

steady; market active and steady on both sheep and lambs at the following prices: Extra, \$3.8064.10; good, \$3.2063.60; fair, \$2.306 275; common \$1,00 (2.0); yearlings, \$2.35.4 3.90; best lambs, \$4 + 15; common to fair lambs, \$2.50(64.00 co. 4.55g5 25; heavy and thin calves. \$2.00 dains

CINCINNATI, Feb 3. HOGS-Market stronger and higher at\$4 00% 130; receipts, 1,000 head; shipments, 1,600 CATTLE-Market in fair demand and steady at \$2,00%5.00; receipts, 200 head; shipments, 300. SHEEP AND LAMBS-Sheep, market strong at \$1.7564.50; receipts, 300 head; shipments, 500 head. Lambs in fair demand and firm at

NEW YORK, Peb. 5. WHEAT-Spot market firmer. No. 2 red, store and elevator, 57% c; affoat, 58%; f. o. b., 58%; c; No. 1 northern, 67% de delivered; No. 1 hard, 69c delivered. CORN-Spot market firmer. No. 2, #7e; steamer mixed, 4654c elevator; No. 3, 47549

OATS—Spot market closed firm. No. 2, 33/4 53/4c. No. 2 delivered, 34(934/4c; No. 8, 82/4c; No. 2 white, 35%(336c; No. 3 white, 35c; track white western, 36@4016c; track white state, CATTLE-European cables quote American steers at 11%13c per pound, dressed weight; refrigerator beef at 9%10c. SHEEP AND LAMBS-Market active, 140540 higher. Sheep, inferior to prime, \$4.00@4.75; ambs, fair to choice, \$5.50@5.86. HOGS-Market steady, hogs, \$4.30g4.70; pigs, \$4.75.

ATLANTA, Feb. 6.-The county commissioners of De Kalb have discovered an apparent shortage of \$16,920 in the accounts of ex-Treasurer J A. Mason of that county Mason had been treasurer of the county for many successive terms up to the last election, when he was defeated. Soon after his defeat his house was partly destroyed by fire and the books of his office badly damaged. This has made the investigation a tedious one. Mason is well-to-do and will make

good the shortage. Gold Found In Siberia. St. Petersburg, Feb. 6.-The Siberian newspapers announce the discovery of rich and extensive gold fields along | job some time next week, sure." the upper reaches of the River Neya, Nina and Uibat, in the province of Ven- picions. - Washington Star. iseisk, East Siberia.

WOMEN WHO WRITE. A Delightful Comparative Study with the

When a man writes he wants pomp and circumstance and eternal space from which to draw. If he writes at home says the Boston Advertiser he needs a study or a library, and he wants the key lost and the keyhole pasted over so that no one can disturb im. His finished products are of much importance to him, and, for a time, he wonders why the planets have not changed their orbits or the sunshine acquired a new brilliancy because he has written something by a castiron

A woman picks up some scraps of a copybook or the back of a pattern. charpens her peneil with the seissors or gnaws the end sharper. She takes an old geography, tucks her foot under her, sucks her pencil periodically and produces literature

She can write with Genevieve pound ing out her exercises on the piano, with Mary buzzing over her history lesson for to-morrow. Tommy teasing the baby, and the baby pulling the eat's tail. The domestic comes and goes for directions and supplies, but the course of true love runs on, the lovers woo and win, and the villains kill and die among the most commonplace surroundings.

A man's best efforts, falling short of genius, are apt to be stilted, but the woman who writes will often, with the stump of a pencil and amid the distractions above mentioned, produce a tender bit of a poem, a dramatic situation or a page of description that, though critics rave, lives on, travels through the exchanges and finds a place in the scrapbooks of the men and women who know a good thing when they see it, whether there is a well-known name signed to it or not.

Napoleon's Opinion of Love. During the period when Napoleon was with his regiment at Auxonne, as lieutenant of artillery, he devoted much of his spare time to authorship. He wrote two short pieces, one a "Dialogue on Love," and the other "Reflections on the State of Nature." Prof. William M. Sloane, in his new "Life of Napoleon," quotes the following interesting extract from the former in the Century: "I too was once in love," he says of himself. It could not well have been in Ajaccio, and it must have been the memories of the old Valence, of a pleasant existence now ended, which ealled forth the deleful confession. It was the future Napoleon who was presaged in the antithesis. "I go further than the denial of its existence; I be lieve it hurtful to society, to the individual welfare of men."

A Deep-Laid Scheme. "Yours is a perplexing case," said the oculist. "You call red 'purple' and referred to Nile green as 'Turkey

"Yes," replied the visitor with a contented smile, "I guess I was born that wav. "It's the most aggravated case of

color blindness I ever encountered in my professional experience." "That's it. I want you to write me out a statement to that effect. Never mind what the fee is. You see my wife has a lot of samples she wants matched, and she'll ask me to take the And then the oculist had his sus-

And often has she paused to braid In smoother form the loosened tress: Again, with careful hands she wrought The satin sheen upon my hair.

My mother's hand was often laid

Upon my head in fond caress.

The rose gainst brown to make it fair.

GOD'S CARE.

But the hairs of your head are all numbered.

Or laid, with loving mother-thought,

If, tossing on a bed of pain Through long and wenry days, the strands

Like sadly-tangled web became. What tender touch was in her hands, As part by part she straightened it

And smoothed it o'er, the while she gave, With cheering voice and face love-lit,

Her loving watch-care o'er my head Was constant as the vital breath; But never yet hath it been said:

"Thy very hairs she numbereth." Oh. Father's love, unfathomed yet! Like voice when mother comforteth, Close to our need this word is set:

Thy very hairs He numbereth."

-Fannie L. Hall, in thicago Advance.

A FALSE MASCOT.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

King was giving a dinner in honor of his promotion. He was first lieutenant now, and had a fair chance of paying off some of his debts. Not that e was a young man of particularly extravagant habits; but a second lieutenant, be he married or single, is always more or less in debt. He is expeeted and forced by an unwritten law to make quite as good a showing as his colonel and to keep up quite as much of an appearance.

The dinner was a little unique. All the officers were to leave at one o'clock that morning on a scout. They were in their field clothes, at King's re quest, and had already the rough, unshaven look of men able and willing to do or dare anything. In the hall of King's bachelor quarters their felt scouting hats hung on the rack; on the porches of their own houses their messkits, ready packed, stood waiting to be strapped upon the mules; their clothing and bedding, wrapped in shelter-tents and ponchos, were beside

Here in the dining-room-lighted by a lamp which King had admired while on leave, and had gone a month into debt to buy, and another which, in a fit of economy, he had obtained from the quartermaster, and which hung in uncompromising ugliness over the table - sat a company of twelve. Women in evening-gowns, strangely beautiful and modish in contrast to their surroundings, and men in uniforms very shiny at the seams, blue flannel shirts and top-boots; they were cavalrymen, and belonged to King's regiment. Their gayety was not that of prisoners just before execution, although there was the chance that anyone, or possibly all, of them might never come back alive; but when one has become used to going off every spring, and sometimes every autumn, to chase-how often in vain!-the wily red man, one ceases to consider the possibilities of the outcome, and besides it is not often that officers are killed in Indian fights; there is frequently a pretty animated exchange of bullets, but the death list is not

Howbeit, there are exceptions to the rule. So these men, each one under a possible sentence of death, and these women, each one, perchance, to say good-by forever to the man at her side, talked and laughed in utter carelessness, finding only an added zest in the rough clothing of the men. and a little deeper interest in the plans they were laying for their camps and their discussions of the contents of the mess-chests.

The dinner did not go off without a hitch; that was hardly to be expected in this far-off part of the world, a hundred or more miles from the nearest railroad, dependent on a commissary department and a sutler's for its supplies; but nothing mattered and nothing was noticed.

After a time they all rose and went out on the porch, where the men smoked their eigars. They had not stayed at the table and sent the women into the parlor this time. They were army officers and preferred their feminine friends to their tobacco, and each one was glad to ignore a custom which made it the proper thing to deprive himself of the women for even so short a time; they were glad of the excuse which the coming parting gave them of making the most of the few remaining hours.

The night was dully dark, the outlines of the foothills and the mountains beyond them could not be seen, but a flicker of light in the distance, from some Indian signal fires, told where they were. Coyotes were howling up by the graveyard, there was a sound of preparation in the barracks and occasionally the neigh of a horse at the stables.

The sergeant of the guard called out "ten o'clock," and the officers made a movement to get their hats; there was still much to be done before the night march commenced. King sat on the railing of the porch, talking to a woman leaning against a post. He could not see her, but knew that her beauti-

ful face was there close to his. That was enough. He was asking for a promise before he should start off into the heavy darkness across the plains. But the woman had no wish to promise; she enjoyed King's uncertainty far too much; it would have been commonplace to have been engaged-she had discovered that on previous occasions-but to have him for a suitor would not be so bad; he was handsome, manly, brave and her abject slave. Besides, if she were to bind herself she felt that this time. with this man, she would have to keep

her word. She laughed slowly as he continued to beg the promise. "I'll tell you what I'll do; I will give you the next best thing to me-a picture of myself. I am always a mascot; my picture will be more of one. I will give it to you when you start; of course, we'll all be there to see you off. Now, remember," she went on, waxing eloquent as the charm of her idea grew upon her, and speaking with conviction-"remember that wherever you may go, in whatever peril you may be, whoever shall threaten or warn you, you need have no fear; if I were there in person I would be exempt from danger; so my picture-my other me-will also be, and if it is with you no harm can come near."

And King had to be content. There was no time to say more, for the men were leaving and orderlies passing

backward and forward. Through the sightless darkness

King walked home with the girl and caught no glimpse of the face he kissed so tenderly at parting. Out of the blackness a hand he could not see rested on his; up from the gulf of the night two lips were raised to his; then he turned and walked back to his quarters, lit a cigar, and gave his striker orders concerning the disposal

of his scouting outfit. In the silence of midnight the troops rode away. The tramp of their horses, the muffled clanking of their accoutrements could be heard, but not a thing seen save the burning points of light from the officers' cigarettes. The signal fires of the Indians flashed and went out on the mountains. There were no bugle calls, no loud orders even, for the enemy had its spies lurking behind every mes quite-bush, gliding beside every trail.

In front of the commanding officer's, the officers halted before they started off; the women, still in their evening gowns, crowded around them to say good-by. They could recognize faces only when the light from the commandant's windows fell upon them, beyond that all was dark.

King waited for the mascot that had been promised him, and was despairing, when he felt something hard slipped between his fingers and heard a voice, which seemed to come out of the inky air, murmur: "Adios." "Adios," he answered, and followed the sound of the hoofs of his captain's

In the midst of the chaparral, trotting slowly along with the column, he struck a match and looked at the bit of pasteboard in his hand. The light was uncertain, but he could make out a head and neck, and the eyes seemed to glitter. Then a gust of wind blew out the match, and a coyote yelped

The rations were almost out, and orders were to return to the post for fresh supplies. King was happy at the prospect, naturally. He drew out his mascot from time to time and looked at the beautiful face thereon, the lips half parted, the eyes glancing from under heavy lids; it was only a head, with masses of fluffy hair fading into the shaded background, but it was beautiful, perfect.

The twilight came on. They had marched all the afternoon; they were weary of chasing phantoms, of follow ing useless trails. They passed through a pine forest and the darkness deep-

A creek at the bottom of a gully flowed along in the shadow of the pines. The column went down to it, listening to the sound of the rippling water. All else was quiet. Suddenly no one spoke. The black wings of the pines, like a shadow of doom, lay over

A crack, a hiss, a bullet striking through flesh, a startled murmur. orders ringing on the air in the midst of the shots, then the soldiers returned the fire of their unseen foes. On all sides they were surrounded, but the gully was wide enough for a little maneuvering; the men got under the shelter of an abrupt rising of the bank and had only to defend themselves from three sides.

They were badly frightened-not as cowards, but as men who are fond of life and mean to sell it dearly. It was an ugly position, and not a few fell face downward in the dancing mountain stream. The only person who seemed completely to ignore the danger was King. A cigarette between his teeth, he strolled, with apparently utter carelessness, up and down under cover of the bullets of his men and in full range of the Indians hidden up above behind the tree

Some way the thought of the mascot under his coat gave him a sense of security. He heard again the sound of the voice which said to him from the darkness: "If my picture is with you, no harm can come near." He felt again the touch of the phantom-like hand, the warmth of the lips he could

There was a sharp pain in his breast. He gave a little cry and fell, his fair head half buried in the pine-needles.

The girl, when she heard of it from the dust-stained courier, grew uneasy. She was afraid that her picture might be found on the body, and that the man she had promised to marry-the middle-aged colonel, who had great ideas of her constancy-might hear of

But he did not. There was a photograph found in King's pocket, but the bullet had plowed right through the face, and it was so smeared with blood as to be unrecognizable. It was sent back east to his family. - San Francisco Argonaut.

FUNERAL NOTES.

THE Roman catacombs were originally quarries. It is believed that some of them long antedate the foundation of the city. In course of time they became so extensive that the whole capital was undermined.

MANY nations have followed the practice of placing a coin in the mouth of the deceased to pay his way across the river that encircles Hades. Generally a coin of small value was deemed sufficient for this purpose. A THIBETAN tribe keeps a regular

watch over the cemeteries, and the duty of the guard is to pray aloud whenever he sees a meteor. The belief is that the shooting stars are evil spirits in search of the souls of the dead. THERE are over sixty catacombs known to exist in Rome or its immediate vicinity. The entire length of the passages that have been measured is five hundred and eighty miles, and it is estimated that from six million to fifteen million dead are there interred.

No Law Against It.

A prisoner in India recently, on being released, revenged himself on the assistant commissioner who had sentenced him by cutting off one-half of his mustache while he was sleeping out of doors on a hot night. It was then found that there was no way of punishing him under the penal code. for, while cutting the hair of a native is punishable as dishonoring the person, there is no such provision for Englishmen, and the bodily harm done was too slight to be considered an offense.

FROZEN FISH IN THE ARCTIC.

A Vast Shoal of Them Encountered Recently in Behring Sea. Some recently returned salmon fishers, whalers and scalers from the Arctie tell of a strange thing-an occurrence without a parallel in the experience of those who sailed to the far

north, says the San Francisco Chron-

A sea captain who was a passenger on the salmon schooner Glenn tells the story with much circumstance The Glenn left the city in Murch last, bound for Behring sea, which was reached May 4. In the latter month there is usually a little drift ice, but seldom enough to interfere materially with the progress of the many whalers, sealers and other craft which make for the sea at that time of the year. This season, however, the sea was literally covered with drift ice, extending from the Alaskan peninsula clear across northward to the Yukon. The southwest winds usually blow off shore, and driving the ice further from the land leave a passage between ice and land. The Glenn intended to make Bristol bay and stood to the eastward, but was unable to reach it on account of the ice, and so had to put back toward the peninsula to await the delayed southeast winds

It was while the Glenn and four others passed up toward Bristol bay that the phenomenon was encountered. The vessel had just emerged from Ounimak pass, about half way between Amoukhta island and Bristol bay. when a vast quantity of dead fish were encountered. They were in the water as far as the eye could see on each side of the vessel, and for sixty miles the Glenn traveled through the shoals of

On examination they proved to be silver hake, a kind of codfish, but narrower and smaller, and having only two dorsal and one anal fin. They weighed between four and five pounds, and were perfectly fresh, the gills being still red. Some of the sailors were afraid to eat them, thinking they had perhaps been killed by some subterranean upheaval or, possibly, through the overflow from the volcano of Wenyalmnor, which was active last fall. Other sailors, less fastidious, did not hesitate to cut the flesh open, and then a peculiar condition was revealed. Although the fish were fresh and had not stiffened, the gills and i were found to be full of ice. This was not the case in one instance, but with every fish which was opened, and apparently accounted for their sudden subterranean upheaval.

The anomalous condition of the flesh was the subject of much talk and speculation. That the fish should be comparatively limber and that there should be ice within them seemed to indicate that a shoul of them had been suddenly overtaken and frozen to death, and on the thawing out of the ice the earcasses had been released, but had not cisen in temperature sufficiently to thaw out the ice in their bodies. Those of the sailors who cooked the fish said that they tasted as good as ever, and that they were not tainted by sulphur. as they might have been in their death being due to a sudden subterranean

The area of the frozen fish was not less than half a mile wide and sixty miles long. When the Glenn on its nomeward-bound journey reached Onnimak pass again. August 29, every sign of the fish had disappeared. Many had doubtless been eaten by the gulls and other birds, and others had sunk in the warm water.

SUN AND MOON.

A Couple of Interesting Folklore Stories Concerning Those Luminaries. The most touching of all folklore

stories may be found in Charles F. Lummis' "Pueblo Folklore." It is one of the many myths of the moon and beautifully conceived. The sun is the Allfather, the moon the Allmother, and both shine with equal light in the heavens. But the Trues, the superior divinities, find that man, the animals, the flowers, weary of a constant day. They agree to put out the Allfather's-or sun's-eyes. The Allnother-the moon-offers herself as a sacrifice. "Blind me," she says, "and leave my husband's eyes." The Trues say: "It is good, woman." They accept the sacrifice, and take away one of Allmother's eyes. Hence the moon is less brilliant than the sun. Then man finds rest at night, and the flowers sleep. In Mrs. Leiber Cohen's translation of Sacher Masoch's "Jewish Tales" there is a variant of the sun and noon story derived from the Tahnud. Briefly told, the sun and moon are equally luminous. It is the moon who wants to be more brilliant than the sun. Diety is angered at her demand. Her light is lessened. "The moon grew pale. * * * Then God pitied her, and gave her the stars for com-

HIS REGULAR BUSINESS. A Mayor Who Was Not Above Asking a

Stranger for Alms. The people of the extreme south of France, in the neighborhood of the Pyrenees, have a hard shift to live. some of them gain a livelihood by tam-

Many others take to begging, which becomes a trade by itself, reasonably remunerative and not exactly dishonorable. Baron Haussmann in his 'Memoires" cites the case of one of these professional beggars who amassed a good property and finally of the city. became mayor of a large commune. Even then he continued to ply his trade, especially in the bathing season. when many tourists visited the country. One of these outsiders was so taken aback at the sight of the mayor begging on the street that he remon-

strated with the mendicant. ashamed," said the stranger. "You, a touch!" When M. Joly, the Canadian man holding so honorable an office." Office!" said the mayor "My office Why, man, this is how I gained it."

How to Keep Sweet Potatoes,

There are half a dozen ways of keeping sweet potatoes through the winter in Virginia, one being to lift a stone of thus obtained. The white potato, on the other hand, is placed in a barrel sunk deep in the garden and well covered up. Either is delicious baked in the ashes of the hearth.

EAT THEIR DOGS.

Advertising Kates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Caw-maia Franca commends it to the invorable consideration of advertisers whose favors will be inserted at the fellowing low rates:

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column, 6 months.

Uncleanly Habits of the Coreans-Hotels Like Pig-Sties.

The first thing that strikes a visitor to a Corean village is the surprising subpopulation of dogs, says Harper's Weekly. Every house seems to possess a pack of these spiritless curs, which are a gray variety of the Chinese chowdog. They display a more than passing interest in a European traveler, and a free use of one's stick is necessary to keep them at bay. On investigation one discovers that they form the staple article of diet of the population. Unlike most Asiatic races, the Coreans are meat eaters, and these dogs, being always at hand, afford the necessary food with the minimum of exertion and expense. Another curious feature of the Corean diet is the total absence of tea, the most universal beverage of

Frequently one sees a Corean foraging for the evening meal. The method is simple, though unpleasant. He is armed with a short pole, to the end of which is attached a noose. This he throws over the head of the nearest dog, and then proceeds to screw the pole round till the noose tightens, and slowly throttles the dog, who is meanwhile prevented from getting to close quarters with its butcher by thrusts of

This country is much infested by the great long-coated Mongolian tiger. This magnificent animal, though a considerable source of revenue on account of its valuable skin, is nevertheless much dreaded by the natives. So serious are the ravages committed by them that the king was forced to organize a regiment of "royal tiger hunters," and these constitute the corps d'elite of the Corean army. Traveling in Corea can hardly be de-

scribed as luxurious. The Corean is not lavish of home comforts for himself, and he certainly provides a minimum of the same for the traveling foreigner. The average Corean hotel compares unfavorably with a modern pigsty, and one has to sleep as best one can in the midst of surprising dirt, a colony of cattle and fowls, and other things which shall be nameless.

ANXIOUS WIVES.

Should the Ameer Die They Would All Be Shot.

lands, says London Truth, where the illness of the ameer of Afghanistan is always followed with painful anxiety. The reason is to be found in the following curious, but, I believe, perfectly authentic story: Some years ago an enterprising young tailor left the village in question, and went abroad to seek his fortune. He eventually found his way to Cabul. Here great luck awaited him. He obtained the patronage of royalty, and became the poole of Afghanistan. He had left a sweetheart behind in England, and as soon as he found himself on the road to fortune, he sent for the damsel to join him. She came, but here fortune deserted the tailor. His intended bride, in her turn, obtained the patronage of royalty, with the result that she eventually became one of the three hundred wives of Abdurrahman. This, however, is only the first act of

the tragedy. It is understood that, by the laws of Afghanistan, when the ameer dies, the whole of his three hundred wives must be shot. The laws of the Afghans are as immutable as those of their ancient neighbors, the Medes and Persians, and the whole of the little Midland village, where the ameer's English wife was born, and where her parents are still living, has been, during the past week or two, in a high state of excitement over the possible fate of the young lady. Fortunately, the ameer seems better now, and it is to be hoped, if only for the sake of his wives, whatever their nationality, that the improvement may continue. In the meantime, cannot diplomacy do anything for the young woman? At his time of life, and with a gouty habit to boot. I should have thought Abdurrahman might have been induced to get along with two hundred and ninety-nine of them. If, however, he must have a round number in the family circle, perhaps, an exchange might be negotiated.

SHE WAS AN HONEST BAKER.

How Margaret, of New Orleans, Earned a

Monument.

"The agitation of the cheap bread question reminds me of Margaret. of New Orleans, whose honesty as a baker caused a monument to be erected to her memory," said a resident of New Orleans, according to the Cincinnati Enquirer. "My city adopted the plan in vogue in Europe, and passed. an ordinance regulating the weight of loaves of bread, and providing for the

appointment of a bread inspector. In spite of all the efforts of that official the bread still continued to weigh light, and it seemed as though there was a combination among the bakers to defeat the purpose of the ordinance. One morning a load of bread was sent to the inspector, and every loaf was full weight. It came from a modest bake shop kept by a woman named Margaret. What her other name was none ever knew, but the word passed through the city that there was one honest baker, and soon she could not supply the demand for her bread. When prosperity smiled on her she gave thousands of loaves to the poor who could not buy, and none did more for the suffering and needy ones

"She was known everywhere by her deeds of charity, and when she died a monument was erected to her memory.

The Mcn Were Curious.

It is related that the duchess of Westminster put into her guest chamber a eurious Swiss clock to which was at-"I should think you would be tached a printed notice: "Please do not liberal, visited her grace he ventured to inquire the reason for the prohibition. "You are the twentieth man who has asked that question," replied the lady, gleefully "Women, you know, are supposed to be proverbially curious, and I put that placard on the clock to test the same weakness in the old-fashioned hearth, and put the | men, and I am happy to say I find them potatoes underneath. Warmth and not a whit less curious than women I dryness, the essential conditions, are keep a list of all the gentlemen who have asked me the question you have just put, and there has been only one exception among all my guests who have occupied the room; that was Mr. Fawcett, the late postmaster general, and he, poor man, was blind " ____