Cambria Freeman
is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PENNA.,
BY JAMES G. HASSON,

Circulation, - - - - 1,200

Subscription Rates.

If paid in advance.....$1.50
If not paid within 3 months, 1.75
If not paid within 6 months, 2.00
If not paid within the year, 2.25

Persons residing outside of the county will be charged 50 cts. per year extra.

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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.

VOLUME XXIX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1895. NUMBER 12.

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Men's Fine Overcoats,	7.00; former price, 12.00
Men's Fine Overcoats,	9.00; former price, 15.00

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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.
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HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

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Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

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THE MARKETS.

PITTSBURG, March 19.

WHEAT—No 1 red, 58@59c. No 2 red, 57@58c.

CORN—No 2 yellow ear, 50@51c; mixed ear 46@47c. No 2 yellow shelled, 48@49c.

OATS—No 1 white, 36½@37c. No 2 do 36@36½c, extra No 2 white, 35@35½c, mixed 34@34½c.

HAY—Choice timothy, $12.00@12.50. No 1 timothy, $11.50@11.75. No 2 timothy, $10.50@11.00, mixed clover and timothy $11.00@11.25, packing, $7.00@7.50. No 1 feeding prairie, $9.50@9.25, wagon hay, $14.00@15.00.

BUTTER—Elgin creamery, 22@23c. Ohio fancy creamery, 19@20c; fancy country roll, 16@17c; low grades and cooking, 9@10c.

CHEESE—Ohio, mild, 10@10½c. New York full make, 11½@12c, limburger full cream, 12@12½c. Wisconsin Swiss, 12½@12½c. Ohio Swiss, 10½@11½c.

EGGS—Strictly fresh Pennsylvania and Ohio eggs, 13@14c, Southern and Western fresh, 12@13c.

POULTRY—Large live chickens 65@75c per pair, live chickens, small, 60@65c; ducks 60@80c per pair as to size; dressed chickens, 14@16c per lb; turkeys, 16@17c per lb; ducks, 15@16c; live turkeys, 11@12c per lb; live geese, 90c@$1.00 per pair.

EAST LIBERTY, PA., March 19.

CATTLE—Receipts light today, while the market is strong on good and medium grades and steady for other grades at the following prices: Prime, $5.25@5.50; good, $4.60@4.90; good butchers, $4.00@4.30; rough fat, $3.25@4.00; fair light steers $3.50@3.90; fat cows and heifers, $3.00@4.00; bulls, stags and cows, $2.00@3.25; fresh cows and springers, $15.00@35.00.

HOGS—Receipts very light, and with a fair demand the market is opening steady at the following prices: Philadelphias, $4.80@4.85; best mixed, $4.70@4.75; best Yorkers, $4.15@4.25; common to fair Yorkers and pigs, $4.40@4.50; roughs, $3.00@4.00.

SHEEP—Receipts light, demand fair and the market being steady at the following prices: Export wethers, $4.80@5.00; extra, $4.60@4.80; good, $4.20@4.40; fair, $2.80@3.50; common, $1.50@2.00; best lambs, $5.80@6.00; good lambs, $5.00@5.50; common to fair lambs, $2.50@4.50; veal calves, $4.50@5.25; heavy and thin calves, $2.00@3.00.

CINCINNATI, March 19.

HOGS—Market weak and 5c lower at $4.50@4.65; receipts, 1,400 head; shipments, 2,600 head.

CATTLE—Market stronger at $2.75@5.35; receipts, 200 head; shipments, 100 head.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep, market in fair demand and strong at $2.00@4.50; receipts, 800 head; shipments, 200 head. Lambs, market in fair demand and strong at $3.25@5.50.

NEW YORK, March 19.

WHEAT—Spot market weak. No 2 red store and elevator, 60½c afloat, 62¾c f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 northern, 70c delivered; No 1 hard, 71c delivered.

CORN—Spot market strong. No 2, 52¾c elevator; steamer mixed, 51½c elevator.

OATS—Spot market dull. No 2, 36⅝c. No 2 delivered, 34⅝c; No. 3, 33c; No 2 white, 37c; No. 3 white, 36½c; track white, 36½@41c.

CATTLE—European cables quote American steers at 11¼@12c per pound, dressed weight; refrigerator beef at 9½@10c per pound.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Market weak, choice 89-pound lambs, $6.15.

HOGS—Market firm at $4.70@5.10.

A Woman Suicides.

BOSTON, March 20.—Miss N. O. Norton, aged 35, of Holyoke, Mass., has shot herself at the Adams House. She was found in her room, dressed in her night dress. She had been at the hotel since Saturday. But little is known of her here.

To Make Lincoln's Birthday a Holiday.

AUGUSTA, Me., March 20.—In the state senate Senator Hamlin of Ellsworth presented a resolution to make Abraham Lincoln's birthday a national holiday. The resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

Want to Be Army Chaplains.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—Rev. J. P. Tidwick, attached to St. Stephen's rectory, N. Y., and Rev. John B. Frazier of Knoxville, Tenn., have passed examinations for admission to the navy as chaplains.

WORK WITHOUT PAY.

Well-Known Authors Who Decline to Accept Money for Their Works.

This is true of Count Lyof Nikolaievitch Tolstoi, the famous Russian author, who, while in the army as a member of the staff of Prince Gortschakoff, was present at the storming of Sebastopol in 1855. Leaving the army, and already a famous poet and novelist, he devoted himself to literature, and spent a short time in the most brilliant literary and social circles of St. Petersburg. Since his marriage he has lived more or less in retirement, and during the Russian famines of 1891 and 1892 made great efforts on behalf of the peasants on and in the vicinity of his estates. In the latter year Count Tolstoi resigned all social standing and privileges of his rank, and he now devotes most of his time and money to good works, while living as poorly as any of the peasantry. He insists that the literal interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount is the only rule of Christian life, and he has expressly declined to avail himself of any copyright in his works or in translations of them into other languages. Dr. John Charles Ryle, bishop of Liverpool, has written above two hundred tracts on religious subjects, many of which have been translated and reprinted in French, German, Dutch, Portuguese, Italian, Russian, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Hindostani, and Chinese, and it is said that he will take nothing from the publishers for them and will make no profit from them.

The Soko Ape.

Letters from the African traveler, Oscar Neumann, at Bukoba, says the London News, contains many interesting things that Neumann learnt from the Manyemas. One is that the Soko ape is very common and much feared in Manyamaland, between Nyangwe and the northern shore of the Tanganyika. Some time ago an Arab wanted to take a Soko which he had captured to the coast. He succeeded in reaching Ugogo with his prize. There he died, and his sons, who attributed the death of their father to the enshantments of the wicked wood demon, hastened to retransport the supposed origin of their misfortune to its native place, and the interesting specimen was thus lost to science.

Man Is Adjusting Himself.

In an old volume of "The Transactions" is found the following by Dr. J. P. Wilson: "Where, let me ask, are the great and wasting epidemics that once devastated the whole inhabitated globe? 'They are gone,' says the sanitarian, 'because I have stamped them out.' No, indeed. They do not appear, simply or largely because they have become innocuous to the human race. Habit has rendered them more and more harmless. Man is rapidly adjusting himself to his environments."

A Glimpse of the Pope.

The pope is fond of sitting in his garden with his secretary on clear, warm days. He is a most attractive figure, seated thus, in his pure white robes of exquisite texture and immaculate cleanliness. He is a precise and fastidious man, and on those robes is never seen a trace of the snuff to which Pio Nono was so devoted. The face of Leo XIII. is a benevolent one, and his fine skin and white hair combine with his gentle expression to create the atmosphere of purity and sweetness about him.

ONE QUEEN IN INDIA.

The Maharanee of Kunigal and Her Mode of Living.

Surrounded by Luxury and Beauty the Royal Prisoner Dreams Away Her Days in Oriental Splendor.

The maharanee of Kunigal is a very beautiful woman. Her tall figure is draped with airy and artistic effect. The robe consists of much soft India silk, elaborately embroidered, arranged about her in mysterious grace, a very enigma of garment without the explanation of a single stitch. It is closely plaited at the waist in front, falling in a fan-like train over the feet, and fastened with a band of gold that is studded with crescents of pearls. This garment is short in the back and is brought over the shoulders, hanging in soft, loose folds. Her left arm displays a bracelet of costly gems of rare beauty and of profound historic interest which carries one back to the time of Cleopatra. It was found among some other buried treasures more than a century ago, when the remote ancestors of the late king acquired it. This bracelet is supposed to have the power to resist the venom of all species of reptiles. A tiny linked chain connects it to one of no less value at the wrist. Jeweled sandals grace her otherwise unclad nether limbs, surmounted by anklets of gold.

She will often express to her friends the great pleasure it would afford her to be able to go freely among her people. This is, however, forbidden her by the exacting and severe law of her caste, for, being a Brahmin, she is obliged to adhere strictly to the "law of inclosure." This compels her at the age of twelve to be veiled and live in seclusion for the remainder of her life. This rigid deprivation of all enjoyment of the world is necessarily a severe shock to the sensibibility of even an eastern queen. Never again does she receive or converse with one of the opposite sex, save only her husband, the maharajah. Neither is a domestic of her household permitted to look upon her, otherwise her caste would be broken and her birthright canceled. This law among high caste seems cruel and inconsistent, but the penalty of disobedience is supreme. The violator of a law so sacred among the sex as that of "inclosure" has a horrible destiny awaiting her. She is expelled from among her tribe in shame to become an outcast, exiled from within the walls of the city for her crime.

But the present maharanee, says a foreign exchange, now in her twenty-fourth year, has six little brown faces to cheer her solitude. Her apartments, large and luxurious, occupy one side of the palace, opening one into another. Through long tapestried windows she steps into her private gardens, where the air is perfumed with the delicious fragrance of flowers. The little rustic bridges that greet the eye occasionally through these grounds connect the many beautiful terraces beneath which flows a refreshing and babbling brook, which, however, must babble no secrets. Rivulets and brooks are treasures in India. They are few and far between in this region of magnificence. Here the royal prisoner, for so she is, takes her daily exercise, joined occasionally by her children, who come with the delightful anticipation of hearing some new fairy tales from the lips of the beautiful memsahib—who happens to be a rare story teller—as she is seated in one of her favorite arbors where the citron vines envelop the happy little group, a picture only eastern.

When the maharanee wishes to leave her apartments the command is given, and in a moment the turbaned attendants that crowd the halls disappear as if by magic. The silence that follows endues the surroundings with the air of a sanctuary rather than that of a palace. Presently there breaks upon the stillness the faint tinkling of a bell that announces the royal presence, and the maharanee comes forward, stately, gracious, kindly, "every inch a queen."

When she drives into the country in her state carriage—a relaxation which she thoroughly enjoys, being a true lover of nature—she must go closely veiled. Rarely a week passes without a trip through the picturesque nieclown lying between Kunigal and Bangalore. Here the range of mountains to the west with their majestic skylines show to the greatest advantage the play of light and shade at sunset.

In traveling, the maharanee occupies private compartments, which are highly decorated and delicately furnished in oriental style, arranged so that she may with ease enjoy the view of the hills and plains and yet not be seen, accompanied by her ladies in waiting, who share the same privilege. When the destination is reached an awning immediately erected which forms a complete passage to the state carriage that awaits her, so that there is no possible chance of satisfying the curious gaze of all castes who patiently look for her arrival. She is always glad to see "European ladies," as she is pleased to call all foreigners, no matter of what nationality. She converses freely in several of the native languages, especially Hindostani and Canarease, and speaks English fluently. She loves to hear of other countries, and the habits and customs of other people. She is particularly interested in all that pertains to America.

Founder of the Japanese Navy.

The founder of the Japanese navy was an Englishman named Will Adams, who went to the eastern seas as a pilot of a Dutch fleet in 1598, and was cast away in Japan a couple of years later. He became a Japanese noble and constructor of the navy to the tycoon, but was never allowed to return to England. He died about twenty years afterward, very ingeniously leaving half of his property to his wife and family in England and the other half to his wife and family in Japan. After his death he was deified. A few years ago his tomb and that of his Japanese wife were discovered.

The Battle of Brandywine.

The battle of Brandywine was one of the worst of Washington's numerous defeats. The name originated, it is said, from a Dutch brandy distillery on the banks of the stream Brentwine, variously spelled, being a Dutch name for brandy, or "burned wine."

STRIPPED BY LIGHTNING.

The Startling Experience of a Montana Man, Who Still Survives the Shock.

Charles B. Hoffman, of Butte, Mont., was standing at the mouth of a mine not long ago when he was struck by lightning. The thunderbolt, he thinks, first struck the straw hat he was wearing, and it tore a hole in the hat that cut part of the rim. Then it tore his clothing into shreds and left him naked. Both his overalls and the shirt he was wearing presented the appearance of having passed through a sausage mill. Nobody can tell him why he was not killed by the lightning. The bolt, he says, after passing through his hat, struck him on the shoulder and ran the full length of his body, burning the skin to a crisp on the side and legs. It also cut his left foot on the side and bottom, breaking the bones of the foot.

"My clothes were torn to pieces and thrown from my body," said Mr. Hoffman to a writer for the New York World, "and my shoes were torn from my feet."

He became unconscious as soon as he was struck by the lightning and did not revive for an hour and a half. When he regained his senses Hoffman was in great pain and he was confined to the hospital for nine weeks. When Hoffman's clothing was examined after the accident it was seen that in many places the lightning had cut the cloth as neatly as if it had been done with a razor. Some of the cuts were long and straight. The lightning took his clothes off quicker than he could have undressed himself, and it threw them in a pile on one side of the track, with his shoes carefully deposited beside the pile. The clothes seemed to have been neatly folded until they were examined and found to be a pile of rags. Hoffman's "pants" had been yanked off him without the formality of pulling them over his feet. This seemingly impossible task was accomplished by the lightning first cutting each leg open, and then it appeared to have taken them by the seat and dropped them on the coat, and to finish the job by depositing Mr. Hoffman's straw hat on top of all. After it got through with Hoffman this remarkable streak of lightning ran along a metal track into the Glengary mine, at the mouth of which he had been working, ran to the end of the shaft, which is four hundred feet below the surface of the ground, and then it ran along a "cross cut" two hundred feet where it branched off and for sixty feet followed a "winze." There were several men at work at this point, and all were more or less stunned. The bolt of lightning went into the earth when it reached the end of the "winze." Hoffman is now known in Butte as "the human lightning rod."

SHAVING IN JAMAICA.

It Is Usually a Very Primitive Proceeding.

The natives of Jamaica have no need to buy soap, for the woods abound in plants whose leaves and bulbs supply very well the place of that indispensable article. Among the best of these is the soap tree, so called, though it is more a bush than a tree. Its botanical name is Phalangium Pomeridianum. Its bulb, when rubbed on wet clothes, makes a beautiful lather, which smells much like the common brown soap.

The Jamaica negroes, some of whom are great dandies in their way, make a soap out of cocoanut oil and home-made lye; and a fine soap it is, smooth and fragrant. This cocoanut-oil soap is used for shaving.

When a man wishes to shave in the morning he starts out with his cocoanut-shell cup and his donkey-tail brush and a bottle. It is never any trouble to find an empty bottle in Jamaica, even in the mountains. At least twenty generations of thirsty people have lived there, and thrown away the empty bottles.

The man carries no mirror, because he has none to carry. Not one negro cabin in a dozen has even a cheap looking-glass. But nature provides the mirror as well as the soap. The man goes to a convenient pool in the mountain stream, where the water is still, and there is his mirror. He breaks his bottle on a stone and picks out a good sharp piece. Then he lathers his face profusely and begins to scrape away with his piece of glass, which works almost as well as a sharp razor.

The men rarely cut themselves in the operation. "At first," says a New York Sun writer, "I trembled for them, but afterward I tried the method myself, and soon became almost an expert at it."

IT WAS WATER.

But It Was the Breath of Experience Which Blew Over Its Surface.

"Been at home visiting the folks," said the young man to the tall man in the tweed suit. "Well, I didn't stay long, for the people of Maine object to drinking and my habits are not strictly temperate."

"Got a jag, I suppose," observed the tall man.

"Not at all, sir. I don't drink anything but water. It was my first-glass of water at home which got me in trouble. You know that my father is a strict teetotaler. Never drank even a mug of cider. Well, I used to be that way myself. I went home after an absence of three years. Arrived at the old house at dinner time. All the old china and silver had been brought out in my honor, and there was a Maine dinner about to be served that would have made many a housewife envious to see.

"'I trust, Richard,' said father, 'that in all the years that you have been from home you have not touched that which brings sorrow to so many homes, deprives the poor man's family of bread, and sows broadcast the seeds of misery and want.'

"'Not much,' I said. Then, sir, in less than two minutes afterward I raised a glass of water to my lips, blew across the top of it, said: 'Here's luck,' and tossed it off with that grace and abandon which you know so well. That's what spoiled my vacation."

Simple Religious Service.

Worship in Japan is a very simple affair. In many of the temples the chief feature is a looking-glass emblematic of purity of soul. Near it is a font of water in which the worshiper washes on entering. He then prays before the glass, drops a few coppers into a box and rings a bell three times as he goes out. Since the mikado declared himself no longer divine and infallible Japanese skepticism has grown rapidly.

OYSTERS UP TO DATE.

The Very Latest Fad Is for Bleached Bivalves.

White Ones Are Probably Doctored—Oystermen Who Ought to Know Say They Are Mythical—Nature's Own Shellfish Not to Be Improved Upon.

"Bleached oysters" is the latest and a rapidly growing fad. The fashionable uptown restaurants are catering to it. An oyster that does not peer forth snowy white from the depth of its shell is considered bad form. It does not appear that the Albino-hued bivalve is improved by the blanching process.

In fact, it is held by all fair-minded people who have tried them that the flavor which gives our oysters their superiority over all the bivalves of the world is destroyed entirely. But they are said by self-constituted authorities to look better, and it is the fashion to have them served that way.

The course of treatment to which the luscious shellfish is subjected to bring about the pale and ghostly hue is the secret of the restaurant men. The wholesale oyster dealers know nothing about it.

A reporter for the New York World went aboard a floating warehouse, on the North river, the other day, and made an inquiry as to the best method of blanching oysters. It was apparent that oystermen do not relish the newspaper notoriety which has been thrust upon the innocent and inoffensive shellfish.

"If I could meet the man who started all this talk about typhoid fever and malaria in oysters," said one old salt, "I'd chuck him in the bay and hit him on the head with a boathook when he came up the first time, and there wouldn't be no second time.

"As if it ain't bad enough that this has been one of the worst oyster years we ever had, but on top of that some crazy fool up in Connecticut tries to fatten his oysters in a creek into which a sewer empties. What's the result? A lot of college students and professors get sick and four of them die. What follows? The newspapers publish it all over the country, typhoid fever in oysters, and the business is almost paralyzed in some places. Forty million people eating oysters and four of them get sick and die! How many people die every day from eating pork and beef, yet does that scare anybody? No, sir.

"Now, on top of all this, some fool restaurant men go to making their oysters white, which God never intended they should be, or He would have made 'em so. I don't suppose that the oysters were hurt any by it, but some fellow gets sick, after knocking about the Tenderloin all night, and remembers that he ate a dozen bleached oysters, and then he hollers that he has been poisoned.

"Some one writes to a newspaper that sulphate of zinc will bleach an oyster. I don't know whether it will or not, but a chemist told me that it would not. But the oyster trade gets it in the neck all the same. Thank goodness that these stories did not get out two months ago, or the oystermen would all be in the hands of the associated charities. Our season is over for cheap oysters, in which the money is made. Nothing goes out of New York now but shell oysters. New York counts, and culls. The oyster business after the middle of November goes to Baltimore. There are no oyster canneries in New York.

"This fad for white oysters I never heard of before this year. There are no pure white oysters. The oyster takes his color from his surroundings and an old oysterman can tell at a glance which one of the beds hereabouts an oyster comes from. The Blue Point is often silvery in appearance. There is no way that I know of to make an oyster white.

"When the weather is not too cold oysters, after being taken up, are sunk on floats for from twelve to twenty-four hours in brackish water, generally near the mouth of a fresh-water creek. This water they will drink freely and fill up so that they look fat. This has the effect of washing out the sea water and mud that may have been taken in. I know every oyster bed in New York bay, Long Island sound, or the rivers of New Jersey, and I know of no oyster that is what you might call white. Personally, I would let such alone if offered me.

"Nature cannot be improved upon in the matter of the oyster, except to give it a chance to wash out and fatten up on some half-salt water. When the people understand that the bleached oysters are unnatural and artificial they will become suspicious of them and be satisfied with the plain, unbleached variety."

AN OMINOUS BRIDGE.

A Spot at Which Superstitious Wedding Parties All Turn Back.

A bridge which is carefully avoided by wedding couples because of the traditions which surround it spans a stream called the goldbrook, in the parish of Hoxne, near Eye, in the county of Suffolk, England. Standing in the center of an open field at Hoxne is an obelisk to the memory of Edmund, king of the East Angles, who was killed by the Danes in 870. On the site of the monument stood an oak tree, in the branches of which the king took refuge from his foes. At nightfall he emerged from his leafy hiding place and secreted himself under the above-mentioned bridge. A wedding party passing over the bridge at night observed the king's gold spurs glittering in the moonlight, and in this way he was betrayed to his enemies, who took him back to the oak tree and shot him with arrows. Local tradition has it that many years ago the existing inscription of the event was followed by the words: "Cursed be the wedding party that passes over this bridge." No such words are now visible, but the tradition is so well known that bridal parties prefer taking a circuitous route rather than pass over Goldbrook bridge.

The Crocodile's Guardian Birds.

Two or three species of birds are known to accompany the crocodile whenever he appears above water. Many a hunter has had his prospects for a shot spoiled by the alarm given to the reptile by his watchful attendants. When they see anyone approaching they will fly at the crocodile's nose, giving loud cries, and the beast never waits to investigate, but instantly shuffles into the water at his best speed.

SLEEP-WALKING.

The Remarkable Performance of a Victim of the Habit.

A commercial traveler relates an interesting adventure which he once had in a well-known Boston hotel. He had a friend who often made the circuit of the New England towns with him, each selling a different line of goods. They were good companions, and in order to reduce expenses occupied the same room when they were traveling.

One night the drummer was awakened from sleep by a rustling noise near the window. The moonlight streaming in revealed the figure of a fully dressed man crossing the room toward the door.

Suspecting that it was a sneak thief, the drummer reached out his hand to arouse his bedfellow. His companion was not in the bed. In an instant he recognized the figure of his friend at the door, and called him by name several times.

There was no reply except a strange, guttural clucking at the throat. The silent figure paced twice across the floor, and then opened the door and passed out into the hall.

The drummer sprang out of bed, quickly dressed himself, and hurried to the hotel office, where he told the night clerk what had happened. As they were talking together his friend came down the stairway, walked through the hall into the empty dining-room, and rapidly strode up and down. He was in his stocking feet, but otherwise was carefully dressed.

The two witnesses approached and spoke to him, but he took no notice of them, and apparently was anxious to avoid them. Finally he started upstairs, muttering to himself, and, going to his room, quietly undressed and went to bed, turning off the gas at the last moment. His friend had followed him into the room, and remained a silent witness of these strange proceedings.

The drummer could not sleep until the mystery was explained. Going to the bedside, he called his companion by name, but could not arouse him; then shook him violently by the shoulders, and finally awakened him from an astonishingly deep slumber.

"What a horrible dream I have had!" exclaimed his companion, rubbing his eyes. "I have been walking miles and miles with a pair of cutthroat murderers close upon my heels, and I could not find my shoes."

He had been walking in his sleep, without the slightest knowledge of what was going on about him, able to dress and undress himself, to find his way about the hotel, to unlock doors and turn off the gas, but without power to hear voices or to free himself from his hideous dream.

"It was a trick of my boyhood," he said, when his companion described what had happened. "I used to unscrew hinges, take locks from doors, and even play ball in my sleep. My mother broke up the habit by putting pails of water at my bed, into which I plunged when springing from the sheets. But it has returned after many years."

THE HUNTER'S COLD STORAGE.

He Always Supplied Deer and Fish on Short Notice.

A gentleman who was at work at the Howard slate quarry in Willimantic twenty-five years ago says deer was as plenty then in the woods north of Sebec lake as anyone could ask for. The slate company has a large number of men employed, and boarded them in camps, the same as lumber men board their crews in the woods.

To keep the camps supplied with fish and meat they kept a hunter employed every day. The supply never ran short, but some of his methods were peculiar. He evidently kept fish on call in the winter season. On several occasions company came in from Bangor unexpectedly late in the evening. But they only had to say trout to Stone, the hunter, and he would start out into the woods to return in fifteen minutes with a handsome string of fish, apparently just taken from the water, says the Lewiston Journal.

He would bring in deer in the winter much the same way. His manner of doing this the gentleman explains, for he went with him once and learned the secret. He took the deer sled out to bring in game, and the workman went along to help haul it. They did not go very far into the forest when they came to a lot of evergreen boughs heaped upon the snow. Here Stone stopped. Lifting the boughs he tipped the pile over, and the looker-on, who wondered what he was up to, was scared nearly out of his senses when a big buck bounded up out of the hole and fell flat on his side. His feet were tethered together so he could not stand. Stone had caught him, and tethered him and buried him alive under the brush and snow against future emergencies. This was his system of cold storage.

A JAPANESE BABY.

A Native Expression Which Has Lost Its Original Meaning.

A gentleman formerly in the service of the United States navy married a Japanese beauty a few years ago and settled down to domestic life in the land of the rising sun.

Only a few months ago an old chum of his, an officer on one of our ships of war now stationed in Japanese waters, went to call upon him at his house in Fagasaki. While waiting in the room which might correspond to the parlor in this country, he heard the prattle of a child in the adjoining apartment. Said the youngster:

"Who is the foreign devil that has come to see papa?"

"Hush!" said the nurse. "The gentleman might overhear you. He is a fellow-countryman of your father's."

"Well, papa is a foreign devil, too."

This incident would seem to show that certain colloquial phrases have survived the feeling of hated for foreigners which the Japanese abandoned so many years ago.

Wanted to Encourage Him.

When Judge Buxton, of North Carolina, as a young lawyer made his first appearance at the bar, the solicitor, as is customary in that state, asked him to take charge of a case for him. The young lawyer did his best, and the jury found the defendant, who was charged with some petty misdemeanor, guilty. Soon after one of the jurors, coming round the bar, tapped him on the shoulder. "Buxton," said he, "the jury did not think that man was guilty, but we did not like to discourage a young lawyer."