EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1895.

Cambria & Streman.

NUMBER 39.

VOLUME XXIX.

WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES." GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

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Cambria Freeman

EBENSBURG, PENN'A horn letter to women. No. 1.

land Ave., San Francisco, May 18, 1892. Dar friend of women: "When my baby was born, gens ago, I got up in six Far too soon. Result:

"I tried everything : doctors, wiones, apparatus; but grew

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is the best that is made, and at ONCE tries it, and saves money and secures more satisfaction than ever before. AVOID imitations. Insist on having the genuine. If your dealer hasn't it ask him to get it for you. JKO. PINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. The best remedy is Ayer's Pills. Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Aver's Pills are highly and univer-sally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my -Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridge

'I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family." — J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa. "For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them

Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house.'
- Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass. "I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."— L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

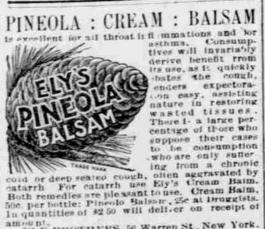
"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke,

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an in-valuable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia." — James Quinn, 30 Middle st., Hartford, Conn.

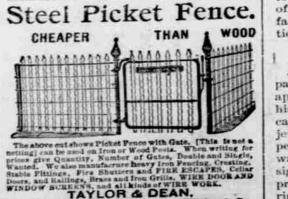
"Having been troubled with costiveness, which seems inevitable with per-sons of sedentary habits, I have tried glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I arrive at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits." T. Jones, Oak st., Boston, Mass.

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HIDDEN TREASURES.

A Golden Cavern in the Mountains of Utah.

The Strange Story of a Convicted Wife-Murderer Who Was Executed at Sait Lake City Taking the Secret with Him.

Many stories are told in the east about great hidden treasures in the mountains of the west. In some instances those wild remarks are but the imagination of thoughtless brains, while in many cases the stories are true. The west is filled with treasure vaults whose gold and silver deposits are numerous, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. Old Spanish residences, now going to decay, contain secret rooms lined with gold and filled with precious stones and rich jewels. The mountains contain dark canyons where mines of fabulous wealth have lain dormant for ages. The humblest sheepherder or range rider may accidentally discover the greatest mineral deposit ever known, and the most timid explorer may find the treasured wealth of a French millionaire stored away in the caverns of the old dwellings.

Utah was once Mexican property, and its fertile valleys were peopled by a wealthy class of men. The old cliffdwellers of the Colorado left most valuable homes containing gold and silver bathtubs, vases and ornaments, while the workings of miners living a century ago show the vast wealth taken from the old arastras and sluice boxes. A strange story of fabulous wealth was related by Enoch Davis, a wife-murderer recently executed in Salt Lake City. He found the most wonderful mines ever seen by man, and exhibited nuggets of gold from the sluice boxes which excited the curiosity of court officials so that his life was spared for many months.

About sixty miles from Salt Lake City is an unexplored section of the Utah Indian reservation. No man has ever penetrated the deep, dark canyons of this Indian land since the days of Brigham Young, the well-known Mormon leader, After the California gold excitement it is said a gentleman named George Knowles came from the diggings of the Golden state and setled in Utah. He agreed with the president of the Mormon church to give him his weight in gold for one of the numerous women of the Young harem. The proposition was accepted and Knowles was given six weeks in

which to produce the gold. Knowles, with a son about fourteen years of age, started from the Mormon Mucca Monday morning and within two weeks returned with eighty-five pounds of gold nuggets. Young accepted the money, but swore his slave to absolute secreey as to where the gold was obtained. At that time the church people were opposed to the opening of mines, and no man was permitted to prospect in the territory The old man Knowles lived and died in Salt Lake City with visions of wealth haunting his deathbed, but he never returned to the secret mines.

In after years the son determined to disobey the orders of the church and seek the gold fields he had seen in hi youth. He was accompanied by Enoc Davis, the wife murderer. One dar night in the month of June the propectors dropped down from the high sandy mesas into the gold-lined cavern Here they found thousands of nugget with the mountain waters flowing over them. Every pocket and knapsacl were filled with the valuable treasures When morning dawned they were me: at the summit of the canyon by a banc of Indians. The red men fired and Knowles dropped dead. Davis feigned death and fell to the bottom of the cavern. The Indians could not get down the bluffs, and the white man lay there in an apparent state of death until nightfall, when he arose, and after two or three days succeeded in es-

caping from the savages. When Davis escaped he made his way to Vernal, a wild frontier town near the Indian reservation. In this village he took up his abode, expecting some day to be enabled to return to the fields of wealth. He married and settled down to the duties of a home life as the village blacksmith. His mind became troubled, he resorted to drink, and at last in a fit of jealous despondency killed his wife and buried her in a potato pit near the house. The crime was discovered within a day and Davis was arrested and imprisoned on the

charge of murdering his wife. In the prison all the nightmare of golden treasures haunted the doomed prisoner. He drew a map of the counttry and presented it with the facts to the court officials as a ransom for his liberty. Many thousands of dollars have since been expended in seeking this famous gulch, but nothing has been found. Davis, after repeated postponements, was finally convicted and shot without again realizing the fulfillment of his dreams. The lost gulch is yet a subject of much thought and prospectors seek the place as soon as the winter's snow melts from the mountain slopes.

Luce from Bark. The department of agriculture, forestry division. Washington, has a collection of rare trees and plants only second to that belonging to the famous Kew gardens, London. A recent addition to this dendrological museum is a "lace bark tree" from Jamaica. The inner bark of this queer tree is composed of many layers of fine and intrieately-woven fibers which interlock with each other in all directions. Caps, ruffles, and even complete suits of this curious vegetable lace have been made. It bears washing with common laundry soap, and when bleached in the sun acquires a degree of whiteness seldom excelled by artificial laces made of cotton, linen and silk. This intricate web of this unique bark makes favorably to the last mentioned productions for both beauty and durability.

Quick Retort of a Carpenter. A carpenter sent to make some repairs in a private house entered the apartment of the lady of the house with his apprentice. "Mary," the lady called to her servant, "see that my jewel case is locked at once." The carpenter understood, He removed his watch and chain from his vest with a significant air and gave them to his apprentice. "John," he said, "take these right back to the shop. It seems that the house isn't safe!"

REPTILIAN GRATITUDE.

A Snake That Believed That One Good Turn Deserves Another.

A professor of entomology in the state university was searching the Berkeley hills for rare insects when he heard the blood-curdling rattle of a snake and found a big diamond backed pinioned beneath a large stone. He got a stick to kill the snake, says a veracious Californian, and then decided to recease it first to see what it would do. He approached cautiously, and the snake watched him closely, but manifested no hostility. He rolled the stone off it, and instead of coiling and striling at him, as he expected, it stretched itself, twisted its tail a few times and crawled slowly toward him. He put out the stick he carried, but the snake rubbed against it and twisted around it tenderly. The professor decided not to kill it, and started on up the trail. He was surprised to see the snake following along, and when he stuck one of his heavy cowhide boots out it rubbed gently against it. After considerable trouble he gave the snake the slip and returned with his bugs.

The next year the professor was up on the hills after some more specimens when he heard a great rattling. and just ahead of him in the trail he saw a big rattler. It was not coiled and evidently was not angry. He looked at it closely and noticed a scar on its back. Then he counted its rattles and decided that it was the snake he had rescued the year before. It seemed overloved to see him and wagged its tail like a dog, making a terrific rattling. The snake followed the professor about so closely that he could not get rid of it, and it became a pet in his bachelor apartments. It used to coil itself at the foot of his bed and sleep there.

The professor's friends warned him that the snake would kill him or some one else, but he had every confidence in it. One night he heard a terrible racket downstairs in the dining-room. He struck a light and his pet was missing. Then he ran downstairs and found the snake in the dining-room coiled around a burglar. It was holding him with a viselike grip, while it had its tail out the window rattling for a policeman.

EXPERIENCES OF PRISON LIFE. Impressions Recorded by One Who Ought to Know.

The most important epochs in the life of a convict are the time of his arrival and the moment of his departure from prison, writes "Debsy," in the Stillwater Prison Mirror. Of the first I can speak intelligently, of the latter from fancy only. When the iron door of his six-by-four cell is shut and locked upon him and he is left free to explore his new home, the first sensation is one of relief. Now it is all over. He has found the end. He can fall no lower, and, as I say, there is a certain feeling of relief in that very thought.

Strange as it may seem, his mind is, to a certain extent, at rest. The long strain of the trial, the tedious days and weeks of uncertainty and waiting are ended, and he knows and can look forward to a definite life. He knows. too, that here he will be carefully watched and guarded, that "no thieves break in and steal," "that no moss, will grow under his footsteps," and that he will be expected to "stir" about and make himself useful at whatever industry he may be employed. There are no drones in this hive; and if he does not do his "bit" at hard labor it will not be his fault. The first few days in his new environment are apt to pass quickly enough (providing he be a novice). for everything is so weird and strange in his new life, and the sounds and signals are so foreign to his other life that he has no time nor breath to spare in

idle regrets and murmurs. But then comes the reaction; he has settled down to his mutton, and now comes the strain. The deadly monotony and sameness of it all, day in and day out, drag and wear on the mind and body, and then, if the system be not in the finest physical condition, the defect shows itself, and, hastened by the rigid diet, the doctor will now enter his life. Passing this stage success fully, the days and weeks glide by, and the months literally turn to years, and soon he is beginning to count on his fingers the months to his discharge.

A CHOICE COLLECTION.

Up to the end of last year Philadelphia's new city hall had cost \$15,699,-964.67, and it is not quite finished yet. It is said that on every voyage of a first-class ocean steamer about 3,000 pieces of glassware and crockery are broken.

THE Iowa supreme court has decided that stockholders of a corporation have a right to examine the records at any

THE supply of cedar, from which lead pencils are made, is almost exhausted in Europe. Now the manufacturers are turning to California for their lumber, and find the sequoia (the big tree of that state) just as serviceable as cedar.

THE Sailor's Snug Harbor at Staten Island, N. Y., has accommodations for 1,000 inmates. It is for the care of aged and infirm seamen. Those of foreign birth must have served five years under the American flag to entitle them

CITIZENS of Taylorsville, Ky., are jubilating over the good work of a reform commission of street cleaning in successfully clearing the streets of hogs, which have been permitted by former administrations to pasture at large in the highways of the town.

JOHN WHITE, a clerk in the post office at New Brunswick, N. J., put his hand in a mail pouch just received from Washington, and it came in contact with "something alive and warm." It was a healthy cat, evidently put there by a practical joker.

Alexander Had a Tender Heart. Two weeks before the sickness of the ezar of Russia took a turn for the worse, Miss Strutton, his former governess, died in the winter palace at St. Petersburg. Miss Struston, who was an English woman, loved Alexander Romanoff as dearly as though he had been her son. The emperor and his two brothers attended the funeral, following the hearse on foot from the palace to the English cemetery, almost two miles apart. His majesty and the two grand dukes had carried the coffin from the deathroom to the hearse. When the body was lowered into the grave the czar, it is said, wept like a child.

CREDIT IS CAPITAL.

It Served a Wall Street Broker in Good

Stead on One Occasion. I know in this city a southerner who has made his way from nothing to a comfortable fortune, says a writer in the New York Press. He was a broker in Wall street, plodding slowly along, living from hand to mouth, with a bank account that sometimes grew as big as eight hundred dollars. He met a capitalist who wanted certain bonds, and with a commission of twenty-five hundred dollars in view, he undertook to deliver them. He knew an old bondholder who had them, and his purpose was to get them without causing a sudden rise in their value. The old fellow named his price, which was entirely satisfactory. The amount was twentyfive thousand dollars for the lot. My friend went to his office, drew a check for that sum and handed it over.

"Perhaps you know that it is customary in transactions of this kind to give a certified check," said the bond-

This was a stunning blow, almost a knockout, for a man with a bank account of never more than eight hundred dollars, but my friend, begging the old fellow's pardon for the oversight, started to get the proper certification. He went straight to the cashier of his bank and stated the whole case to him, explaining that he was to deliver the bonds within two hours and make his profit of twenty-five hundred dollars. "It is an unusual request," the cashier said, with a smile of ha'f pity for the

ignorance of his customer. "I know it," said the broker, "but I cannot lose this chance of making two thousand five hundred dollars. You know I am honest. I have sbeen a depositor here for two or three years, and have never before asked a favor. I will have the cash here within two hours to make good the check, or will deposit the collateral." The eashier hesitated. He who hesi-

tates is lost. He looked the broker straight in the eve and said: "I will do it. I know you are an

honest man." With a certified check for twenty-five thousand dollars, the southerner returned for the bonds, much to the amazement of the old bondholder, who declared that if he had known his ability to produce a certified check for that amount he would not have offered the bonds at all. He offered them as a bluff. But the bluff being called he had to yield. Inside of an hour and a half the bonds were delivered to the capitalist, and a check for twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars was deposited at the bank.

My friend has had many transactions with the old bondholder since then, and he never fails to ask: "Do you want a certified check?" to which the reply is: "Never mind about it; I'll take any sort of check you give me."

MINKS IN AN ODD BATTLE.

They Fought Each Other Viciously and Vociferously, in the Water and Out. An unusual battle was witnessed at Greenwood lake one day recently by Mr. Silas Pickering, of Newark, and old Steve Garrison, the veteran guide. Steve was rowing and Si was catching frogs for bass along the east shore of the lake, says the New York Sun. Suddenly they heard a remarkable squealing, and as they turned a point of rocks they saw on the shore of a little cove two full-grown minks in combat. The usually shy animals were so busy that they paid no attention to the approach of the boat, and Steve rowed up to within fifteen feet of

The minks seemed each to be fighting for a throathold, and the way they sparred and scratched was highly interesting. Finally one caught the other by the back, and they rolled from the rock into the water, where they continued to fight as energetically as on the shore.

Soon they emerged, separately, but elinehed as soon as they were on the rock, and the fight waged sharper than ever. Both minks squealed almost continuously as they snapped and scratched at each other.

Three times they pitched from the sloping rock into the water and crawled out to renew the fight ashore. but after another such dip only one came up. The other had evidently tired of the fight and sneaked away under water. The victor crept upon the rock and, not seeing his adversary. began to strut and fro as if much pleased with himself. Suddenly he caught sight of Pickering's striped blazer and fled into the bushes.

FUNERALS HIS HOBBY.

United States Treasury Has a Man Who Enjoys Them Exceedingly. In one of the bureaus of the treasury department is a man who has a chronic desire to help bury people and attend funerals. The other day, says the Washington Post, he was transferred to a new division. The first day he asked his chief for leave of absence during the afternoon.

"What for?" asked the chief. "I want to attend the funeral of Capt.

Smith." The chief had hardly got acquainted with the man and sent him upstairs to his former chief to ask if he had been permanently transferred to his division. The man came back with the announcement that he had been transferred, and he was excused for the afternoon. The same day this chief met the chief of the division where he had formerly been employed.

"Why did you send the man to me to inquire if he had been transferred?" 'He asked for leave of absence, and I wanted to find out whether I had any authority over him," was the reply. "Did he want to attend a funeral?

"I knew it." said the other. "It's a regular thing with him-a disease. He has a mania for attending funerals."

American Extravagance. It is no wonder that foreigners scoff at the whims of rich Americans when one hears of such a piece of extravagance as is here related: Lady Beresford, formerly the duchess of Marlborough, who was born here in the United States and who married a rich New Yorker, who afterward died, has just returned from a trip with her husband, Lord Beresford. They traveled away off alone into Norway, paid four thousand dollars for a fishing stream and caught two fish. As it is Lady Beresford's money, the devotion must be on her side of the house.

CRUSHED THE SNEERER.

An American Teacher Who Was Very Patriotic.

An Italian gentleman whom I met while traveling disclosed a most deprayed inappreciation of the wonderful vastness of the United States, says a writer in Scribner's.

He spoke English very well, for he had been many years in London, and, as we were enjoying the sea-coast view between Pisa and Via Reggio, he asked politely whether I was not an American from "the states." On learning that I was he begged me to tell him something of our government. "You have a president of the country.

the whole states, is it not?" he inquired earnestly. I nodded assent.

"Va bene! If a man kills-murders, you understand-who tries him, the federal or state courts?" "The state courts," I replied, "unless

it is a case of treason. "If he is convicted, who can pardon him-the president, of course?" he asked, with calm assurance, and a slight emphasis on the "of course."

"No, indeed; the murderer is tried in the state courts; he can be pardoned only by the state board of pardons, if there is one, or by the state's chief officer-the governor. The president has nothing to do with it."

'Well!" flashed my companion, sarcastically, "in Italy the governor of a little petty province has not the pardoning power." "Sir!" I thundered, now thoroughly angry, "Italy will go twice into the

petty province of Texas." It was very naughty to get angry, and especially with such a politely sareastic little Italian. I know it. But who could sit still and hear the sheer, unapproachable - nay, glorious - immensity of our country assailed without getting angry? No one except the audacious fop, who every now and then annoys us with a brazen assertion that bigness is, after all, not such a virtue.

THE PERSIAN HORSE.

An Animal That Is Very Fond of Being Petted.

Persian horses are to be admired and liked. Their beauty is a source of constant enjoyment, and they are almost invariably gentle and docile. It is in vain to form any resolution against making a pet of any one of them writes Mrs. Bishop in "Journeys in Persia." My new acquisition, Boy, insists on be ing petted, and his enticing ways are irresistible. He is always tethered in front of my tent with a rope long enough to give him considerable liberty, and he took advantage of it the very first day to come into the tent and make it apparent that he wanted me to divide a lemon with him. Grapes were his preference; then came cucumbers, bread and biscuits. Finally he drank milk out of a soup plate. He comes up to me and puts down his head to have his ears rubbed, and if I do not attend to him at once, or if I cease attending to him, he gives me a gentle but admonitory thump. I dine outside the tent, and he is tied to my chair and waits with wonderful patience for the odds and ends, only occasionally rubbing his nose against my face to remind he is there. A friendly snuffle is the only sound he makes, He does not know how to fight, or that teeth and heels are for any other uses than eating and and walking. He is really the gentlest and most docile of his race. The point at which he draws the line 's being led. Then he draws back, and a mulish look comes into his sweet eyes. But he follows like a dog, and when I walk he is always with me. He comes when I call him, stops when I do, accompanies me when I leave the road in search of flowers, and usually puts his head on my shoulder or under my arm. To him I am an embodiment of melons, cucumbers, grapes, peaches, biscuits and sugar, with a good deal of petting and ear-rubbing thrown in.

A CLOSE TRADE. An Instance of "Nearness" That Is Hard

to Beat. The close-fisted and the absent-minded serve a similar use-they amuse their neighbors. The New York Sun quotes a man from the rural districts as telling a story of a Mr. Putterby, an old-time townsman of his, whose reputation for "nearness" was evidently well deserved. Locally he was thought to be almost a prodigy in this respect, but no story of this kind is so good but that another can be found to beat it. One of the coins current in those

days was the old Spanish silver-piece, which passed for twelve and a half cents, and was variously called "ninepence," "York shilling" and "bit." It was the existence of this coin that enabled Mr. Putterby to achieve his crowning triumph in the way of a close

A farm-boy came along one day with a load of pumpkins, which he was peddling about the village at a cent apiece. Mr. Putterby looked at them, concluded to buy, but wanted only half a pumpkin. "But a whole one is only a cent."

said the boy. "How are you going to pay me for half a one?" "Easiest thing in the world," said Mr. Putterby. The pumpkin was cut, he took one-

half under his arm, and handed the boy a shilling. "Now give me the twelve cents change," he said; and taking the twelve coppers from the astonished boy, he walked away with his pur-

chase. Unhappy Comparison. Ministers cannot be "answered back" on Sunday, but on week days, sometimes, the case is different.

"Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?" asked a Scotch preacher of one of his parishioners. "I was at Mr. Dunlop's kirk," was the answer.

"I don't like your running about to strange kirks in that way. Not that I object to your hearing Mr. Dunlop, but I'm sure you widna like your sheep straying away into strange pastures." "I widna care a grain, sir, if it was better grass," said the parishioner.

Queer Comment by a Bishop. Of Bishop Bathurst, who was a great whist player, it is related that on hearing the name of a new appointment in the chapter there was wrung from him the passionate exclamation: "I have served the whigs all my life and now they send me down a canon who doesn't know clubs from spades!"

SCHOOL OF DECORUM. Influence of the Fine Manners of the

Olden Time. In the days of our grandmothers, William of Wykeham's motto, "Manners maketh Manne," was held to apply to the making of woman. In those days the imperative law of a lady's inner life and outer habits was expressed by one word, "decorum." That musical word ruled every movement of her body, and dictated the training each girl should receive to qualify her for what Miss Cobbe calls "the great Art of

Society." It did not beget, says Youth's Companion, the abrupt-speaking, courtesyneglecting, slouching, slangy young 'damosel," who is never called 'blessed." But it did produce women gifted with old-fashioned suavity, and with the tact which made everybody in a company, even the humblest, happy and at ease. Miss Cobbe, in her "Life, describes a trivial incident which illustrates the kind of influence exercised by women of the old school of "de-

A hale, genial young fellow, named Warburton, was a guest at the house of Miss Cobbe's father. One rainy day he was prompted by a silly young lady guest to sing several comic songs in the drawing-room, the point of the jokes being the advances of women to

Miss Cobbe's mother, old and feeble, fter listening quietly for a time, slowly rose from her sofa, walked painfully across the room, and leaning over the piano said in her gentle way a few strong words of remonstrance.

She could not bear, she said, that men should ridicule women. Respect and chivalrous feeling for them, even when they were foolish and ill-advised, were the part, she thought, of a generous man. She would beg Mr. Warburton to choose some other songs for his fine voice. All this was done so gently, with her

sweet, kind smile, that no one could take offense. Mr. Warburton was far from doing so. He was touched with tender reverence for his acred monitress, and rising hastily from the piano made the frankest apologies, which were instantly accepted.

The incident illustrates the kind of influence exercised by the fine manners of women of the old school. But is also an illustration of Emerson's aphoristic sentence: "Fine manners need the support of fine manners in others." If Mr. Warburton had been an ill-mannered "cad." he would have left the piano in a huff; but being a gentleman of the old school he received the merited rebuke with reverential humility.

AMERICAN STREET RAILWAYS. Immense Sums Invested in These Means

of Urban Transportation. The great importance of the street railway interests of this country is shown in a striking manner by some of the statistics. While incomplete, says the Street Railway Journal, the figures are believed to be accurate within 5 per cent, and are surprising in many respects. New York has the greatest amount of track, 1,583 miles, or more than in all New England. Pennsylvania comes next, with 1,422 miles; then Ohio, with 1,077 miles, Massachusetts, with 969 miles and Illinois with 951 niles. The order of states arranged with regard to the number of cars is: New York, 9,115; Illinois, 5,815; Pennsylvania, 4,021; Massachusetts, 3,896, and Ohio 3,254. But this order is entirely changed when the number of cars per mile of track is taken into consideration, for on this basis of arrangement the District of Columbia heads the list with 6.49, followed by Illinois with 6.12, New York with 5.76, Missouri with 4.64 and Massachusetts with 4.02. The greatest capitalization per mile of track is \$111,200 in New York. It is \$81,790 in Pennsylvania \$73,400 in Rhode Island, \$69,600 in Illinois and \$68,100 in Louisiana. The funded debt. per mile of track is largest in New York, where it is \$96,700, and other high figures are \$72,400 in Rhode Island, \$61,800 in New Jersey, \$58,800 in Illinois and \$51,600 in both Missouri and Maryland. The total capital liabilities per mile of track are \$207, 100 in New York, \$146,800 in Rhode Island, \$129,400 in New Jersey, \$128,500 in Illinois, \$116,700 in Missouri and \$113,400 in Louisiana. The banner states in the matter of capitalization are Mississippi, Florida, South Dakota and New Hampshire, whose combined capital stock and funded debt amount to less than \$16,000 per mile of track. while enormously valuable metropolitan properties in New York naturally gave that state its leading position.

His Little Mistake.

A young farmer who had great conceit, little discretion and scarcely any education presented himself at a Presbyterian conference and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher "I ain't had any great learnin'," he said, frankly, "but I reckon I'm called to preach. I've had a vision three nights runnin'; that's why I'm here. "What was your vision?" inquired one of the elders. "Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big, round ring in the sky, and in the middle of it was two great letters-P. C. I knew that meant Presbyterian conference, and here I am." There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by an elder who knew the young man and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of the farm in which his father had taken such pride. "I haven't any gift at reading visions," said the old man, gravely, "but I'd like to put it to my oung friend whether he doesn't think it's possible those two letters may have stood for 'Plant corn?'" Fortunately this version was accepted by the appli-

Crafty Birds.

Woodpeckers in the mountains of Southern California do cabinet work that cannot be equaled by the most skilled artisan. The crafty birds gather acorns, drill holes in the trunks of pine trees, into which they fit the nuts so closely and snugly that squirrels are unable to pull them out. Hundreds of these nuts are implanted in a single tree trunk. The question has arisen as to how the birds get the acorns out, if a squirrel cannot remove one of the implantations. It is discovered that, after being implanted, a worm appears in the acorn, and it is for the purpose of getting this worm later on that the crafty bird stores away acorns in this unique manner.

TURNING THE TABLES.

The extent to which lawyers can 'exereise their imagination when pleading in behalf of their clients is almost beyond belief; but sometimes the tables are turned in a very unexpected fash-

On one occasion, says the Florida Times-Union, Mr. Swan was engaged in presenting the case of a woman who petitioned the court to grant her a judicial separation from her husband, a workingman, and urged that as she was in extreme poverty she was entitled to alimony according to her hus-

band's means. With a voice broken in its pathos the lawyer dilated on the imperative necessity of the case, declaring that his client was utterly destitute, not having a mattress to lie upon, and not possessing the means to purchase a crust of

When the evidence had been heard the judge, who well knew the counsel's unlimited powers of exaggeration, turned to the appellant and addressed to her a few questions.

"Have you, then, no occupation?" "Yes, my lord; I am a nurse," was the incautious reply. "And where are you employed?"

"I am at Mr. Swan's," she unwittingly rejoined, pointing to her counsel. It was with the greatest difficulty that the judge refrained from joining in the shout of laughter with which this admission was hailed.

hind the Bars.

Vanity in a female prisoner would

FEMININE VANITY. It Crops Out Even Among Women Be-

be merely laughable if it were not so sad to behold. It is, however, the one touch of nature which proves the human kinship, and there is perhaps some hope for even these poor, degraded creatures, if they are thus swayed by such harmless emotions. Prison matrons, says the North American Review, would be perpetually busy if they checked every attempt made by their charges to adopt the last fashionable coiffure. "Fringes" are "going out." perhaps, in general society, but they are still amazingly popular in prison. Criminals will trim their hair as it pleases them, and the wisest disciplin fringe. In the same way, once, when chignons were in vogue, the female felt happy whose locks escaped the prison scissors and were long enough to fold over a pad of oakum. The ingenuity. again, with which some prisoners will twist and turn their unbecoming uniform into some faint notion of the fashions of the day might have earned these artists good wages in a dressmaker's atelier. I have seen panniers counterfeited and polonaises, skirts draped or tied back, dress improvers manufactured out of whalebones or horse hair; no doubt when the present "bell" skirt is fading out of fashion it will be largely patronized in jail. The craze for personal adornment leads women to skim the grease off their scanty allowance of soup, with which they plaster their hair. I once knew an aged prisoner who was caught scraping the dust from the red brick cell wall to serve her as rouge.

ARMOR IN MODERN USE. English Officers in Foreign Service to Pro-

teet Themselves. In discussing the modern use of armor by officers and men in the foreign "little wars" of to-day, an English accontrement maker, as reported by London Tid-Bits, says: "I give you my assurance that an immense number of the officers of our army and navy who go on foreign service, especially when one of our 'little wars' is expected, provide themselves with certain easily

recognized protections. "These, mind you, are well-known articles of trade to the service. The commonest and most usual type of these protections consists of fine but beautifully tempered single chains, inclosed in in soft leather, which run along the shoulders, down the outer side of the arms and over certain parts of the body. These can either be sewn into a particular tunic or they can be adjusted separately and put on like harness. The most valuable of all chains, in connection with accourrements, are those which guard the head, and in cases where the regulation cap or helmet is not sufficiently protected in this way, specially made chains are sewn inside the same and covered by the lining."

POWER OF A PIANIST. Pounds of Strength Expended in Striking a Note Heavily.

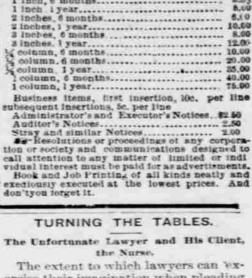
It requires more force to sound a note gently on a piano than to lift the lid of a kettle. A German composer has figured that the minimum pressure of the finger playing pianissimo is equal to one hundred and ten grams-a quarter of a pound. Few kettle lids weigh more than two ounces, says the Musical

The German's calculations are easy to verify if one takes a small handful of coins and piles them on a key of the piano. When a sufficient quantity is piled on to make a note sound they may then be weighed and these figures will be found to be true.

If the planist is playing fortissimo a much greater force is needed. At times a force of six pounds is thrown upon a single key to produce a solitary effect. With chords the force is generally spread over the various notes sounded simultaneously, though a greater output of force is undoubtedly expended. This is what gives planists the wonderful strength in their fingers so often commented on. A story used to be told of Paderewski that he could crack a pane of French plate glass half an inch thick merely by placing one hand upon it, as if upon a plano keyboard, and striking sharply with his middle finger.

Chopin's last study in C minor has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The total pressure brought to bear on this, it is estimated, is equal to three full tons. The average "tonnage" of an hour's piano playing of Chopin's music varies from twelve to eighty-four tons. Germans in Chill.

Forty years ago a German built his hut on the shore of Lake Llanquihue in Chili. To-day there is a colony of three hundred Germans at this place, and they are entertained every night by fireworks on the volcano Calbuco, which has been in activity for a year and a half.



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