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

Guaranteed Circulation, - - - - - 1,200

Subscription Rates.

One copy, 1 year, cash in advance.....$1.50
do do if not paid within 3 months. 1.75
do do if not paid within 6 months. 2.00
do do if not paid within the year.. 2.25

☞To persons residing outside of the county 25 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

☞In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you want to. None but scalawags do otherwise.—Don't be a scalawag—life is too short.

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 XXX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1896. NUMBER 5.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.50
1 inch, 3 months	2.50
1 inch, 6 months	3.5[illegible]
1 inch, 1 year	5.00
2 inches, 6 months	6.00
2 inches, 1 year	10.00
3 inches, 6 months	9.00
3 inches, 1 year	12.00
¼ column, 6 months	16.00
¼ column, 6 months	20.00
½ column, 1 year	35.00
1 column, 6 months	40.00
1 column, 1 year	70.00

Business items, first insertion, 10c. per line subsequent insertions, 5c. per line

Administrator's and Executor's Notices	$2.50
Auditor's Notices	2.50
Stray and similar Notices	2.00

☞Resolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest must be paid for as advertisements.

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

"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN
SAPOLIO
IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.

FARMERS!
TAKE NOTICE

When you want GOOD FLOUR take your grain to the OLD SHENKLE MILL in Ebensburg. The

FULL ROLLER PROCESS

for the manufacture of Flour has been put in the Old Shenkle Grist Mill in Ebensburg and turns out nothing but

FIRST CLASS WORK.

Bring in your grain and give us a trial. Each man's grain in ground separately and you get the Flour of your own wheat. If farmers wish to exchange grain for Flour they can do so. The Mill is running every day with the BEST OF POWER.

S. D. LUDWIG,
PROPRIETOR.

JOB :: PRINTING.

THE FREEMAN
Printing Office
Is the place to get your
JOB PRINTING
Promptly and satisfactorily executed. We will meet the prices of all honorable competion, We don't do any but first-class work and want a living price for it.

With Fast Presses and New Type
We are prepared to turn out Job Printing of every discription in the FINEST STYLE and at the very
Lowest Cash Prices.

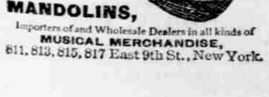
Nothing but the best material is used and our work speaks for itself. We are prepared to print on the shortest notice
POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, BUSINESS CARDS, TAGS, BILL HEADS, MONTHLY STATEMENTS ENVELOPES, LABELS, CIRCULARS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CHECKS, NOTES, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS, BOND WORK, LETTER AND NOTE HEADS, AND HOP AND PARTY INVITATIONS ETC.

We can print anything from the smallest and neatest Visiting Card to the largest Poster on short notice and at the most Reasonable Rates.

The Cambria Freeman
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a
White Sewing Machine
EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW
PINCH TENSION,
TENSION INDICATOR
—AND—
AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,
The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.
The WHITE is
Durably and Handsomely Built,
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,
And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.
ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,
WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.
dec17 26 6m

JOHN F. STRATTON'S
CELEBRATED

MANDOLINS,
Importers of and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
811, 813, 815, 817 East 9th St., New York.

Scientific American Agency for
PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.
For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the
Scientific American
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

THE KEELEY CURE
Is a special boon to business men who, having drifted unconsciously into the drink habit and awaken to find the disease of alcoholism fastened upon them, rendering them unfit to manage affairs requiring a clear brain. A four weeks course of treatment at the
PITTSBURG KEELEY INSTITUTE,
No. 4216 Fifth Avenue,
restores to them all their powers, mental and physical, destroys the abnormal appetite, and renders them sound of body and mind, to whom we can refer with confidence as to the absolute safety and efficiency of the Keeley Cure. The fullest and most searching investigation is invited. Send for pamphlet giving full information.
aug 2-94.

PINEOLA : CREAM : BALSAM
is excellent for all throat inflammations and for

asthma. Consumptives will invariably derive benefit from its use, as it quickly obates the cough, enders expectoration easy, assisting nature in restoring wasted tissues. There is a large percentage of those who suppose their cases to be consumption who are only suffering from a chronic cold or deep seated cough, often aggravated by catarrh. For catarrh use Ely's Cream Balm. Both remedies are pleasant to use. Cream Balm, 50c. per bottle. Pineola, 25c. at Druggists. In quantities of $2.50 will deliver on receipt of amount.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.
nov 10 94 1y.

LARRABEE'S
RHEUMATIC
LINIMENT
has enjoyed a constant patronage for over sixty years. It is wonderfully efficacious in all painful diseases, such as
Rheumatism, Lumbago, Catarrh, Toothache, Neuralgia, Backache
and other ailments where pain is an attendant. Try it. At Drug stores, or by mail on receipt of name, address and 25 cents.
WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.
oct.17 95 1y.

PATENTS
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.
Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

JOHN F. STRATTON
CELEBRATED

BANJOS,
Importers of and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Mandolines, Accordeons, Harmonicas, &c., all kinds of Strings, etc., etc.
811, 813, 815, 817 East 9th St., New York.

BUGGIES at ½ Price
CASH OR HARNESS
(37 Top Buggy $37 | We Can Undersell ALL competitors. Buy of factory and save middleman's profit. Cat'g'e Free.
$55 Phaeton $47
$50 Road Wagon $38
$35 Road Cart $25.50
$30 Buggy " $22.50
$30 Team " $27.50
Morgan Saddle, $1.65
$95 | $85 | $75 | $65 | $52.50 | $40 | $29 | $20
U. S. BUGGY & CART CO.
2 to 12 Lawrence st., Cincinnati, O.

A SEA HERO.

How Harry, the Cabin Boy, Atoned for His Sin.

Everybody who knows anything about Bath, Me., and her ships must, necessarily, know the Reaper. She is one of those trim-looking craft that Fenimore Cooper might naturally have pictured for his Skimmer of the Seas. Bulky of hull, shaped like a sword-fish, with wings of enormous spread, there was a time when the Reaper had more "quick work" about her frame than the "twenty periaguas built into a single craft," of which the great American author used to tell.

Few who were anywhere near Bath on a certain day during the centennial year can ever forget with what enthusiasm the Reaper was consigned to her native element. She won distinction on the high seas from the very start, and when it was not in winning races or carrying notable cargoes it was in rescuing some poor wretch clinging to a piece of timber. It is only a few years since the Reaper arrived here the winner of a 15,000-mile race around Cape Horn from Astoria, Ore. Her competitor on this occasion was the sturdy and speedy bark Western Belle. The sum of $1,000 was staked on this event, and the Reaper took the prize.

But the Reaper is now in trouble, and her many friends will be glad to learn that the marine doctor entertains hopes of her recovery. She is at Portland, where she arrived the other day badly broken down in health and spirits, after the longest and roughest passage in her experience, from ocean to ocean, and that is saying a great deal for a craft that has doubled the cape as many times as has the Reaper.

Not only were her hull and wings badly crippled, but she lost a little hero, and those who remained on the battling craft were a struggling, emaciated, exhausted and starving lot when the vessel finally reached the head of the Columbia river. The story might never have been known on this side had not the nine-year-old daughter of Capt. Young, the master of the vessel, written briefly of the same to Mrs. H. W. Morris, of Brooklyn. The little girl's name is Henrietta, and she accompanied her mother to the Pacific coast in the Reaper. Henrietta is a sea nymph, if there ever was one. She loves the sea as she loves her doll, and not only can she spin a yarn as well as any of the fo'k'sle hands, but she can write an interesting one, too.

There never was a tougher lot of "hands" collected at the instance of any skipping master than that which tumbled aboard the Reaper as she lay in the stream off Liberty island last May.

Hardly had the ship got off shore from Sandy Hook when the mates discovered that half a dozen of the sailors who had been singed as A. B.'s were ag reen as the sheathing on the ship's bottom. Some masters believe in introducing a capstan bar on occasions of this kind; but Capt. Young is a humane man, and, with a sigh, he simply logged the men, and determined to put up with a bad bargain.

The mess or cabin boy who went in the ship was known to the officers as Harry. He had never been to sea before, although he told Capt. Young when he came on board that he had made a deep water voyage in an English bark. He was a good lad for a time, and it was not necessary to ask any questions to discover that at one time he had felt the influences of a good mother's hand. He was only 15 years old, rather tall for his age, with a full, open face, light curly hair and blue eyes that rivaled the clearness of the sea itself. Somehow or other he evinced a fondness for that little water sprite Henrietta immediately after she came aboard. It was one of those attachments that an older brother forms for his little sister, and at the beginning of the passage he made frequent trips between the cabin and the headquarters of Charley Noble to get some dainty for his little queen. But after the ship had been at sea seven weeks it was noticed that Harry was irregular in his habits, and that his devotion "to the little woman aft" was not as marked as it should be. The lad had had much occasion to associate with the men in the usual course of events, and presently his conferences with the green hands became so frequent and pronounced that Capt. Young was obliged to reprove him.

It was like casting water on a duck's back, though. These men seemed to have some unknown power over the boy, but the extent of this power was not learned until the stewardess one day discovered that somebody was stealing the condensed milk. A watch was maintained, but still the milk continued to disappear, and finally the butter began to take French leave. Then the flour followed to keep it company, and was soon joined by the sugar. Those whose duties called them aft began to suspect one another, but never for a moment was a thought given to the honesty of Harry. Little Henrietta vouched for him, and that was enough. He had told her repeatedly that his ambition was to grow up a good, brave man that he might command a majestic ship like the Reaper, and on Sunday afternoons, when he pored over the little finger-stained Bible that some Christian mother had given him as an heirloom and read aloud therefrom to the girl, Harry was watched with envy. But the dreadful blow came at last.

Harry was discovered redhanded one morning stealing a quantity of stores. To have the stores stolen bit by bit was sorrow enough, but to learn that Harry, esteemed and loved by all, was the guilty wretch was a crushing blow. The stewardess wept in concert with Henrietta, Capt. Young felt as if he had lost a dear friend and the mates shook their heads in sympathy. As for Harry, he told it all. The green hands had induced him to bring them a can of condensed milk one day, and when they asked for another and he had refused to get it they threatened to tell on him unless he obeyed. He thought too much of the good will of his superiors aft to let the men carry their threat into execution, and as a natural sequence he met their demands. And their demands grew larger as his duplicity increased, until finally it was too late for him to make his book of conscience ever balance.

After that Capt. Young and his mates did not trust him. He could not go anywhere without watchful eyes upon him, for he had been tried and found wanting. But he could count upon one friend and comforter, after all. Henrietta knew him when he was a good boy, and she would not desert him when he had fallen from grace.

"Oh," she exclaimed one afternoon, as a sort of exhaust to her wounded feelings, "why did you do anything like that, Harry; why did you do anything like that? It was dreadful for you to steal for those bad, wicked men. Now we must all suffer for it. The ship has been making such bad weather of it that papa says the passage will last more than six months, and because of your helping yourself to everything we must run short of provisions before we arrive. It was dreadful of you to do."

There was no mistaking the fact that the craft was making bad weather of it. Fifteen days had been consumed in an endeavor to round the cape in blinding snowstorms and gales that were dead ahead and as sharp as the point of a needle. Twice Capt. Young had a conference with his mates on the advisability of wearing ship and putting before it so as to finish the passage by way of the Cape of Good Hope. When it was not blowing great guns it was a series of calms with the ship fanning along, as sailormen say when the canvas collapses every other minute. In these light airs she was as slow as a blind man groping his way. The topsawers of the crew said they never saw such weather before, and they were about right. The gales had played sad havoc with the sails and spars, and the lusty seas which arose in their wrath ate big chunks out of the decks, their fixtures, and the hull itself.

Then the food gave out, as was predicted, and dark looks were flashed at Harry. The butter, milk and sugar had been exhausted some time when the news was passed around that the flour had given out. The growling became general then, and even the green hands turned up their noses every time Harry put in an appearance. Something had to be done. The last few pounds of flour had been used one Sunday, when Capt. Young thought of some old wheat, the sweepings of that famous cargo which was stowed in the lower hold forward. This wheat the hens on board had previously refused to eat, probably because of its bilgelike color. How to get it was the thing that troubled Capt Young most, for he knew that hungry men would not refuse it even if chickens would.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to break out the cargo stowed under the fore hatch. It was a long and difficult job, and the deck of the ship was like a huge dry goods establishment while it was in progress, but it was gotten at last, the green hands working harder than anybody else, their appetites urging them on, perhaps. Once on deck the wheat was ground in the coffee mill and the steward converted it into what Henrietta describes as "good bread and pancakes." It could not last forever, though, and finally it gave out, too. Then the last remaining stores were taken in hand. These consisted of peas and beans, and Mate Harris thought them so valuable just then that he had them counted as a prelude to distribution.

Harry, who was primarily responsible for all the trouble, did not suffer from hunger as much as did the other men. A worse fate was reserved for him. The Reaper was about a month in the Pacific when she encountered a terrific storm that lasted three days and nights.

There was an old man in the crew who had made several voyages in the ship before and who was as capable a sailor as ever let go and hauled. Toward midnight on the second day of the storm this old man was struck by a sea which came on board, and the ship being well heeled over was being rapidly carried over the side, when Harry, who was passing, grabbed him. In doing so the lad fell and a succeeding wave caught him, and, picking him up much as it would a straw, tossed him into the dim, dark sea alongside.

The cry of "man overboard!" brought all hands to the deck, and the roars of the mates could be heard above the howling of the wind and the painful creaking of the spars. An attempt was made in response to an order to get the ship around, and though the helm was hard to weather, all efforts to get the vessel before the wind proved unavailing. Harry was never seen again. There was great gloom among the hands after that, and Mate Harris that night read from Brainard, where he says:

"At the piping of all lands,
When the judgment signal's spread—
When the islands and the lands
And the seas give up the dead,
And the south and the north shall come,
When the sinner is dismay'd,
And the just man is afraid,
Then Heaven be thy aid,
Poor Tom."

The Reaper was nearly 200 days on the passage, and was more like a wreck than her old self when she reached Portland.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Rome's Earthquake and Lottery.

The earthquake recently felt in Rome has already produced a result that to any except an Italian would seem incredible. It has augmented naturally the receipts of the national lottery. The occurrence was so unusual that gamblers saw their opportunity and quite a series of figures became popular. The first shock was felt on November 1 at 4:38 p. m. One, four and thirty-eight were obviously factors in the lucky series. And then the lottery manual helped the gambler out by supplying him with other figures, chiefly 11, 90 and 30, so that among the six success was certain. Eleven was most run on, as it was equivalent both for "November" and "earthquake" and also represented the fete of St. Martin, a saint very popular since the battle of San Martino. In fact, the lotteries received such an impulse from the earthquake that the offices had to be kept open on All Saints' day, contrary to all usage. When the winning numbers were actually exposed to view not one of the popular six was in the category.

MIGHTY LONDON.

A Group of Facts About the Greatest City in the World.

London has a larger area than New York, Paris and Berlin all put together.

Ten millions of eels are annually consumed in London.

A London fog costs $35,000 for extra gas burned.

In London 861 streets are named after the queen, besides which there are 167 Queen streets.

A thousand piano organs are played in the London streets daily. This does not include common hand organs.

Ten days of London fog cost 25,000 people on beds of sickness.

About 1,250,000 articles are pledged with London pawnbrokers weekly.

London consumes about 4,000,000 pints of periwinkles each year. There are 200 periwinkles to the pint. Total, 800,000,000 periwinkles. What becomes of the shells?

About 2,500 dress suits are hired out in London each night.

It is estimated that in London fully 3,000,000 people never enter a place of worship.

There are 90,000 paupers in London. There are more than 4,000 pledged abstainers among the London cabmen.

The London jam trade provides employment for 16,000 people and 65,000 tons of sugar are used yearly in the trade.

More than 1,000,000 readymade cigarettes are smoked in London each day.

Twelve thousand people are employed at the London theaters.

London has nearly 320,000 maid servants.

Only one person in four in London earns five dollars a week.

In the year 1894 some 13,000 pewter beer pots were stolen from North London public houses. They are used to make counterfeit money.

A London confectioner says that he is often called upon to furnish wedding cakes weighing 1,000 pounds each and puddings of a size sufficient for 500 hearty appetites.

A single firm in St. Paul's churchyard once received an order for 1,000,000 ladies' mantles from a retail customer.

London contains 250,000 working single women, whose individual earnings do not average more than 25 cents a day.

On an average every London policeman arrests but seven people a year.

London streets are very long and each one is crossed by an unlimited number of other streets running at right angles to it or cutting it diagonally or otherwise. From this it results that there are an unconscionable number of street corners, each one the junction of two streets, or three, or four, as may be. You may stand at any one of them without being told to move on and take in the vista of that portion of the town in which you happen momentarily to be. In this way the eye may grasp the perspectives of two, three or four streets successively, almost simultaneously, without as much as changing the position of one's body, in fact, by simply turning one's neck. These streets are composed as follows: A row of houses to the right is paralleled at a distance of 15, 20, 30, 40 or 50 feet by a second row of houses to the left, or vice versa, the fronts of each row of houses facing the fronts of the opposite row of houses, unless it be the backs which face each other, when it is a mews. A long and comparatively narrow space is thus left between the rows of houses, the center being a roadway for vehicles, and the edges being for the safe passage of pedestrians. This is the street. When you get tired of walking on it you can call a cab and drive back to your hotel.

It is stated that London drinks every year 45,000,000 gallons of malt liquor, 8,000,000 gallons of wine and 14,500,000 gallons of spirits.

It is estimated that the great smoke cloud which sometimes hangs over London weighs 300 tons, 50 tons of which is solid carbon and 250 tons of which is hydro-carbon. It is calculated that the smoke of the year is worth $10,000,000.

London pays nearly a third of the whole income tax of England.

There are over 12,000 artists in London.

In winter as many as 40,000 per day of dead larks frequently find their way into the London markets.

The cow population of London is 18,000.

On an average rain falls in London on 182 days of each year.

Over 1,000,000 pawn tickets for sums under ten shillings are issued weekly in London.

One million eggs are brought into London daily from Italy alone.—Chicago Times-Herald.

BRIEF BUT WEIGHTY.

Nothing multiplies so much as kindness.—Wray.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.—Bacon.

A servant has two purses, his master's and his own.—Monod.

Philosophy, if rightly defined, is nothing but the love of wisdom.—Cicero.

What king so strong can tie the gall up in a slanderous tongue?—Shakespeare.

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.—Goethe.

That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel.—Goldsmith.

The morning of life is like the dawn of day, full of purity, of imagery and harmony.—Chateaubriand.

Take my word for it, the saddest thing under the sky is a soul incapable of sadness.—Countess de Gasparin.

If a book comes from the heart it will contrive to reach other hearts. All art and authorcraft are of small account to that.—Carlyle.

In a Hurry.

Gent—Gee Whittaker! You've spilled that coffee all over me.

Waiter—Very sorry, sir, but I was hurryin' to get through.

Guest—I'm in no hurry.

Waiter—No, sir, but it's most time for a gentleman to come in wot always fees me, sir.—N. Y. Weekly.

The largest reflector for a telescope was that made for the Lord Rosse instrument, 72 inches in diameter.

MENTAL MARVELS.

Some Men Who Have Wonderful Memories.

The Remarkable Ability of Three San Franciscans to Remember Dates, Names and Incidents After a Long Lapse of Years.

Probably the three most remarkable men who have ever startled San Franciscans who knew them with their feats of memory were "Count" Smith, clerk of the Palace hotel, Timothy Bainbridge, of the police force, and Bob Norval, known all over the United States as the "boy preacher."

"Count" Smith was for some years chief clerk of the Palace hotel, and he died about seven years ago. Born in affluent circumstances in Australia, he met with financial misfortunes early in life and came to America, where he changed his unpronounceable name to Smith, and other years thereafter added the prefix "Count." Finally he drifted to San Francisco, where he became chief clerk of the Palace. Though many stories concerning this man's achievements in memory are exaggerated, there is no doubt that the organ which recalls the past was developed in him far beyond that of most men.

It is related that some names and faces of guests were so indelibly engraved on the tablets of this remarkable man's memory that when he saw a guest who had probably been absent for years, and whom he had met in the most perfunctory manner, he would say: "Why, how do you do, Mr. Valentine? Do you still want 516 with a bath? That is the room you had in 1881."

Such things astonished travelers from every land, but it is not to be inferred that his memory of every guest was equally clear. Such feats were reserved for the special cases of persons whose characteristics were so marked that when once recalled by visual sensations every circumstance connected with the former meeting passed before him like a panoramic view.

"Count" Smith was a marvel to many thousands from all quarters of the globe, yet in some matters his memory was only ordinary or even indifferent. He said it was no effort whatever for him to remember names and faces, if he recalled them at all. He attributed the gift to birth rather than cultivation.

Tim Bainbridge's memory is even more marvelous, and he is to-day one of the most active little men in the city. Though his eyesight is so impaired that he uses glasses, his memory is so active that he readily recalls the name, face, history, and prison record of the thousands of convicts who have passed before him in 20 years.

Bainbridge is always the standby of the police department in matters of identification. He is at the police courts whenever suspicious prisoners are on trial. Often he will say, for example, when "John Brown" is on trial for grand larceny: "This is not John Brown, but Tim Collins, who is wanted in Tennessee for burglary. He served a term at Folsom for arson in 1879."

The most striking thing about Bainbridge's memory is that he sees the old self of men through the changes of time. Beyond the fat face covered with a full beard and furrowed with lines of care and crime, Bainbridge sees the picture of ten years before, when the defendant was slender, young, and smooth faced; and he often startles the criminals themselves by vividly recalling their crimes and describing them as they were in older days.

Bob Norval, known as "the boy preacher," used to startle the residents of the mission by repeating, after having once heard read aloud, entire articles from newspapers. He was an eccentric genius, who formerly traveled and lectured all over the United States on religious themes. It was his habit to sit down on the grass, close his eyes, place his hands over his forehead, and then have slowly read to him the speech or article he wished to reproduce, after which it seemed to photograph itself on his mind, so he could speak it with rare precision. Norval said it was no effort for him to do such things.—San Francisco Chronicle.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Yvette Guilbert, the French celebrity, is responsible for the latest fashion of wearing long black gloves with evening dress. It is all the go in New York.

Mrs. Reed, wife of the speaker of the house, does not go out in society this winter because of the death of her mother, which occurred last summer. Mr. Reed's daughter, who is a sweet-looking blonde, was "out" last winter and is among the gay set this year.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, who goes with the Ashantee expedition, has taken the precaution to insure his life for $500,000, so that if he is struck down by an African assegai, meeting the same fate which befell the prince imperial of France, his family will not be left in destitution.

Lord Salisbury is a vastly rich man. He received $1,000,000 for his property in the Strand, he derives an immense income in the shape of untaxed ground rents in London and in the country, and while in office as prime minister he receives the pay attached to the office, and while out of office the pension of an ex-cabinet minister.

P. T. Barnum, the late showman, owned some property in Venezuela, which during one of the revolutions there several years ago was confiscated and destroyed. Through the United States government Mr. Barnum made a claim for compensation and was awarded $1,400. The Venezuelan government was not able to pay a lump sum, but agreed to pay it in ten annual installments, with interest added. So the executors of the Barnum estate receive from the republic of Venezuela now each year a check for something like $150.

The Servant Question.

"Maggie, did you hear the door bell ring?"

"Yis, mum."

"Well, why don't you open the door, then?"

"Sure, I don't know a soul who'd call an me at this time of the day, mum. It must be some one to see yersilf."—Truth.

WORTH A GLANCE.

The new ocean greyhound under contract for the North German Lloyds at the Vulcan works, Stettin, is to make an average of 20 knots on her first trip from Southampton to Sandy Hook.

The highest price ever paid for a tooth is supposed to have been 3,500,000 trade dollars. In a small Asiatic war the Portuguese captured the tooth of a sacred monkey from the Siamese, and this was the ransom agreed upon.

The Moody tabernacle at Atlanta, which cost a little over $2,000, has been sold for $350 to a local clergyman, who will retain it as a meeting place for religious assemblies. Sam Jones will shortly begin a series of revival services within its walls.

It brings back the days of the Algerine corsairs to read that the cardinal prefect of the propaganda distributed 200,000 francs last year for the ransom of slaves from captivity. The money was spent by Catholic missionaries in the interior of Africa.

Doctors at Montreuil, near Paris, refuse to give their services to the municipal dispensary, because a woman has been appointed to serve in it one day in the week. Their grievance is aggravated by her being paid, while their services are given free.

At Blackwell, England, the largest battle ship in the world is nearly ready for launching, and will be called the Fuji, instead of Fusi Yama, as originally intended. It is a battle ship of Harveyized steel armor, 400 feet long, 73 feet broad and 44 feet deep.

FOREIGN CHIT-CHAT.

Tolstoi's "Patriotism and Christianity" has been translated into German. He condemns patriotism as unchristian because war is made in its cause, and makes fun of the Cronstadt and Toulon incidents.

Prof. Guiseppe de Leon, rector and professor of history in the University of Padua, died recently. He was the author of a life of Giuliano della Rovere (Pope Julius II.) and of a history of Charles V. in his relations to Italy.

Several works by Margaret of Navarre, the author of the Heptameron, have just been discovered in the National library at Paris. They comprise poems written in the last four or five years of her life, amounting to 12,000 verses; two dramas, letters, dialogues and songs.

Three volumes of the memoirs of Marchese Giorgio Pallavacino have been published in Italy. He was a fellow prisoner with Silvio Pellico and Maroncelli in the Spielberg, and was later Garibaldi's adviser. He brought about the plebiscitum in 1860 by which Naples and Sicily voted to join the kingdom of Italy.

Quinine in Italy is very expensive, costing to the public $100 a kilogramme, and is often adulterated. As good and cheap quinine is needed in the malarial districts, Signor Boselli, minister of finance, proposes that the sulphate and hydrochlorate be sold by the government at a uniform price in all stores dealing in the state monopolies, tobacco and salt.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

A great deal more honey would be consumed in the cities if the unadulterated article could be procured and its purity vouched for.

If you don't think the best stock pays look around through your neighborhood and see if the best farmers don't keep the best stock.

It is estimated that grain fed to suckling lambs designed for the butcher at an early day pays at the rate of two dollars a bushel for corn anywhere in the eastern and middle states.

English sheep owners litter the pens in which sheep are housed with burnt clay as a preventative of foot rot. The clay acts as an absorbent and makes a good fertilizer.

Don't try to hatch chicken with hens in midwinter unless you are willing to devote time in caring for the broods. Hens cannot raise chicks in winter unless kept in a warm place.

When sulphur is given to animals in winter it is liable to cause them to take cold, as it opens the pores of the skin. It is said to also cause rheumatism if given during damp weather.

One reason why cattle will go out in the barnyard during inclement weather and endure cold and dampness in preference to remaining inside is that the stalls are too dark and cheerless.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Mascagni has taken up the duties of director of the Liceo musicale, founded by Rossini in his birthplace, Pesaro, and will give up composition for a time.

Mme. Jeanne Hugo, the granddaughter of Victor Hugo, who was recently divorced from her husband, Alphonse Daudet's son, is about to marry a young doctor of Paris.

Stanley and Mounteney Jephson, the only white survivors of the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, have just erected a brass tablet in Kilmore church to the memory of their comrade, Surgeon Park.

French football is improving. The Racing club of Paris recently beat a 15 of Oxford men at the Rugby game at Levallois-Perret by one try to nothing, while the Olympique club beat the same 15 in the Bois de Boulogne by a goal to a try.

Three hundred and eighty-six distinct libel suits have been begun by as many priests against the Paris Journal on account of an article reflecting on the clergy of the Hautes Pyrenees. Each priest asks for $20 damages, and if they win, the result of each lawsuit will be printed in five newspapers of Toulouse, as many of Bordeaux and in 12 newspapers in the department.

FLASHES OF FUN.

A current topic—electricity.

Jack Frost is painting noses.

Grass widows are seldom green.

Sells like hot cakes—maple sirup.

A rattling old time—throwing dice for drinks.

Some men are born tired, and others get run down by bicycles.

The pugilist may get himself arrested but it is a hard matter to shut him up.

Even the stingiest man will sometimes give himself a weigh, if the scales are free.—Bachelier.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The biggest moose ever taken in the Aroostook region of Maine, the state's best hunting ground, was killed recently by Col. A. A. Baker, of Newport, R. I. A game official measured the animal, and his figures are: Weight, dressed and including hide, with the bobsled on which it was hauled, 1,360 pounds; spread of antlers, 49 inches. The antlers have 15 prongs on one side and 13 on the other.

—The addition of 75,000 acres to the Adirondack park is a cause for satisfaction. The land purchased from Dr. Webb make the largest single block yet acquired in furtherance of the purpose of extending the park to include the 2,807,760 acres fixed upon as a proper reserve for the maintenance of the forest and streams so necessary to the state. With this addition the public domain will amount to 675,000 acres.

—The prospect of another Ashantee war recalls Sir Wilfred Lawson's summary of the English campaign of 1873. He asked in the house of commons what England had gained by her victories over the Ashantees. "An old umbrella and a treaty," he made answer to his own question. He was reminded that there had been no treaty. He remarked that he was not sorry, as the treaty would have been worth no more than the umbrella.

—One of the smallest men and one of the biggest girls in the country live down in Georgia. The former is Mr. Tom Coster, of Hazelhurst, who is 24 years old, is three feet nine inches high, and weighs 56 pounds. He has two younger brothers who are each more than six feet tall. Mr. G. W. Roddenberry, of Okenfenokee, has a girl 13 years old who weighs 175 pounds, and a boy seven years who weighs 110 pounds and wears a number six shoe.

—One big firm of ranchers near Miles City, Wash., employs all the year round two hunters and a pack of 15 Russian wolf hounds to keep the range free of wolves and coyotes, which are a pest to stock raisers all over the region. So far this year the hunters have taken the scalps of 223 wolves and many coyotes. Whenever any traces of wolves or coyotes are found the pack is taken out and put on the scent, and usually the pests are quickly run down and killed. This method is the only one that has proved effective, as the wolves refuse to take poisoned bait.

—Another queer happening attributed to the recent earthquake that shivered up through the middle states from the gulf to the lakes is that many wells have gone dry, and not a few cisterns and reservoirs have become empty since the shock. In the case of the latter it is probable that the cement cracked or the construction was otherwise weakened, but this explanation does not entirely explain the case of the wells. The bottom of a well in Lagro township, near Wabash, Ind., dropped out entirely, and nothing that has been used to sound the depths of the hole has touched the bottom. To all appearances there is an immense cavern under the well hole.

HER FATHER'S OWN DAUGHTER.

Even in the Matter of Proposal She Insisted Upon Court Rules.

She was the daughter of a judge and she listened with languid interest to his plea.

"I love you devotedly," he cried, passionately. "I am prepared to devote my life to you."

"Be specific in your pleading," she cautioned. "Do not stray too far from the point at issue."

He hesitated and then asked, earnestly:

"Will you be my wife?"

"Ah," she said, "now I see the point you wish to make."

"I am not rich," he urged, "but I have enough to give you a comfortable home, and my prospects are bright. I offer you the love of an honest man, who will do all in his power to make you happy. I—"

She stopped him by a gesture.

"It is useless to continue at present," she said, firmly but kindly. "There are several cases ahead of yours on the docket."

"But," he protested, "I want—"

She stopped him again.

"I must insist that these matters be taken up in their regular order," she said, starchly. "Put your proposition in writing and file it with my maid, and it will receive due attention when it is reached in the regular course of business. I haven't time to listen to oral arguments in a case that can be as well presented in briefs."

With a sigh he left, and put in his time until late that night preparing a petition for a rehearing. — Chicago Post.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

Not Literal.—"Teacher—"If a boy smites you on the right cheek, what should you do?" Dick Hicks—"Give it to him with me left."—Puck.

Edith—"I'm in a quandary!" Isabel—"How is that?" Edith—"Tom promises to stop drinking if I marry him, and Jack threatens to begin if I don't."—Tit-Bits.

Miss Pert—"Is Miss Strait Lace circumspect?" Miss Caustic—"Circumspect! Why, she won't accompany a young man on the piano without a chaperon."—Salem Gazette.

In Chicago.—Visitor—"Where is it that man lives? Must be outside the city limits, isn't it?" Resident—"Outside the what?" Visitor—"The city limits." Resident—"We haven't any."—Puck.

A French confectioner, proud of his English and wishing to let patrons know that their wants should be attended to at once, without any delay, put out the sign: "Short Weights Here."—Harper's Drawer.

Parson—"I married Smithers to his first wife and he gave me $50. When I married him to his second he gave me five dollars." Wiggles—"He knew more about matrimony the second time, I guess."—Harper's Bazar.

"Have a paper?" bawled a newsboy to an old gentleman from the country on Austin avenue. "No hurry, sonny. Perhaps after you have read it I'll glance over it," and as he passed down the street he muttered: "Nice folks, these Austin people; so polite to a stranger."—Texas Siftings.