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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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LOOKING UNDER THE BED.

We were a large family of boys and girls, now all married and scattered at various distances from the early home and aged parents, with the exception of two—a bachelor brother and a widowed sister. I was the eldest girl and had married and settled not 40 miles from home. But as I was something of an invalid, and the journey between my place of residence and my old home was broken by more than one change of railroad and a disagreeable wait of over two hours at a little wayside station, I did not often take advantage of the nearness of my people.

One night, in the fall of 1886, I awoke from an unpleasant dream about my father and next morning at breakfast astonished my husband by declaring that I was going home to see my parents. My husband made no objection to this move on my part, except regretting that he could not accompany me. I was driven to the station and in due time arrived in the town of Middleton, the little place where I was born.

It was a typical New England town, with its pretty, quaint, box-like houses with their green-painted blinds, the narrow village streets well shaded with noble elms and maples, the latter now looking like enormous bouquets in their gaudy autumnal coloring.

I found my father quite well and in the best of spirits, but several other members of the family had, like myself, been taken with a desire to visit the old folks, for I found that nearly all my brothers and sisters, with their respective families, were there before me, so that the old place looked quite like former days.

While mother and Sister Kate were evidently very much pleased with the idea of having a kind of an unexpected family gathering, I could see that they were not a little perplexed as to how they were going to provide sleeping quarters for so many. My advent did not help in the least, as I was enough of an invalid to be a very poor sleeper and a bad night was the forerunner of a 48-hours' headache, a headache that had so far baffled medical skill. Where to put me, therefore, in order that I might be quiet enough to obtain sufficient sleep not to spoil my visit, was the question which troubled my mother and Kate. However, my bachelor brother was the one who settled the matter by saying that I could have his room, and that he could "bunk," as he termed it, elsewhere.

Nat was the postmaster—had held the position through several administrations—and was a person of note in the place. His room was an extension built on to the side wing of the house and as remote as possible, in order that his comings and goings should not disturb mother, who was a light sleeper.

Mother and Kate were alike relieved by this arrangement, and I rejoiced in having a room where no household noise could possibly disturb my slumbers.

We were a jolly crowd when we got together. I had forgotten my bad dream and was, in my quiet way, as merry as the rest. The fun and frolic continued until quite late. It was almost midnight when Sister Kate escorted me to my room, and, after seeing that everything was provided for my comfort, retired, leaving me to my own devices to pass the time until I fell asleep.

After Kate left me I looked about the apartment. It was to me the only strange room in the house where I was born. I also felt lonely, as I was not accustomed to room alone, and coming from the brightly-lighted sitting-room into the dimmer one may have brought about a strange feeling which oppressed me, though I was not nervous at all.

The room itself was not attractive. It was an oblong apartment, not very high, with a door leading into the grounds, as well as the one connecting with the house, and these doors were at least 15 feet apart. The furniture was not remarkable, except that it was decidedly old-fashioned. The bedstead was a high four-poster. It stood with its side close to the outer wall of the room, and at the foot of it was an iron safe. It was a comfortable bed, though, however uninviting its position, and I felt weary enough to sleep even in a strange place, so retired after paying due attention to the fastenings of the outer door, which I found of massive make and in good order, and, strange to say, I fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow and slept soundly for some time.

How long the duration of that sleep was I never knew. I awoke with a start from the self-same dream which I had the preceding night, and amid what appeared to be a babel of voices, one of which I heard say distinctly:

"Not now until the 15th."

There had been something strange about the dream of the preceding night. While it left the impression of undue unpleasantness and I knew that it concerned my father, I could not recall a single incident of it. But now I could remember that there was in it some reference to the 5th, and that was all, although I had evidently dreamed it the second time. When I had fully recovered my waking senses I sat up and tried to pierce the intense darkness of the room. The voices had undoubtedly been dream voices, for no one was in the room. Yet the words had made such an impression on me that they had apparently fastened themselves in my brain, for "Not now until the 15th" seemed to shine as if branded in fire on the deep gloom of my chamber.

The day before had been the 5th of the month; ten days off was the 15th! What was to occur upon that date?

There is no need for one to say that that night was full of horrors. Every form of trouble and disaster paraded before my mental vision, until the darkness through which my eager eyes could not pierce began to grow appalling to me, and the silence which had succeeded to my disturbed dream was so oppressive that it seemed to me at that moment I would have welcomed any sound, however disagreeable.

I had sunk back upon my pillow, after my first uneasy start, and now raised myself once more to a sitting position, resolved to get out of bed and procure a light to dissolve my fancies, when a sound fell upon my strained sense of hearing, at first astonishing me, later filling me with alarm and finally entirely removing from me any desire to get out of bed, for the present, at least. This sound was the rhythmical breathing of a man, who was evidently sunk in the profoundest slumber. To listen to the sound of snoring is not pleasant at any time, but to hear the whole scale run up and down the gamut of sound from under one's bed is appalling. As soon as I had located the sound it robbed me of the last remnant of courage, while my late ghostly fancies gave way at once to fears.

Could I have indeed heard voices outside my dream? Was there a plot to rob my brother, who, as postmaster, had about this date considerable cash on hand from the money order business, Middleton being a factory town, and numbers of non-residents working there in the busy season and sending home their earnings to family and friends? What was I to do? How was I to act under the circumstances? I can never describe the agony of terror which I endured as I lay there, listening, hardly daring to breathe myself, to those unmusical sounds.

When the first faint peep of day came creeping through the shutter slats I began to form my plan of reaching the door. As the bed was against the wall I had, of course, only one side to choose from in getting out. But I thought if I could work my way toward the foot, I should have at least a gain of a few feet nearer the inside door in my favor. Slowly and painfully I worked my way through the bulging feathers, rejoicing that no modern bedstead upheld me, for not the faintest creak did the frame upon which I rested emit as I pursued my plan of retreat. I had almost reached the foot of the bed when the sounds beneath me suddenly stopped. In mortal terror now of the consequences I became desperate, and gave one headlong plunge forward toward the door, at the same time uttering a piercing shriek. Then I fainted.

When I came to myself my head was very wet and I was stiff all over. I heard voices, two of which I recognized as those of Nat and Kate. There was also a third voice, which I soon made out to be the doctor's. I was not very partial to medical men, perhaps, because I had seen so many of them. I heard Nat say:

"It was a great wonder that he did not attack her before. I suppose he must have stolen in when I went there to get my things in the evening."

"It was a mercy that you came, Nat," said Kate.

The doctor added:

"She is coming to. You must keep her quiet and try gradually to find out what led up to the attack. I will call later."

Soon I opened my eyes to find myself upon a couch in the sitting-room and Nat's serious face bending over mine.

"Did you catch him?" I asked.

"Catch who, Fan, dear?" inquired Nat, with a puzzled expression.

"Why, the burglar, to be sure."

"There was no burglar to catch."

"Well, that is calm, to say the least," I remarked, sarcastically, rising to a sitting position and putting both hands to my drenched head. "After the terrible night that I have put in, why did you let the wretch escape?"

"It was not a burglar, Fan."

"If he was not a burglar, pray what was he, and why was he secreted under the bed? I only wonder that he did not kill me outright, though I am sure I could not have suffered more if he had. First frightening the life nearly out of me by his snoring and then actually bouncing upon me at the last when I tried to call assistance. And after all this you calmly tell me there was no burglar! You will tell me next that there was no man!" I exclaimed, savagely.

"Neither was there any man, Fanny, dear," said my brother, with a dawning smile. "Your burglar was a burglar-catcher—my good mastiff, Watch."

"What!" I exclaimed, "have I endured all the terror of the past dreadful night because of an old dog?"

"Certainly, because of a dog, my dear Fan, though not by any manner of means an old one. Watch is possibly two years old at the utmost. I am awfully sorry, Fan, that you, with your poor health, should have been disturbed." Others have complained of his ability in the snoring line. I, myself, never hear him. But I am so thankful that he did not injure you that I have no room for grief over your discomfort, for, remember, you were a stranger to him. He was standing over you in a very threatening attitude when Kate found you. Fortunately, I came in just then, as I was restless and could not sleep. But I learned something, my dear sister, of which I was before doubtful, and that is that there is one woman who does not examine under her bed before retiring." This last was said with a laugh, in which Kate joined as soon as she saw me sitting up.

"No, but you better believe that I will after this," I made answer, as I fel back on the couch.

I was not seriously hurt by my fall, though I had cut my head a little. I caught a bad cold from the drenching the old doctor administered to bring me around. I did not hear the last of the burglar during the remainder of my visit, nor, indeed, for many a long day afterward. Nothing happened to my dear father on the 15th, nor up to this day. But out of that night of terror grew the habit in which so many of my sex indulge of looking under the bed. My husband says that if I slept upon a single mattress on the floor I would raise the edge to look under to see if a burglar was flattened out beneath.—Philadelphia Times.

An Elizabethan Tomb.

A superbly rich Elizabethan tomb is left to us in Boreham church, Essex. This was erected to the memory of Thomas Radcliffe, earl of Sussex, lord chamberlain, and known as the stern opponent of Leicester. Three knights in martial costumes lie on the tomb slab, one of which is his son and the other his grandson. Walpole incidentally states that the earl bequeathed £1,500 to be expended on this tomb, and that his executors agreed with a Dutch sculptor, Richard Stevens, to execute his part of the work for £292 12s 8d. The earl and his son were first buried in the Church of St. Laurence Poultney, in the metropolis, and then removed to Boreham at the instance of the grandson.—Cornhill Magazine.

KEPT AHEAD OF THE BULLETS.

Astounding Swiftness of Foot Shown by a Georgia Razor-Back.

Col. Taylor Jenkins, who lives a few miles north of Blakely, is known throughout that section as one of the most truthful men in it. At least, so says the Early County Times. Recently, while Mr. Jenkins was out hunting, his dogs began barking at something in a large hollow log. It was a wild hog. He took the hog home and dropped it in his cornfield. It is there now. A few weeks ago Mr. Jenkins went out to kill it, thinking he could easily do so with his unerring rifle. He searched about till he "jumped" it. Down a corn row it went like lightning. He leveled his rifle and "cut down" on it, but never touched a hair. He "jumped" it again and shot again, but no hog. Again and again he "jumped" it and shot at it, with the same result. He began to wonder what could be the matter. The corn rows were as straight as moonshine whisky and his gun true as the third party to Tom Watson, yet hit it he couldn't. To shoot at the hog as it ran off down the corn rows was just like shooting at it standing, so far as getting a "bead on it" was concerned. To make sure that he didn't "wobble" off the hog he put up a small target and "cracked down" at it five times, then took his ax and chopped in and found five balls all in one hole in the middle of the spot. That settled it—that the fault was not in him or the gun, but the hog had outrun the bullets.

LONDON DOGS OUT CALLING.

Their Cards Go Up with Those of Their Mistresses.

It appears, from an article in the Figaro by M. Paul Megnin, that in London at the present time it is not only the fashion for a lady to provide her lapdog with a little wardrobe and even a handkerchief, but to have visiting cards made for it, too. When a fashionable lady pays a visit, taking her lapdog with her, she sends up the dog's card along with her own.

M. Megnin says he was visiting the editor of one of the leading sporting papers in London, when the servant brought in two cards, one that of a lady and the other as follows:

MRS. FRIVOLITY.
Collie.

Asked if he knew the name on the card, M. Megnin said he presumed it was some dog fancier. He was greatly surprised to see a lady come in, accompanied by a handsome collie.

M. Megnin went to a stationer's shop and ordered 100 cards for his little dog. He was again surprised to find that the stationer had some ready printed, neatly packed in pretty little card cases.

BEN FRANKLIN'S BIG HEAD.

How He Wore His Wig in His Pocket at the French Court.

The difficulties encountered recently by the lineal descendants of that great man, statesman, patriot and everything else that men properly hold in estimation—Benjamin Franklin—in having themselves enrolled among the Colonial Dames, recall an anecdote of him, says the Washington Post, embalmed in the family records of the sage of Monticello, but which, so far as the writer knows, has never been published. When about to present himself for the first time at the court of Versailles he was informed by the master of ceremonies that a wig was a sine qua non. Now, his head was so large that no ordinary wig would begin to fit it, and the situation was embarrassing in the extreme. However, one was found sufficiently large to pass him through the antechambers, after which he was permitted to remove the ridiculous conventional appendage and place it in his ample pocket, whence it never again emerged to public gaze.

The Ways of the Opossum.

Just why the great zoologists of the present day should have chosen to consider the opossum an animal of a lower order than the stupid and helpless sloth, and the third order from the lowest of all, is not so easy to understand as it ought to be. As a matter of fact, nature has done a great deal for the opossum—far more than for the great majority of quadrupeds. Note what the creature is, and can do, and match it if you can. It eats almost everything that can be chewed—wild fruit, berries, green corn, insect larvae, eggs, young birds and quadrupeds, soft-shelled nuts and certain roots. It is a good climber, and has a very useful prehensile tail. It forages on the ground quite as successfully as any squirrel. It usually burrows under the roots of large trees, where it is impossible for the hunter to dig it out; but sometimes it makes the mistake of choosing a hollow log. When attacked, it often feigns death to throw its assailants off their guard. Like the bear and woodchuck, it stores up a plentiful supply of fat for winter use, when food is scarce; and, above all, the female has a nice, warm pouch in which to carry and protect her helpless young, instead of leaving them in the nest to catch their death of cold, or be devoured by some enemy.—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

English Humor.

A strange society was brought to light during the hearing of a case before the Thames magistrate. Several men were charged with stealing a watch from a sailor, and were all discharged except Alexander Fullerton, on whom was found a savings bank book for $245 and a card of membership of a society with a curious title. It bore the following inscription: "National Liars' association—Having been a member of the above association, and finding you are a bigger liar than myself, I must congratulate you on relieving me of this card." It must be gratifying to the East end community, as well as a tribute to Fullerton's own abilities, that he had found no one worthy of relieving him of the card. The magistrate remanded him for inquiries.

Death in Japan.

There are no undertakers in Japan. When a person dies his nearest relatives put him into a coffin and bury him. The mourning does not begin until after burial.

SOUTHERN IMMIGRATION

Movement of the World's Population Takes a New Direction.

In This Country the Tendency Is Most Marked—Many Northern and Western Farmers Are Moving Down South.

The next great movement of population that the world is to witness will be southward. The conditions are now all favorable. It has required a quarter of a century since the war to bring about the changes that were necessary to make the south a thoroughly attractive country for northern and western farmers. All the questions relating to possible race troubles had to be settled; the prejudices engendered on both sides by the war had to die out, and the fact that the south could produce other things than cotton had to be demonstrated. The construction after the war, of railroads through the west and nothwest by the aid of enormous land grants made it absolutely necessary that these roads, controlled as they were by the leading financial powers of Europe and America, should bend their energies and unite the influences of all the financial forces concentrated in them to turn population westward. The south was in no condition to invite immigration, even if it had been in its power to accomplish anything against such a combination of forces as were at work in behalf of the west.

But a great change has come and all the disadvantages under which the south has labored are being removed. During the last five or ten years there have settled here and there all over the south a few northern and western farmers, whose great success is now being made known to all their friends in their former homes. This is awakening a direct interest in the south in all parts of the west—an interest such as could be aroused in no other way.

From every section of the north, the west and northwest, and even from California, requests for information about the south and its advantages for settlers are being received. Items of news from several thousand towns and villages from Maryland to Texas pass before the writer every day. The most striking feature in this mass of news—so pronounced that it would impress itself even upon the most casual reader—is the number of settlers reported from day to day as locating in the south.

This is entirely a new thing. A year ago items of this kind were rare. Now every issue of every southern paper has something in it about immigration matters and the incoming of new people, and even now thousands of western and northern farmers are settling in the south.—Richard H. Edmonds, in Chautauquan.

UPSTAIRS BY EXPRESS.

The Through Elevators Run in Tall Buildings.

"All aboard—seventh floor, first stop."

This cry greeted a reporter the other day as he stepped into a down-town office building and faced a half dozen elevators. He wished to go to the ninth floor. He stepped into an elevator over which was the sign: "Express—first stop, seventh floor."

In it there were three men and a middle-aged woman. The starter said "All right," and the elevator man grasped the throttle of the "express." It was the usual cable rope, and as the man pulled it began its journey upward. The lone woman passenger gave vent to a slight "Oh," and held her breath.

Floor after floor was passed at a speed of about eight miles an hour. When the sixth floor was reached the woman wanted to get off, but was informed that she was on an express, and it was against the rules to stop an express until its destination was reached. The elevator arrived at the seventh floor on time. It took exactly eight seconds to make the upward journey of 55 feet. The elevator man then announced that the next stop would be the top floor, 160 feet above. The top floor, according to the directory, was the 14th, and the elevator flew upward once more, arriving near the roof a few seconds later.

"We can make a round trip in 45 seconds, including short stops," said the engineer of the express, "but we have made it in about 40 without stops. There are two express elevators and four regulars, that we call way trains. They stop at every floor and for everybody who shouts. Often I get passengers who want to get out at the sixth or tenth floors. They get mad, too, when they are told they must go up and take another elevator down. The other express makes no intermediate stops at all during the busy hours."—N. Y. Press.

Humor in the Family.

"One of those lazy, good-for-nothing tramps called to-day and wanted a piece of pie," said the landlady, during a momentary silence.

The bachelor boarder faltered and laid down his knife and fork.

"And did he get it?" he queried, anxiously.

"Not much," returned the landlady; "he got a piece of my mind instead."

"Which probably destroyed his," piped the thin boarder in the tenor voice from the foot of the table.

"His what?" demanded the landlady, sternly.

"Peace of mind," explained the thin boarder, apologetically.

Everybody cried out in applause at this. One could even hear the pea soup and see the jelly roll. — Chicago News.

Don't Edge Skirts with Fur.

One of the distinctive features of the season's dressing is its use of fur and velvet and silk and cloth in combination for the fashioning of gowns. A recent walking costume consists of nut brown, smooth-faced cloth, the bodice decked with a deep yoke formed of alternate strips of fur and emerald green velvet. The high collar is bordered with fur, and so are the cuffs of the velvet sleeves and the full, plain skirt. This sounds odd. A year ago it would have looked so. For a walking costume an edging of fur at the skirt's bottom is objectionable because it wears out so rapidly, gets bedraggled in the mud and stirs up dust to soil the underclothing.—St. Louis Republic.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—On stoves and furnaces 18,240 patents have been issued covering every part of these indispensable articles of comfort.

—Five generations of one family are living on a homestead at Bardstown, Ga. The head of the family, W. O. Cherry, has 136 living descendants.

—After the cocoons intended for the silk manufacture have been finished the worms are killed by the heat either of steam or of hot water. If the insects were allowed to esape the value of the cocoons would be lessened.

—For several years an old soldier has been compelled, by poverty, to live in the poorhouse of Carroll county, Mo. He has just received a pension, and has decided to remain in the poorhouse and pay his board, because he likes his home there so well.

—Indiana's oldest residents are Alexander Ferguson and his sister of Frankton. Alexander is 103 years old and his sister 107. Alexander worked on the farm every day, doing the ordinary chores of the place until he had passed his 100th birthday, and is still in excellent health. He takes a daily walk of a little more than two miles. His wife is over 90 and is in good health.

—The army rules are that two-inch ice will sustain a man or properly-spaced infantry; four-inch ice will carry a man on horseback or cavalry or light guns; six-inch ice, heavy field guns, such as 80 pounders eight-inch ice, a battery of artillery with carriages and horses, but not over 1,000 pounds per square foot on sledges; and ten inch ice sustains an army or an innumerable multitude. On 15-inch ice railroad tracks are often laid and operated for months.

—The most important, as well as the commonest metal in the world, is iron. It is almost everywhere in nature. We are bombarded from cosmic spaces by meteorolites of nearly pure iron; the spectroscope finds it in stars so distant that the naked eye sees but emptiness in the abysses wherein they burn. It makes a 12th part of the crust of the earth. Its particles are mingled in the dust of every country road, in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat. It is the great colorist of nature. Even the red of our blood is due to its presence.

HE WAS RIGHT.

The One Juror Who Stood Out Against Eleven Obstinate Men.

A standing joke around the Maine courts is the juror who stands out and refuses to agree with the eleven obstinate men, who don't think as he does. Judges are not apt to take kindly to this style of man, and have been known on occasions to give him a terrible snubbing. "There is still living in this city," says a Bangor gentleman, who thinks jurors have rights of opinion as well as judges, "a man who is very proud of a little experience he had as a juror. It was in Judge Cutting's day, and that excellent jurist was on the bench. The jury had heard an important case, and failed to agree because this particular juror stood out against the arguments and solicitations of his fellows, and declared he would stay there till the ants ate him up and carried out his remains through the keyhole before he would consent to what he believed to be an unjust verdict. Judge Cutting asked how they stood, and the foreman replied, 'eleven to one, your honor.' 'Who is the one?' asked the judge, angrily. 'Let him stand up.' The juror arose and received a scathing rebuke from Mr. Cutting, who permporily discharged him from further duty. The case went over to the next term, and was again tried, resulting in a verdict in accordance with the views of the one juror. It was then taken to the law court on motion for a new trial and was upheld by the full bench as mainfestly right. The man says that whenever he thinks of that case, he thanks God he had the sand to stick to what he believed to be right, and take the rebuke a mistaken judge gave him for so doing." This will do for an exceptional case, but the one man against the 11 is not always filled with good judgment as this one seems to have been.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

ABOUT PERFUMES.

Perfumes were introduced into Spain by the Arabs, who brought many recipes for making them from the east.

Napoleon loved perfumes, and always had a bottle of rose water or violet water emptied into his bath tub.

From the offensive fusel oil the skill of the chemist has been able to extract the odors of several flowers and fruits.

The recipes of over 300 different oils and perfumes have been preserved in the remains of Roman literature.

In many of the perfume factories of south Europe only the purest olive oil is used in fixing the perfumes of flowers.

Nearly every known perfume is now successfully imitated by the sympathetic processes of the chemical laboratory.

Pastilles are wafers made to be set on fire and in the process of burning give forth the odor of certain plants or flowers.

Every sacrifice offered on a Roman altar was perfumed either with flowers or with some odor extracted from them.

The Southern Aurora.

On February 1, in latitude 66 degrees, longitude 172 degrees 31 minutes, we ran into open water again, having this time spent only six days in the ice-pack. On the 17th the aurora appeared, stronger than I ever saw it in the north. It rose from the southwest, stretching in a broad stream up toward the zenith and down again toward the eastern horizon. The phenomenon this time had quite a different appearance from what we saw on October 20. It now presented long shining curtains rising and falling in wonderful shapes and shades, sometimes seemingly close down to our mastheads. It evidently exerted considerable influence upon the magnetic needle of our compass.—C. E. Borchgrevink, in Century.

—"How do you sell this music paper?" asked the customer at the stationery store. "I'm not certain about it," said the new clerk, "but I think we sell it by the choir."—Chicago Tribune.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A 50-foot granite shaft, the longest piece of granite ever taken out of a quarry in Vermont, was quarried at Barre a few days ago.

—Cats can smell even during sleep. When a piece of meat is placed immediately in front of a sleeping cat's nose the nostrils begin to work as the scent is received, and an instant later the cat will wake up.

—"Instead of colds coming from atmospheric changes, as people generally suppose," says a noted physician, "they generally originate, in my opinion, by breathing impure air. Ninety-nine per cent. of what are termed colds are nothing more nor less than the poisoning of the mucous membranes by bad air."

—Orange growing in Arizona is declared to have passed the experimental stage, and will become an important industry in the territory. This year's crop in the Salt river valley, where most of the experimental groves are situated, is large and of excellent quality. The Arizona oranges ripen somewhat earlier than those in southern California.

—Seventy thousand tons of the stern and rock-bound coast of Maine were shipped from two quarries alone last year. The total amount of granite shipped away yearly reaches an astounding figure, and the geography of the Maine coast is being considerably changed by the cutting out and shipping away of islands of granite and not a little of the mainland.

—Last year 25,115,903 fewer cigars were made in the United States than in 1894, and 8,358,380 more pounds of smoking tobacco was manufactured. During the year there were manufactured in the country 4,180,915,203 cigars, 3,768,911,677 cigarettes, 256,160,505 pounds of tobacco and 11,705,414 pounds of snuff. There was an increase in the output of cigarettes by 435,767,077 over 1894, and a decrease of 477,120 pounds in the amount of snuff manufactured.

—Mixtures of air with less than 7.7 per cent. of acetylene burn completely to water and carbon dioxide, according to M. Le Chotelier's experiments, reported to the Academie des Sciences; with between 7.7 and 17.4 per cent. of acetylene the products consist of water, carbon monoxide and dioxide, and hydrogen, with a larger percentage of acetylene, free carbon and unburnt acetylene are found. With oxygen mixtures containing between 2.8 and 93 per cent. of acetylene will catch fire with air; the limits are 2.8 and 65 per cent. In tubes these limits are narrowed down, till in tubes of one-half a millimeter or less it is impossible to propagate a flame.

FAMILY ARITHMETIC.

A Connecticut Mathematician and His Queer Freak.

The strange names bestowed upon helpless children by their parents have formed the subject of many amusing stories. In a Connecticut town, some years ago, there lived a peculiar couple who selected the names of their children apparently with a view of educational exercises. There were 14 children in the family, and they were named for the numerals in regular order, beginning with "One."

The father was locally famous as a mathematician and during the early years of his children they had a daily tuition which seemed extraordinary to their playmates, who were provided with everyday names.

"Three and Four go out to the woodbox and get your mother some kindlings," the mathematical father would say, appearing before a group of his numerical offspring.

Three and Four would keep on playing ball, or whatever game happened to be engrossing their attention, but a diminutive person who commonly answered to the name of "Seven" was sure to drop his play, and start for the woodbox.

One member of this family, who rejoiced in the cognomen "Two," lived to attain considerable distinction, and the record of some of his achievements and successes is preserved in the town history, together with a short account of the various sums in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division which his father devised from the material afforded by his children, and in which the youthful "Two" played an important part.

"TIP IT."

A Trivial Pastime Popular Among Lancashire Gamblers.

Among the strange sports of Lancashire is a game known variously as "coddam" or "tip it."

As the Lancashire man of sporting tendency must have a wager on everything that engages his attention, a lot of money changes hands on this game, generally in a small way, but quite frequently in substantial sums. Indeed, says London Answers, there is a recognized champion player of "tip it," who is open to back himself for £25 to "lick creation."

And this is how it is played: The rival players take a button, or some small article, and sit on opposite sides of a table. The beginner puts his hands under the table, and, taking the button in one of them, raises his closed fists into view, and the business of the other is to say in which hand the button is held. The button changes sides as it is found, and the game goes on until the points are reached.

It is often played with two or four a side, and the champion will meet a dozen at a time, and discover the hand holding the button by a sort of instinct.

The position of the thumbs decides whether the game is "coddam" or "tip it." On this trivial pastime hundreds of pounds change hands every year in some parts of Lancashire.

Trained Goats.

In Swizerland and other mountainous countries the goat leads long strings of animals daily to and from the mountains, but it is in South Africa that it is particularly kept and employed as a leader of flocks of sheep. Should a blinding storm of rain or hail drive the silly sheep before it, or cause them to huddle together in a corner, so as to suffocate each other, the trained goat will wake them up, and by a method best known to himself will induce them to follow him to a place of safety.