

# Freeland Tribune

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The Prussian Government has been squarely opposing the higher education of women and a manifesto to this effect was issued not long ago. But so much impetuosity has been brought to bear on the Government and on the Senate of Berlin University that in the one case of Fraulein Elsa Neumann it has been decided to grant the degree of master of arts and doctor of philosophy.

One of the little things that occupy a brief paragraph in the day's record and mean much in a nation's history is the vote of the British House of Commons raising the age at which a child may be taken from school from eleven to twelve years. So many children taken from factory labor; so many more allowed to grow toward an unskilled manhood; so much added to a nation's intelligence—that is the meaning of the vote.

There is small reason why Americans—despite their enormous export interest in cereals, should fail to be gratified at the improved showing of cereals in Russia for 1898, as against 1897. The improvement is indicated in a harvest, exclusive of Poland and the Caucasus, averaging for all the cereals fifty-three pounds per acre, as against forty-seven pounds in 1897. The importance of this can be appreciated by those familiar with the heavy tax burden in Russia, the indebtedness of nearly all small farmers for past Government aid, and the pitiable distress among millions which invariably follows the failure or serious curtailment of crops.

An eye specialist states that much of the strain upon the eyes of school children may be prevented by having classrooms tinted with a restful and suitable color. He regards this as a matter upon which far too little stress is laid by the building and furnishing committees of school boards. Clear white walls are a menace to eyesight that ought not to be tolerated in any schoolroom. It is in just these particulars that the service of women on school boards is efficient. Women take pains and know from experience in the furnishing of their houses how much apparently trifling details contribute to comfort, as well as to effect. Men as a rule are content to put this particular kind of work in the hands of tradesmen, who may or may not be intelligent workmen.

### San Francisco's Fire Hustler.

San Francisco has a hustler in Dennis Sullivan, Chief of the Fire Department. There was a little fire in the city the other day, which was scarcely started before it was extinguished. Chief Sullivan was in a barber's chair when the alarm sounded with one side of his face shaved. Without even waiting to wipe the lather from his chin, he made a flying leap for his red-wheeled wagon, and after ordering out all the fire engines available, he galloped off to the fire.

It didn't take long for him to settle matters, and pretty soon he was back in the barber's shop, for the completion of his shave. In the chair where his scraping had been begun, but not finished, reclined a stranger. The Chief scowled savagely at the interloper.

"Do you mean to say," he demanded of the tonsorial artist, "that a man loses his turn just because he turns his back for a minute? This is a daisy shop!"

### Faster Than the Wind.

Waves travel faster than the wind which causes them, and in the Bay of Biscay frequently during the autumn and winter in calm weather a heavy sea gets up and rolls in on the coast 24 hours before the gale which causes it arrives, and of which it is the prelude.

### On: On!

The Housewife—Is this here milk pure? Don't try to deceive me, now. The Milkman—I will not, ma'am. It is not pure. It is half cream.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Maud has promised to become my wife." "Well, don't worry about it, my lad. Women frequently break their promises."

### SUCH IS THE DEATH THE SOLDIER DIES.

Such is the death the soldier dies—  
He falls—the column speeds away;  
Upon the dabbled grass he lies,  
His brave heart following, still, the fray.

The smoke wreaths drift among the trees,  
The battle storms along the hill;  
The glint of distant arms he sees,  
He hears his comrades shouting still.

A glimpse of far-borne flags, that fade  
And vanish in the rolling din,  
He knows the sweeping charge is made,  
The cheering lines are closing in.

Unmindful of his mortal wound,  
He faintly calls and seeks to rise;  
But weakness draws him to the ground—  
Such is the death the soldier dies—  
—Robert Burns Wilson, in the Atlantic.

## TO COVENTRY AND BACK.

By W. T. NICHOLS.

PUPILS soon learned to love it, yet there is nothing very remarkable in Blyville Academy. It is a reasonably good school, in which achievement is quite up to pretension, and its boys are much like the thousands of others who settle down to their books five days in the week when the town clocks of the land strike nine. Some of them are bright fellows, quick to learn and slow to forget, and some acquire knowledge by the sweat of their brow. In short, they are an every-day lot, with every-day virtues and failings, and the especially commonplace habit of fads. Generally the fad of the moment is harmless enough, but sometimes it goes too far. There is still fresh in the memory of the school, for instance, the case of Bob Jennings, who suffered sadly because, once upon a time, he failed to be in the fashion.

A few pugilist boxing gloves were at the bottom of it all. Rufe Henry's brother at college sent him a set, and after "Top" Brown's father had added another, the Blyville stock grew rapidly. Boxing soon became the "rage" at the academy. One of the teachers, young, active and athletic, volunteered to give the boys lessons. "Sound mind, sound body," said he, and took the youngsters in hand one after another.

So far it was very well, but the fad went farther. There was boxing in plenty with no instructor's eye upon the proceedings; next it came to be the most natural thing in the world for a little grievance to be settled by a bout; and after a time there were encounters where the grievance, if any there were, was of the dimmest nature that school-boys could devise.

And then, just when a "code of honor" was in a fair way of development, Bob Jennings refused point-blank to face Tad Reynolds.

Older heads might have found excuses. Bob had been ailing a bit; that luckless day he had a headache to make him spiritless and miserable. So he walked away—"slumped," the others declared—and thereupon the school blithely sent him to Coventry. The next day was Saturday, and the skating was good. On the bank of the mill-pond the academy had chosen sides for a game of hockey. Boy after boy was called and took his place in one of the two groups, until Bob was left standing alone.

"You'll have to take Jennings," said one leader to the other.

"No, sir-ee!" was the quick response.

"Well play one short."

"Bob did not tarry to watch the game. He threw his skates over his shoulder and walked up the hill. Coward or no coward, there would have been violence had anybody told him that he was crying. "It's the wind," he said to himself half a dozen times. Near the summit he left the path and crossed a field to avoid a party of girls who were hurrying toward the pond, chattering and laughing so gaily that by comparison his despondency seemed deeper than ever.

Near his own house Bob met a neighbor, an elderly man, who gave him a nod, and then called after him, "What's the matter? Skating bad?"

"No, Mr. Peck, it's all right," said the boy, stopping reluctantly.

"I—well, I didn't care for it to-day."

"Something better to do, eh?"

"No, I've nothing to do."

Mr. Peck had known many boys, but one who would not skate when he could was a novelty. With a rheumatic limp he moved to his young neighbor, looked him over and whistled.

"Maybe you'd like a kind of chore job," he said. "Look here, Bob, I've promised to take the family over at the East Village a couple of quarts of milk a day; and really, I'm not fit to do it. This weather—it gets me! I'm not so young as I was, by any manner of means. If you'll take the contract off my hands, I'll furnish the milk and give you half the money. What do you say to that?"

"I'll do it, Mr. Peck," said the boy, quickly. "I'll do it, and be glad of the chance."

The "East Village" consisted of three small houses, only one of which was habitable. Some years previously a speculator had attempted a "boom" on the strength of a new railroad. Some cottages were run up, many big signs painted; and the railroad went by the new village—at the bottom of a fifty-foot cutting. Whereupon the project languished. One or two houses were moved away, another was burned, a few others fell down. For months nobody had lived there, until a family coming to the town rented the best of the ruins.

Nobody in the town seemed to know anything of the newcomers. Even Mr. Peck could only say that they kept within doors, and that his bargain had been made with a little girl, acting as envoy from her mother.

By road—or rather by the suburban route of a once projected highway—the East Village was nearly a mile from where Bob Jennings lived. Half the distance could be saved by a short cut across the fields and through a neighboring bog, which was frozen hard the first time Bob crossed it.

Perhaps the walk in the clear, cold air, and the climb up the little hill on which the cottage stood, did him good; perhaps the mere fact of having something to do was a mental tonic. At any rate, when he knocked at the door of the shabby house his spirits were better than they had been for hours. The girl responded to his summons.

### times the Founder's Medal is bestowed.

But that does not always happen; for first it. To win the medal one must have done something very brave. By some of the boys it is held that the mysterious deed, under which in some way proceeds the money to buy the medal, requires that life must have been saved.

No medal had been bestowed for four years, but everybody felt comfortably sure that the time had come when Tad Reynolds's feat at the mill-pond was to be suitably acknowledged. Bob himself, an attendant at the ceremony against his will, and stowed in a corner of a bench, with a most unfriendly space between him and his next neighbor, felt convinced of it. When the critical moment came, he fixed his eyes squarely on the rusty brass of the Town Hall chandelier and listened to the words of Squire Beecher, chairman of the academy trustees and presiding officer on this great occasion.

The squire's speech was smooth and ornate, and soulless and brief. To Tad was granted only a short space of delightful expectancy, and then his name had been pronounced, he had marched forward to the platform, the ribbon of the medal had been pinned upon his coat, and the boys were cheering and the girls were clapping their hands, while the galleries were white with waving handkerchiefs.

Bob kept his glance still fixed on the chandelier, and listened confusedly. Tad had won his honors fairly; he knew it and did not begrudge him their enjoyment. Yet, after all, it seemed a queer world where one boy should have so much and another so little, where if only a fellow's luck were not—

A stir of the sort an audience makes when something not on the programme seems about to happen, brought Bob out of his meditations. Squire Beecher was telling the people a story of suffering, of want, of starvation, or something very near it; of biting winds and nipping cold; of a family, poor and proud, among strangers; of a mother stricken with illness, unable to help herself, and cared for by a child burdened beyond her years; of long days and nights of uncomplaining enduring; and at last of the coming of a brother only too happy to end a long feud, and to bear away with him the mother and daughter to comfort if not to pity. The squire told his story well, as if it thrilled him.

There was a moment's pause in the squire's speech before he went on; but now he was telling them the best of his story. Somebody, he said, had saved the lives of the two in the lonely house; had done what few men would have dared to undertake in the face of the fiercest storm the region had seen in years; had carried the pair food, which had kept alight the spark of life and made possible the happy conclusion.

And, therefore, the trustees, exercising the discretion vested in them, had voted without dissent to award, for the first time since the founding of the fund, a second medal in a single year, for bravery and faithfulness on the part of a member of the school. It was steadfast courage displayed in a humble undertaking by one who built better than he knew, and upon whose efforts depended vastly more than he could possibly have known.

"Robert Jennings!" rang the squire's deep voice.

The great event was over, the older folks had gone their ways, discussing it, while the school boys were grouped about the Town Hall steps. Tad Reynolds was with them, but the glitter of his medal no longer held their gaze. All were looking with shamefaced eagerness as if in doubt whether to advance or retreat. He, too, wore a medal, but it was as disregarded as Tad's. For him, as for the others, the last half-hour had wrought a great revolution of feeling.

Glancing down at the faces upturned to his, he seemed to see not the enemies of later days, but the friends of the time that seemed years ago. He made a few steps forward, faltered and halted. Tad Reynolds mounted a step.

"Bob!" he said, huskily, "I—we all of us, we—"

Bob Jennings's hesitation vanished. "Oh, fellows!" he cried, and sprang toward Tad with outstretched hand.—Youth's Companion.

### Around the World Backward.

It is announced that an enthusiastic sportsman has just left Brussels, Belgium, with the avowed intention of walking around the world backward. The feat of going around the world without a sou in one's pocket has become an everyday matter—bicycle tours of the world are an old story—therefore, there must be some new invention by which the public, craving for notoriety may be gratified. The man who walks backward is bound to be safe from accidents, as the automobiles and other vehicles of locomotion, at least out of admiration for a creature of such absolute daring, must give him right of way. We may next hear of some fanatic who has started out to make the tour of the world walking on his hands. Truly, the possibilities of globe-trotting are innumerable.—New York Herald.

### The Superior English Pickpocket.

Pocket picking is an occupation that admits of a vast display of ingenuity. While disclaiming any particular merit for that country, says a London paper, it is an indisputable fact that again England is in the van of all nations in that her pickpockets hold their own against all foreign competition. In London alone over one hundred thousand men, women and children gain their daily bread by this scrupulous mode of living.



### Whole vs. Piece Root Grafts.

In testing the comparative value of these two methods of grafting, the Alabama Experiment Station found that at the end of one year the trees grafted on whole roots were slightly smaller than those grafted on piece roots. The difference was very slight, indeed, but the results seem to indicate that the extravagant claims advocated by the admirers of the whole root system are not well founded.

### Caring For Ferns.

A good many ferns that live in rooms during the winter come to grief because they are kept warmer than is good for them. The atmosphere is dry and arid, and quite opposite to the natural conditions under which most ferns live. A very little thought would show us how different are the conditions we are providing. Ferns greatly enjoy the slight relief afforded by an hour or two in a moister atmosphere than we aim at in our living-rooms, and will be improved and refreshed by such a change.

Many ferns that are cultivated in the ordinary greenhouse will grow well in rooms if they get a good share of light and are not too parched. They cannot be grown in a room in which there is a fire daily all through the winter and spring. Ferns are also much spoiled by over watering at the roots. Although we find them, both at home and abroad, in fairly moist positions, their roots are almost always upon a bank and beneath trees or hedges that would throw showers and absorb the greater part of the moisture. None of our ferns will grow in a sodden soil. Nor is it well to have them in a pealy soil alone.

If we cannot sponge over the fronds of our feathery growing ferns, we can give them an occasional wash with the syringe and tepid water. Once allow them to get dusty and dry, their pores choked and kept in an arid atmosphere for a long time, they will soon show a thin and unhealthy condition.—New England Florist.

### Evaporating Raspberries.

A taste can be cultivated among people which will create a demand for evaporated raspberries, or the opposite, no demand at all. As raspberries are generally taken to the evaporator they are comparatively worthless so far as quality of the fruit is concerned. The reason for this is that they are allowed to dry up on the bushes too much before they are picked, often being knocked off when they are part dry, thus leaving a considerable amount of pieces of dry leaves, hulls, worms, etc., among them. A raspberry, to be in the best condition for evaporating, should be well entwined during picking season, and the cultivator run as shallow as possible, stirring all the surface so as to keep the moisture in the soil, that large, plump and juicy berries may be obtained. They should be picked when fully ripe, but not let stay on the bushes any longer. Then all the juices which are so valuable to a first-class article of evaporated fruit are retained. I have no doubt that if evaporators would insist on their berries being picked as described above, it would not be long before the demand for their particular brand of berries would be doubled, as this point commission men and dealers are being more careful about now than at any time in the past. I do not understand how an honest man can place his berries on the market in an evaporated form after letting the most of them dry up on the bushes before running through the evaporator, thus leaving them in a seedy and chippy condition.—Charles C. Nash, in Agricultural Epitomist.

### Flowers on the Farm.

Farm life may often be made more attractive by the use of taste in the growing of flowers and shrubs around the house. When we went out of town upon our farm a few years ago we set out a purple clematis. As we intended to make some changes in the house, we at first gave the plant a place in the yard, putting up a ladder for its support. The shrub blossomed the very first year, and how beautiful it was. When we had finished the changes in the house, we took the clematis up and set it out at the side of the porch, with a wire netting to climb upon; there it has since grown. Every year it has blossomed profusely. I do not think there was another plant of the kind for miles around. People passing by would stop to admire the beautiful thing and ask what it was. In a short time a number of such plants were introduced in the neighborhood, so that now many homes are made more attractive by its lovely blossoms.

Nothing adds more to the beauty of a lawn in summer than a few growing plants. They do not require a great deal of time, but they return tenfold for all labor expended on them. They speak volumes for the taste and goodness of heart of those who rear them. We have all passed by many places where the only ornament about the house was a long row of weeds or unsightly bushes along the doorway, fence, sure refuge for worms and insects of various kinds. Why not cut these out and put in their stead a few flowers? We must learn to do all we can to make the home attractive if we would keep our boys and girls on the farm, and flowers will go a good way toward doing this. For the money and time expended upon them, nothing will return greater reward than flowers.—E. L. Vincent, in the Epitomist.

### COINS OF BIBLE LANDS.

An Interesting Collection in the National Museum at Washington.

In the National Museum at Washington is an interesting collection of coins of Bible lands. Coined money did not circulate among the Israelites previous to their return from the Babylonian captivity, but specific weights of gold and silver were used in commercial transactions from a very early period and the term "shekel," which is the name of the piece of money most frequently occurring in the Bible, literally means "weight." Some historians attribute the first coinage to Eera, but the earliest Jewish coins known were struck by Simon Maccabaeus about 146 B. C. Greek and Roman money was current in Palestine.

Among the coins in the museum are shekels of silver of the first issue attributed to Simon Maccabaeus. The design represents on one side a cup of manna, with a legend: "Shekel of Israel." On the reverse is the building of Aaron, with the legend: "Jerusalem the Holy." The value of the coin in our currency is about sixty-four cents.

"The widow's mite" is a coin of copper issued by Alexander Jannaeus (105 to 178 B. C.), bearing a wreath of olives, with the inscription: "Jonathan the High Priest and the Confederation of the Jews." On the reverse are two cornucopias and the head of Poppo. The mite was the smallest current coin in the time of Jesus, and its value was about one-eighth of one-cent.

There is also a coin issued by Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee, who beheaded John the Baptist and to whom Jesus was sent for examination by Pilate. Agrippa, the last Jewish king, issued a bronze coin, of which there is an example. It was he with whom the apostle Paul had an interview in the presence of the Roman Governor, Festus.

The coin found by Peter in the mouth of a fish and used to pay the temple tribute for Jesus and himself was a "stater," of which there are two specimens in silver issued at Antioch, bearing the words "Caesar Augustus" under the head of the Roman Emperor, and on the reverse a figure of Tyche, the genius of Antioch, with her foot on the river god Orontes.

There are also in the museum collections of coins struck by Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia, who is mentioned by Daniel; also coins of Babylon, Damascus, Tyre, Sidon and other ancient cities, and one of the most interesting objects is a child's savings bank made of pottery, with a slit in the top, through which money was dropped. It was found by Dr. Thomas Wilson, of the Smithsonian Institution, while excavating in the ruins of Ostia, a seaport of ancient Rome, in 1866, and contained 145 silver coins issued from 200 to 19 B. C., so that it is presumed that the bank was buried a short time before the Christian era.—Chicago Record.

### Celebrated Pair of Gloves.

One of the most famous pairs of gloves known to the world is the pair worn by Mary Queen of Scots on the morning of her execution, February, 1587, which she presented to a gentleman of the Dayrell family, who was in attendance upon her at Fotheringhay Castle. These are of generous proportions, and are described as being made of a light, cool, buff-colored leather, the elaborate embroidery of the gauntlet being worked with silver wire and silk of various colors. The roses are of pale and dark blue, and two shades of very pale crimson. The foliage represents trees, and is worked in green. A bird in flight, with a long tail, figures conspicuously among the work. That part of the glove which forms the gauntlet is lined with crimson satin, a narrow band being turned outward as a binding to the gauntlet, on to which is sewn the gold fringe or lace, on the points of which are fastened groups of small pendant steel or silver spangles. The opening at the side of the gauntlet is connected by two broad bands of crimson silk, faded now almost to a pale pink color, and each band is decorated with pieces of tarnished silver lace on both sides.—Chicago Record.

### A British Cruiser's Narrow Escape.

Her Majesty's ship Eclipse narrowly escaped the experience of the American cruiser Maine during her stay at Bombay recently. It appears that while the officers were at dinner in the ward-room an explosion occurred beneath them, followed by sounds of numerous slighter concussions. The sounds were located in the shell-room of the twelve-pounder quick-firing gun. This was at once flooded, and, after pumping out, the inspection showed that three twelve-pounder shells from the top tier had exploded, the fragments being scattered all over the room, though little damage was done to the room fittings or to other shells. These shells are of a highly explosive character, but no other signs of injury. A court of inquiry was ordered, but no information beyond that already known was elicited, the only explanation of the mystery being a theory of spontaneous explosion.—Advocate of India (Bombay).

### A New Sight For the Army.

Lieutenant T. C. Dickson, United States Army, of the Springfield Arsenal, has invented a sight which has been accepted by the Ordnance Department. This sight has a wind gauge and is so constructed that the drift is automatically made for all ranges up to 1200 yards, no matter in what direction the wind is blowing. As fast as the sights can be manufactured they will be supplied to the troops to replace those now in use. The official designation of these sights will be "Model of 1898."

### "He Who Pursues Two Hares Catches Neither."

Said a well known young man about town, "I tried for years to burn the candle at both ends, in the pursuit of pleasure while trying to attend to business. My blood, stomach and kidneys got into a wretched state and it seemed that I could not carry the burden any longer."

But now my rheumatism has gone, my courage has returned, and all on account of that marvellous Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has made me a picture of health. Now I'm in for business pure and simple."

Hip Disease—"I had running sores for eight years on my hips. I was confined to my bed at times and at other times crutches. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my hip and gave me permanent health." OLLIE J. ARCHER, 180 Dudley Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Indigestion—"I now have a good appetite, eat well, sleep well and my dyspepsia and indigestion have left me. The reason is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which entirely cured me. I am Business Master on the B. & O. Railroad." THOMAS COLLES, 119 Carr St., Salsbury, Ohio.



Hood's Pills cure liver bile, the non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY, Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, know F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and know him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him in connection with the West & Texas Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDRON, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Fits removed by cure. No fits or nervousness after cure. Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. B. H. KLINE, Ltd., 311 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Pilsener Cure.—MARY THOMPSON, 294 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1894.

In every city or town in the Netherlands you will find a Rosemary street. In older days only undertakers lived on them, the rosemary being, in the language of flowers, specially dedicated to the dead.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The Siamese have so strong a superstition against even numbers that they will have none of them. The number of the rooms in a house, of windows or doors in a room, even of steps of a ladder, must always be odd.

### Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarella, Candy Cathartic, cleans your blood and keeps it clean by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that ugly blotchy complexion by taking Cascarella's—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

A well-dressed young woman in Buffalo recently visited the police station, having in charge a drunken Indian, whom she had found on the street, and whose hands had been secured with her belt.

### To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarella's Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

### Thought He Was Satan.

Upon one of his professional visits to Washington, the late lamented Hermann, the magician and prestidigitator, almost caused a stampede among the ignorant colored people. To this day some of them think that Satan himself was present in person upon that occasion. One afternoon Hermann visited the Center Market. On the pavement outside of the market it is customary for several hundred aged colored people from the surrounding country in Virginia and Maryland to gather on market days and display their little stocks of dried herbs for medicinal purposes, wild fruits, a few eggs, or an ancient chicken. These are the genuine Virginia negroes, every one of them an ex-slave. They are quaint and picturesque, and as they sit behind their baskets and trays the old women smoke their pipes of home-grown tobacco, and on cold days light them with a "chunk of fat" from the pans of glowing coals by which they warm themselves. These ignorant and simple minded folk had never heard of Hermann or any other sleight-of-hand performer. When he appeared among them in his long cloak, his pointed beard, and general Mephistophelian appearance, he attracted their whole attention. When he took a silver dollar out of the lighted pipe of one of the old mamies, he created a sensation; and when he began to lift live rabbits, pigeons, suits of linen underwear, and other articles from their pockets, he created consternation. Many of the old men and women gathered up their "truck" and fled with loud cries, and for once there was no market day profits for the old folk.—New York Press.

### Peasants and Pope.

Two peasants, man and wife, lately made their appearance at the Vatican, bearing a letter of introduction to an official. As soon as it was presented they found themselves the objects of the most distinguished consideration, as the French have it, and with good reason. They brought with them £2,200 as an offering from a donor who did not wish to be known, and distrusted ordinary means of conveying cash. It was to be delivered into his holiness' own hands, and all obstacles imposed by etiquette were speedily set aside in favor of such valuable visitors.