



R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher.

VOLUME 2.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1868.

NUMBER 6.

### The Cambria Freeman

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, At Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. At the following rates, payable within three months from date of subscribing:

One copy, one year, . . . . .	\$2 00
One copy, six months, . . . . .	1 00
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**JOB PRINTING.**

We have made arrangements by which we can do or have done all kinds of plain and fancy Job Printing, such as Books, Pamphlets, Show Cards, Bill and Letter Heads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., in the best style of the art and at the most moderate prices. Also, all kinds of Ruling, Blank Books, Book Binding, &c., executed to order as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest.

### ANOTHER NEW WRINKLE! BOOTS AND SHOES FOR ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES.

In addition to his large stock of the best Eastern made SHOES, BUSKINS, GAITERS, &c., for Ladies' and Children's Wear, the subscriber has just added to his assortment a full and complete invoice of Boots and Shoes for Men and Youths, which he will not only warrant to be superior to any goods of like character now being offered in this market, but ready to be given in every respect than the shop-work with which the country is flooded. Remember that I offer no article for sale which I do not guarantee to be regular custom made, of the best material and superior finish, and while I do not pretend to compete in price with the dealers in auction goods, I know that I can furnish BOOTS, SHOES, &c., that will give more service for less money than any other dealer in this community, and I pledge myself to repair, free of charge, any article that may give way after a reasonable time and reasonable usage. Everybody is respectfully invited to call and examine my stock and learn my prices.

The subscriber is also prepared to manufacture to order any and all work in his line, of the very best material and workmanship, and at prices as reasonable as like work can be obtained anywhere. French Calf, Common Calf, Morocco and all other kinds of Leather constantly on hand.

277 Store on Main street, next door to Crawford's Hotel.

JOHN D. THOMAS.  
Ebensburg, Sept. 28, 1867.

### SECURE THE SHADOWS OF THE SUBSTANCE FADES. PICTURES FOR THE MILLION.

Having located in Ebensburg, I would respectfully inform the public that I am prepared to execute PHOTOGRAPHS in every style of the art, from the smallest card picture to the largest sized for framing. Picture taken in any kind of weather.

**PHOTOGRAPHS PAINTED IN OIL, INDIA INK OR WATER COLORS.**

Every attention given to the taking of Children's pictures, but in clear weather only. Special attention is invited to my stock of large PICTURE FRAMES and PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, which I will sell cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere in town. Copying and Enlarging done on reasonable terms. I ask comparison and defy competition.

Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. Gallery on Julian street, two doors south of Town Hall.

T. T. SPENCE, Photographer.  
Ebensburg, Nov. 14, 1867.

### EBENSBURG MARBLE WORKS.

Having purchased the Marble Works on High street, one door east of T. W. Williams' Hardware Store, and supplied myself with an extensive stock of TOMBSTONES, I am now prepared to furnish all work in my line at the lowest city prices, and feel confident that I can render entire satisfaction to all who favor me with their orders. Parties desiring to purchase Tombstones respectfully invited to call and examine specimens on exhibition at my shop. Orders from a distance will be promptly attended to, and work delivered where desired.

Jan. 20, 1868. OTTINGER REED.

### CURTAIN FIXTURE!

Has no superior in the World! It is pronounced faultless by all who have used it, and it is predicted that it will supersede all other Curtain Fixtures now in use. For sale by GEO. HUNTLEY.

### REMEMBER THE POOR.

Remember the poor, for bleak winds are blowing,  
And brightly the frost pearls are glist'ning around;  
The streamlets have ceased all their musical flowing  
And snow drifts lie scattered all over the ground.  
Remember the poor in their comfortless dwellings,  
Ill-clad, and ill-fed, and o'erburdened with care;  
O, turn not away with a look so repelling;  
Thy kindness may save them, perhaps, from despair.

Remember the poor when the hearth-stone is cheerful,  
And happy hearts gather around its bright blaze;  
There are hearts that are sad and eyes that are fearful,  
As bright as thine own in their sunnier days.  
Misfortunes may scatter thy present possessions,  
And plenty to poverty leave thee a prey;  
How lowly then wilt thou think of the blessings,  
That charity asks from thy riches to-day.

Remember the poor as they thankfully gather  
Each round his rich table with luxury spread;  
Thou too art a pensioner on a rich Father,  
For health and for friendship, for raiment and bread.

If he hath been bountiful, with a like spirit  
Dispense that bounty which charity claims;  
For greater the treasure thy soul shall inherit  
When the bread on the waters returneth again.

Remember the poor—this thou art commanded—  
The Saviour thus kindly remembered the poor;  
The destitute thou shalt not send empty-handed,  
Unclad, and unwarmed, and unfed from thy door.  
Thy peace in this life shall be like the deep river,  
And dying, thy welcome to Heaven shall be.  
Ye faithful and blessed of my Father—come hither;  
Ye did it to others—ye did it to Me!

### A FUR TRADER'S ADVENTURE.

The winter of 1857 will be a long remembered one in the commercial world. It was the winter following the great panic. Many a poor fellow now struggling through bankruptcy, dates his misfortunes with that trying period. I was connected with a heavy fur house at that time—a prosperous establishment, that safely weathered the storm, and only grew richer on other people's misfortunes. It will be remembered that fur skins of every kind tumbled fearfully in price. For instance, mink skins, for which we had been paying from \$2.50 to \$3, could be purchased for seventy-five cents; racoon skins, for which we had been giving from \$1.25 to \$1.50, could be had in abundance for twenty-five cents. Fisher skins had fallen from \$7 to \$1; otter from \$8 to \$2, &c. The partners of our house consulted together, and resolved to send out careful buyers in every direction, and pick up all the fur in the country, feeling sure that prices were really on the "hard pan," and could not be forced lower.

The route marked out for me was, first to Dubuque, thence to Prairie du Chien, thence to St. Paul, and the great North-west generally. My journey to Dubuque was easy enough, namely, rail all the way. I arrived in January, and remained until the middle of February, making excursions into the interior of both Iowa and accessible portions of Wisconsin, which, please remember, lays just across the river—a tripe up stream, however. I was very successful, and managed to pick up over \$60,000 worth of fur and peltries, at very low prices. The poor people were glad to get any price for their skins, only stipulating for "good money." The whole country was full of "wild cat currency," and real genuine money possessed a wonderful charm. I carried nothing else, had lots of it, and of course was everywhere welcome.

I traveled from Dubuque to Prairie du Chien, up the Mississippi, on the ice. The distance is about one hundred miles. The sledding was splendid, the horses lively, and no adventure befell me worth noting. At Prairie du Chien I stopped at what was known as Lower Town, and put up at the Globe. The hotel was pretty well filled with Eastern men, principally collectors and drummers for New York and Boston firms, either looking up new business, or endeavoring to settle up old accounts, which were very numerous and hopeless.

I remained at Prairie du Chien until about the middle of March; that is to say, I made it my headquarters, making numerous and long excursions into Iowa, on the other side of the river (which represented at this point by its thriving city of McGregor), and through various portions of Wisconsin, in which State Prairie du Chien is situated. When the time came for me to proceed to La Crosse, the ice of the river was too rotten to trust, and it became necessary to perform the journey by stage, across the country. The distance to be traveled was a tripe over a hundred miles, and as the frost was then just coming out of the ground pretty smart, it being an early spring, our progress was quite slow. The coach, or

rather wagon—for our stage was nothing more than a long open wagon, filled with passengers, all men, eight of us, not counting the driver. Among the passengers was a collector for a Boston house, who had met with such poor luck collecting that he had got completely strapped, not having raised sufficient means to pay his expenses since leaving Boston. On the second night he told me frankly his condition, and begged a loan of \$10 to see him through to St. Paul. When we just arrived at the night station, and after examining my pocket book, and finding I had but two or three dollars loose money, I found it would be necessary to open a package containing \$10,000 sent me by express to Prairie du Chien, the seals of which I had never yet broken.

Not caring to make a display of so much money before a crowd of strangers, I invited my friend quietly to get a lantern, and come with me quietly into the stable. He did so and we proceeded to the head of one of the stalls, and while he held the lantern I succeeded in opening the package. I had to turn over a good many bills of a large denomination before I found a ten; but at length I found one, and handing it to him, and extracting another for myself, stowed the package of bills, minus its wrapping, in a money belt, which I had strapped around me next to my shirt. I had hardly finished when I heard a rustling in the bay overhead, and looking quickly up toward the loft, through the hay rack, I thought I saw a pair of eyes flashing down through the darkness, but was not quite sure. I listened for a moment, but everything was still, so we passed into the house.

My mind was disturbed; I felt uneasy and oppressed, I could not eat my supper, nor could I enter as usual into the rollicking jests, stories and games with which my fellows made merry their evenings. I carried a good Colt revolver. That day I had emptied every chamber of its cylinder at sundry rabbits, which I was hunting along the route. Without definitely feeling the necessity of so doing, I fully reloaded and capped it. At the hour of retiring the landlord called the hostler—a powerfully built, heavy featured man—to show me to my bed. We ascended a ladder to the loft, and there, on the floor, six double beds were made—simply straw ticks laid on the floor, with pillows, sheets and comforts upon them. The hostler assigned me the bed nearest the ladder, and retired, leaving me a bit of tallow candle about half an inch long.

I took a hasty survey of the premises. Just across the hatchway, where the ladder led to the room below, was a window in the gable. It had a muslin curtain over it, but this I speedily tore away. I remarked that the ladder creaked fearfully as the hostler descended. Away across the room, to the other gable end, the beds were laid in rows—not a sleeper in them as yet, notwithstanding which the hostler had assigned me the bed next to the ladder. He had not left me to my choice, but merely put my candle down by it and said, "Go to sleep in there, sur."

I made up my mind he meant to try to rob me, and the thought was anything but pleasant. After definitely settling in my mind the best course to pursue, I moved my clothes, and unbuckling my belt, I raised the under sheet and laid it beneath it and the pillow.

Perhaps the reader wonders why I should have removed it from around my body. First, because a small, sharp knife cuts it away while you sleep; and, secondly, I assure the reader that if he or she will try buckling a large leathern belt filled with money about their waists for a nap, they will soon see good reasons for taking it off. Besides, I felt pretty sure the man was a desperado, and was fearful he would first cut away the belt, if I found it on me, and then stab me if I stirred, leap down the ladder, break for the woods with the money, and clean-escape before people could be made to comprehend what was the matter. I laid my plans definitely and wisely, as you will see.

I did not fall asleep, you may be sure. All the horrible stories I had ever heard related of robberies at country taverns ran an incomprehensible race through my memory. One after another the guests were shown up by the hostler, as the evening wore on, until finally all was silent below stairs.

It was probably half-past eleven o'clock when the last passenger was shown up to bed, and for more than an hour I lay tossing in wakeful anxiety. Finally the somnolent influence of the dozen sleepers snoring so heartily around me, and the imperative demands of a tired body, overcame me, and I dropped off into a light, uneasy slumber. I awoke with a start of apprehension once or twice, and felt for my money belt, but all was well, and becoming more composed, I slept soundly. Suddenly I was awakened with a sensation as if some one had slapped me quite heavily in the face. The moon had risen just high enough to shine full into the gable window, making the room quite light. I looked around—all the beds and their occupants were visible, and I knew by the steady, sturdy snoring that all except myself were soundly sleeping. I passed my hand under the pillow. The money belt was there all right, and I laughed at my nervousness, and was about to compose myself to sleep again, when, hark! by George, that ladder creaked! There, it creaked again! I swear there's a man coming stealthily

up it. What I should do flashed through my mind instantly, and cocking my revolver, I turned my back to the ladder and pretended to sleep.

Creak! creak! creak! then a long pause. Confound the man, why don't he come faster!

My nerves were passing under a fearful ordeal! I could scarcely refrain from springing up and calling out, "Who's there?" But I was sustained somehow, and remained quiet.

Presently I felt a large hand sliding under my pillow. Heavens! I could scarcely lay still. Had I moved I would have been stabbed instantly. Now I felt my money belt slowly sliding from beneath my head. Then there was a rather hurried move toward the gangway.

Creak! creak! I went the ladder. My time had come. Quick as lightning I turned in my bed, took aim at the huge form standing in the hatchway, boldly outlined by the moonlight streaming through the gable window, and fired.

There was a shriek, a strong, downward crash of a heavy body to the floor below; a general jumping up out of beds and cries of alarm.

I explained matters as quickly as I could, and then there was a general descent of the ladder to see the dead robber. By this time the landlord had arrived with a light. The man was not dead. It was the hostler. He was sitting up, groaning terribly. My money belt, with the money untouched, lay on the floor beside him, covered with blood. I immediately took possession of it. It so happened we had a surgeon in the crowd. We raised the poor devil to his feet, when from his right hand dropping a long villainous looking knife. He would have murdered me had it been necessary. On examination we found that my bullet had gone clean through his left shoulder, breaking his collar bone, inflicting a painful, though not dangerous, wound. The surgeon splintered his shoulder, and he was put to bed.

All the passengers were now thoroughly awake. It was four o'clock in the morning, and as there was a good moon, the driver concluded he would get off early. So breakfast was got in a hurry, and paying our bills, we gladly left so potherish a stopping place.

Whatever became of the hostler I never afterwards learned.

### [From the N. Y. Metropolitan Record.] DARBY DODD'S LETTER.

Our request last week to Darby, entreating him to abandon the company of scurrilous statesmanship as it is to be seen in this noble capital of our glorious country. Or to read the Globe reports of debates in Congress.

I have been doing both.

Statesmanship is a splendid profession, and some people think there is nothing in it but profession.

But they are not loyal men.

Therefore nobody minds what they think. It is otherwise in my case.

If there is anything of which I may be justly proud it is my loyalty.

I am not going to tell you all the sacrifices I induced my friends to make for their country during the war; let it suffice that my advice put them on the road to fortune.

There's Violante's father, for instance. I induced that fine old gentleman to take a poor contract, and though his sufferings were great he triumphed at last, and came out fifty thousand better.

Another member of the family, a poor simpleton of a fellow, shouldered a musket, and his investment proved a failure.

Somebody shot him, you see, and he followed the example of John Brown's body by going into the mouldering business.

When a man goes into that business his chance of improving his condition becomes rather slim.

Violante's father preferred contracts, and found it more profitable and agreeable.

He is a true patriot.

But I am wandering from my subject.

My observations in Congress since I last wrote have impressed me with a high sense of the dignity and refinement of the representatives of our free and independent voting population.

The debates have been quite spirited.

For an explanation of this, let me refer you to the stationery accounts.

Especially the whiskey items.

It seems rather odd to me that whiskey should be called stationery, when the free use of it generally makes a man unstationary.

But I am not a philosopher.

Nor a member of Congress.

If I was a member of Congress I might find the stationery account, and retire from it.

This reminds me that I intended to write to you about Congress.

There was a delightful debate in the House yesterday, and I found it almost as entertaining as the White Fawn.

The White Fawn has not yet been produced

in Washington, but the white Fawney has been running here for a long time.

He has also been running my two papers, both daily, and the office of Clerk to the Senate.

I may also remark that he shows some signs of running down.

But I am getting away from Congress again.

The debate I want to tell you about arose on a resolution offered by Mr. Logan, of Illinois, instructing the Committee on Lands and Places to provide places for all disabled soldiers applying for them.

Mr. Logan said: "Mr. Speaker, I insist that these sons of Mars shall."

Mr. Marshall, Ill.—"Mr. Speaker, I rise to a point of order. The infamously and utterly abandoned wretch, my honorable colleague, has seen fit to allude personally to me. I scorn him, sir, I despise him; and I hurl back in his teeth the insinuation that the persons for whom he wants places are my sons."

Mr. Logan.—"If the miserable poltroon who has interrupted me will allow me, I will continue my remarks. I repeat, Mr. Speaker, that the sons of Mars shall."

The Speaker.—"The gentleman is not in order. It is improper to mention the name of any member in debate."

Mr. Logan.—"I trust the Hon. Speaker is not a drivelling idiot. If he and the braying donkey who first interrupted me will restrain their slimy tongues I will continue my remarks. I say, Mr. Speaker, and insist that these sons of Mars shall be supported by the Government in which they were disabled."

Mr. Rivers, N. Y.—"I wish to know if any of the persons for whom the foul mouthed shander from Illinois desired places were negroes." "Negroes," continued Mr. Rivers, "are not fit for any position under the government of the United States. Look at the negro's heel, Mr. Speaker, and look at his shanks!"

Mr. Shanks, Ind.—"Mr. Speaker, the contemptible blackguard from New York has connected my name with the question before the House. I call him to order, sir, and I demand a retraction of the slander he has uttered."

Mr. Rivers.—"This fellow is beneath contempt, I repeat, Mr. Speaker, that the negro's shanks show him to be utterly unfit for the duties of public office. The sneak and renegade who offered this resolution has an object to attain. I dare say there is a price."

Mr. Price, Iowa.—"If the low scoundrel refers to me I pronounce him a liar, and if he wants satisfaction he can have it. I hurl back his slanders upon the noble race that saved this republic from British rebels and traitors—a race to which we are indebted for patriotic service—a race whose aims are pure."

Mr. Ames, Mass.—"Mr. Speaker, the wandering foot who has referred to me is wandering from the subject before the House. I do not object to the negro being discussed here, but the gentleman seems inclined to pile."

Mr. Pike, Mo.—"A point of order, Mr. Speaker; I call the ass from Massachusetts to order. He is endeavoring to excite hate."

Mr. Haight, N. J.—"It is false. I brand the assertion as a falsehood, and I defy the ruffian who insinuates that I can be incited. The negro has been drawn into this discussion, sir, and when the negro plants"

Mr. Plants, Ohio.—"The blundering block-head links my name with the colored man and would!"

Mr. Wood, N. Y.—"Mr. Speaker, I move a vote of censure upon the creature who speaks of me in connection with the negro. I scorn his yelping, and look upon him as a mere cur."

Mr. Mercer, Pa.—"The slimy Copperhead who alludes to me is unworthy of notice. He has spoken of me as if I were a dog. Sir, has the wretch ever heard of Old Mother Hubbard who?"

Mr. Hubbard, N. Y.—"Mr. Speaker, this debate should be closed at once, if personalities cannot be kept out of it. If the last speaker meant me when he spoke of Old Mother Hubbard, I pronounce him an unmitigated donkey. If he wants me he knows where I am to be found."

This closed the debate and the resolution was adopted.

With profound respect for the dignity and refinement of our representatives, I remain, Yours, respectfully,

DARBY DODD.

### CURIOSITIES OF THE WORLD.—At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence and quickly fills the new-made well, which continues full and is effected neither by rains nor droughts. But that which is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, doors, and different pieces of mosaic work. Under this is found a soft oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet deep large trees, entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, with a vast quantity of shells, and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this vegetables are found again, with leaves and branches of trees as before.

### How Peebles Asked the Old Man.

Peebles had just asked Mr. Merriweather's daughter if she would give him a lift out of bachelorhood, and she had said "yes." It therefore became absolutely necessary to get the old man's permission, so, as Peebles said, that arrangements might be made for hopping the conjugal twig.

Peebles said he'd rather pop the interogatory to all of old Merriweather's daughters, and his sisters, and his female cousin, and his aunt Hannah in the country, and the whole of his female relations, than ask old Merriweather. But it had to be done, and so he set down and studied out a speech which he was going to disgorge to old Merriweather the very first chance he got to shy it at him. So Peebles dropped in on him on Sunday evening, when all the family had reassembled around to class meeting, and found him doing a sum in beer measure, trying to calculate the exact number of quarts his interior could hold without blowing the head off of him.

"How are you, Peeb?" said old Merriweather, as Peebles walked in as white as a piece of chalk, and trembling as if he had swallowed a condensed earthquake. Peebles was afraid to answer, because he wasn't sure about that speech. He knew he had to keep his grip on it while he had it there, or it would slip away from him quicker than an oil-dred through an auger hole. So he blurted right out:

"Mr. Merriweather, sir: Perhaps it may not be unknown to you, sir, that during an extended period of some five years, I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise—"

"Is that so, and keepin' it secret all the time, while I thought you was tendin' store. Well, by George, you're one of 'em, now, ain't you?"

Peebles had to begin all over again, to get the run of it.

"Mr. Merriweather, sir: Perhaps it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of some five years, I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with a determination to procure a sufficient maintenance—"

"Sit down, Peeb, and help yourself to beer. Don't stand there holding your hat like a blind beggar with the paralysis. What's the matter with you, any way? I never seen you behave yourself so in all my born days."

Peebles was knocked out agin, and had to wander back and take a first start.

"Mr. Merriweather, sir: It may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of some five years, I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with a determination to procure a sufficient maintenance—"

"A which-ance!" asked old Merriweather; but Peebles held on to the last word as if it was his only chance, and went on:

"In the hope that some day I might enter wedlock, and bestow my earthly possessions upon one whom I could call my own, I have been a lonely man, sir, and have felt that it is not good for man to be alone; therefore—"

"Neither is it, Peebles; and I'm all-fired glad you dropped in. How's the old man?"

"Mr. Merriweather, sir," said Peebles, in despairing confusion, raising his voice to a yell, "it may not be unknown to you that, during an extended period of a lonely man, I have been engaged to enter wedlock, and bestow all my commercial enterprise on one whom I could procure a determination to be good for: a sufficient possession—no, I mean—that is—that Mr. Merriweather, sir, it may not be unknown—"

"And then again it may. Look here, Peebles, you'd better lay down and take something warm: you ain't well!"

Peebles, sweating like a four-year-old colt, went in again:

"Mr. Merriweather, sir: It may not be lonely for you to prosecute me whom you can call a friend, for commercial maintenance, but—but—oh, dang it—Mr. Merriweather, sir—it—"

"Oh, Peebles, you talk as wildly as a jackass. I never see a more first-class idiot in the whole course of my life—What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Mr. Merriweather, sir," said Peebles, in an agony of bewilderment, "It may not be unknown that you prosecuted a lonely man who is not good for a commercial period of wedlock for some five years—"

"See here, Mr. Peebles, you're drunk, and if you can't behave better than that you'd better leave. If you don't I'll chuck you out, or I'm a Dutchman."

"Mr. Merriweather, sir," said Peebles, frantic with despair, "it may not be unknown to you that my earthly possessions are engaged to enter wedlock five years with a sufficiently lonely man who is not good for a commercial maintenance—"

"The bloody deuce he isn't. Now you just git up and git, old hoss, or I'll knock what little brains out of you you've got left."

With that old Merriweather took Peebles by the shirt collar and the part of his pants that wears out first if he sits down much, and shot him into the street as if he had just run against a locomotive going at the rate of forty miles an hour. Before old Merriweather had a chance to

shut the front door Peebles collected his legs and one thing or another that were lying around on the pavement, and arranged himself in a vertical position, and yelled out:

"Mr. Merriweather, sir: It may not be unknown to you—" which made the old man so wretched mad that he went out and set a bull terrier on Peebles before he had a chance to lift a brogan, and there was a scientific dog fight, with odds in favor of the dog, until they got to the fence, and even then Peebles would have carried bull-terrier home, gripped like a clamp on to his leg, if it hadn't been that the meat was too tender, and the dog, feeling certain that something or other must eventually give way, held on until he got his chop off of Peebles' calf, and Peebles went home half a pound lighter, while Merriweather asserts, to this day, that they had to draw all the dog's teeth to get the flesh out of his mouth, "for he had an awful bolt for such a small animal."

Of course Merriweather's daughter heard about it, and she was so mad that she never gave the old man any peace until he went around the next day to see Peebles about it. Peebles looked pale as a ghost from loss of blood and beef, and he had a whole piece of muslin wrapped around his off leg. Merriweather said:

"Peeb, I'm sorry about that muss last night, but if you didn't behave like a raving maniac, I'm a loafer. I never see such a deliberate ass since I was born. What's the meaning of it, anyway?"

"I was only trying to ask you to let me marry your daughter," groaned Peebles.

"Great—what? You didn't mean to, mean to say—well, I hope I may be shot. Well, if you ain't a regular old wooden-headed idiot—I thought your mind was wandering. Why didn't you say it right out? Why of course you can have her. I am glad to get rid of her. Take her, my boy; go it, go it, and I'll throw a lot of first-class blessings into the bargain."

And Peebles looked ruefully at his defective leg and wished he had not been such a fool, but he went out and married the girl, and lived happily with her for about two months, and, at the end of that time, he told a confidential friend that he would willingly take more trouble and undergo a million more dog bites to get rid of her.

A PLEA FOR MEAN MEN.—A correspondent undertakes the defence of "mean men," as close calculators are sometimes called, as follows:

"Who makes the better husband? At the risk of bringing down a torrent of maledictions on my unprotected head, I shall still adhere to the man who is supposed to have no heart or genuine human sentiment. The good fellow for a lover, the mean man for a husband. The latter will rob all creation to supply his household—the former will rob his family to accommodate his friends. From all the married women in a solid column up and down Second street, and if I don't get ninety-nine votes out of one hundred in favor of my proposition, I will treat to a barrel of gin and water on the occasion of the first election for a female President. Good fellow, all love—mean man, all business. One takes his wife to the opera in a four horse carriage—the other rides triumphantly in a street omnibus. The good fellow never can be cross to anybody but his wife, for fear of making himself unpopular—the mean man is so sour with all the rest of the world, that he has not one particle of ill-temper to spare at home.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, for love is Heaven, and Heaven is love." but it won't buy beef. The mean man seldom gets 'salubrious,' he is too mean. His wife is never jealous. She knows all women hate him, because he is mean, and she rather likes it. She laughs and grows fat. Good fellow drinks—too kind hearted to refuse—and he loves everybody. Good fellow's wife pale and emaciated, and full of sorrow. Mean cuss's wife hale and hearty—fat, red-faced—and weighs a ton. Am I right?"—Harrisburg Patriot.

THERE has just been settled a remarkable divorce case before the Superior Court of New London, Connecticut. It appears that Reuben Lamb sailed for Cumberland Inlet in April, 1865, as a mate of the schooner Franklin. When the vessel left in the fall, Lamb remained among the Esquimaux, having taken to himself an Esquimaux wife. It was proven that Lamb had never sent any word to his wife, and that he was living among the Indians, having adopted their customs and manners. It was also shown that Lamb had two children by his Esquimaux wife. The divorce was granted.

Poor men are innocent beings. They vote wealthy nabobs into office, for the purpose of building up and legislating for monopolies to grind the life out of them. But it's "loil" to vote for end support "loil" men; instead of patriots and Democrats. As a consequence, each poor man is paying into his rich neighbor's pocket from \$300 to \$800 a year more than he used to pay in Democratic times. How much more does he get now for his labor than he received before "loilnity" got into power?