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A NOTHER NEW WRINKLE!

BOOTS AND SHOES FUR ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES

he addition to his large stock of the best Eastern made SMOES, BUSKINS, GAITERS, &c., For Ladies' and Children's Wear.

aubscriber has just added to his assort ment a full and complete invoice of Boots and Shoes for Men and Youths, which he will not only warrant to be supe- The night was dark, the night was chill, plor to any goods of like character now being offered in this market, but vastly better in The hurly-burly of the day, every respect than the slop-shop work with The sounds of pleasure or of fray which the country is flooded. Remember that I offer no article for sale which I do Were heard no more. The starless sky not guarantee to be regular custom made, of Gave not a ray to light the gloom, the best material and superior finish, and Opaque, impervious as the tomb; while I do not pretend to compete in prices

with the dealers in auction goods, I know Impeachers and impeachee slept, that I can furnish BOOTS, SHOES, &c., that will give more service for less money Stan any other dealer in this community, and I pledge myself to repair, free of charge, any Though in a periphrastic way, article that may give way after a reasonable time and reasonable usage. Everybody is That day had yielded unto night, sepectfully invited to call and examine my And lamps, man's substitute for sun, stock and learn my prices. The subscriber is also prepared to manu-

facture 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, Com- Is Washington once more a camp mon Calf, Morocco and all other kinds of Does Stuart still our pickets drive? Louther constantly on hand. Btore on Main street, next door to Crawford's Hotel.

JOHN D. THOMAS. Beensburg, Sept. 26, 1867. ECURE THE SHADOW ERE

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. Picsures taken in any kind of weather.

PROTOGRAPHS 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 PHOTO-GRAPH ALBUMS, which I will sell cheapor than they can be bought elsewhere in town. Copying and Enlarging done on reasonable terms. I ask comparison and defy

Thankful for past favors, I solicit a conname of the same. Gallery on Julian street, two doors south of Town Hall. T. T. SPENCE, Photographer. Steusburg, Nov. 14, 1867.

BENSBURG MARBLE WORKS.

— Maving purchased the Marble Works on High street, one door east of T. W. Wilwith an extensive stock of TOMBSTONES, I am now prepared to furnish all work in Parties desiring to purchase Tombstones are your guard, or you will rue"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. 80, 1868. OTTINGER REED. A NY PERSON intending to build a House or Barn, can bny Nails and Hardware cheap by paying cash at Feb. 26. GEO. HUNTLEY'S.

ARGAINS can be had by buying your goeds for cash at GEO. HUNTLEY'S.

The Cambria Freeman TIM. TRIPP AND DARBY DOBB ON THE SITUATION,

We feel sure that our readers will be greatly amused and gratified by the perusal of the following rich effusions from the pens of Timothy Tripp and Darby Dodd, which we clip from the Portfolio department of the New York Metropolitan Record -certainly one of the most ably conducted and fearlessly firm exponents of Democratic principles published in the country. Two of the sixteen pages of this mammoth journal are generally devoted each week to letters of this kind, while the greater portion of the other pages are taken up with One square, 12 lines, one insertion, \$1 00 admirably written editorials and communications on all the leading topics of the 2 50 day-thus making altogether a newspaper which no Democrat should be without who can afford to subscribe for it. But here are the letters, with the editor's comments thereon:

> [From the Metropolitan Becord, March #1.] MOSBY'S LAST RAID.

It is not necessary to tell some of our readers, we suppose, that Stanton was the victim of a great hoax last week. Some practical joker started a report that Mosby, the one-time ubiquitous, had organized a force of trusty spirits to seize Stanton and Laur him off to some secluded spot in the Blue Ridge, and was then lying in wait on the Virginia side of the Potomac, ready to pounce upon Edwin at the first favorable Sumneropportunity. The story goes that Stanton was so much scared by the prospect of falling into the hands of the great raider. that he had double guards stationed around | Perhaps some other time I'll take the War Department, and then dispatched You on my rounds, and you shall see troops to guard the Potomac bridges, so More matter to Record, as we rices. Also, all kinds of Ruling, Blank | that Mosby could not get at him without Books, Book Binding, &c., executed to order | fighting his way, at least. The troops, as good as the best and as cheep as the we are told, watched the bridges one whole night, and then returned to their I wanted, oh ! so bad, to stay. quarters, for Mosby had failed to put in an But who could say Asmodeus nay appearance, and they came to the conclusion that the story was a grand hoax. And so it was, for the gallant raider of the Bh e Ridge was quitely attending to his business in Warrenton when Stanton thought You know the proverb, he was getting ready to pounce upon Washington. Our friend, Timothy Tripp, comes in just when we are wishing for some one to dress up the Stanton scare in the right way for the Portfolio, and hands us the following capital version of it:

STANTON'S LAST SCARE. All nature was at peace and still, The jester's laugh, the mourner's sigh, Sufferers at length no longer wept, And rich and poor forgot a space The cares that hide in rags and lace, By all of which I would convey, The fact, with wordy trimmings dight, Lit up the streets of Washington.

But bark! what sounds are those that strike Upon the ear and heart alike? What means that measured, steady tramp? Is Stonewall Jackson yet alive ?

See where a light in yonder room Strikes like a lancehead through the gloem! Surely there's something going on there-Ah, Friend Asmodeus! through the air Convey me quick, that I may know,

'Up with the roof," Asmodeus cries, And up it goes. Before my eyes The War Office lay open all, From attic down to basement hall; What though 'tis locked with jealous care! What though no strangers enter there-What though a "trooly loil" guard Its sacred precincts watch and ward With vigilant, unsleeping care-I and Asmodeus, enter there.

Good Lord, what sight affronts my gaze? A quaking, shivering wretch displays His coward fears without a blush Is it a man or what ?- "Hush, hush," Asmodeus whispers, "he will speak," List the half-bully and half-sueak."

Stanton (loquitor)-'Oh! are you sure the news is true, And are you sure he's come; This is no time to think of rest, I wish he'd stayed tu hum, This is no time to think of rest,

When Mosby's at the gate; See that each door is double locked I-I think I'll-make him wait.' [Enter a messenger in a flurry.

"Your Excellency, there's great noise without, and much we wonder what it is to write poetry from inspiration. Hams' Hardward Store, and supplied myself about. A man's just come with terror almost dumb, who through white lips hisses, 'Mosby's come.' It can't be true, I'll not my line at the lowest city prices, and feel believe such stories; they're set affoat by confident that I can render entire satisfac- Copperheads and Tories. And oh! your the best poet in my native town, and I tion to all who favor me with their orders. Excellency, he says that you had best be on would probably be in the almshouse or the Stanton-Away, away; rouse up the guard-

Let each see to bis gun; Put ammunition in the pouch Of every mother's son, Can it be true the rebs are here? Will I and Mosby meet? Not while there's reason in this brain Or swiftness in these feet,"

(Enter Sumner, Stevens and others. Stevens-

"This is a bad business, Stanton; you'll

still I knew, like Danton, you can rave and rage and rant on for any length of time. But, Stanton, I came to you to-night, though sick, to say to you but one word."

Sumner (interrupting)—
"Stick!"

"Stanton, look out; there is a plot on foot to fright, assault and capture you to boot. The rebel rascals, driven on by Andy, would stop at nothing, and they're here quite handy. Therefore I come to you at double quick, to say the best thing you can "Stick!"

"Oh! of all the plots agoing There's but one I care for knowing, The one that's terror throwing Round all in my employ.'

Stanton-

"The plot, no doubt of it's to get possession of the War Office, and secure the suc-(A crowd of lackeys rush in, pale with

terror, and screaming in unison: "John Mosby is coming, ohone! Ohone! And you het he's not coming alone!

Pit-a pat go all hearts In these diggins and parts, For Mosby is coming, 'tis known, Ohone! And you bet he's not coming alone!"

Ohone!

"Is there no peg whereon to hang a doubt?" "No, ne, no, no, the rebs are all about!"

"What shall I do? We must take measures

Come, friends, advise, advise." "Cut stick !" "Ay, Stick !"

You've seen enough. Asmodeus cries, We must begone, for lo! time flies, And very soon the morn will break. Go raundabout here, Tripp & Co.,

And write for the Portfolio. So what they did and what they said, What means they took, what way they fled I knew not, yet, although so near To everything I wished to hear-Another proof, there's many a slip-

Yours.

TIM TRIPP.

DARBY DODD'S LETTER. Dodd is still at the capital, notwithstanding the shabby manner in which he has been treated by some of the persons at present disgracing that place. The communication with which he favors the Portfolio to-day is general in its scope and somewhat incoherent in style, but that is nothing uncommon. Having already said nearly everything we could think of concerning our correspondent, and his peculiarities being quite well known to those who have followed him through the Portfolio, we refrain on the present occasion from saying anything additional about

WASHINGTON, March 12, 1868. Editor Portfolio: All without was dull and dreary, so within my chamber cheery

In the large hotel of Willard sat I musing Musing on the tribulations which have fall'n on many nations, And the endless botherations that mankind

hath known before-

Known and felt in all the dingy, dust-be sprinkled years of yore, And shall know forevermore. Rain was falling at the casement, and from window down to basement

I could hear the wind complaining in a melancholy roar; But I kept on with my musing, kept on thinking, turning, choosing, Till at last I fell to dozing as I never dozed before-Never dozed since first I scouted upon slum

ber's silent shore, And I hope to doze no more. For a sudden change came o'er me and thought I saw before me Such an object as by mortal eyes was never

seen before, And I shuddered, but was gladly roused by some one fiercely, madly, Fiercely, thunderously, madly, pounding at my chamber door-

Pounding like a thousand sledges on the panels of the door. Then I started up and swore.

What do you think of that? Don't say I was Raven mad when I wrote it, for I wasn't. I was only Poe-etical. I think a man can be Poe etical without

being Raven mad, but it is not the rule. The exception, rather. How fortunate it is for yourself and myself that I did not become a regular poet.

It is bad enough to write letters from Washington, but it would be infinitely worse And my escape from that fate was very Let me briefly tell you of it. When I was a boy I was apprenticed to

lunatic asylum by this time if I had not Packed up my duds in the night time And silently stole away. The business did not suit me.

It was not sufficiently intellectual, you The man I was apprenticed to used to wash his face and comb his hair once a

month, and write poetry when he wasn't doing that. The first lesson he gave me was in amorous poetry, and the second was in starving. the Stanton row were going on, and knew

I could manage the poetry pretty well, nothing about them until he woke up. have but little left to vaunt on, I fear, but | but the starving was too much for me.

I began to lose flesh and my self-respect, and finally made up my mind to lose sightof my tutor.

So, as I have already remarked, I packed up my duds in the night time and silently But I didn't steal anything else. The only pleasure I had during my ap-

prenticeship was derived from the admining glances I received from the beautiful and bewitching school girls of the town. They knew I was learning to be a poet, and every one of them fell in love with me

They are bigger and prettier now, and I wish they would fall in love with me again. Just for fun, you know. I think Violante wouldn't mind it much. but it she did, I could tell her that I didn't

It was very gratifying.

reciprocate. Which would satisfy her, of course. Bless her dear heart, what a reasonable gir! she is! But I am wandering.

In fact I have been wandering ever since packed up my duds in the night time and silently stole away, and cannot at this moment say when I may stop. Let me see-where was I?

Oh! I started up and swore! Well, it isn't worth while to tell you what I swore, but it was not to support the Constitution of the United States, anything in the Constitution and laws of any State to the contrary, notwithstanding. I immediately opened the door, and saw

a crowd of men standing outside. I recognized two of them as policemen in disguise, keep it. but retained my composure. "Pray, gentlemen," said I, "to what am indebted for this visit?"

"Pray h-Il!" said a tall, rough-looking man behind the policemen, "you'll soon find out, d-m you!' I looked at the man and discovered that t was the Hon. Benjamin Wade, President of the Senate, and President prospective of

the United States. Mr. Wade has a pleasant habit of using strong language, and the reputation of being an exceedingly pious man. The policemen stepped forward and one

"Mr. Dodd ?" I stood still and said: "At your service." "Received anything from New York lately,

"Yes." "What was it ?" "Fifty dollars for my last letter." "Anything else ?"

"Yes." "A bex of any kind?" "Yes."

of them said:

The policemen looked at each other and then at Mr. Wade, and Mr. Wade said he'd be d-d if he didn't think it was all right. "Where is the box ?" said the second po-

Then they looked at each other again, and Mr. Wade shook his head. By this time the crowd had pressed into my room, and I could hear whispers in which distinguished "Guy Fawkes," "Blow up Congress," "Copperhead," "Traitor," "Re-

bel," and several other words which made me think I was suspected of some sort of a conspiracy. "Well, sir," said one of the policemen, we must see that box." "All right; you shall." "We have received a dispatch from New

Tork, stating that a box containing"___ "Hold up, Tom," said the second policeman, "don't blow; that'll spoil the game, you Mr. Wade began to show some signs of uneasiness, and finally when I took out my keys and walked towards the trunk he said to the policemen that he must see a man

down stairs, and went out of the room quite Then the fellows who came in with him got uneasy, and said they wented to see several men down stairs, and when I stooped to open the trunk, they left the room about

as suddenly as Mr. Wade did. But the policemen stood their ground. "Now, sir, for that box," said one of them. I opened the trunk and took out a box of paper collars, which I extended towards him. He looked slightly astorished, and turning to his companion, remarked:

"Sold by thunder!" Then both policemen left the room, and I heard them say down stairs that that ere glycerine stuff must be somewhere else, for the fellow up there didn't have nothing like

After that they all went outside and stood under my window, talking, and I thought I would scare them a little.

So I opened the window noiselessly, and taking some large torpedoes that I had in my trunk since last Fourth of July, I thew them as hard as I could on the flags which Mr. Wade and the policemen were standing on, and the effect was cheerful to contem-

"I-II and d-n-n!" said Mr. Wade, "the internal Rebels and Copperheads are blowing up the capital!" With that he made a rush down the Avenue, to tell Congress, I suppose, that the

nitro-glycerine conspiracy was being carried out, and I have not seen him since. The policemen grabbed a little boy who was passing when the torpedoes exploded, and I understand they have sent him to New York to be examine!.

I hope Mr. Kennedy won't be hard on When the scare was all over I went up to see Mr. Johnson, and found him looking His appetite has not been impaired by any-

thing particular. He takes his beefsteak as usual, and awaits results. Stanton still runs the boarding house at the War Department. He told me yesterday he would fight it out

on that line if it took all summer. I think Grant gave him that idea. Ulysses is tranquil. So is Mr. Welles. By-the way, Mr. Welles was quite surprised when he woke up a couple of days own body, on the tree-the Savior of

ago and found out what had happened. He was asleep while impeachment and Mr. Seward is as well as could be expected.

He has just finished another brief dispatch on the Alabama question. He was only two weeks writing it, and it

wouldn't fill more than six newspapers. I mean to take it with me next summer when I go in the country, and read it while Yours serenely, DARBY DODD.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

"A cheerful word of sympathy May scatter clouds away, One little act performed in life

Turns darkness into day." On a warm summer afternoon a lagy breeze stole through the windows of little hot district school house, lifting the white curtains, and rustling the leaves of the copy books that lay open on the desks. Thirty or forty scholars of all ages were bending over their writing, quiet and busy; the voice of the master, as he passed about among the writers, was the only sound. But though silent this little hot school room had its heroes and heroines as certainly as the wider sphere of life.

The bell rings for the writing to be laid by; and now comes the last exercise of the day, the spelling, in which nearly all ken." the school join. At the head of the class ! is a delicate little girl, in a blue dress, whose bright eyes and attentive air show that she prizes her place and means to

Presently a word, which had passed all the lower end of the class, came to Eunice. The word was privilege. "P-r-i-v, privi, privi-l-e-g-e, lege-privilege," spelled Eunice. But the teacher, vexed with the mistake at the other end of the class. misunderstood her, and passed it. The little girl looked amazed, the bright color came into her cheeks, and she listened eagerly to the next person who spelled it as she had done.

"Right," said the teacher; "take your

"I spelled it so." whispered Eunice to herself, tears springing to her eyes as she passed down. But too timid to speak to the master, she remained in her place, inwardly determined to get up again.

But her trials were not over. Many expedients were tried in the school to keep out the arch enemy of all schools-whispering. At length the following was adopted: The first whisperer was stood upon the floor in front of the teacher's desk. Here he acted as monitor; as he detected another he took his place, for at the close of the school, the scholar who had the whisperer's place was punished very severely-as the school phrase was. "took a feruling!" This plan appeared to operate very well; every one dreaded being found the last on the floor; but though it secured an orderly school, many of the parents and scholars doubted its

The boy who was on the floor when Eunice lost her place, was an unruly fellow, who had smarted for his faults often before; and as school drew near its close, he began to tremble. The instant Eunice's whispered complaint reach his ear, his face brightened up; he was safe now. And when the class was diemissed, he said. "Eunice whispered, sir."

Eunice rose, and in trembling voice related what she had said; but the teacher saw no excuse in it, and she was called to take the place of the ungenerous boy who had told on her.

Books had been put away, and the waiting school looked on in sorrowfulness as Eunice left her seat to take the dreaded punishment. She was one of the best scholars, bright, faithful, sweet tempered, and a great favorite. Every one felt that it was unjust, and many angry glances were at the boy, who was mean enough to get a girl whipped. Overcome with shame and fear she stood up by the desk, crying bitterly, while the teacher was preparing to inflict the punishment.

At this moment a tall boy stepped out of the seat, and going up to the desk,

"Are you going to whip Ennice, sir !" "Yes, I never break my rules," the

"We will not see her whipped!" said the boy, in an excited voice. "There is not a boy here, but one, that would see her whipped. Whip me sir, and keep your rule if you must, but don't touch that little girl."

The master paused; the school looked on tearfully. "Do you mean to say that you wil take the punishment?" asked the teacher.

"I do sir." was the bold reply. The sobbing little girl was sent to her seat, and without flinching, her friend stood and received the punishment that was to have fallen on her. The school was dismissed, and the boys paid him in admiration and praise for all be had suffered, while the grateful little girl blessed him from her heart for a noble and generous boy, who had saved her from the greatest shame and suffering.

I said the little school had its heroes, this conduct admirable. Now for the moral.

The punishment received by this noble boy was Christ-like; it was one of suffer house. iug from his own free will, the punishment that was to have been borne by another. You see-do you not-that this is just hand what Christ did, who bore our sin in His

us owes to such a friend. An ex-plainer-A retired carpenter.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here you are, all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be inmates of the poor house. Where, now, is all the

bread that you have cast upon the water ?" The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was indeed bent down with years, and age sat upon him tremblingly. the sweet waters of moral life and happi-Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while fortune had smiled upon him, he had ever been among the spark which your kindness lighted up in first to lend a listening ear and helping my bosom, has grown lighter and brighter hand to the cause of distress; but now ever since. With an affluence for life, I misfortune was his. Of his four boys, have settled down to enjoy the remainder not one was left. Sickness and failing of my days in peace and happiness. I health found him with but little, and they have heard of your losses and bereaveleft him penniless.

An oppressive embargo on the shipping head, and other misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were all alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but we are not forsa-

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now ?" Jacob Manfred raised his trembling finger towards heaven.

"Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend but we ought to have friends here. Look back, and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters, with a free hand, but it has not been returned to you ?"

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from atter want : but I do not expect it see their smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," returned his wife, in a lower tone. 'I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; we must look; there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food or starve."

The old man started, and a deep mark f pain was drawn across his features. "Beg!" he replied, with a quick shudder. "No, Susan, we are-" He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down other persons do with their arms.

his furrowed cheek. "We are what, Jacob ?" "We are going to the poor house!" "Oh, God! I thought so!" fell from face with her hands. "I have thought so.

"But when shall we go?" "Now-to-day." "Then God will have mercy upon us." "He will." The old couple sat for awhile in silence.

room where they sat. He was the keeper of the poor house. "Come, Mr. Manfred," said he, "the Selectmen have managed to crowd you musical, grave and sonorous, saluting us into the poor house. The wagon is at the liv name, invited us to be seated. Then

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, him. He told us he had been born withand with a deep groan he sank into his out arms, and had been a painter ten

urged the keeper.

all drove up to the door. "Is this the house of Mr. Jacob Man-The question was asked by a man who entered from the carryall. He was a kind

"Come, be in a hurry," impatiently

At that moment a heavy covered carry-

"That is my name," said Jacob. "Then they told me truly," uttered the "Are you the keeper of the almshouse?"

looking man, about forty years of age.

he continued, turning towards the man. "Yes." "Are you after these people ?"

"Yes." and this was one of them. Do you think fred goes to no poor house while I am to the train, and the car ran over the

> the new comer, taking the old man by the "I cannot call you to my memory now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?" "Williams?" repeated Jacob, sterrting men. How great the gratitude each of up and gazing earnestly into the stranger's

fiams. That little boy, whom thirty years ago you saved from the house of correction; that poor boy whom you so kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on one of your vessels."

"And are you-" "Yes; I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the bands of poverty and example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and first led me to ness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth; and the warm ments. Come; I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them business had been the first weight upon his both warmer, happier and brighter. Come, my more than father-and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not let your old age be doomed

to darkness." Jacob Manfred tottered forward, and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again, he sought his wife, "Susan," he said, in a choking tone

"my bread has come back to me." "Forgive me, Jacob." "No, Susan; it is not I who must furgive-God holds us in His hand."

doubt Him again."

"Ah," murmered his wife, as she raised

her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never

AW ARPILESS ARTIST.

Cassar Ducornet was born in Lille, as a reward for anything I have done. If France, January 10, 1806. Born as he I have helped the unfortunate, I have had was, without arms, what was for him to my full reward in knowing that I have do even in this busy world? Each foot done my duty to my fellows. Oh! of all had but four toes, but he early learned to the kind deeds I have done to my suffer- use these to advantage. When very young ing fellows, I would not for gold have he could with ease throw a ball, cut with them blotted from my memory. Ah, my a knife, and draw lines on the floor with fond wife, 'tis the memory of good done chalk, and could even cut figures on paper, in life that makes old age happy. Even with his mother's scissors. He early benow I hear the warm thanks of those came a good penman. From this he whom I have befriended and again I can passed to drawing, and naturally enough to painting, the wide space between his great toe and the next enabling him to grasp his brush firmly. At the age of 18. his progress astonished Watteau, professor but, alas! there is the present upon which at the school of design in Lille, who received him as a papil. Only three years fater he took the first prize for a drawing of the human figure from nature. After this he pursued his studies in Paris. He was of lively temperament, and when in conversation he became animated; he was in the habit of gesticulating with his legs, as

Some one has described a visit to his painting room, which is interesting: "Across the whole extent of the canvass ran, with incredible agility, like a fly upon the poor wife's lips, as she covered her the wall, the stunted trunk of a man, surmounted by a noble head, with expansive and I have tried to school myself to the brow and eye of fire; and wherever the thought, but my poor heart will not bear apparition passed along the canvass, he left the traces of color behind him. On "Don't give up, Susan," softly urged approaching a few paces nearer, we were the old man, laying his hand upon her aware of a lofty but slender scaffolding in arm. "It makes but little difference to front of the canvass, up and down and us now. We have not long to remain on across the steps and stages of which climbearth, and let us not wear out our last ed and crouched and twisted, impossible to days in fruitless repinings. Come, come." | describe how-the shapeless being we had come to see. We saw then that he was deprived of arms; that he had no thighs; that his short legs were closely united to his body; and that each of his feet wanted a toe. By one of his feet he held a pa-When they were aroused from their pains lette-by fire other a pencil; in his mouth ful thoughts it was by the stopping of a also, he carried a large brush and a second wagon at their door. A man entered the pencil.

ner more than marvelloos! A voice door, and you must get ready as soon as the apparition glided down the whole length of the scaffold to the ground, advanced, or rather rolled toward us, and with a bound established bimself on the sofa at our side. We watched him with interest and had a long conversation with years, and was now making money by his art. He used his feet with almost as much ease as people do their hands, holding his palette in his left one, and his brush in his right, as though all his toes were fingers, changing them with the most perfect facility, and ever thrusting his foot into his pocket, as another man would his hand. He wrote his name for us with great rapidity, and well, and told us he shaved himself.

"And in all this harness he moved, and

rolled and writhed, and painted, in a man-

A FEW DAYS AGO the agent of an accidental insurance company entered a milroad car, and approaching an exceedingly gruff old man, asked him if he did not want to "take out a policy." He was told "to get out with his policy," and passed on. After "Then you may return. Jacob Man- riding about an hour, an accident occurred sleepers, causing much consternation The speaker gazed inquisitively into the among the passengers. The old man features of the man, and then left the jumped up, and seizing a hook at the side house. "Don't you remember me?" exclaimed "Where is that insurance man?" The question caused a roar of laughter among the passengers, who for the time forget their danger.

Or all the young women mentioned in the Bible Ruth seems to have treated her sweethpart the worst. She palled his "Yes, Jacob Manfred-Lucius Wil- ears and trod on his corn,