



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, MAY 21, 1868.

NUMBER 16.

628 HOOP SKIRTS. 628

WM. T. HOPKINS' "OWN MAKE"
OF
"KEYSTONE SKIRTS"

are the best and CHEAPEST Low Priced Hoop Skirts in the market. Trail Skirts, 25 springs, \$1.00; 30 springs, \$1.20; and 40 springs, \$1.45. Plain Skirts, 6 tapes, 20 springs, 80 Cents; 25 springs, 95 Cents; 30 springs, \$1.15; and 35 springs, \$1.25. Warranted in every respect.

"Our OWN MAKE" of "UNION SKIRTS," Eleven Tape Trails, from 20 to 50 springs, \$1.20 to \$2.50. Plain, Six Tapes, 20 to 50 springs, from 95 Cents to \$2.00. These Skirts are better than those sold by other establishments as first class goods, and at much lower prices.

"Our OWN MAKE" of "CHAMPION SKIRTS" are in every way superior to all other Hoop Skirts before the public, and only have to be examined or worn to convince every one of the fact. Manufactured of the best finished English Steel Springs, very superior tapes, and the style of the metallic fastenings and manner of securing them surpass for durability and excellence any other Skirt in this country, and are lighter, more elastic, will wear longer, give more satisfaction, and are really cheaper than all others. Every lady should try them. They are being sold extensively by Merchants throughout this and the adjoining States at very moderate prices. If you want the best, ask for "Hopkins' Champion Skirt." If you do not find them, get the merchant with whom you deal to order them for you, or come or send direct to us. Merchants will find our different grades of Skirts exactly what they need, and we especially invite them to call and examine our extensive assortment, or send for Wholesale Price List.

To be had at Retail at Manufacturer, and of the Retail Trade generally, and at Wholesale of the Manufacturer only, to whom all orders should be addressed.

Manufacture and Salerooms, 628 Arch Street, Between 6th and 7th Sts., Philadelphia, April 2, 1868-4m. WM. T. HOPKINS.

H. A. Shoemaker & Co. are the only dealers in Ebensburg who keep these celebrated Skirts for sale.

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Johanna, Pa.
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS
AND BOOK BINDERS.
MANUFACTURERS OF BLANK BOOKS,
PORTE-MONNAIS, PAPER BOXES
AND LOOKING GLASSES.

Looking Glass and Picture Frames always on hand, and made to order. A large and most complete assortment of Drawing Rooms and Miscellaneous Pictures, and 5,000 different varieties of Card Photographs, prominent men, comic and sentimental scenes and copies of subjects by celebrated artists. We have also a varied assortment of BIBLES, PRAYER, HYMN and SCHOOL BOOKS, HISTORIES, BIOGRAPHIES, NOVELS, &c. Religious Prints and Emblems in great variety, and the largest and most complete stock of STATIONERY ever brought to this country. 500 new and beautiful styles of WALL PAPER, including an assortment of Potter's celebrated English make, for which we are sole agents in this locality. These Wall Papers are handsome in design, superior in finish, and 24 inches wider than any other make.

The citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity are respectfully notified that we make BOOK BINDING and the manufacture of BLANK BOOKS a specialty. All work promptly executed at moderate rates.

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GILBERT & ROYAL,
Established 1835,
Wholesale Druggists,
Nos. 309 and 311 N. Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN GILBERT, THEODORE A. ROYAL,
Importers and Dealers in
Drugs, Spices, Oils, Dye Stuffs,
Medicines, Paints, Glass, &c., &c.
April 2, 1868-3m.

WALL PAPERS.
PAPER HANGINGS!
A IMMENSE STOCK OF
WALL PAPERS,
NEW AND ELEGANT STYLES
FOR PARLORS, HALLS, ETC.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

HOWELL & BOURKE'S,
Corner of Fourth and Market Streets,
April 2, 1868-3m. PHILADELPHIA.

M. CRESSWELL & CO.,
Importers and Jobbers of
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,
No. 511 Market Street,
June 20, 1867-1y. PHILADELPHIA.

A. C. DIBERT,
WITH
ROKER & BROTHERS,
Manufacturers, and Wholesale Dealers in
CITY AND EASTERN MADE
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 482 MARKET STREET,
Below Fifth, South Side. - PHILAD. A.

WHOLESALE
JANNEY & ANDREWS,
123 Market St.
GROGERS
PHILADA.

GREAT BARGAINS!
J. M. PIRCHER,
FASHIONABLE CLOTHIER & TAILOR
IS SELLING OFF HIS ENTIRE
STOCK OF CLOTHING
At Reduced Prices,
AND WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO
UNTIL MAY 1st, 1868.
IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR A
VERY LARGE STOCK OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
DON'T FORGET THE PLACE,
Montgomery Street, below Blair St.,
Next Door to Masonic Hall,
Mar. 12. Hollidaysburg, Pa.

REVERE THE MEMORY OF
FRIENDS DEPARTED!
MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, &c.

The subscriber still continues to manufacture of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner, at the
Loretto Marble Works,
all kinds of MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES, as well as TABLE and BUREAU TOPS, and all other work in his line. None but the best American and Italian Marble used, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed to all cases at prices as low as like work can be obtained in the cities or elsewhere. Call and see specimens and judge for yourselves as to the merits of my work.
JAMES WILKINSON.
Loretto, March 12, 1868-1y.

RICHARD ROWAN,
ALTOONA, PA.,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Is prepared to make contracts for the painting of Churches, Dwellings and other Buildings in Cambria and surrounding counties, and for the execution of all other work in his line. Painting done at prices more moderate and in a style far superior to most of the work executed in this section. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Feb. 20-1f.

THE ALTOONA WARE HOUSE CO.,
WHOLESALE
Dealers and Commission Merchants
Corner Virginia St. and Plank Road,
Will keep constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of FLOUR, FEED, SALT, FISH, GRAIN, COAL, LIME, SAND, &c., at wholesale, in Altoona City, and the adjoining counties can be supplied with the leading articles generally used by them at city and mill prices.

All kinds of country produce received and paid for in cash, or sold on commission.—Prompt returns will be made.

Storage furnished for all articles, such as flour, lumber, shooks, shingles, etc.

Articles will be delivered to purchasers or sent to freight warehouse.

Having the only house where goods by the car load can be removed at the door, thus saving drayage, our customers will receive the benefit of it.

Price current will be sent weekly to persons desiring them.

THE ALTOONA WAREHOUSE CO.
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WM. M. LLOYD, President. **JOHN LLOYD,** Cashier.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF ALTOONA.
GOVERNMENT AGENCY
AND
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE
UNITED STATES.
Corner Virginia and Annie Streets, North Ward, Altoona, Pa.

Authorized Capital, - - - - \$300,000
Cash Capital paid in, - - - - 150,000
All business pertaining to Banking done on favorable terms.

Internal Revenue Stamps of all denominations, always on hand.

To purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in stamps, will be allowed, as follows:
\$50 to \$100, 2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent.; \$200 and upwards, 4 per cent.
Jan. 31, 1867-4f.

LLOYD & CO., Bankers,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.
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Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made.—Moneys received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. an31.

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JAMES WILKINSON.
Loretto, March 12, 1868-1y.

WANTED AT THE CROSS ROADS.

I was in a hurry to reach home. No wonder, for it was the wildest night I had ever known in all my life, and the country road over which I took my way as bad and dark as country roads in general. I consequently was walking at a great rate, with the collar of my rough coat over my ears, and a comforter tied over my soft hat and under my chin, to keep it on and to protect my ears, when suddenly a man stood full in my path and caught me by the arm.

"Hullo!" said he. "You're just in time; you are wanted at the cross-roads to-night!"

The voice was the voice of a ruffian. I fancied myself attacked by a highwayman.

I stood quite still, and strove to project him by my manner that I was able to protect myself.

"What the deuce am I wanted at the cross roads for?" asked I. "Unless I choose it would be a hard matter to get me there."

But instead of producing a pistol and demanding my money or life, the man answered in an altered tone:

"Beg pardon!—I made a mistake. I thought it was my brother, and wanted to fight him. Bad night, sir!"

"Very!" said I.

"You don't know the time?" he asked.

"It was seven when I left the train at L—," said I.

"Thank ye," said the man. "Good night!"

If his object had been robbery, probably he had decided, from my rough appearance, that I was too poor a man to be worth the trouble.

But after all, thought I, probably he spoke the truth. A man may have such a voice without being a highwayman, no doubt.

So I went on homeward, and soon found myself under shelter and partaking of a warm and savory supper.

My mother was there and my brother Ben. Ben was a great strapping fellow who could beat any other boy of his age for miles around if it came to wrestling or boxing, and as good humored boy as ever lived—a boy always to mother and I, though he had exercised his right to vote already in one Presidential election.

When supper was over and we had chatted for an hour, we went up stairs together. We shared one room.

The moment Ben's head touched the pillow he always went to sleep. That night I followed his example.

But I did not sleep long without a dream—a dream in which I felt a rough grip on my arm, and was roused by a cry in my ear:

"Wake up! You're wanted at the cross roads—"

It was so real, so palpable, that when I started broad awake I actually believed that some one was in the room; the man who had met me on the road perhaps, and who intended robbery or violence. But when I had arisen, and lit my lamp, the room was empty, except myself and Ben, who lay snoring on his pillow.

I went to the door; it was locked, I went to the window; the rush of rain against the panes was all I heard. I even went across the passage to my mother's room. She was awake; there had been no unusual sound she was sure.

Only a dream born of my meeting the strange man in the road, I felt had awakened me. I went to bed and fell asleep again. Again I was awakened by the same words; this time shrieked in my ear by an unearthly voice:

"Wake up, wake up. You are wanted at the cross roads."

I was on my feet once more, and caught Ben's hand as he came toward my bed.

"What ails you?" he cried.

"Nothing," said I. "Did you hear a voice?"

"Yours," said Ben, "yelling 'wake up; you fairly frightened me.'"

"Ben," said I, "wait until I light the lamp, I heard another voice. There must be some one in the house or outside."

So I lit the lamp and we searched in vain.

"Nightmare," said Ben, when I told him my story.

"Ben," said I, "what is there at the cross roads?"

"A house," said Ben. He had lived in the neighborhood a long while, and I do not long.

"One little house, besides two oak trees and a fence. An old man lives there, a rich man, and a bit of a miser, they say. His grand-daughter keeps house for him."

"Ben, that fellow may have meant harm to them. I may be wanted at the cross roads."

"Brother," said Ben, "go to sleep.—You had a nightmare, and Ben plunged in between the blankets, and was soon snoring again.

I also in ten minutes slept as soundly as before, but the awakening came again. I opened my eyes to see a girl standing at the foot of my bed—a girl in white robes, with golden hair all about her shoulders, who rang her hands and cried:

"Oh, wake up, you are wanted at the cross roads."

This time I started out of bed, bathed in a cold perspiration. I trembled like a leaf. I had no doubt that I had received supernatural warning.

"Ben," I cried, "Ben, for the third time I have been told that I am wanted at the cross roads, and I am going."

The Power of Truthfulness.

A TRUE STORY.

Once there was a good man whose name was John Kant. He lived at Cracow, in Poland, where he taught and preached. It was his rule to suffer wrong rather than do wrong to others.

When he got to be quite old he was seized with a wish to see once more the home of his childhood, which was many miles distant from where he now lived.

So he got ready, and, having prayed to God, set out on his way. Dressed in a black robe, with long gray hair and beard, he rode slowly along.

The woods through which he had to pass were thick and dark; but there was light in his soul, for good thoughts of God and God's works kept him company, and made the time seem short.

One night, as he was thus riding along, he was all at once surrounded by men—some on horseback and some on foot. Knives and swords flashed in the light of the moon, and John Kant saw that he was at the mercy of a band of robbers.

He got down from his horse and said to the gang that he would give up to them all that he had about him. He then gave them a purse filled with silver coins, a gold chain from his neck, a ring from his finger, and from his pocket a book of prayer with silver clasps.

"Have you given us all?" cried the robber chief, in a stern voice; "have you any more money?"

The old man, in his confusion, said he had given them all the money he had; and when he said this, they let him go.

Glad to get off so well, he went on and was soon out of sight. But all at once the thought came to him that he had some gold pieces stashed in the hem of his robe. These he had quite forgotten when the robbers had asked him if he had any more money.

"This is lucky," thought John Kant, for he saw that the money would bear him to his friends, and that he would not have to beg his way, or suffer for want of food or shelter.

But John's conscience was a tender one, and he stopped to listen to its voice. It seemed to cry to him in earnest tones, "Tell not a lie!" These words would not let him rest.

Some men would say that such a promise, made to thieves, need not be kept; and few would have been troubled after such an escape. But John did not stop to reason.

He went back to the place where the robbers stood, and walking up to them, said, meekly, "I have told you what is not true. I did not mean to do so, but fear confused me; so pardon me."

With these words he held forth the gold pieces, but to his surprise not one of the robbers would take them. A strange feeling was at work in their hearts.

These men, bad as they were, could not laugh at the pious old man. "Thou shalt not steal!" said a voice within them. All were deeply moved.

Then, as if touched with a common feeling, one of the robbers brought and gave back the old man's purse; another, his gold chain; another, his ring; another, his book of prayer; and still another led up his horse, and helped the old man to remount.

Then all the robbers, as if quite ashamed of having thought of harming so good a man, went up and asked his blessing. John Kant gave it with a devout feeling, and then rode on his way, thanking God for so strange an escape, and wondering at the mixture of good and evil in the human heart.

FAX ABOUT BUTTER.—I sincerely wish that the serpent that wuz so conspicuous in the fall of our fast parents wud try sum of his seductiv wiles on the present hi price of butter.

He went one week without it up to our hours, but at last giving wa to the clamors of the children and the tearful entreaties of mi wife, I bought half a pound and mortgaged mi house and lot.

Oh, a 4 row.

Butter is very skerca. Kows ar as plenty as ever and giv just as much milk, but the avaricious farmist packs his butter up for a big thing nex winter. Tha don't consider that the world may come to an end before that time and thare butter spile on thare hands.

A farmer bro't a teakup full to market yesterday and he kame near losin' his life bi bein' smothered to deth bi grocers who crowded around and offered him fabulous sums for it. I modestly offered him mi life and saked honor for half an ounce, and he askt me with a sarkastic grin if I tho't his butter wuz strong. That wuz a pretty strongly sarkasam. He finally sold his butter to a man for \$18 in stamps and a female dog. The cup wuzzer thrown in.

Thare hez bin sum very skaly butter in circulation within the past few weeks. I got a roll sum times ago for an old gold watch that wuz left to mi wife with the strick injunkun that she shoodent part with it unless it wuz to git sumthin to cate. We koodent eat that butter. I hired a powerful man to carry it far into the country and bury it. Cum to find out that roll of butter had bin made bi an agricultural girl for an old flam uv hers in our plais. The bi flavor uv the butter wuz expressiv uv the strong luv she bore him. She had also sent him a lock of her hare very skillfully workt up in the roll,

Discovery of a Wonderful Cave.

A new and wonderful cave has been discovered in Armagh township, Millin county. A correspondent of the Lewis-town Gazette, from Millroy, gives the following description of it:

On the 24th of April, while Charles Nageny, of Millroy, was having a site dug for a limekiln, he was surprised by finding an opening in the side of the hill. The moment it came to view a strong stream of air began oozing forth, like the pressing of a pair of bellows; the work was continued until the aperture opened in size large enough to allow the body to crawl in, and then it was found to be a splendid cave, with gorgeous subterranean gangways; during the week the work progressed, and a formal entrance was made. On Saturday, 2d of May, the citizens of Millroy and vicinity had the pleasure of a full view. The attendance was composed of about one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen. Lights being at hand, having been furnished by Mr. Nageny, it made the affair quite interesting. After first entering, we found ourselves enclosed in a narrow underground path, for the distance of twelve feet; here the great cave came to view: the gangway about fifteen feet wide, with gigantic walls of rock, was a direct line of about fifty feet, in the centre of which we beheld the hanging or projecting rocks, in the shape of a mantle, underneath which were small, cys allized rocks, long and hollow, appearing like icicles on a house in winter time. Here we turned to the right, and had a full sight of the "Platform Rock," a natural platform, about three feet above the level of the floor, and running together in the centre; above it was a shelf or canopy, which indeed presented a sublime sight. Here, one hundred and seventy feet under the ground, and in natural formed rooms or gangways, with a splendid spring of fresh water beneath your feet, who could not realize that the hands of nature had truly been at work here. A short distance farther on, we beheld the hanging lamp, and then came the subterranean chamber, situated below, where the rocks seemed to be more marbleized, as they are firmer, whiter and more solidly settled.

After returning, we, with the assistance of a ladder, provided by Mr. Nageny, were enabled to take a look up stairs. Here was another chamber, with colossal walls of rocks, which presented a sight never to be forgotten; the distance traversed was about 600 feet. The air within is very warm, and the floor or ground seems as if cemented, and is firm and solid. The diagram is in the shape of an H written, and very neatly laid out. The base of the springs are like small pebbles laid aside of each other, with a border composed of a larger size.

The cave is situated on the line of the Millin and Centre County Railroad, about three-fourths of a mile below Millroy, and is a grand and sublime sight—a relic of nature's handiwork that Millin county may some day be proud of. It will be open for visitors, during the coming week, when all who may wish to improve themselves in the study of nature's works, may have an opportunity to visit it.

Inside a Printing Office.

The composing room of a printing office is about as productive of various questions and elicits as much curiosity from visitors as any piece of business we know of.

The first thing a visitor does, is to step up to a case where fingers are at work and watch every motion with perfect steadfastness; looks mysterious, and questions follow about like this:

"How do you know where to find the letters? Are they arranged in order? How do you know when they are right side up? What is the reason that there is more type in some boxes than the others? I should think you would make mistakes; you ought to have the boxes marked? Don't you get the wrong letters some times?"

Looking around he spies in a corner a lot of "something" that calls forth:—

"What are these?"

Compositor—"Quads."

Visitor—"What's Quads?"

Compositor explains.

Next finds the forms which another person is distributing.

Visitor—"Tearing 'em down, eh?"

Compositor—"Yes."

Visitor—"Can you do that faster than you can set? What makes you wet the type? (Looking at the form.) Why, it's all up side down; is that the way it always is? You can't read it, can you?"

Next goes around the press, and finds the roller, puts his fingers on it, and gets them dyed a shade or two darker than their original color.

"What's this roller made of—India rubber?"

Compositor—"No, of glue and molasses."

Visitor—"Of molasses! I'd think it would melt."

Compositor—"Twill, when it gets warm enough."

His next fall is upon the paper, wet down, ready for press.

Visitor—"Why, this paper is all wet, do you have to do that?"

Compositor—"Yes."

Visitor—"What for?"

Compositor explains and wishes he would dry up.

A Husband's Tribute of Affection.

Mr. E. Cowan, the editor of the Warren Mail, in the last number of his Journal publishes an obituary of his deceased wife, written by himself, which is so beautifully worded that we republish the following extract from it. After alluding to her worth, her virtues, and her endurance during her long illness of consumption, the bereaved husband writes: "Dear reader, we are fully conscious that we have obtruded our private affairs on the public too long already. But we do not trouble you often with matters personal and you are our only confidante now. There are times when the heart finds relief only in words or tears. For nearly two and a half years disease sat in our household by day and by night and threw its dark shadow on the wall. Hope and fear—gladness and gloom—have alternately flashed their shadows across our way. Many others, and you, perhaps, have had a similar experience; but the discipline is new to us, and this week we can think or write of little else. We have borne it, and shall bear it, with as cheerful a philosophy, as resigned a faith, and a strength as mainly as we may; but God only knows how deep is the shadow of this night after the funeral. The children of her love and her care have gone motherless to bed. The kind neighbors and friends have come and gone with noiseless tread and many tears. The man of God has offered the solemn prayer and the singers have sung the solemn hymns. The bereaved have borne away the shadowy forms of her whose health and life and gentle goodness still linger only in memory and the picture on the wall. The house never seemed so oppressively still, and the clock never had so loud a tick. The playful cat, even, does not purr on the rug to-night, but dodges in and runs out with a startled, pitiful look. The work basket, with its half finished articles laid aside scarce four days ago, seems only waiting for the once busy fingers, now, alas! folded under the pines in peaceful rest. Traveling back over the bridge of years, we recall the gathering of many of the same friends in the old homestead just eighteen years ago last week. Not the crosses of flowers and the sad eyed mourners were there, but the bridal wreath and the voice of mirth foreshadowed a future bright and beautiful. Since then; how many of that "merrie companie" have passed 'over the river' or known the darkness of to-night! Thus has it ever been—thus will it ever be, till we pass to that better land where there is no night after the funeral, and no river runs between the living and the dead!"

THE NIGGER AND THE HENROOST.—A friend who accompanied me had heard of a bargain in real estate on the hilltop above Jackson City, and we went up to look at it. It certainly was a cheap property, on Arlington Heights, and only a mile from Washington.

We asked the tenant if the negroes of the neighboring village troubled him. "The sight of 'em troubles me," said this Last Family. "Dugon 'em, I do hate a free nigger! As to stealing, if that's what you mean, they steal nothing but the chickens."

"Then they do take poultry?"

"It's my belief," said the solitary tenant, "that there'll have to be chickens in a future state for the nigger. Heaven will be no heaven to him without hen-coops. 'Pears to me the chickens know him. They never cackle where a nigger comes. They roost low on his sight. It's a sign to this pint, gentlemen, that in the State of Virginia nobody but a nigger can afford to eat chickens in five years. The animal will be his specialty and monopoly. Chicking will be to a white family what pork is to a Jew."

"But why do the negroes confine their deprecations to poultry?"

"The nigger aint got enterprise to steal any thing bigger," he said, "he'd no more steal a cow than he'd steal the Capitol yonder. He's fond of steas. The chicking jist fits into his gipepsy pot. The grease of it illes his jints. He loves it because he stole it. He eats it out of pure affection. He cooks it at night time, and biles it with the feathers on. He hopes the feathers will evaporate with the biling; but if they don't he goes the whole fowl, quills and all. Gentlemen, if there's any sincere happiness in this world, it's a nigger eating a biled chicking on the sly!"—*Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

A LEARNED PROFESSOR in a New England college was accustomed to demand of students an excuse whenever they were dilatory at recitation. The excuse given, he invariably added: "Very well; but don't let it happen again." One morning a married student happening to be behind time, was promptly interrogated as to the cause. Slightly embarrassed, he replied: "The truth is, sir, I had an addition to my family this morning, and it was not convenient to be here sooner." "Very well," replied the professor, in his quick, nervous manner, "very well; but don't let it happen again!" The Benhamite!

HE LOOKS AROUND AND FINDS A FORM OF ADVERTISEMENTS LAID ASIDE.

He runs his finger over a column and knocks a whole square of it into confusion.

Compositor cross, and says "You've knocked that into pi."

Visitor whistles, and goes on when compositor ain't looking.

A Husband's Tribute of Affection.

Mr. E. Cowan, the editor of the Warren Mail, in the last number of his Journal publishes an obituary of his deceased wife, written by himself, which is so beautifully worded that we republish the following extract from it. After alluding to her worth, her virtues, and her endurance during her long illness of consumption, the bereaved husband writes: "Dear reader, we are fully conscious that we have obtruded our private affairs on the public too long already. But we do not trouble you often with matters personal and you are our only confidante now. There are times when the heart finds relief only in words or tears. For nearly two and a half years disease sat in our household by day and by night and threw its dark shadow on the wall. Hope and fear—gladness and gloom—have alternately flashed their shadows across our way. Many others, and you, perhaps, have had a similar experience; but the discipline is new to us, and this week we can think or write of little else. We have borne it, and shall bear it, with as cheerful a philosophy, as resigned a faith, and a strength as mainly as we may; but God only knows how deep is the shadow of this night after the funeral. The children of her love and her care have gone motherless to bed. The kind neighbors and friends have come and gone with noiseless tread and many tears. The man of God has offered the solemn prayer and the singers have sung the solemn hymns. The bereaved have borne away the shadowy forms of her whose health and life and gentle goodness still linger only in memory and the picture on the wall. The house never seemed so oppressively still, and the clock never had so loud a tick. The playful cat, even, does not purr on the rug to-night, but dodges in and runs out with a startled, pitiful look. The work basket, with its half finished articles laid aside scarce four days ago, seems only waiting for the once busy fingers, now, alas! folded under the pines in peaceful rest. Traveling back over the bridge of years, we recall the gathering of many of the same friends in the old homestead just eighteen years ago last week. Not the crosses of flowers and the sad eyed mourners were there, but the bridal wreath and the voice of mirth foreshadowed a future bright and beautiful. Since then; how many of that "merrie companie" have passed 'over the river' or known the darkness of to-night! Thus has it ever been—thus will it ever be, till we pass to that better land where there is no night after the funeral, and no river runs between the living and the dead!"

THE NIGGER AND THE HENROOST.—A friend who accompanied me had heard of a bargain in real estate on the hilltop above Jackson City, and we went up to look at it. It certainly was a cheap property, on Arlington Heights, and only a mile from Washington.

We asked the tenant if the negroes of the neighboring village troubled him. "The sight of 'em troubles me," said this Last Family. "Dugon 'em, I do hate a free nigger! As to stealing, if that's what you mean, they steal nothing but the chickens."

"Then they do take poultry?"

"It's my belief," said the solitary tenant, "that there'll have to be chickens in a future state for the nigger. Heaven will be no heaven to him without hen-coops. 'Pears to me the chickens know him. They never cackle where a nigger comes. They roost low on his sight. It's a sign to this pint, gentlemen, that in the State of Virginia nobody but a nigger can afford to eat chickens in five years. The animal will be his specialty and monopoly. Chicking will be to a white family what pork is to a Jew."

"But why do the negroes confine their deprecations to poultry?"

"The nigger aint got enterprise to steal any thing bigger," he said, "he'd no more steal a cow than he'd steal the Capitol yonder. He's fond of steas. The chicking jist fits into his gipepsy pot. The grease of it illes his jints. He loves it because he stole it. He eats it out of pure affection. He cooks it at night time, and biles it with the feathers on. He hopes the feathers will evaporate with the biling; but if they don't he goes the whole fowl, quills and all. Gentlemen, if there's any sincere happiness in this world, it's a nigger eating a biled chicking on the sly!"—*Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

A LEARNED PROFESSOR in a New England college was accustomed to demand of students an excuse whenever they were dilatory at recitation. The excuse given, he invariably added: "Very well; but don't let it happen again." One morning a married student happening to be behind time, was promptly interrogated as to the cause. Slightly embarrassed, he replied: "The truth is, sir, I had an addition to my family this morning, and it was not convenient to be here sooner." "Very well," replied the professor, in his quick, nervous manner, "very well; but don't let it happen again!" The Benhamite!