



R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

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

H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher

VOLUME 2.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1868.

NUMBER 21.

The Cambria Freeman

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 One copy, three months, 50

Those who fall to pay their subscriptions until after the expiration of six months will be charged at the rate of \$2.50 per year, and those who fail to pay until after the expiration of twelve months will be charged at the rate of \$3.00 per year. Twelve numbers constitute a quarter; twenty-five, six months; and fifty numbers, one year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One square, 12 lines, one insertion, \$1 00 Each subsequent insertion, 25

Advertisements of 8 lines, or commensurate of a vertical nature must be paid for as advertisements. JOB PRINTING. We make arrangements by which we can do or have done all kinds of plain and fancy job printing, such as Books, Brochures, Shew Cards, Bill and Letter Heads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., in the best style of the art and at the most moderate price. Also, all kinds of Binding, Blank Books, Book Binding, &c., executed to order as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest.

Special and business notices eight cents per line for first insertion, and four cents for each subsequent insertion. Resolutions of Session, or communications of a general nature must be paid for as advertisements.

REQUIRE THE SHADOWS OF THE SUBSTANCE PAID. 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. Pictures taken in the best kind of weather.

PHOTOGRAPHS PAINTED IN OIL, INDIA INK OR WATER COLOURS. 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 Engraving 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. SPENCER, Photographer. Ebensburg, Nov. 14, 1867.

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers at Private Sale his valuable FARM, situated in Cambria township, two miles east of Ebensburg, on the road leading to Loretto. The Farm consists of 80 Acres, more or less, about 64 Acres of which are cleared, under good fence, and in a good state of cultivation. The balance of the land is well set with sugar, chestnut, locust and other marketable timber. There is a comfortable FRAME HOUSE and a FRAME BARN on the premises, and an Orchard of choice Fruit Trees that have never yet failed to bear. There is also a never-failing spring of pure water and other necessary conveniences on the premises. The Farm will be sold on fair terms and easy payments, and an individual title will be given. What is known as Bradley's Station on the E. & C. Rail Road, is located on this land. Further information can be obtained by applying to CHARLES BRADLEY.

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 any city or elsewhere. Call and see specimens and judge for yourselves as to the merits and cheapness of my work. JAMES WILKINSON. Loretto, March 12, 1868.

JOSEPH ZOLNER HAS just opened, and offers for sale fewer than they can be bought elsewhere, a splendid lot of eight days and twenty-four hour CLOCKS, fine WATCHES of every description, ACCORDIONS, JEWELRY, and a variety of all articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches, and all kinds of Jewelry, done on short notice and most reasonable terms. All work warranted.—Call at his shop, High street, opposite Public School House, Ebensburg. [Sep. 6, '67]

TOM P. DAVIS BOYD & STROUD, Importers and Dealers in QUEENSWARE, CHINA and GLASS, No. 32 NORTH FOURTH ST., Four doors below Merchants' Hotel, PHILA

THE FROZEN HEART.

A FRONTIER SKETCH.

In the western part of the State of Iowa there is a ridge of sharp bluffs, which for some distance flanks the Missouri River. It was here the Indians met in treaty several years ago, and from that fact a city has taken its name—Council Bluffs.

Among the early settlers of this section of the country there was a family by the name of Denver, consisting of father and mother, one son and two daughters, the eldest of whom was some sixteen years of age. She was a lovely young creature—lovely in her innocent goodness and she was beloved by a young man named Edwin Hobart.

Hobart had formed this attachment for the young creature while she yet resided in the east; and when her father removed to the West, the young man followed. But he had never been an especial favorite of the father, and now he appeared to be less so than ever.

Mary Denver had formerly received the address of the young man with some degree of favor, but she saw the dislike her father entertained toward the young man, and although she could not give any reason for it, she felt that it could not be without foundation. So she frankly informed Hobart that he must cease to address her until her father should feel differently in the matter.

To this Hobart replied: "Mary, I have loved you long and tenderly—even from my earliest recollection. I have carefully examined every act of my life, and I cannot find an intentional dishonest one. I believe your father's dislike to myself to be entirely without foundation. But you know your own feelings. If you will love me and consent to be mine, your father will soon learn that he has hated without a cause. If you reject me, you will send me upon the world with a frozen heart; and God only knows, in my impotence, what I might do, or what would become of me."

"This sounds something like a threat," returned the girl proudly, and she turned away. Two nights after the conversation, the alarm of Indians was given. Mothers sprang from their couches and clasped their little ones to their bosoms in terror. Strong men seized their weapons and prepared to defend their homes to the last. One dwelling was already in flames. A few shots had been heard, a shriek had arisen upon the still night air, and then all was still, save the crackling fire. No other house was molested, and the savages appeared to have withdrawn.

In a short time the daylight dawned, and the neighbors commenced to assemble around the destroyed home, which proved to be that belonging to Mr. Denver and his family. A search for the inmates was at once instituted. The mother was found horribly mutilated and scalped. The son had died nobly fighting, as his wounds attested, and the youngest daughter was mangled in an equally horrible manner.

A still further search resulted in the discovery of Mr. Denver. He had been scalped, but was still alive, and crawled into a ditch for concealment; but he was insensible. All search for Mary was vain—she was nowhere to be found. Among those present was a young man who appeared to be deeply affected by this terrible deed, and even wept. But drying his tears, he exclaimed: "I must leave tears for women. Men must think of revenge. Where is Edwin Hobart?" "He does not appear to be here." "Not here! He must be found at once. He is a young man, like myself, and must become one of the leaders in this matter. It shall be followed up to the bitter end." Hobart was nowhere to be found; and Charles Barry, the weeping man, appeared somewhat uneasy. Then he hinted his suspicions, and at last declared openly that if Hobart did not soon return he should believe that the deed was committed under his direction by savages whom he had employed. Allusion was then made to the rejection of Hobart by Mary, and he was understood to have made a terrible threat at that time.

Mr. Denver was now able to speak a few words. He told them that savages had done the work, but he believed them to be headed by a white man in disguise. "Could that white man have been Edwin Hobart?" asked Barry. Mr. Denver remained silent for a time. It appeared to be a difficult question to answer. But he finally said: "If Hobart had any motive for doing this and I could believe him capable of committing so terrible a deed, I might fix the guilt upon him; for certain it is that the white man is about the size of Hobart, and his movements were much the same."

"He is the guilty one," said Barry; "and by Heaven's he shall suffer! I'll hunt him to the very end of the earth but I will find him and bring him back." The day passed, and the excitement increased in the little settlement. Hobart was still absent. Scouts had been sent out, however, in search of him; and just as night was coming on he was brought back.

By this time the excitement had reached such a high pitch that the infuriated people could scarcely be restrained from rushing upon him and tearing him to pieces. But Barry assumed the command, and declared that everything must be done in order. The trial was a brief one. Hobart could explain his absence in no other way than by declaring he had merely been away on a hunt. This was unsatisfactory. Just before the decision was given, an Indian came forward and offered to give in his testimony. He was permitted to do so and declared that Hobart had tried to hire him, some days before, to engage in that work, but that he had declined.

This was enough. The Indian was a drunken, worthless fellow, but his words were believed—more especially as the accused had been recently seen in earnest conversation with him. Hobart was condemned to be hung at midnight. Two hours were to elapse before the execution was to take place; during this time preparations for it must be made. Barry had resolved that it should be a grand affair. An example must be made of Hobart for the benefit of all such as should be inclined to do wrong in the future. The preparations were complete at half past eleven. A gallows had been erected upon an open field. Around this, on every side, was heaped up quantities of brushwood, forming a circle. These were to be lighted, and the prisoner marched to his doom.

There was no place where Hobart could be imprisoned with safety, and so he was firmly bound with ropes and placed prostrate upon the ground. In addition to this, heavy chains were placed upon him, and forked limbs cut from trees, the prongs sharpened, and driven down into the earth over his limbs. In this painful position the poor accused was kept for two hours, unable to move, his face and form flat upon the frosty earth. The citizens surrounded him, heaping their curses upon him, while some could not even refrain from inflicting blows upon him, though they felt sure that he would soon pay the penalty of his crimes with his life.

Everything in readiness, Hobart was taken to the fatal spot. The chains rattled fearfully at every step, and he staggered under their weight, but his bearing was that of a man resolved to suffer bravely, although in silence. The fatal noise was placed around his neck, and then the fires were lighted. The flames shot up, throwing their red glare all around. The scene was a sickly one. The doomed man stood erect, and his eyes shone like stars as he gazed upon the burning masses near him and the crowd of angry citizens. His face was very pale, and wore a deathly hue in the light of the blazing logs; but there were no marks of fear upon it.

"Have you anything to say before you die?" asked Barry. "Only this," replied the doomed man, firmly. "If you ever see Mary alive, tell her that I loved her to the last, and that I am innocent of this crime." "Up with the wretch!" cried Barry. "Stay, tell the white man live!" exclaimed a commanding voice, and a huge Indian Chief leaped within the circle. "What warns the Chief?" asked Barry, evincing some fear. "To speak with your people for a moment." Then turning to them he continued: "You are children. The guilty do not like that man. You should know this. 'Is he not guilty?' asked a hundred voices. "No." "Who is the guilty one?" "Listen, for the Chief speaks truly. A dog of a pale face came to my warriors. He gave them fire water and made them mad. Then he bribed them to do that deed of blood, and led them on. He told them that they should kill all in that wigwam but the pale maiden. She had refused to become his squaw; but he would take her to the mountains and make her his slave." "Where is the pale maiden?" cried several voices. "I have brought her back. I cannot give you back your murdered ones, but I will give you the dead bodies of those who murdered them, for I have slain the breakers of our treaty!"

Mary now entered the circle, and was received with the warmest greetings. But the men asked: "Have you killed the white man with the other murderers?" "There is the pale faced dog," the Chief pointed to Barry, who attempted to escape, but was secured, and in ten minutes was hanging in the place he had prepared for Hobart. The blow was a severe one for all. Poor Hobart suffered an age of agony in the few short hours of that night, and he could not readily recover from the shock. His heart had been frozen; but Mary, as his wife, warmed it into life again.

A BRACE OF LOVE LETTERS.

For the benefit of young men who are in love, and whose cases are undecided in the chancery of Cupid, we recommend the following letters: "MY DEAR JERUSA:—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a chum dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trousers. As a gossin swimmer with delight in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hair of a blacking brush and brighter than the hues of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers; and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like an old painter snapping at a blue bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled round like a bubble in a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in country towns, I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refuses to wag, and in silence admiration I drink in the sweet infection of love, as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself by my bootstraps to the top of a church steeple. Day and night you are my thought. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her eastern couch, when the joy bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring house; when the chaunticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakened pig arises from his bed and grunts and goes to his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his dreaming flight at sultry noon-tide, and when the lowing cows come home at milking time, I think of thee; and like a piece of gum elastic my heart seems to stretch clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold; and the brass pin skewered through your waterfall filled me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat, and whiter than seventeen hundred linen. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see regions of little Cupids battling and fighting like cohorts of ants in old army crackers. When their fire lit me full on my manly breast, it permeated my entire anatomy, like as a load of bird shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parisian marble, and your mouth puckered with sweetness. Nectar flows on your lips like honey on a bear's paws, and myriads of unbridged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere like young blue birds out of the parent nest. Your laugh rings on my ears like the windharp's strains, or the bleat of a gray lamb on the bleak hill-side. The dimples on your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or like hollows in cakes of home made sugar.

I am dying to fly to your presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as thrifty housewives pour out the hot coffee. Away from you, I am melancholy as a sick cat. Sometimes I can hear the dumbness of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncomfortable, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced through with doubts as an old cheese is bored by skipper.

My love for you is stronger than the smell of old butter, Swiss cheese, or the kick of a mule; it is purer than the breath of a young crow, and more useful than a kitten's first caterwaul. As the song bird hangers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the tray, as a lean pig hankers after new milk, so I long for thee.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet; sweeter than a Yankee Doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than the top-knot plume on the head of a muscovy duck. You are candy kisses, pound cake, and sweetened toddy altogether.

If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker in a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will come away like a poisoned bedbug, and in coming years, when the shadows grow long from the hills, and the philosophic frog sings his evening hymn, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear, and toss a cloud upon the last resting place of—

JULIUS EPIPHANODUS MUGGINS.

The following love letter was sent by a gentleman to a lady whom he had been courting: Dear Miss:—After long consideration and much meditation upon the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have strong inclination to become your relation. If oblation is worthy of observation, and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggravation beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of—

PETER H. PORTATION.

P. S. I solicit your acceptance of the love and approbation, and propose the annexation of the lives and destination of Peter H. Portation and Marie Moderation. To which the lady replied thus: Dear Peter:—I have perused your oration with great deliberation, and a little consideration, at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. After mature deliberation and serious contemplation, I fear your proclamation is filled with adulation, or saying from ostentation, to display your education, by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of like termination, though different in signification. But as I admire association, and am in favor of annexation, I acknowledge my inclination to accept with gratification the love and adoration set forth in your declaration, and will, with preparation, love, and animation, remain with resignation and respect in the appellation of Mrs. PETER H. PORTATION.

M. S. I suggest the information that we meet in consultation, and make some preparation for the final consummation of the intended annexation, when I will bear with resignation the relation to your home and occupation that Mr. P. H. Portation would then bear to myself.

MARIE MODERATION.

A GREAT CURIOSITY.—The editor of the Griffin Star, after paying a visit to Upson county, gives the following account of a great natural curiosity of Georgia: The first grand curiosity of interest was the famous Thundering Springs, located in the northern part of the county, about 12 miles from Thomaston. We expected to find quite a curiosity, but were completely amazed to find so remarkable a freak of nature at this spring. It is located in the wildest part of the mountains extending through the country, and there is in the solitude of the wilderness present a most remarkable phenomenon. The dimensions of the spring proper are about five feet in diameter, and of an unknown depth, for experimenters have frequently sounded its depths in vain, and no bottom can be reached. The water boils up with great force; bubbles of gas constantly rise up through the water and explode on the surface. This gas is highly combustible, and is frequently set on fire as it makes its escape. Such is the force with which the water rises that a human body cannot sink, but is buoyed up in a standing position. It is a famous bathing place, and we took the first opportunity to plunge into this bottomless well. There we could stand upright for hours with nothing to support us but water. The earth around the spring is a beautiful white sand, of a very fine grain, giving away readily at the touch of the foot, but immediately reforming as before. The walls of the well are perfectly symmetrical, as if dug by the hands of man. As low down as we could reach with our feet we could kick a hole in the wall, and as soon as the foot was removed the well would immediately reform as before. The temperature is delightful, and the waters are invaluable, especially for diseases of the skin and blood. The spring constantly makes a low rumbling sound from which it derives its name.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE GRAVE.—The Cleveland Plaindealer tells the following remarkable story of a case which it says happened in that city: "Some six weeks ago a young lady residing on Lorain street, Miss Ellen R. White, was taken ill by what was regarded by her physicians as typhoid fever. For four weeks her condition alternated from better to worse, when about two weeks since she had a severe relapse, sinking gradually until it was thought she had died, and she was pronounced dead by her physicians, her mother alone refusing to believe her dead. Preparations were made for her funeral the mother all the time insisting that her daughter was alive. She was to have been buried on Sunday last, and her narrow escape from the grave is thus related: On Saturday, while one of the neighbors and mother were standing by the side of the supposed corpse, the door, which had been left open, blew shut with a loud noise, which had the effect of so acting upon the girl as to bring her to, and set her life-blood in motion. She sprang up and throwing her arms around her mother's neck wept tears of joy over her escape from the horrid death of being buried alive. The young lady described her feelings during her trance, from which it appears she fully realized all that was going on, but her will was powerless. Her situation appears to have been one of perfect happiness, except when the thought of being buried alive possessed her."

GRANT AND HIS HATCHET.—When Ulysses S. Grant was a little boy, his father bought him a hatchet. Ulysses was so delighted that he went about hatching everything he could find. One fatal day, after things had been going on thus and so for more than a week, Ulysses cut down one of his father's favorite pear trees. When the old gentleman saw the ruin of his favorite pear tree, he went to U. S. and said: "U. S., who cut down my favorite pear tree?" "I cannot tell a lie, father, I cannot tell a lie," said Ulysses. "Ben Johnson cut it down with his hatchet."

"My dear son," said the old gentleman, speaking him, "I would rather have you tell a thousand lies than lose so fine a tree!" "U. S., who cut down my favorite pear tree?" "I cannot tell a lie, father, I cannot tell a lie," said Ulysses. "Ben Johnson cut it down with his hatchet."

If Adam had asked Eve for a kiss could the latter, without profanity have replied, "I don't care, Adam, if you de."

The Story of the Wonderful Clock at Strasbourg.

Nearly three centuries have passed away since this wonderful clock was made; it was the talk of the world, and thousands of people from different countries wended their way to Strasbourg to see its wonderful workings; the king who ruled over the town was proud of it, and pleased that his subject should eclipse the world in manufacturing such a piece of mechanism, when the king of a neighboring province, growing jealous of the success of a rival, negotiated with the man who had built the clock to come to him, and there construct one which would excel the wonder of Strasbourg, by further improving and making it more gigantic, grand, and wonderful. This coming to the ears of the king who ruled over Strasbourg, he felt sorely grieved, and determined there should be but one wonderful clock, and that at Strasbourg. There was only one man who could construct such a clock, and he was his subject. By the king's orders he was seized and deprived of his eyesight, so as to prevent him from building such another, what became of him afterwards is not positively known; but there was no other clock like the one at Strasbourg built. The clock ticked on, day after day; its movements all throughout were perfect, as any one could wind it up, which was all that was required; years rolled by, and the people continued to congregate to see its wondrous workings. One day after the crowd had dispersed there lingered a blind man, accompanied by a little girl; the man who had charge of the clock was accosted by the blind man; said he: "I have heard of this wonderful clock, and have travelled far to hear it, for you see I am blind and cannot see it; yet before I return to my home I should love to say I have been near it, that my hands had at least pressed its outward covering; will you please allow me to realize my most ardent wish? Do not deny my request?"

The man being kind of heart, opened the iron gate and allowed the blind man to be led by the little girl towards the clock; his attention was called to another part of the church; on his return, the blind man and girl had disappeared, and, to his dismay, the clock had stopped. The most skillful and celebrated mechanics were called into requisition, but none could remedy the evil—the clock would not go. Twenty years rolled around; the clock during all that time had never moved a second; the thousands who came to Strasbourg to witness its workings, were sadly missed by the shopkeepers, for it brought money to their tills and made business brisk. The king was greatly grieved at the accident that was so sorely felt by his subjects, and large rewards were offered to any one who would repair the mischief. About this time appeared in the church a young soldier, and in the course of conversation with the one who had charge, the soldier asked the man "why he did not wind up the clock?"

"Wind it up? Yes; and I might keep on winding it up; it requires something more than that; why that clock has not ticked these twenty years, and so one can be found to put it in order."

"Indeed," replied the young soldier; "why, I can fix it, I am sure; I would risk my head on it; just hand me the key, and I will make it go." The man somewhat reluctantly handed him the key, and the soldier remarked: "Now you may go, and return in half an hour."

He did as requested, and saw the soldier enter the clock as he turned into the body of the church; in the time specified he returned, and, to his great joy, found it in perfect running order, each particular movement being complete. He looked around, expecting to find the young soldier eager to claim the large reward, but he was nowhere to be found. The clock has been going from that day to this, and the supposition is that the blind man that stopped it was the one who had made it, and that he did it in revenge for having been deprived of his eyesight, by removing a small piece of steel which connected with the entire machinery. The young soldier of course was his daughter in disguise. Her father, upon his death bed, imparted to her the secret, with a strict injunction that after his death she should repair the mischief by inserting the piece he had removed, which task was faithfully attended to as you have seen.

And thus ended the story.—Correspondence of The People's Weekly.

Story of a Remarkable Dog. A gentleman residing in a market town of England had a valuable Newfoundland dog which once preserved his life. The animal, which was called Rover, having run a thorn into his foot, during the temporary absence of his master from home, the family had taken no further notice of it than to observe that it was lame. By the time his master returned, the poor creature's leg, as well as foot, were in a most inflamed state, and he could not walk. Alarmed at his situation, he took the dog to a surgeon who attended to the foot and in a short time Rover was able to limp about tolerably well. His master, aware of his sagacity, turned him out at the time of the morning when he used to be carried, and the dog regularly went to the surgeon's, scratched at the door till admitted, and then walked into the doctor's office, where his foot was dressed as usual, until he was perfectly cured. Notwithstanding this, however, habit prompted him to continue his visits at the regular hour, when the surgeon used, good-humoredly, to take the foot in his hand and say, "Well, Rover, your foot is well now; you need not come any more." But, so long as some notice was taken of the foot, Rover thought it was professional service, and departed well satisfied; and, not understanding the words, he continued his visits for a fortnight longer. At length, one morning, the surgeon was surprised to find that he did not depart after the customary handling of the foot, but that he whined and fidgeted, making scratching at the door, then retreating and starting the doctor in the face, and still whining and wagging his tail, till, finding he was not understood, he took the doctor's coat skirt in his teeth, and endeavored to pull him along. The doctor, concluding there was some reason for this, followed him to the door against which Rover scratched—opened it, and lo! there stood another lame dog which Rover had brought with him, and which the servant had shut out, not considering him a companion of Rover's. The good natured doctor, from the whimsicality of the thing, performed what was necessary to his leg, and Rover and his friend went away, but returned regularly every day at the same hour, until the strange dog was cured. Nor was this the only dog which he had to cure, for every lame or wounded canine creature with which Rover became acquainted, he regularly accompanied to the doctor's, who, from humanity as well as the amusement of the thing cured them all; until gratitude—yes, that is the word—attracted them all to him, so that whenever any of them saw him, they were sure to follow him, sometimes three and even six together! Now, as dogs generally run the places where they see a number of their own species, strange dogs joined them, until at last the doctor became so well known to all the canine race in the town, that the moment he showed his face outside his door his retinue began to attend him, increasing as he went along, until sometimes he had two or three dozen followers, so that, in the end, it became a nuisance, rendering him an object of observation and laughter, and he went by the name of the "Dog Star." But his humanity, as all good deeds do, brought its reward; he was the theme of conversation, his business increased, and Dr. Dog Star rose in his profession.

THE JUDGE AND THE LAWYER.—Judge Kent, a son of the illustrious commentator, while travelling upon the circuit many years ago, put up on one occasion for the night at the hotel of a small town through which his route lay, where the chief lawyer of the place, hearing of the arrival of this bright light of "his profession, thought the least he could do was to attempt to entertain him. So he walked into the reading-room, where the judges, in the dignity of blue spectacles and magnificent ruffles, was perusing the newspapers.

Lawyer.—Hem! Good evening, Judge. Judge.—Good evening, sir. Lawyer.—Judge! hem! suppose we play a game of billiards? Judge.—(astonished and speaking very slowly)—I never play billiards, sir. Lawyer.—Ah! well, ninipins; what do you say to ninipins, sir? Judge.—I never play ninipins, sir. Lawyer.—O! then we'll have a game of all-fours. Judge.—(turning pale and speaking emphatically)—I never engage in any game—in any game whatever, sir. Lawyer.—Hem! well, no matter—(taking the judge familiarly by the arm)—I'll stand the drinks—brandy and water, or gin? Judge.—(becoming pale)—never drink, sir. Lawyer.—(in the bluntest manner)—What a confoundedly overrated man you are! (The disappointed subaltern retires in disgust.)

MIRAGE IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—A correspondent of a Rochester paper, writing from Batavia, N. Y., June 3, says: On Monday last, while walking in the suburbs of the village, I was surprised to see, stretching away to the northeast, and apparently on a level with an adjoining meadow, a lake, the undulations of whose waves were plainly visible, and on which four steamboats and two sailing vessels were to be seen moving slowly along. Far away in the distance was the Canadian shore. The pale blue-green tint of water was perfectly reproduced. The illusion was heightened by the rising ground in the meadow forming a bank from which the lake appeared to roll. It was almost impossible to reject the temptation of crossing the fence and gathering the shells and watching the breakers which it seemed must be at the foot of those little hills. I watched the mirage for nearly an hour, but returned before the disappearance of it. This mirage far exceeded the fine one of Lake Erie seen some weeks since at sunset, and which attracted universal attention.

SENTIMENTAL young lady to perfumer: "I do not think you forward; the scent I meant; it seems entirely different from that I ordered." Perfumer, who is fond of punning: "Madam, I am sure what you meant I sent; the scent I sent was the scent you meant; consequently we are both of one cent-i ment."