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 HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Lion's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Chlorate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

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 Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Stationery; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.
 Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail.
LEMMON & MURRAY,
 July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

FOREIGN SHIPPING AND EXCHANGE OFFICE.
 We are now selling Exchange at New York Rates on
 England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Hessen, Saxony, Hanover, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Norway and France.
 And Tickets to and from any Port in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, California, New South Wales or Australia.
KERR & CO.

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT REMOVED.—The subscriber would respectfully announce to his customers and the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity generally, that he has removed to the new building on Centre street, opposite the Mountain House and adjoining the law office of Geo. M. Reade, Esq., and is now not only prepared to manufacture all goods which may be brought to him, but is supplied with a fine line of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., which will make to order in the best style and at the lowest prices. Feeling confident of giving entire satisfaction, I hope for an increased patronage in my new location.
D. J. EVANS,
 Ebensburg, Sept. 19, 1868.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the 21st of MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.
AUG. 13. SAM'L BELFORD D. D. S.



DENTISTRY.—Dr. D. W. Zeigler has taken the rooms on High street recently occupied by Lloyd & Co. as a Banking House, and offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Teeth extracted without pain by use of Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas.

DR. H. B. MILLER,
 ALTOONA, PA.,
 Operative and Mechanical DENTIST.
 Office on Caroline street, between Virginia and Emma streets. ALL WORK WARRANTED.
 Altoona, June 19, 1868.-6m.

GREAT BARGAINS!!!
 Will be sold at a great sacrifice. If sold soon, a number of

THRUSHING MACHINES, PLOUGHS, POINTS and other FARMING IMPLEMENTS and CASTINGS.

COME AND SEE, FARMERS, and you cannot fail to purchase.
Ebensburg, July 30, 1868. E. GLASS.

M. L. OATMAN,
 EBENSBURG, PA.,
 Is the sole owner of the Right to Manufacture and sell

THE UNEQUALLED METROPOLITAN OIL!!

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tends his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Summit, Pa.—Office east end of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls may be made at the office. [May 23, 67.]

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BURN, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa. October 17, 1867.-6m.

D. McLAUGHLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in the Exchange building, on the Corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.
 Jan. 21, 1867.-1f.

R. L. JOHNSTON, J. R. SCANLAN,
JOHNSTON & SCANLAN,
 Attorneys at Law,
 Ebensburg, Cambria co., Pa.
 Office opposite the Court House.
 Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1867.-1f.

JOHN P. LINTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin streets, opposite Mansion House, second floor. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnstown, Jan. 21, 1867.-1f.

F. A. SHOEMAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, one door East of the Banking House of Lloyd & Co.
 January 31, 1867.-1f.

F. P. TIERNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row.
 Jan. 6, 1867.-1f.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on Centre street, opposite Linton's Hotel.
 [Jan. 31, 1867.-1f.]

JOHN FENLON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, adjoining his residence.
 Jan. 31, 1867.-1f.

GEORGE W. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street.
 January 31, 1867.-1f.

WILLIAM KITTELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street.
 Jan. 31, 1867.-1f.

C. L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Johnstown, Pa. Office on Franklin street, up-stairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store. Jan. 31, 1867.

W. M. H. SECHLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in rooms recently occupied by Geo. M. Reade, Esq., in Colonnade Row, Centre street. [Aug. 27.]

GEO. M. READE, Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [Aug. 27.]

JAMES C. EASLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Jan. 31, 1867.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

BY M. SHINGNEY.

Our conversation had been drifting from one topic to another, and finally settled upon the peculiarities and habits of the American panther. Among the company present was one Mrs. Hanseour, from Western Missouri, who related in a most graphic and forcible style the following thrilling incident:

"Eighteen years ago, my husband emigrated to the western part of Missouri, which was at that time little better than a wilderness. We accepted, like many others, the prior lease of 'squatter sovereignty,' and while our cabin was in process of erection, we occupied, as a tenement, the covered wagon in which we had transported our goods and chattels from the Mississippi side.

"Our family at this time consisted of four persons—my husband, brother-in-law, and self—not omitting the baby, which was then but nine months old.—Timber was scarce—that is, suitable timber for building, and before the cabin could be completed, they were obliged to cut and haul logs a considerable distance.

"It was in the latter part of July, or beginning of August, and wherever there was a swell or elevation (such localities always being more or less rocky in that part of Missouri) they were sure to be covered with an abundant supply of whortleberries. I was very fond of the berries, and one afternoon, after getting baby asleep, and securely sheltering him in the wagon, I started for a hill about three quarters of a mile off, and almost in a line where the men were chopping. It was about an hour of sunset, and it was my calculation, after filling my dish with berries, to meet my husband on his return.

"On reaching the hill, which was rocky, and in some places covered with scattering trees, I found the berries very large and nice; and, after filling the dish, and still hearing the echoing strokes of the axes in the distance, I began leisurely to pick and eat as I moved in the direction of the sound.

"A little farther up the hill was a cluster of white bushes, overshadowing a projecting boulder. Around its base the bushes were very thick and luxuriant, and concluding that the fruit must be very nice and large in consequence, I kept on ascending till I reached the spot. The fruit, as I had anticipated, was ripe and tempting, and I kept on picking and eating with renewed relish. Suddenly my ears were attracted by a peculiar purring sound, which seemed to proceed from the branches of the tree overhead. I glanced up quickly, and the sight I saw caused the very blood to curdle in my veins. Stretched upon one of the lower limbs, about twenty feet above my head, and in the very act, as it seemed, of springing upon me, was a large, fierce, tawny-looking animal, with a cat-like head, and eyes of a fiery, blood-like hue.

"I had never seen anything like it before; my heart gave a great bound of terror, and I was nearly fainting. I was within a few feet of the projecting boulder, and almost directly under the limb upon which the animal crouched. It was perhaps fortunate for me that I retained my presence of mind. I comprehended in a moment the full extent of my peril. I knew that the creature was only awaiting a favorable moment to make the fatal spring.

"It was wonderful how I retained my presence of mind as I did. I have no doubt that terror will sometimes help one as much as the wisest forecast. It was unquestionably fear, only, which prompted me to keep my eyes upon the fierce brute, as I kept nearer and nearer the projecting boulder. I noticed its every movement. I saw the strong muscles of its back working, the long, sharp claws protruding, and the heavy tail lashing impatiently from side to side. Still, with a kind of fascination in my gaze, I kept my eyes constantly fixed upon the animal, till I reached the shelter of the overhanging rock.

"The moment I felt myself safe beneath it, I set up a series of the most prolonged and terrific screams that ever proceeded from the throat of a piny woman. It was undoubtedly that which saved me from the immediate attack of the panther. He was probably astonished at the turn affairs had taken, and was altogether uncertain how to proceed about dispatching me. My husband and brother-in-law, who were not more than half a mile off, heard my first shriek of alarm, and dropping their axes on the spot where they were at work, and seizing their trusty rifles, they hurried in the direction from whence the frightened screams were still proceeding. They could not have been more than three or four minutes in arriving upon the ground; but to me, in the terrible and overwhelming excitement of the situation, it seemed an age. The moment I beheld the form of my husband appearing around the brow of the hill where he could see me, I shouted to him loudly to be cautious how he approached, for there was some dreadful animal crouching in the branches of the tree overhead. My brother-in-law was only a few paces behind, and they encouraged me with assurances of safety, as they crept stealthily toward the spot, peering sharply into the thickly interlacing branches, where the fierce brute still lay concealed.

"Twilight was approaching, which

A Wedding that Didn't Come Off.

At a certain number—which shall be blank—of a certain street that shall be nameless, in this city, there were high and festive preparations the other day for a nuptial feast to be given in honor of the wedding of two fond and loving hearts. The silver-tongued marriage bells were to chime their soft melody on the air, and everything was to be as gay and glad as a holiday in the Lovers' Paradise. The bride had fathomed the mysteries of the fashionable millinery and dressmaking establishments, and the fine webs and lustrous silks of the East, and the shimmery fabrics of French looms, vied with each other to make the bridal trousseau enchanting. Her bonnet, for what would a woman be without a bonnet, was such a "love of a thing," that set off the regal pose of her head, and her veil—seen the day of her first appearance at her own bridal veil—which is inevitable on such occasions, was like a snowy mist, and fell gracefully over her rounded shoulders and adorned her plump figure like an illusion—typical, alas, of the not remote future. Every appointment of the bridal outfit was complete, and colour de rose visions of a bridal tour, and sumptuous bridal apartments in the hotels of distant cities, hovered nightly about the expectant bride's pillow like spirits, and whispered in her ear of the joys to be.

The bridegroom sought the haunts of fashionable tailors, and poured into their ears the tale of his happiness, and forthwith they depleted their shelves in search of the "proper piece of stuff" from which to make up his wedding suit. At last the piece was found, after a deal of viewing and reviewing, and he was measured, not for the undertaker, but for the hymeneal sacrifice. But behind Saip stood a spectator grim and gaunt, that gibbered and jibed—in mute spirit sound and pantomime, of course—and pointed to the grave of wrecked hope that gaped wider than Erebus at the very foot of the victim of unforeseen circumstances. St. Crispin's disciples, too, were called into council, and a pair of patent leathers, so exquisitely tight that they would extinguish the most aggravating corns, were put on the last, and they will no doubt leave a lasting impression, not only on the corns aforesaid, but upon the memory of the owner. He will probably put them away in a rosewood box among other relics and mementoes, and every morning regularly taking them out, saying—

History of the Shamrock.

When King Lerry, surrounded by his lords, vassals and Druids, was celebrating his birthday at Tara, the ancient capital of Ireland, it happened to be the eve of Easter. The time had come when all the fires were to be extinguished, that, after a while, they might be relighted from the sacred torch consecrated to the heathen gods. In the interval of hallowed darkness suddenly there appeared a brilliant light at the top of the Slope of Chariots. The sparks and flames rose from the mysterious camp, in profusion of the ancient faith of Tara. Who had dared to profane the sacred darkness by a holy fire?—What bold blasphemer ventured to light the torch until the flame had been brought from the altar of the gods? The warriors grasped their arms and rushed up the hill to tear the infidel to pieces. They seized him and dragged him down to the Hall of Judgment, but all the while he kept reciting prayers to the unknown God; and when brought before the assembly of enraged idolaters, St. Patrick, who for twenty years had been Milcho's herdsman slave, stood forth, like the heroic Paul and answered for himself. In his homesome captivity he had learned to love the Irish people, and with the burden of salvation he had traversed the great plains from the mouth of the Boyne to the Slope of Chariots. He stood and preached to them all night long—from the birth of stars till the grand ascension of the sun. He spoke as never man had spoken in Tara. He told them the story of the Nazarene, of the blessed Trinity—Father Son and Holy Ghost—of baptism, of the eucharist—of all the sublime faith of the Church of Rome.

Towards daylight the people began to believe, and fell into debate, one with another. The arch-druid, the king and two beautiful maidens were converted and baptized. The tumult increased; the true fires of Heaven were blazing in the dark valley of paganism and Patrick preached on until the day dawn began to reveal the course of the Blackwater, the Boyne and the hills of Cavan and the heights of Slane. But the people could not understand the strange doctrine of the Trinity—how three persons should constitute one God—and with the daylight their hearts began to return to their idols.—Suddenly the Apostle caught up a sprig of shamrock, which had been holding up its tripe palms in adoration of the one true God, and holding it forth, he showed the people that three leaves growing from a single stalk constituted but one. Instantly the quick-witted people understood the mystery; they rushed upon the Apostle, and would have carried him upon their shoulders, and from that hour druidical superstition was overthrown upon the Plains of Prostration.—Oregon Unionist.

Hubbard in the Kitchen.

A NOISE LEGEND.

Once on a time there was a man so surly and cross, he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So, one evening, in bay-making time, he came home scolding and swearing, and showing his teeth and making a dust.

"Dear love, don't be so angry, there's a good man," said his goody; "to-morrow let's change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home."

Yes! the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So, early the next morning, his goody took a scythe over her shoulder and went out into the hay-field with the mowers and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house and do the work at home.

First of all he wanted to churn the butter; but when he had churned a while he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to get a barrel of ale. "So, just when he had knocked in the bung, and was putting the tap into the cask, he heard the pig come into the kitchen over head. Then off he ran up the cellar steps, with the tap in his hand, to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn; but when he got up and saw the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there rooting and grunting amongst the cream which was running all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot. Then all at once he remembered he had the tap in his hand; and when he got down to the cellar every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for butter they must have at dinner. When he had churned a bit he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the byre, and hadn't had a bite to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought 'twas too far to take her down to the meadow, so he'd just get her up on the house-top—for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep down, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back, he'd easily get the cow up.

But still he couldn't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor, and "if I leave it," he thought, "the child is sure to upset it."—So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch; so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but, as he s-o-p-d down at the well's brink all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner-time, and he hadn't even got the butter yet; so he thought he'd best boil the porridge, and filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or her neck.—So he got upon the house-top to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney, and tied round his own thigh; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oat meal.

So he began to grind away, and while he was hard at it, down fell the cow from the house-top after all, and as she fell she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung half way down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get down or up.

And now the goody had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call them home to dinner; but never a call they had. At last she thought she had waited long enough, and went home. But, when she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope to one with her scythe. But, as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney; and so when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.

The Romance of a Lead Mine.

A correspondent of the Chicago Republican, describing a visit to the lead region or Illinois and Wisconsin, tells this story: "One of the richest mines in Mineral Point has a story of some interest. Many years ago a party of speculators, adventurers all, three in number, bought up a track of land on which to demonstrate a theory in regard to mining which one of the party had originated. The other men, his companions and partners, were the money men of the company, who had been duped by the one who had the pet theory. One entire season, from early spring to autumn, was spent in hard labor by these men. Their expenses were ruinous. No matter, it was all in vain; labor and money were alike unavailable, and when the winter of that year (1848) came on, they found themselves unable to proceed, and still very far from success. They 'pulled up stakes' and away to a neighboring settlement, where they tarried for a few weeks, putting up at the only public house in the place, hoping, as a last resort, to effect a sale of their property and utensils for a sum sufficient to help them out of the scrape somewhat. He was a Welshman, a miner of some experience, and honest and credulous as the day is long, but unused to dealing with sharpers, having traveled very little, and recently arrived in this country. He was looking about, undecided as to what branch of the mining business in this region he would engage in if any. It was not strange, therefore, that three bankrupt speculators should succeed in roping in the believing Welshman, and induce him to purchase their old traps, together with the land. He purchased the whole for \$300, and thought he had a nice thing, as the rogues had assured him that, having made a large fortune each, they cared little for the land on which it was secured. The poor fellow went out to his place in the dead of winter, wallowing through a deep snow all the way. Once there, he found only a wretched little cabin, which would poorly shelter a man at such a season. However, he held on hopefully and patient, confident that his day would soon come. So he was out the long, hard winter, and when spring arrived he was found at work with a will. In spite of continued failure, he kept on month after month, loth to leave all in which his money was invested. In time, however, just as the poor man was on the point of abandoning the place, a stranger came to his cabin. He was a geologist and a miner of great practical experience. He had traced a rich vein of mineral through a long distance, and located it at last right in the midst of the poor Welshman's possessions. The two men went to mining together, and before two years were over the wealthiest men in the region.

A Day Without a Night.

One night in July we landed on the shore of a northern fiord in latitude 60 degrees north. We ascended a cliff which rose one thousand feet above the level of the sea. It was late, but still sunlight. The Arctic ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet. The sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout. Away in the north, the huge old sun swung around along the horizon like the slow, measured beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlor corner. When both hands came together at 12, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold, running due north, spanned the waters between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the most gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of the morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the fiord, one soldier after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.—Letter from Norway.

Railroad Incident.

An old man, whose sight was defective, and who had to use glasses, was reading a newspaper on the train between Wheeling, Va., and Washington, a few days ago. When the cars reached the first tunnel, the quick disappearance of the light caused him to look up. Taking off his spectacles and wiping them, he replaced them and again tried to read. Perceiving that all was still dark, he dropped both paper and spectacles, exclaiming in a loud voice, "My God, I'm blind, I'm blind!" This aroused the passengers, and it was a long time before he could be convinced what was the matter. On coming again to the light, he thanked God fervently for his sight.

The Largest Dog in the World.

The largest dog in the world, according to report, was one raised in Pennsylvania from the Siberian bloodhound stock. This dog, when but a year old, had attained the length of seven feet nine inches, was thirty six and a half inches high, and weighed two hundred pounds. A challenge of a thousand guineas was offered in 1862, when his owner exhibited him in London, for the production of a larger specimen, but the article was not forthcoming.

WINTER.

There is no doubt of our having an early and severe winter, one of the "old fashioned" seasons, which, after all, are the healthiest and the best. Heavy frosts have already appeared in various parts of the country. Even in the South they are having what they call cold weather, and are anticipating a speedy freeze. In view of these probabilities we ought to be looking ahead, and seeing what can be done for modifying the condition of the poor. Poverty is fearful to be borne at even the most favorable seasons; but in bitter winter weather its blighting chills are intensely aggravated. Food and fuel are the two greatest essentials to be provided; but clothing, especially for the little children, is also highly needed. Don't wait until the ice forms to look after those whom ye always have with ye.

Old Sam Lithrop.

The clown in Forepaugh's circus, has got the bond question reduced to a science. He says the people have to get up at 5-20 and work until 10-40, in order that the bondholders may lie in bed until 10-40 and retire at 7-30.—The meaning of the 5-20's is, it takes the labor of twenty men to support five bondholders in idleness. The laboring man gets \$5 of his earning and pays \$20 to the bondholders.

He who is honorable and candid.

He who is honorable and candid, honest and courteous, is a true gentleman, be he rich or poor, learned or unlearned.

Twilight was approaching.

Twilight was approaching, which

Twilight was approaching.

Twilight was approaching, which

Twilight was approaching.

Twilight was approaching, which