

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, NOVEMBER 12, 1868.

NUMBER 41.

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M. L. OATMAN,
DEALER IN
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

CONSISTING OF
Double Extra Family Flour,
GRAIN, FEED,
BACON, SALT, FISH,
FRESH VEGETABLES,
ALL KINDS OF FRUITS,
SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES,
SYRUPS, MOLLASSES, CHEESE, &c.

Also, a large stock of the
Best Brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

STORE ON HIGH STREET,
Four Doors East of Crawford's Hotel,
Ebensburg, Pa.

LADIES' FANCY FURS!

JOHN FAIREIRA'S
ESTABLISHED
FUR MANUFACTORY,
No. 718 ARCH ST.,
above 7th PHILA.
I have now in store
of my own Importation
and Manufacture,
one of the largest
and most beautiful
collections of
FANCY FURS,
for Ladies' and Children's
Wear, in the
City. Also, a fine assortment of Gents' Fur
Gloves and Collars.

I am enabled to dispose of my goods at very
reasonable prices, and I would therefore solicit
a visit from my friends of Cambria county and
vicinity. Remember the Name, Number and
Street.
JOHN FAIREIRA,
No. 718 ARCH ST., ab. 7th, south side, Phila.
October 5, 1868.-4m.

New Firm--New Goods.

THE undersigned, having given his son,
J. E. Shields, an interest in his store,
the business will hereafter be conducted un-
der the firm name of P. H. Shields & Co.,
and as we are determined to sell goods cheap
for cash, or exchange for grain, lumber or
produce, we hope by strict attention to business
to merit a liberal patronage from a
generous public.

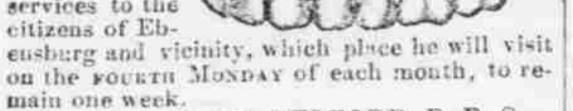
Having determined to settle up my old
books of thirty years standing, I now ask
those indebted to me to come forward and
make settlement on or before the 1st day of
December, 1868. P. H. SHIELDS.
Loretto, Oct. 19, 1868. 4f.

**SECURE THE SHADOW ERE
THE SUBSTANCE FADES!**

**SPENCER'S NEW
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY**

Is now in perfect order for executing Pictures
in every style of the art. Photographs of life
like accuracy, ranging from the smallest card
picture to the largest size for framing, taken in
any weather, and warranted to give satisfaction.
Particular attention paid to children's pictures.
Frames of all kinds for sale cheap. Frames of
any kind not on hand will be ordered when
desired. Instructions in the art on liberal terms.
Gallery on Julian street, 3 doors north
of Town Hall. T. S. SPENCER,
Ebensburg, Oct. 8, 1868. Photograph.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a
graduate
of the Baltimore
College of Dental Sur-
gery, respect-
fully offers his
professional
services to the
citizens of Ebens-
burg and vicinity, which place he will visit
on the fourth Monday of each month, to re-
main one week.
Ang 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 vicin-
ity. 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 18, 1868.-6m.

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.,
tenders his professional services as Physi-
cian and Surgeon to the citizens of Carroll-
town and vicinity. Office in rear of build-
ing 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., PHY-
SICIAN AND SURGEON, Summit, Pa.—
Office east end of Mansion House, on Rail
road street. Night calls may be made at
the office. [my 29.6.]

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.

FRANK W. HAY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Manufacturer of
TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON
WARE, Canal street, below Clinton, John-
stown, Pa. A large stock constantly
hand.

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 connect-
ed with his profession.
Jan. 31, 1867.-4f.

R. L. JOHNSTON, J. E. SCANLAN,
JOHNSTON & SCANLAN,
Attorneys at Law,
Ebensburg, Cambria co., Pa.
Office opposite the Court House.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1867.-4f.

JOHN P. LINTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—
Office in building on corner of Main and
Franklin street, opposite Mansion House,
second floor. Entrance on Franklin street.
Johnstown, Jan. 31, 1867.-4f.

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.-4f.

A. KOPELIN, T. W. DICK,
Johnstown, Ebensburg,
**KOPELIN & DICK, ATTORNEYS-AT-
LAW,** Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Wm.
Kittell, Esq., Colonnade Row. [Oct. 22.-4f.]

F. P. TIERNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office in Colonnade Row.
Jan. 5, 1867.-4f.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office on Centre street, opposite Linton's
Hotel. [Jan. 31, 1867.-4f.]

JOHN FENTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office on High street, adjoining his resi-
dence. Jan 31, 1867.-4f.

GEORGE W. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street.
January 31, 1867.-4f.

WILLIAM KITTELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—
Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street.
Jan. 31, 1867.-4f.

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

**WM. 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.

**H. KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace
and Claim Agent.**—Office removed to
the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson,
Esq., dec'd, on High St., Ebensburg. [13.]

**J. S. STRAYER, JUSTICE OF THE
PEACE,** Johnstown, Pa. Office on the
corner of Market street and Locust alley,
second Ward. Dec. 12-19.

Poetry and Charades.

A POETICAL GEM.
[TO MACSHANE we are indebted for the
following stanza, which seem to us abound
in an artless pathos which is sought in vain
in more high-sounding poetry. He heard
the author recite the lines, was pleased with
them, and obtained a copy of them for pub-
lication in the FREEMAN.]

LINES
*Anticipatory of a visit to my native village in
Scotland.*

BY WILLIAM M'WEN.

I come o'er the waste of waters,
Where the billows seethe and foam,
To gaze on the tombs of my fathers—
To dream of my childhood's home.

To roam through the paths of the wildwood,
Where I wandered long ago;
Plucking the yellow cowslip,
Gathering the glossy sloe;

Wreathing the Lony bluebells
In zephyrs for sister's hair;
Trembling lest fairy wanderers
Should find me lingering there;

Robbing the garbled hazels
Of their clusters of rusky brown;
Chambering o'er rocks and bracken
For bunches of scarlet rowan;

Threading each shaly cover,
Where wimpled the mountain stream;
Luring, with rod of hazel,
The trout from his foamy screen:

To stand again on the school green,
Where I waltzed in boyish glee,
And think of the youths and maidens,
That shared those sports with me.

Al! many like me have wandered
Afar o'er the ocean wave,
And dwelt in the land of the stranger,
And filled a stranger's grave.

Al! life is a weary journey,
At least I have found it so,
But the greenest spot on that weary road
Are the memories of long ago.

For they come to the sinking spirit,
Like rain to the withering flowers,
And bear it away from dark carking cares
To a brighter world than ours:

Where the friends we have loved and cher-
ished
In the days that are long gone by,
Lean o'er the walls of their blessed abode,
And beckon us on to die.

CHARADE, NO. 1.
ORIGINAL.

Come when your country calls,
Should danger o'er her burst;
Reckless what deadly strife appals—
Arouse and do my first.

And with that first upon the field
Where tyrants would enslave,
It will my second prove to wield
The weapon of the brave:

Within the State of Penn
The Allegheny's rill;
Winding through many a level glen,
Washes and drains my whole.

Answer next week.

CHARADE, NO. 2.
SELECTED.

There is a thing in Amsterdam—
In Rome it doth appear;
'Tis twice in every moment,
And not once in seven years.

Answer next week.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

MOUND BUILDERS OF TENNESSEE.

STARTLING REVELATIONS WITH RESPECT TO
THE EARLY INHABITANTS—IDOLS
AND RELICS EXHIBITED.

Dr. Joseph Jones, of our city, delivered
at Masonic Hall, last night, before a
large and intelligent assemblage of our
citizens, a most instructive and interesting
lecture upon the Mound-Builders of Ten-
nessee. In almost all portions of our
State are found large artificial mounds,
the product of a race of people very dif-
ferent from the savages who were familiar
to the early settlers. The relics have often
excited the curiosity of those who saw
and examined them. During the war,
when the State was in the hands of the
Federal forces, the excavations made at
Chattanooga, Knoxville, Murfreesboro
and Nashville, revealed a great many
curious remains which were carried away
to the North. Previous to the labors of
Dr. Jones, however, no systematic effort
had been entered into to collect and class-
ify the antiquities and remains of the peo-
ple who constructed the mounds and built
the graves which are so numerous all over
Tennessee. The doctor commenced last
year a series of explorations which he
continued with unabated ardor up to with-
in three weeks ago. The result of his
labors in the antiquarian field has been
most gratifying. He has succeeded in
collecting a finer array of relics and re-
mains than ever was secured of any other
extinct American race. The rostrum of
the hall last night was covered with a
large number of novel implements, human
remains, vases, ornaments, idols, &c.,
which had been exhumed under his super-
vision from the mounds of our State.
The doctor gave an account of his re-
searches into a large mound in Giles county,
Tenn. Here, in the centre of the pyramid,

he discovered the remains of a great chief,
buried with numerous relics, and around
him the skeletons of some of his subjects.
Drifting into the sides of the artificial
mounds, ashes, bits of pottery, and bones
of both human beings and animals were
found, mixed up in one incongruous con-
glomeration, often with beautiful speci-
mens of vases and shell ornaments. Spec-
imens of the burned crust of these
mounds, beneath the present soil, were
exhibited. Two large stone idols were
shown, carved out of a dark iron-colored
rock, the largest some thirteen inches in
height, and the others perhaps four inches
less in stature. One represented a female,
and has the hair gathered up behind under
a diminutive sort of a waterfall, while in
the longer specimen, that of a male,
the hair was represented twisted into a sort
of queue, not unlike the style of our fore-
fathers in the revolutionary times. The
lecturer, to please the lady leavers, gave
a short description of the *tout-ensemble* of
one of the female mound-builders. With
hair gathered in a graceful knot behind,
ears pierced and filled full of rings of
shell or bone, nose likewise ornamented
with an enormous balancing weight, she
must have been an enchanting creature.
Two copper crosses were exhibited, to-
gether with three vases, the outsides of
which were divided into three regular
compartments, having three crosses and
three crowns, symbolic, the doctor claim-
ed, of the christian religion, the Trinity and
the Virgin Mary. The signs of the
Catholic religion, he stated, were wonder-
fully prominent in a great many of the
relics thus far brought to light. On the
great mound near Franklin, two hundred
and thirty feet in diameter, evidently
stood a gigantic temple of the sun. Reli-
gious symbols were plentiful there. Two
remarkable vases were exhumed, one not
unlike a child's foot, with the opening at
the heel, and the other surmounted with a
carved head with a helmet, having a re-
markable resemblance to that of a Spanish
cavalier. The speaker inferred from this
that the extinct people were not unfamiliar
with the haughty race whose conquest of
Mexico and Peru read almost like a ro-
mance of the wildest character. Here
he found, too, the skeleton of a child, the
face of which was covered with a curious
shell-bearing occult hieroglyphics, among
which could be distinguished perfect tri-
angles. This mound was graced with the
stump of a tree, which, when cut down
twenty years ago, could not have been less
than two centuries old. An idol exhumed
from the mouth of Lick Branch, Nash-
ville, was also displayed, and a small fe-
male effigy in white clay, with the marks
of the cross upon the shoulders. The
doctor everywhere found traces that the
Aborigines of the country may have come
in contact with civilized nations long be-
fore the discovery of America by Colum-
bus. He gave a short sketch of some of
the explorations of the Scandinavians,
Danes, and Icelanders, and the colonies
they founded in the new world. But to
these fearless navigators could not be as-
cribed the knowledge the mound-builders
of Tennessee had of the cross and the
symbols of religion. It was rather to be
referred to a later period, when the early
Catholic missions were founded upon the
shores of the new world, some three hun-
dred years ago.

In 1564 the Catholic sovereign of Spain
was attacked with a terrible religious zeal,
and he sent out one Francisco with a large
body of co-workers to convert and evangeli-
ze the Indians. They planted them-
selves at St. Augustine, on the shores of
Florida, and for twenty-five years the
missionary was very successful. He
founded a great many missions, and par-
tially christianized a great many of the
savages. Delegates were sent to the
parent society of St. Augustine and to the
convent of St. Helena. The Spaniards
appear to have encouraged marriages be-
tween the young people of their own race
and those of the Indians, and to have
lived with them on terms of the greatest
intimacy. The mound-builders of Ten-
nessee, the doctor thought, must certainly
have belonged to the great Natchez tribe,
who, coming from the South, spread
themselves throughout the valley of the
Mississippi and the larger branches. When
in the height of their empire they prob-
ably numbered five hundred thousand.
The lecturer thought it extremely curious,
the mixture of christianity and idolatry
found among these people. While the
great fundamental principles of the true
religion was so familiar to them, they
worshipped stone effigies and adored the
sun, and were probably guilty of human
sacrifices. The doctor exhibited a great
number of implements of warfare, such
as stone axes, arrow heads, knives, spears,
&c. Also culinary utensils, mortars used
for grinding Indian corn and paint. The
lecturer was listened to throughout with
the greatest interest, but time fails us for
more than a passing sketch of its riches.
We understand that a scientific society of
the East will soon publish a book, from
the pen of Dr. Jones, on the antiquities
of our State, with particular reference to
the mound-builders of Tennessee. We
feel assured that it will prove one of the
most interesting books of the kind ever
published in this country.

Death of Joan D'Arc.
BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

There is something infinitely touching
in the saint's and hero's relapse into sim-
ple humanity and womanhood on that
dark, unnatural May morning, when the
heavy news was told here that she must
die before sunset. She wept bitterly—
Like Jephthah's daughter, she mourned that
her pure and beautiful body should be
thus early sacrificed, exclaiming, "Hela!
me traitation ainsi horriblement et cruel-
lement, qu'il faille que mon corps, net et
entier, qui ne fut jamais corrompu, soit
anjour d'hui consume et rendu en cen-
dres!" She shrieked, and shrieked, and
writhed at the thought of the flames, pity-
ing herself for the pain. But the saint
triumphs soon—even through the fiery
vista before her she sees a better kingdom
than France, a better home than Domre-
my. Even in this death she recognizes
the "deliverance" promised her by "the
voices."

She appealed to God from the injustice
and cruelty of earth; she partook of the
holy sacrament; with many tears she
uttered her touching and tremendous words
to the Bishop of Beauvais, a summons to
answer for her death before God. What a
childlike naturalness! A primitive naive-
te marked the words she addressed to one
of the preachers standing by: "Ah,
Maitre Perre, where shall I be this evening?"

We can fancy the tearful, wistful look,
the terrified tremble of the hands, and all
the voice broken in sobs, with which she
said this. Then, as the priest replied,
"Have you not good hope in the Saviour?"
the light of re-assurance, the smile, the
clasped hands, the heavenward gaze, the
voice clear and fervid, as she said "O,
yes, God aiding, I shall be in Paradise!"

Bound and borne in a cart, like a com-
mon malefactor, surrounded by a guard of
eight hundred English soldiers, Joan
D'Arc passed through the streets of Rouen
to the market-place; but in the eyes of
the angels that awful hour must have
thrown into the shade all foregone hours
of triumph—grander in them than the
proudest conqueror in his triumphal car,
followed by princely captives and the
spoils of kingdoms.

At the stake the maid again bravely
preached her faith in "the voices," and
nobly defended her king. Her sublime
yet meek composure, her marvellous wo-
manly sweetness, filled many of her per-
secutors with wonder, pity and vain
remorse. The people looked on as in a
horrible dream, weeping, groaning, pray-
ing, but powerless to help. One last word
of reproach shivered the petrified heart of
the Bishop of Beauvais, cleft its way to a
deep, unsuspected vein of human feeling,
and let it out in tears.

The scaffold towered high above the
crowd, a huge pile of fagots lit at the base,
a gigantic altar of the sacrifice, a fiery
Calvary.

When the flames uncoiled themselves
from below, and darted up in angry,
flashing lengths, hissing and writhing;
when they struck their fangs into her flesh,
the flesh cried out in shrieks that must
have echoed forever through the guilty
souls who had.

Well had the young martyr learned the
self-forgetful spirit. In her agony, through
the flames and smoke of her torment, she
saw the danger of the faithful priest who
held the crucifix aloft, and entreated him
to leave her. He went; he bore from
her sight the image of her crucified Lord
but he left beside her, in the midst of the
flames, the Lord himself. May not her
last cry of "Jesus!" have been, not a cry
of fear or supplication, but of joy and
recognition, as she sprang through the
fiery gate of martyrdom into the welcom-
ing arms of His compassion—into the
bosom of His infinite love?

A Touching Scene in Court.

Mr. D. G. Gibbon, student of medi-
cine, was called up before one of the Ran-
dolph street justices in Chicago last week,
on a disorderly conduct warrant, sworn
out by Miss Susan Nell. The complainant
was a very pretty girl. She blushed, hid
her face, and stated that she was forced
to take the present step only by the obsti-
nacy of the prisoner. These two had been
engaged and many gifts and notes had
passed between them. One day, for the
merest nothing, he had picked a quarrel,
broken the match and her heart, and yet
refused to return the seven love letters,
the old glove, the curl and the ribbon she
had given him. She supposed he kept
them to show them to his wicked as-
sociates, and boasted of them as trophies
of his conquest of a fond and girlish heart.

His Honor looked gloomily at Mr.
Gibbon—there was a frown in his eye.
Mr. Gibbon replied that he greatly pre-
ferred attempting an amputation at the
hip joint to falling in love with a woman.
If a fellow had any feeling of womanity
about it, it might be different, but there
never was any telling where one was to
keep up. He had tried romantic young
ladies, and literary young ladies, and had
come to grief in every instance. Finally
he had settled on Miss Susan, who was
described to him to be a matter of fact,
bisect-baking young woman. He had
paid her addresses, making little gifts of
saleratus and blueing, and receiving in
return some ginger cakes. She was not
to be led too deeply into sentiment. If he
spoke of poetry, she spoke of pastry. If

The Mysterious Bed.

A traveler while wending his way
through the eastern part of the State of
New York stopped over night at the vil-
lage of S— with some friends, who
were great wags. In one of the bed rooms
of the house there was a bedstead fastened
by pulleys to the ceiling. Night time
came, and the traveler was shown to this
room. A girl led the way, candle in hand,
and after pointing out the bed, departed
with the light, saying that she needed it
for the other lodgers. The traveler un-
dressed, and groped his way to the bed,
or to the spot where he had seen it, but
was amazed to find that it had disappear-
ed. From corner to corner he groped,
but the search was useless. Somewhat
frightened, he commenced shouting, pro-
claiming that the house was bewitched.
The landlord and two or three of his
guests, bearing lights, answered his em-
phatic summons, and just as he was about
to tell the story of the missing bed, he looked,
and lo! there it stood, as it was before.

He tried to inform them of his inability to
find the bedstead, but they only laughed at
him, telling him he must be crazy.—
Bidding him good night, and advising him
to go to bed at once and sleep off his delir-
ium, they left him. As soon as they had
shut the door he made a dive for the bed,
and landed on the floor. He then began
to holler and yell louder than ever, and
darted for the door. In attempting to
descend the stairs he fell headlong to the
bottom, making such a terrible noise that
all the inmates rushed to him to learn the
cause of the disaster. Again he told his
story, but it was received with ridicule.
To satisfy him that he had been mistaken,
one of the guests proposed to enter the
room with him and remain there until he
should fall asleep. The proposition was
gladly accepted, and in about twenty min-
utes the traveler was sound asleep. The
wags then gently hoisted the bedstead al-
most to the ceiling, and commenced shout-
ing, "fire, murder, etc." Thoroughly
alarmed, he sprang out of bed; but the
distance being fully six times what he had
calculated, he imagined that he had fallen
over fifty feet. Fear seemed to strengthen
his lungs, and he shouted like a trooper,
proclaiming that the house was haunted,
and that the imp of darkness had attempt-
ed to fly away with him. The other
guests who had entered the room, coolly
pointed to the bedstead, saying that it
could not have moved; but they were
unable to shake the belief that his infernal
majesty had taken refuge in the mysteri-
ous bed.

A Sheep Story.

A few weeks since a statement went
the rounds of the press that the hay-seed
which was scattered in the wool of some
sheep belonging to Richard Batchelder, of
Salisbury, N. H., while feeding them in
the winter, had sprouted on turning them
out in the spring, and the sheep were
bearing about with them a crop of grass
two inches in length. This story prob-
ably reached the poetical editor of the
New York Mail on one of our late hot days,
and this is the way he tells it. This ver-
sion should be read aloud:

"This is the most interesting story that
ever we have seen, concerning some New
Hampshire sheep who are wearing of the
green. 'Twas related by a person on
whose honor we rely, he never hack-
ed cherry-trees, and—shouldn't tell a lie,
Robert Batchelder, this was the shep-
herd's name, and he pastured twenty-
eight sheep on Salisbury Plain. But when
the leaves had fallen, and November
winds were chill, why out on the open
world they couldn't get their fill. So
Lobby kindly put them in a well-protec-
ted shed, with hay enough to feed them in
the new year overhead. And the seed it
sifted down, and it lodged in their wool,
and there it did remain till the April moon
was full. And then out went the mutton
all in the rain, you know, and, in less
than twenty-one days, the seed began to
grow; and it grew, and it grew like the
bean in fairy song, and now the grass
upon their backs is more'n two inches
long. And, it is expected, that later in
the year, red, fragrant clover blossoms
will appear. The moral of this tale is
clear to every eye, but by judicious man-
agement, if a person cared to try, he
might, with little trouble, and with aid of
rainy weather, have his lamb and peas
growing up together."

PUNCTUAL EVEN UNTO MARRIAGE.—A
young man in Dent county was engaged
to be married to a handsome young lady
recently. Now, it so happened that Jack
and the handsome young lady in question
lived on opposite sides of the uncertain
stream called Dry Fork. It happened
also that on Saturday night it rained, and
Sunday morning found Dry Fork up
booming. The handsome girl on one side
was in a peck of fidgets lest Jack Black
on the other side would not be able to
"make the ripple." But Jack was a brave
fellow, and was bent on getting married.
He accordingly mounted and set out for
the house of his intended. Arriving at
the creek, and finding it past flowing, he
followed up its bank until he reached a
point above the confluence of the three
forks forming the main stream of Dry
Fork, hoping to cross there without swim-
ming. But his trip did not save him from
a ducking. On the contrary, it increased
his misfortune to the extent of two extra
duckings. Instead of one he had three
creeks to cross, all up swimming. He
plunged in and swam them, through like
a man; and, we are happy to say, arrived
just in time to be married at the appoint-
ed time.

The nations speaking English own three
fourths of all the coal in the world.

he talked of radiant hopes, she spoke of
washing soap. A few days ago he went
to see her, and found her preserving—
Something in the looks of the paper which
she had put over the cans struck him, and
he looked for that purpose. That seemed
a little too cool, and she spoke of it to her.
She replied that it was a wise idea of
hers. All those beginning "Dear Susan"
went over the peaches, and all those be-
ginning "My own love" over the apples.
She wished he would write one more of
the latter, in order to make up the number
she wanted. He felt such a woman would
never do for him, and has broken off the
match. As for returning her letters, it
was out of the question. The words of
love they contained were a part of him-
self. When he saw them it brought the
old days back—the melodies of the youth
of their