Cambria Freeman.

S. 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, DECEMBER 24, 1868. NUMBER 47.

The Cambria Freeman

WILL BE PUBLISHED

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 fail 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
Auditor's Notices, each,	2 00
Administrator's Notices, each,	2 50
Executors' Notices, each,	2 50
Estray Notices, each	1 50

	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 yr.
1 square, 12 lines,	$ 2 50	$ 4 00	$ 6 00
2 squares, 24 lines,	5 00	8 00	12 00
3 squares, 36 lines,	7 00	10 00	15 00
Quarter column,	9 50	14 00	25 00
Third column,	11 00	16 00	28 00
Half column,	14 00	25 00	35 00
One Column,	25 00	35 00	60 00

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines, with paper, 6 00

Obituary Notices, over six lines, ten cents per line.

Special and business Notices eight cents per line for first insertion, and four cents for each subsequent insertion.

Resolutions of Societies, or communications of a personal nature must be paid for as advertisements.

JOB PRINTING.

We have made arrangements by which we can do or have done all kinds of plain and fancy Job Printing, such as Books, Pamphlets, Show Cards, Bill and Letter Heads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., in the best style of the art and at the most moderate prices. Also, all kinds of Ruling, Blank Books, Book Binding, &c., executed to order as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest.

EBENSBURG FOUNDRY

AGAIN IN FULL BLAST!

NEW FIRM, NEW BUILDINGS, &c.

HAVING purchased the well known EBENSBURG FOUNDRY from Mr. Edw. Glass, and rebuilt and enlarged it almost entirely, besides refitting it with new machinery, the subscribers are now prepared to furnish

COOK PARLOR & HEATING STOVES,

of the latest and most approved patterns THRESHING MACHINES, MILL GEARING, ROPE and WATER WHEELS of every description IRON FENCING, PLOUGHS and PLOUGH CASTINGS, and in fact all manner of articles manufactured in a first class Foundry. Job Work of all kind attended to promptly and done cheaply.

The special attention of Farmers is invited to two newly patented PLOUGHS which we possess the sole right to manufacture and sell in this county, and which are admitted to be the best ever introduced to the public.

Believing ourselves capable of performing any work in our line in the most satisfactory manner, and knowing that we can do work at LOWER PRICES than have been charged in this community heretofore we confidently hope that we will be found worthy of liberal patronage.

Fair reductions made to wholesale dealers.

☞ The highest prices paid in cash for old metal, or castings given in exchange.

OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE. CONVERY, VINROE & CO.

Ebensburg, Sept. 2, 1868.

628 HOOP SKIRTS 628

AND

CORSETS, CORSETS.

WM. T. HOPKINS, No 628 ARCH ST., PHILA., Manufacturer of the celebrated "CHAMPION" HOOP SKIRTS for Ladies, Misses and Children—the largest assortment and best quality and styles in the American Market. Every lady should try them, as they recommend themselves by wearing longer, retaining their shape much better, being lighter and much more elastic than all others—WARRANTED in every respect, and sold at very low prices. Ask for HOPKINS' "Champion" Skirt.

Superior Hand-made Whale bone CORSETS in Fifteen different Grades, including the "Imperial" and THOMPSON & LANGDON'S "GLOVE FITTING" CORSETS, ranging in prices from $1 Cents to $5 50; together with Jos. Beckel's celebrated FRENCH WOVEN CORSETS, superior shapes and quality. 10 different Grades, from $1.10 to $5.50 They are the finest and best goods for the prices ever imported. The Trade supplied with HOOP SKIRTS and CORSETS at the Lowest Rates.

☞ Those visiting the City should not fail to call and examine our Goods and Prices, as we defy all competition. [Nov.12. 4m.

SECURE THE SHADOW ERE *THE SUBSTANCE FADES!*

SPENCE'S NEW

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

Is now in perfect order for executing Pictures in every style of the art. Photographs of life size, 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. T. SPENCE,

Ebensburg, Oct. 8, 1868. Photographer.

JOHN CROUSE,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES AND LIQUORS.

BEST BRANDS OF BRANDY, WHISKY, IRISH WHISKY, GIN, &c., &c.

The very best qualities of Liquors, Wines, &c., for Medical purposes. Prices LOW.

☞ Hotel and Saloon keepers will do well to give me a call at my store on Canal street, in building formerly occupied by T. G. Stewart & Co. Johnstown, Aug. 27, 1868. tf.

GOOD, BETTER, BEST.—The best and cheapest Tobacco and Cigars in town may be had at D. A. Oatman's. Go and see.

The Poet's Department.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,—not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below:
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and call'd them by name:—
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"

As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laugh'd when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And fill'd all his stockings, then turn'd with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he goes.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!"

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

From Ballou's Monthly Magazine.

TWO BARRELS, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

My story (said the merchant) relates to this very house in which we are sitting. It is of an occurrence which I can truly describe as the most terrifying of my life; such an incident as never happens more than once in a man's lifetime; and it is my earnest prayer, that, to the end of my life, I may be spared any more such minutes as were those. It was as though all the terror of threescore and ten years, with all their sickening, startling, thrilling sensations, had been condensed into those few moments; and my wonder since then has been that I was not crazed on the spot by my awful emotions. I will briefly tell the story, and then you can judge for yourselves.

I moved into this house thirty years ago, when I first came to town, and purchased it soon after. I was then a young man of twenty five, with a wife, and a child about three years old. I suppose it is not necessary for me to say that I loved that wife and child; in fact, I almost idolized them. Lucia was a dear good wife to me always, and, though we had been married more than four years, we were hardly yet over our courtship. Harry, my boy, was a bright, cunning little fellow of three years, toddling about the floor, up to his eyes in mischief, and the pet of iis mother and myself. We were strangers to every one here when we first came, but I prospered in business, and the circle of our acquaintance soon increased as speedily as we wished; and as both wife and myself were fond of company, our house soon became a pleasant resort of the young people. I was rather gratified that they showed us so much preference, and told Lucia to encourage them in coming; so it frequently happened, the first winter here, that, upon returning home at night, I found the parlor filled with lively company of young ladies and gentlemen, and my wife entertaining them as she only could. She played and sang much better than any one in town; she knew every parlor game that was worth playing, and could supply some new amusement as fast as the old one grew tiresome. I had always joined the company upon such occasions, and never failed to pass a delightful evening; and little Harry often dismissed his little shoes and socks entirely with delight at the notice he received, and at the fun that was going on around him.

I should have told you before that my business was the retail hardware, and that I had a quantity of powder with my stock. There was little or no call for it, and I was considering the propriety of returning it to the manufacturer from whom I had it on commission, when the gardener of Mr. Newell, the richest man in the place, came in and inquired for blasting-powder.

"Mr. Newell wants to level that hill next to the back garden," he said, "and he thinks to shovel it away would require too much time and labor. He thinks by putting in half a barrel of powder on each side, in a pretty deep excavation, he can tumble the hill over, and crumble it down. What do you think of it?"

I told him that the plan seemed possible to me, and proceeded to show him the powder. There was none of it really course enough for the purpose; but the gardener said that Mr. Newell was in a great hurry to get the work done before gardening time came, and this powder might perhaps do. He ordered a barrel, and promised I to send it up during the day. It happened to be rather a busy day, and I could not take the time to go home to dinner; so I took a lunch at the restaurant at twelve. On my way back to the store I met the drayman, Mike, as he was called, and remembering my promise to send up the powder, I stopped him and directed him about it.

"Mike," I said, "call at the store and get a barrel of powder, which you are to take up to Mr. Newell's. Deliver it to the gardener; he knows about it. And, by the way, you may also call at Train's, and get a barrel of flour and take it up to my house."

I was very busy that day in my office, and it was nearly night before I thought again of the powder, when I stepped into the store and asked the clerk if it had been taken.

"Yes," he said, "Mike called for it and took it. I have been sorry since, though, that I let him have it."

"Why so?"

"Because I seen he had been drinking—But he handled it well enough, and drove off in the right direction, so I guess it will be all right."

I took no alarm about it; for, although I knew that the drayman was in the habit of drinkin to some extent, I never had known him to get into such condition that he could not attend to his business. After an hour longer in the office, I was preparing to go home for the evening, when a loud, harsh voice in the store caught my ear, and, coming out, I found Mr. Newell himself soundly berating one of the clerks.

"What's the matter, sir?" I asked, as I came forward.

"Matter enough," the irascible man answerd, turning his anger upon me. "I'd have you know, sir, that if my patronage is worth anything at all to you, you'd better not, in future, make it the subject of your practical jokes. I can't and wont be trifled with!"

By this time I was beginning to be a little irritated myself.

"If Mr. Newell will explain himself," I said, "we will try to rectify anything that we may have done amiss. For my part, I don't understand what offence has been given."

"Isn't this Cox's hardware store?" Newell inquired, somewhat mollified by my coolness.

"Yes sir."

"Are not you Mr Cox?"

"I am."

"Didn't my gardener come here for a barrel of blasting powder?"

"He did, sir; and—"

"Yes," burst in Newell, with fresh irritation; "and didn't you or one of your rascally clerks send up a barrel of flour to answer the order? Hey?"

"No sir," I answered, beginning to get a little light. "Here is Mr. Flagg, who delivered the drayman a good, honest barrel of Al blasting-powder. Did you Flagg?"

The clerk gave a ready affirmative. Mr. Cox mused a moment, and then said, with a greatly moddrate tone:

"Well, here are the facts. I wanted the powder very much, and got impatient for it. I went down to the gate and waited, and was there when the drayman came. He rolled the barrel off the dray carelessly, and said, with a drunken leer, 'Here's your powder, sir, and blast you and it too!' I overlooked his impudence, seeing that he was intoxicated, and called to him to stop, as I saw by the appearance of the barrel and the brand on the head that there was something wrong; but he never paid any heed to me, and drove away. To make sure, I had the barrel unheaded, and found it full of flour, as I supposed I should. Now how do you explain it?"

"Easily enough," I answered. And I think I must have turned pale as my thoughts ran far ahead of my speech, and dwelt fearfully on the consequences that might flow from the drayman's drunken mistake. "The man had orders to take a barrel of flour to my own house at the same time he received the order to take the powder to yours. He has given you what was meant for me, and me what was intended for you. The mistake shall be rectified at once."

Mr. Newell withdrew, satisfied with my explanation; and hardly waiting for him to leave the store, I darted out of it and ran hatless and without umbrella or overshoes through the rain that had begun to fall, turning neither to the right nor left, and upsetting more than one person in my headlong course. My heart knocked against my side so loudly that it was audible every step of the way, and I never slackened my pace until I had reached the door of my house, though tired and breathless. With the words of Mr. Newell there had flashed upon me a frightful fear of the consequences to my own household of the drayman's blunder. I remembered that my wife had told me several days before that we were almost out of flour, and that I had forgotten for several days to get it, and that upon this day she had told me that there was just bread enough to last till night, and that to-morrow's baking must be prepared before we slept. While I heard Mr. Newell's words, it occurred to me that the drayman had delivered the barrel with its dangerous contents at my house after lamplight, and that my wife and the domestic, not perceiving the mistake, and suspecting nothing of what the barrel contained, might—nay, probably would—open it by the lamp or candle! And as I danced frantically along the street, the thought of the dreadful peril of my darling Lucia and my boy almost maddened me, and lent wings to my speed. The distance from the store to the house was not less than a mile; I don't believe I was more than five minutes in making it.

As I approached the house I saw that the parlor was lighted, and a merry buzz of laughter and conversation struck my ear as I ran up the stairs and and into the hall.—Lucia heard the closing of the door, and came out to me with a smile.

"Go right up stairs and change your coat, Fred," she said, "and then come down.—Here's the gayest company we've had for a month; young Thayer and his sisters, Mattie Swift, Ned Gray, Cora Freer, and two more whose names I don't really know.—Your supper will be ready in a few minutes. Little Harry is full of his nonsense, and they all admire him so. But, mercy on me, what's the matter? You don't kiss me, and you're trembling all over! Fred, what is it?"

"*That barrel of flour!*" I gasped, unable to say another word.

"Why, it came at last; but you needn't trouble yourself any more about it. Bridget's beau was calling on her in the kitchen when it came, and he went down cellar with her, a minute ago, to open it for her. They are there now."

Poor Lucia! she didn't understand me at all just then. She didn't know why I turned so white and trembled so, or why I broke away from her and ran like mad for the cellar. I reached the door and plunged down the stairs, and if hadn't been already strained up to the highest pitch of excitement, I think I should have gone mad with the sight I saw when I reached the bottom of the stairs.

The cellar was just the size of the two front rooms, of which the parlor was the one nearer the street. The barrel had been rolled to the farthest extremity of the cellar, which was thought dry enough for it, and stood exactly under the stringers which supported the parlor floor. Bridget was holding a long tallow candle close by it, while her lover plied the hammer, and had already removed the topmost hoop. The wind blew across the cellar through two little wired windows, and the candle was within the influence of the draft. It flared the flame into a long feather, and rapidly consumed the tallow; and as the wick lengthened and burned red, great sparks and fiery particles of the burning wick detached themselves and floated off, some falling upon the very head of the barrel. And over it the boy and girl were chatting and laughing in unconscious peril; over their heads the sound of the piano and the chorus of song and laughter, in which I could plainly distinguish the voice of my darling child, were heard, and the next blow of the hammer might uncover the powder and send every soul of us to destruction.

If I hesitated, it was for less than three seconds. I dashed forward, swiftly and silently, and struck the candle with a blow from Bridget's hand; and as it rolled away on the floor and was extinguished in the darkness, my overstrained powers gave way, and I fell lifeless.

I knew nothing more until I found myself on the sofa in the parlor, with my wife's arm about my neck, while her other hand pressed a vial of hartshorn to my nostrils, and the alarmed and troubled guests gathered about us. Even then they did not comprehend what was the cause of the uproar in the cellar that had frightened them, until I explained it in a few words; and then there was such a set of white faces about me as I have ever seen since. I had saved them all, and I suppose I should have the strength upon another such occasion to act as I did then; but God forbit that the chance should ever be given me!

A TOUCHING STORY.

The following affecting narrative purports to have been given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his own bitter experience of the sin of resisting a mother's love and counsel:

What agony was on my mother's face when all that she had said and suffered failed to move me. She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke to me no more until she reached her own door.

"It is school time now," she said. 'Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly:

"Certainly you will, Alfred! I command you."

"I will not," said I.

"One of the two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this minute, or I will lock you up in your room and keep you there until you promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the future."

"I dare you to do it," said I; "you can't get me up stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said I, in a fearful rage. God knows I knew not what I said!

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No!" I replied, but I quailed beneath her eyes.

"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—O, my son, hear me—I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother. How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother, a feeble woman—my mother! she staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast.—"O, Heavenly Father!" she cried, "forgive him—he knows not what he does!" The gardener just then passing the door, and seeing my mother was pale and almost unable to support herself, came in

"Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his room," said she, and turned off from me. It was a look of agony, mingled with the most intense love; it was the unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I would fling myself from the open window, but I felt that I was afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborness rose in an instant, and bade me not yield yet. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on my bed and fell asleep. Just at twilight I heard a footstep approach my door. It was my sister.

"What shall I tell mother for you?" she said.

"Nothing," I replied.

"O, Alfred, for my sake and for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again flung myself on the bed to pass a wretched and a fearful night.

Another footstep, slower and more feeble than my sister's, disturbed me.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come in?" she asked.

I cannot tell what influence operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother, that thrilled me, melted the ice from my heart, and I longed to throw myself upon her neck; but I did not. My words gave the lie to my heart when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, *but I did not.*

I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside.

"Get up, Alfred. Don't wait a minute. Get up and come with me. Mother is dying."

I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up mechanically and followed my sister. On the bed, pale as marble, lay my mother. She had not yet undressed. She had thrown herself upon the bed to rest, and rising to go again to me, she was siezed with palpitation of the heart, and borne to her room.

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was tenfold bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her.—I could not weep. My heart burned within my bosom, my brain was on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a motion of mother's hand; her eyes unclosed. She had recovered her consciousness, but not her speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words.

"Mother! mother!" I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me."

She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifted her thin white hands; she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained kneeling beside her, that dear form, till my sister removed me. Joy of youth had left me forever.

Boys who spurn a mother's counsel; who are ashamed to own they are young; who think in manly to resist her authority, or refuse to yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for your future years.

A Newspaper Correspondent at a Fair.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Democrat* gives a bit of his experience as follows:

My last letter was dated from Chicago. I don't expect to date another from that enterprising city. My malevolent star must have been in the ascendant, else I nevershould have wandered out to Chicago. I had no particular business there, only to fish, and was under the impressing that I could catch them in a bucket at the hydranta, utterly forgetting all about the great lake tunnel.

My first visit to Chicago was in my tender years, in 1856. It was the time when Chicago took such a sudden rise by means of jackscrews. By these machines they raised the entire city, house by house, some two or three feet.

I know all about various confidence games, but consider myself just as likely to be taken in with the simplest of them as the veriest greenhorn of Posey county. How oft these sharpers must have bewailed their bad luck at my not having plenty of money.

With all my experience I dropped into a fair held for the benefit of some confounded society or other. I thought I would expend a dollar or two, and see what was going on. So I bought myself a ticket and slid in. I went to a table where refreshments were sold, and called for some oysters, chicken, salad and coffee. A beautiful siren with big black eyes, little white hands and a most bewitching mouth, spread the edibles before me. I don't know how it was, but I felt a strong affinity for that ministering angel at once. While eating and drinking, and devouring her with mine eyes in the meantime, we struck up a scattering conversation. At last I arose and handed her a five dollar bill. She put it in a little box, and forgot to give me any change, but instead thereof a sweet smile, unto me saying:

"Are you a stranger to Chicago?"

"Yes, madam, I am from Kentucky."

"Is it possible? I am a Kentuckian also."

"Ah! I knew it."

The reply was whispered, but it produced a faint blush, a drooping of the beautiful eyiashes, and a gratified smile.

"Would you like to walk around the room and look over our fancy arcicles?" quoth the siren.

"If you will show me," quote the spooney.

She took my arm, and raising he self by it to her toes, she murmured, "we are not strangers, you know.,'

Go away, Grant, with your Presidency, I would not change places with you this minute. Nor with Colfax, who was married this morning. Go away, jack screws. You can't raise me any higher.

We wandered through that room, talking—sweetly talking, of things that had been, of things that were, and of things that might be. Pretty soon we came to a silver tea set that was to be raffled off. Would I take a chance? Of course I would. Then a wonderful cake, with a valuable ring concealed in it, appeared to the cupidity of chance-takers. I was persuaded to take a chance in the cake. And so things glided on until I concluded that if I took many more chances my chances for getting home would be rather slim. So I refused to tempt fortune any further.

Anon a costly work box met our eyes, but I bravely resisted all appeals, until the little black-eyed scoundrel took me on a new tack. Leaning heavily on my arm, and absolutely resting her cheek on my shoulder, with those wicked eyes and silvery tongue she said:

"Won't you take a chance for *me*?" Oh, well, Hutcher, folks preach about the fall of Adam, but I never blamed him, though I don't think the old fellow had half the excuse I had. I needn't tell *you* that I took that chance, and kept on taking chances for the unprincipled and beautiful wretch that had me in tow until I had not a dollar left. Yes, I was pennyless, and then it began to dawn on me that the young lady was working for the success of the Fair, and that I had made a first class fool of myself, as usual.

There was I bankrupt in money, in reputation, in self-respect. I had been robbed—yes, robbed, for where is the difference between a pair of Derringers's and a pair of black eyes in a robbery? You part with your money because you can't help it. I know that society looks with lenient eyes upon these female guerrillas who haunt these charitable fairs, but it is my opinion when all the robbers come to take their final trial and receive their final sentence, that little Chicago robber will take her place by the side of Jack Sheppard.

Romance of the South Atlantic.

From an article in the London *Aathenaeum* on the recent voyage of Prince Alfred in the frigate Galatea, we extract the following account of a curious little community dwelling in mid-ocean:

On quitting Rio the romance of the voyage began by a call at Tristan d' Acunha, the largest rock in a lonely group of islets in the great waters—a group which is said to be further away from other settlements than any other land in the world. Here is a prime fact for romance. One of the three rocks is called inaccessible, a second Nightengale, and the third Tristan. The nearest spot on which men live is St. Helena, and that dwarf islet is a trifle of 1,200 miles to the north. A little story, something like that of the Pine Islanders, or like that of the Pitcairn Islanders, lends charm to this lonely group. During the early days of Napolean's captivity in St. Helena a few sappers and guards were thrown upon Tristan, who dug a ditch, raised a battery, threw up log huts and cleared a patch of soil. When they had been a year on their lone station they were fetched away, no one knew why.—A corporal by the name of Glass got leave to stay behind and keep the place for the British Crown. Three Yankees had been there before, one of whom, a man named Jonathan Lambert, had taken possession of the islet, not for the great republic, but for Jonathan Lambert himself, who was declared by Jonathan, in a regular proclamation, to be sovereign owner and prince of the lonely rocks.—Jonathan being gone, Glass took up his sceptre, and persuaded two fellows to stay and share his empire. Happily Glass had a wife, a creole woman, and two children, so that human interests came into play at once. The little party, after making Glass governor of the island, fell on the soil, part of which Lambert had cleared, and harvested vast quantities of potatoes. Now and then a stray seaman joined the colony, and two women came among them from the distant Cape. Seven years ofter Glass and his folks were left alone, the colony had grown into twenty-two men and three women.—Glass told the Captain of H. M. S. the Berwick, "that they only required a few more women to make the place an earthly paradise." Glass is now dead, and his little colony exists without either governor or government; the men growing potatoes and making shoes, and the women, strange to say, wearing crinoline.

The Prince went on shore and visited the shanties of those curious people, to whom the chaplain offered his services in baptising all the youngsters and marrying all the stray couples who might feel virtuously inclined and ready for the yoke. The youngsters came up in troops to be baptised; but when the reverend gentleman mentioned marriage, the maidens were coy and the bachelors slow to appear. Perhaps they did not like marrying in the Prince's presence. Mr. Miller gave them two hours to consider his proposition, and lingered in vain. As he says, with much professional regret, there were several girls on the island old enough to marry, and seven young men, all of whom were "eligible" for the sacrifice, yet the two hours slipped away without bringing the young men and blushing girls to the altar of hymen. The Prince could not wait; and the British chaplain, though burning with zeal to bind these benighted swains and nymphs in holly matrimony, had to push off for the Galatea, leaving them as wild in morals and free in life as they had been before his advent. Who will not sympathize in such a case of clerical distress?

Five Miles Above the Earth.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

One dull day in August, just after noon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Cloet Hills, on the western edge of the central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest of gases which chemical skill could produce, and it rose with amazing velocity. A mile up and it entered a stratum of cloud more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the air-ship; the sky overhead was of the clearest and deepest blue, and below lay cloudland—an immeasurable expanse of cloud whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth not wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains and deep, dark ravines, appeared below the peaks and sides of these cloud-mountains next the sun, glittered like snow, but casting shadows as if they were solid rock. Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above the earth a pigeon was let loose; it dropped down through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a bark laden to the deck were to pass from the heavy waters of the sea into an inland unsaline lake: the bark would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up, still higher! What a silence profound! The heights of the sky were as still as the deepest depths of the ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mud lies as unstirred from year to year as the dust which imperceptibly gathers on the furnitune of a deserted house. No sound, no life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm.

Up—five miles above earth!—higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dawangiri. Despite the sunshine, everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in that adventurous balloon—the one steering the air-ship, the other watching the scientific instruments and recording them with a rapidity bred of long practice. Suddenly as the latter looks at his instruments, his sight grows dim; he takes a lens to help his sight; and only marks from the falling barometer that they are testing rapidly. A flask of brandy lies within a foot of him; he tried to reach it, but his arm refused to obey his will. He tries to call on his comrade, who has gone up into the ring above; a whisper in that deep silence would suffice—but no sound comes from his lips—he is voiceless. The steersman comes down into the ear; he sees his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses failing him.

He saw at once that life and death hung upon a few moments. He seized or tried to seize the valve, in order to open it and let out the gas. His hands are purple with intense cold—they are paralyzed, they will not respond to his will. He seized the valve with his teeth; it opened a little—once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend. Then the swooned marksman returned to conciousness, and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instrument: but now the barometer was rising rapidly; the balloon was descending. Brandy was used. They had been higher above earth than mortal man or any living thing had ever been before. One minute more of action—of compulsory inaction—on the part of the steersman, whose senses were failing him, and the air-ship, with its intensely rarified gas, would have been floating unattended, with two corpses, in the wide realms of space.

AN EDITOR IN A NEW SUIT.—Mr. Clark, editor of the Kendall (Ill.) *Clarion*, is a man who loves a joke, and never lets an opportunity slip that promises a dish of fun. Here is one of his last:

"Disguised.—We have lately got a new suit of clothes, and no man could be more effectually disguised. We look like a gentleman. Upon first putting it on we looked like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long time thought we were swapped off.

"We went to the house and scared the baby almost into fits, wife asked if we wanted to see Mr. Clark, and said he was at the office; went there and pretty soon a man came in with a strip of paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked him if he wished to see him particularly; said he wanted him to pay that bill; told him we didn't believe he'd be in; business man left. We started to the house again; met a couple of young ladies, one of them asked the other, "what handsome stranger is that?" In our dilemma we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife, who is now as proud of us as she can be."