



H. A. M'PIRE, Editor and Publisher.

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VOLUME 3.

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LADIES

Of sedentary habits who require a gentle purgative will find Roback's Blood Pills just the medicine they want. They are perfectly safe, and can be taken at all times. They contain no mercury or mineral poison, but are purely vegetable.

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Jaundice and all affections of the Liver are soon removed by the use of Roback's Stomach Bitters and Blood Pills, which are composed of vegetable medicinal extracts with especial reference to their direct action on the liver and digestive apparatus.

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Should use Roback's Stomach Bitters to strengthen the system, and to induce a healthy appetite. It is a stimulating tonic to any of the weak and languid, and is the best of the present day.

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DR. TAYLOR'S OLIVE BRANCH BITTERS.

A mild and agreeable TONIC STIMULANT, STOMACHIC and CARMINATIVE BITTERS.

Extracted entirely from HERBS and ROOTS. Highly beneficial in

Dyspepsia, General Debility, AND LOSS OF APPETITE;

and an excellent CORRECTIVE for persons suffering from Disorders of the Bowels, Flatulence, &c., &c.

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SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of Vend. Expon. and Al. Vend. Expon. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Monday, the 1st day of March next, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of John Smay of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Croyle township, Cambria county, adjoining land of Ephraim Green, Anthony Miller and others, containing 80 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story log house and log barn, now in the occupancy of John Smay.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Lydia Bendon, (widow), Nathaniel Bendon, Nathaniel Bendon, John Myers and Elizabeth his wife, and Lydia Bendon, vendee of Peter Campbell and Jane his wife, late Jane Bendon, and Augustine Luther and Mary his wife, late Mary Bendon of, in and to two lots of ground situated in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, fronting on the Ebensburg road and extending back to the land of Christopher Kirle, adjoining lot of Mrs. Barbara Stiers on the south and an alley on the north, having thereon erected a two story plank house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of John Bendon, in and to a certain lot of land, situate at the suit of William Bendon and James Bendon.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Elizabeth Siles of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the west ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, fronting 66 feet on High street and extending back 120 feet to lot of Wm. S. Lloyd, adjoining lot of Robert Evans on the east and an alley on the west, having thereon erected a two story frame house, with a one story plank kitchen attached, now in the occupancy of Elizabeth Siles, and a one story frame house now in the occupancy of Mrs. E. Loyd and Miss Shinnell.

Also, all the right, title and interest of George J. Rodgers, executor of John Rodgers, deceased.

Also, all the right, title and interest of James C. McDermott of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the Summitville borough of Cambria county, fronting sixty feet on the Old Portage Road and extending back two hundred feet to an alley, adjoining lot of George W. Gillespie, dec'd., on the south, having thereon erected a two story frame house and plank stable, now in the occupancy of Mary Ellen Watt. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of William McDermott, dec'd., by Sheriff A. Blair, Sheriff of Cambria county, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Monday, the 1st day of February, 1869.

Also, all the right, title and interest of George W. Pringle of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of George Rohrbach, Michael Lutz, and others, containing 25 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two story frame house, with a one story out building, now in the occupancy of the said George W. Pringle. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Mrs. Sarah Myers, adm'x, and Joseph George, adm'r of Joseph W. Myers, dec'd., by Sheriff A. Blair, Sheriff of Cambria county, at the Court House in Ebensburg, Feb. 11, 1869.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of Vend. Expon. Al. Vend. Expon. and Al. Pl. Pa. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Post Office in Johnstown, on Saturday, the 27th day of February, last, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Chas. McBride of, in and to a lot of ground situated in Prospect borough, Cambria county, fronting 30 feet on the north side of the street, and 100 feet, adjoining lot of William Lynn on the west and lot of Charles McGhieley on the east, having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of Charles McBride. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Brown.

Also, all the right, title and interest of David Dalton and L. Furlong of, in and to a lot of ground situated at Conemaugh Station, Taylor township, Cambria county, bounded on the south by Potts street, on the north west by street, and on the north east by an alley, (said lot being triangular in shape) having thereon erected a two story plank tavern stand, now in the occupancy of David Dalton. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of M. Duke et al.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Robert Barkley of, in and to two lots of ground situated in 1st ward, Johnstown borough, Cambria county, known and marked as Lots Nos. 3 and 4 on the plan of the City of Johnstown, dec'd.; Lot No. 3 fronting three rods on the north east side of Napoleon street and extending back the same width 150 feet to an alley, having an alley on the north west side and adjoining Lot No. 4 on the south east side. Lot No. 4 fronting three rods on the north east side of Napoleon street and extending back 150 feet to an alley, having an alley on the south east side and adjoining Lot No. 3 on the north west side; improved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Thomas.

JOHN A. BLAIR, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 11, 1869.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on Monday, the 1st day of March next, to wit:

The first and final account of John Shambaugh, Ex'r of Hugh F. Storm, late of Allegheny township, deceased.
The account of Joseph Daily, Adm'r of Jos. Bradley, late of Millville borough, dec'd.
The account of Samuel Shaffer, Adm'r of John Pergrin, late of Jackson twp., deceased.
The first and partial account of David Sutton, guardian of Mary A. Sutton, minor child of William Sutton, deceased.
The second account of James Clinger guardian of Elizabeth, Margaret and Mary Ellen Albaugh.
The first and partial account of Sarah Leidy, Adm'r of David Leidy, late of Jackson twp., deceased.
The account of Joseph Croyle, Adm'r DE BONIS NON CUM TESTAMENTO ANEXO OF THOMAS Green, deceased.

The first and partial account of James King, Adm'r of Andrew Miller, late of Johnstown, deceased.

The partial account of James Brown, Ex'r of Charles Kennedy, late of Muncie twp., dec'd.
The second and final account of Francis J. Christy, trustee for the sale of the real estate of John C. McGuire, deceased, pursuant to proceedings in partition.

The first and final account of J. S. Strayer, Adm'r of Geo. H. Brown, late of Conemaugh twp., deceased.

The first and final account of P. H. Shields, Ex'r of Eleanor Dodson, late of Allegheny twp., deceased.
The first and final account of George M. Reade and Edward Roberts, Adm'rs of Edward W. Davis, late of Ebensburg, deceased.

The final account of D. A. Luther, Ex'r of Jacob Luther, late of Carroll twp., deceased.
JAMES GRIFFIN, Register, Register's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 1, 1869.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

From the "Personal Recollections" of Robert Buchanan, Esq., a veteran iron master, who writes to the Cincinnati Gazette, we take the following interesting extracts:

In my early experience with iron, pig metal was converted into a malleable form by the forge and trip-hammer, and hammered iron was almost the only kind used. Occasionally small lots of Swedish and English rolled iron were offered, but met dull sales in the Western markets. The Swedish made pretty good wagon tire, but the English was brittle and inferior.

Our markets were supplied principally from the Juniata region, and the names of Shubler, Gloninger, Lyon, Shorb and others—pioneers in the business—stamped upon a bar of iron, was a sure guarantee of its excellent quality. So strong was the prejudice in favor of Juniata hammered iron, that for many years after good rolled iron was made the country people would not buy it if they could get hammered, and still kept inquiring for their old favorite brands.

The price of bar iron at Pittsburgh, 1811 to 1816, ranged from 10 to 14 cts. a pound, and 25 cents extra for pig iron mold plates.

It was brought from Juniata in wagons at a cost of three to four cents. Some forges were built in Fayette county, Pennsylvania, in 1812, but the quality of the iron was not equal to the Juniata. Two forges were put up on Paint creek, near Clifflinville in 1813, and made very good iron.

The first rolling mill erected in Pittsburgh was in 1812, by C. Cowan—not to make bar iron, but to supply his nail factory with nail rods. Some small round and square bars were also made, but no heavy rod. It was a small mill. In 1814 another rolling mill was built, larger than the first, to which also was attached a nail factory. The cut nail is an American invention. When these mills were first introduced into Western Pennsylvania they were considered a curiosity, and although offered much cheaper than wrought nails but few persons would buy them. It was not many years, however, before they came into general use.

They were at first cut by small, portable machines, and braded by hand, with two blows of the hammer. One of our pioneer merchants—now in his 78th year—conducted this business in Cincinnati in 1814.

The price of nails at this place and Pittsburgh about that period was 4 1/2, 25c, 6d, 20c, 8d, and 10d, 18c, a pound; wrought nails 40 to 50c.

Nail factories at Pittsburgh were profitable. Mr. Cowan, the first to conduct one on a large scale, retired with a handsome fortune; and so did his successor, Captain H—. The Captain had quit a seafaring life, and came out to Pittsburgh with some capital, which he invested in a rolling mill and nail factory. He was a man of great industry, and of the strictest integrity. Once, during a financial crisis, he got into trouble, and had to suspend payment. This was a dreadful blow to his high sense of honor and punctuality, but he met it manfully.

He called on his principal creditor, the bank, and asked for an extension. What security Captain H. do you propose to give us? inquired the directors. There, gentlemen, said the Captain, holding out his great rough hands (for he was a genuine worker), there is my security—There was a hearty laugh, but the security was accepted, and in a few months every dollar was paid up, and the Captain was himself again. In after years this kind of security was favorably considered by the banks, and the honest and industrious mechanic or manufacturer seldom wanted for assistance.

As nail factories and rolling mills increased in Pittsburgh, the prices of nails and bar iron declined. I find upon reference to my books, that nails were sold at 1 1/2, 17c, and 25c, for the keg in 1817, and bar iron 11c. In 1819 bar iron sold in Cincinnati, at 12 1/2 cts. a pound. In 1825, 6c for hammered, and 5c for rolled iron, were the current prices. During 1857 and 1859 nails were sold as low as 3 1/2c, and iron 2 1/2c, but these were ruinous prices for the manufacturer.

In recalling to memory the iron business in its various forms, as it came within my own knowledge, since 1811—west of the mountains—it has been profitable to those who conducted it with prudence. Many persons failed from bad management, or unfavorable locations, but the majority made money. Some very large fortunes have been made by it. I am no advocate for high tariffs, but in this business moderate protection has produced such a home competition as to reduce the prices of iron and nails to about one-third their former rates, to the consumer. England is the largest iron producing country in the world, making about three and a half million tons annually. Our own country is the next, making over a million tons, and, with our vast mines of coal and iron ore, there is no reason why we should not double this product in a few years, and finally get ahead of England.

It appears that the principal resources of our wealth and prosperity lie under the earth, as well as on its surface, and he is a benefactor to his race who contrives the best means for their development, either in mining or in agriculture. A recent discovery, in Pittsburgh, of converting the ore

into malleable iron, without the intervention of puddling, gives promise of perfect success at a saving of ten dollars a ton.—I saw an attempt at this in 1819, but it was then a failure.

Saved by a Compass and a Firefly

In Mr. Parton's very interesting account of the "Invention of the Compass," in *Our Young Folks* for February, is the following curious story told him by a Lake Champlain boatman:

"He said he had been a prisoner for eleven months in Andersonville during the late war, and when he heard that General Sherman was at Atlanta, about two hundred and forty miles distant, he and his comrades determined to try and escape, and make their way thither. One of them had an old-fashioned watch with a compass in the back of it; and by this they expected to direct their course, which was nearly northwest. But, as they expected to travel only by night, they resolved not to start until they could get a light now and then, to look at their compass. They delayed their departure for six weeks to get a box of matches, for the purchase of which they gave one of their negro friends their last five dollar bill. He could not buy a box of matches for five dollars, nor any other number of dollars, and so at last they made up their minds to start without them.

"Assisted by their black friend, they got away one afternoon, and lay hidden until late in the evening, when they started at a great pace through the woods, and came about midnight to a road which seemed to go, as nearly as they could guess, exactly northwest. *Sentinel*, I say; but it might not, and if it did not, it would lead them to capture and death. The night was not very dark, but the stars were hidden by clouds; else the friendly North Star would have guided them upon their way. Anxious as they were to get on, they stood for several minutes comparing recollections, and debating the great question upon which their lives depended. But, the more they talked it over, the more uncertain they became; and now they regretted their impatience in coming away without matches.

"There were a great number of fireflies flying about. A lucky thought occurred to one of them,—the boatman who told us the story. He caught a firefly, and, taking it between his thumb and finger, held it over his compass. Imagine their joy to find that the insect gave them plenty of light for their purpose; and imagine their still greater joy to discover that the road led straight to the Union army.—Eight nights of travel brought them safely to it."

Admirable invention! I often wonder that a thing so valuable can be so small, simple, and cheap. It is nothing but a needle, a pivot, and a card, which you can buy for half a dollar, and carry in your pocket, or dangle at the end of a watch chain. Yet, small and trifling as it is, a ship's company that should find themselves in the middle of the ocean without a compass would consider it a great favor to be allowed to buy one for many thousand dollars.

How a Western City Grows.—One of the most noted examples of rapid growth in recent times is furnished in the case of the infant city of Cheyenne, Wyoming territory. On the 4th July, 1867, it consisted of a single house. Now it boasts a population of 7,000. It has six boot and shoe stores, three clothing stores, five drug stores, eight dry goods stores, five wholesale groceries, three hardware and cutlery stores, three restaurants and game stores, four stationery and Yankee notions firms, six wholesale liquor dealers and four tobacco and cigar stores, besides twelve other firms engaged in various branches of business. There are four hotels, eight lawyers, and seven physicians in the place. Four papers, three daily and one weekly, are published in Cheyenne. The Union Pacific railroad passes through it, and four lines of telegraph radiate from it. It contains one very fine church (Catholic) and three or four other denominations are about to erect houses of worship. Formerly, when the Union Pacific railroad had its terminus there, the town was overrun with disreputable women to the number of five hundred or more, but a large portion of them have followed the road on to its next terminus.

The youthful city supports a large number of gambling halls, several dance-houses, a museum and a theatre, all in full blast. The Union Pacific company are building machine shops there, which, when completed, will employ some five thousand hands. The ranchmen, miners, farmers and stockmen of Idaho, Utah, Montana, Nevada, Dakota and Oregon, buy the bulk of their goods at Cheyenne. Twenty-one firms there last year reported business of over \$20,000 a month. The wages of masons, carpenters, and common workmen, &c., are from \$4 to \$10 per day, and improved property sells for \$400 a foot. Such are the magical effects of railroad enterprise, on a grand scale, in the west.

FRIENDSHIP has the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness, patience and love of the best mother.

LITERAL ANSWERS.

A lecturer in Portland, Maine, or somewhere else, was explaining to a little girl how a lobster casts his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he:

"What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?"

"Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."

Again, a teacher was explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word "cuticle."

"What is that?" "It's over my face and hands," said he.

"It's freckles, sir," answered the teacher.

An answer of a similar character is often the result of a hard word.

"William," said a mother to her son, who had already eaten a very considerable amount of dinner, "I don't know whether you can eat this pudding with impunity."

"Well, may be not," said William, "I think I would rather have a spoon."

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt:

"Now that's true benevolence."

"No it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant, "it's salt."

So when a lady asked her servant girl if the hired man had cleared off the snow with alacrity, she replied:

"No, ma'am, he used a shovel."

The same literal turn of mind which I have been illustrating is somewhat used intentionally and perhaps a little maliciously, and thus becomes the property of wits, instead of blunders. Thus we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?"

"Certainly, sir," said the boy, very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea, your honor," said the youth.

There was another boy who was accosted by an ascetic middle aged lady with:

"Boy, I want to go to Dover street."

"Well, ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you go there then?"

One day on Lake George a party of gentlemen trolling among the beautiful islands of the lake with rather bad luck espied a little fellow with a red shirt and old straw hat, dangling a line over the side of the boat.

"Hallo, boy," said one of them, "what are you doing?"

"Fishing," came the answer.

"Well, of course," said the gentleman, "but what do you catch?"

"Fish, you fool, what do you suppose?"

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class.

"I have," exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant," said the boy laughing.

Sometimes this sort of wit degenerates or rises, as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying:

"I wonder where those clouds are going," and her brother replied:

"I think they are going to thunder."

Also as the following dialogue:

"Hello, there! how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

And also, as when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and bosom sadly begrimed and was indignantly asked by his officer:

"Patrick O'Flynn, how long do you wear a shirt?"

"Twenty-eight inches, sir."

This reminds me of an incident which is said to have occurred recently in Chatham street, New York, where a countryman was clamorously besieged by a shop-keeper.

A ROMANCE OF THE JAIL.

A number of years ago there resided in one of the upper counties of Indiana, a respectable and wealthy family by the name of Nolding, consisting of a father, two sons and a daughter, the youngest of whom was Frederick Nolding, a more lad of about sixteen years of age, and the hero of this round unvarnished tale. So far as mere observation went, the family dwelt in unity and harmony together until, at least, the death of the father. Hardly, however, had this event occurred, and long before the grass had grown green upon the sod that covered his remains, the full spirit of "avarice" took possession of older relatives of the lad, who a considerable portion of his father's wealth had fallen, and they at once began to look about them as to the surest method of possessing themselves of his inheritance.

Too cowardly to deprive him of his young life, they finally hit upon a plot to deprive him of that which was dearer to him—his honor and his liberty. A willing tool and an active abettor in their scheme was found in the person of a neighboring farmer's daughter, whom the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" had rendered fit for any deed that would enable her to clothe herself in finer apparel and win the envious glances of her humble companions. In due time their well-laid scheme culminated, and the community in which they lived were one day startled by the report that young Frederick Nolding had been guilty of an atrocious crime—a crime that none good or pure can ever hear mentioned without a shudder—and that another woman had been added to the long list of the ruined.

Many there were who openly doubted the guilt of the boy, but circumstantial evidence, and the testimony of his supposed victim, silenced the doubters, and Frederick Nolding, with not a friend in the world, and persecuted by those who should have defended and protected him, was sentenced to the Jeffersonville Penitentiary for the term of thirteen years. Here, immured in gloomy prison walls, his boyish dreams of a useful and honorable manhood were all turned into mocking fancies, and his boyish heart weighed down with a shame and sorrow that many a stouter one would have quailed before.

For nine long and seemingly interminable years he ate of the coarse food, slept in the narrow and carefully locked cell and performed the menial duties of a convict; but at the expiration of the ninth year the kind-hearted warden, having detected much to interest and admire in him, procured, through the instrumentality of the sheriff and citizens of his county, a long hoped for pardon, and on April 3d, 1867, the prison doors were thrown open to his soul, so much "more sinned against than sinning," and the three-blessed boon of liberty again vouchsafed him.

But nine years of wrong had changed the shrinking, weeping boy into the full-grown, resolute man, and it will be peculiarly gratifying to every lover of justice to learn that he has since exposed the diabolical plot in all its hideousness, and has been the means of securing a just punishment of those who so cruelly wronged him.

NOT NECESSARY.—A good anecdote is told of a lady residing in Lancaster, Ohio, which will do to repeat. The lady delighted in the healthful and exhilarating exercise of horseback riding, and on one occasion her husband purchased and presented her a magnificent riding horse, just such a steed as suited the lady's fancy to a T. A saddle was of course next demanded, and in a day or two the lady called at a saddler's shop for the purchase of the article. After looking at the different styles, and inquiring the various prices, she at length gave an order to the gentlemanly proprietor for a large saddle, which was to be ready on a certain day. After giving the order the lady remained in the shop a few minutes, in a kind of undecided state of mind, as if there was something else she wished and had forgotten. The proprietor at length inquired if there was anything else she wanted. "Oh, no," said the lady, "there's nothing else I want, but ain't you going to measure me?"

The proprietor, with a broad grin, informed her that no measure was necessary in the case, and the lady departed.

A HARTFORD LOVE AFFAIR.—A lady and gentleman are now living in Hartford, Conn., who were engaged to be married more than thirty years ago, and who are still anxiously waiting the day when they shall be made one. In 1840 they had been engaged for some time, but did not marry because each had a mother dependent upon them for support. The two mothers refused to live together, and their children would not leave them, but decided to postpone their marriage until one or the other should die. Both mothers are still living, and the gentleman continues to visit the lady, their filial duty still keeping them apart. The man has had the consumption for several years, and doubtless ere either of the now very aged mothers shall take their departure, he will have gone to his last resting-place. Every day a trembling old Romeo leans heavily on his cane, with feeble steps, wends his way to the house of Juliet, a withered maiden lady, whose hair is silvered with age and trouble. Truly they deserve happiness if any couple ever did.

The Fat Contributor Says His Say about Lazy Men.

The lazy man is nearly always god-natured. He never flies into a passion. He might crawl into one, if that were possible, but the idea of his flying into anything is preposterous.

Whoever heard of a lazy man knocking into a bank, where a crowbar had to be used, or drilling into a safe? Nobody.

Though he might covet his neighbor's goods therein contained, his horror of handling crow-bars and drills would always deter him from actually committing burglary. He never runs away with his neighbor's wife, simply on account of the horror he has of running. If he is ever known to run it is—running to seed.

He rarely lies about his neighbors for it would be too much exertion, but he can lay about a bar room all day.

He is of inestimable service to a billiard saloon, keeping the chairs and water-troughs in the game, for few would dare to play were there no spectators. The fact that he does this without pay, day in and day out, shows the unselfishness of his nature. What an industrious man, who considers his time worth something, would want pay for a lazy man generally does for nothing, showing a freedom from mercenary motives that should go far to his credit.

The lazy man never gets up resolutions, insurrections, or other popular excitements, and don't make a nuisance of himself by tramping around the country making incendiary speeches to promote public discontent.

In his own neighborhood he is never a busy-body in other people's affairs, for the very idea of being a busy-body at anything would drive him out of his head.

By the way, if he ever got out of his head you would have to drive him out, for he wouldn't have the energy to go out of his own accord.

No lazy man ever ran mad. If he went crazy it was because he couldn't go anywhere else without walking.

Lazy men don't do a bit the quiet peaceful neighbors by putting up factories, furnaces, and such abominations.

Finally, lazy men don't get up base-ball clubs, which, if nothing else could be said in their favor, ought, in these days of excessive base-bawling, entitle them to public gratitude.

WHEREFORE, says an exchange, so many bald men and so few bald women? Why is it that the skulls of young men in their twenties shine like billiard balls? Why this spectacle of bald headed barbers, rubbing the dry tops of bald headed men, recommending invigorators, warranted to produce bushy locks in less than a fortnight, while bald headed spectators and middle aged men with wigs, look on with derisive smiles; though all the while their wives and daughters through our streets with crowns of beauty; and charming actresses toss their blonde tresses in luxurious profusion on the stages of our theatres. Our male population will no doubt take a serene satisfaction in saying that it is because men have more to worry them than women; and have the trouble not only to contrive how to support themselves, but also how to support their wives and daughters. Probably, however, that is not the reason. Women of course have finer and longer hair than men, but men destroy their hair by making ovens of their heads under their hats, and thus heat their craniums until the hair dies out for want of air. Men should take off their hats oftener or ventilate them better.