



1869. SPRING TRADE. 1869. I am now prepared to offer SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS TO CASH PURCHASERS OF TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.

My stock consists in part of every variety of Tin, Sheet-Iron, COPPER AND BRASS WARES, REBRASSED AND PLAIN SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c.

Special Anti-Dust HEATING AND COOKING STOVES, EXCELSION COOKING STOVES, NOBLE TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES.

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors, all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys WHOLESALE OR RETAIL. I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cans, for giving more light than any other in use.

SPECIALTY: I recommends itself. SUGAR KETTLES AND CALDRONS of all sizes constantly on hand.

Wholesale Merchants' Lists now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person. Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY, Johnstown, Pa. BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS AND BINDERS MANUFACTURERS OF BLANK BOOKS, PORTFOLIOS, PAPER BOXES AND LOOKING GLASSES.

Looking Glass and Picture Frames always on hand, and made to order. A large and most complete assortment of Drawing Room and Miscellaneous Pictures, consisting of Chromos, Paintings in Oil, Steel Plate Engravings, Photo and Colored Lithographs, Oil Prints, Photographs and Wood Cuts.

CHAIR MANUFACTORY. WM. P. PATTON, JOHNSTOWN, PA. ALL KINDS OF CHAIRS, such as common Windsor Chairs, Fret Back Chairs, Vienna Chairs, Bustle Chairs, Rim Backed Chairs, Sociable Chairs, Cane Seat Chairs, ROCKING CHAIRS, OF EVERY SIZE.

SPRING SEAT CHAIRS. Settles, Lounges, &c., &c. CABINET FURNITURE of every description and of latest STYLES, WITH PRICES TO SUIT THE Tastes of all.

Thankful for past favors, he respectfully solicits a liberal share of public patronage. Clinton Street, Johnstown Cambria Co. Pa. Jan. 31, 1867. A WORD FROM JOHNSTOWN!

JOHN J. MURPHY & CO. Have constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of seasonable Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Groceries, and a general variety of NOTIONS, &c.

W. F. ALTFATHER, MANUFACTURER And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in HAVANA AND DOMESTIC CIGARS, PLUG AND FINE CUT Cheering and Smoking Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, Surf Boxes & Cigar Cases.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES! TO CASH BUYERS! AT THE EBENSBURG HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist in part of Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves, of the most popular kinds; Tin-ware of every description, of my own manufacture; Hardware of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, But Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chisels, Planes, Com-

passaws, Squares, Files, Raps, Anvils, Vices, Wrenches, Hip, Panel and Cross Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gages and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; Harness and Saddlery Ware of all kind; Wooden and Willow Ware, in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Lined Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnish, &c., Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES, such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Houding, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TODACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manila Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH. House Spouting made, painted and put up at low rates for cash. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY, Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867-tf.

L. L. LANGSTROTH'S PATENT MOVABLE COMB BEE HIVE! PRONOUNCED THE BEST EVER YET introduced in this County or State. Any person buying a family hive can have their bees transferred from an old hive to a new one in every instance in which this has been done the result has been entirely satisfactory, and the first take of honey has invariably paid all expenses, and frequently exceeded them. Proof of the superior merits of this invention will be found in the testimony of every man who has given it a trial, and among the number are the gentlemen named below, and their experience should induce every one interested in bees to BUY A FAMILY HIVE!

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 prepared to furnish COOK, PARLOR & HEATING STOVES, of the latest and most approved patterns, THRESHING MACHINES, MILL GEARING, ROSE AND WATER WHEELS of every description, IRON PEAS, IRON 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.

New Firm—New Goods. THE undersigned, having given his son, J. E. Shields, an interest in his store, the business will hereafter be conducted under 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 this year's 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. 16, 1868-tf.

W. F. ALTFATHER, MANUFACTURER And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in HAVANA AND DOMESTIC CIGARS, PLUG AND FINE CUT Cheering and Smoking Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, Surf Boxes & Cigar Cases.

The Hoel's Department. OUT IN THE COLD.

With blue, cold hands and stockings feet, Wandered a child in the cheerless street; Children were many, who, housed and fed, Lovingly nestled, dreaming in bed— Cared their joy in a land of bliss, Without a thought or care of this, They were warm in humanity's fold, But this little child was out in the cold— Out in the cold.

Heard along, for the storm grew wild; They could not bear the icicle's blast, Winter so rude on their pathway cast, Alas! none pities—no one consoled! The little wanderer out in the cold— Out in the cold.

She had no father, she had no mother, Sisters none and never a brother; They had passed on to the star-worlds above— She remained here with nothing but love—"Nothing to love"—O! me did not know What wealth of joy that child could bestow, So they went by and worshipped their gold, Leaving the little one out in the cold— Out in the cold.

Wandered she on 'til the shades of night Veiled her shivering form from sight; Then, with cold hands over her breast, She prayed for her Father in Heaven for rest. When hours had fled, 'neath the world's dark frown, Hungered and chilled, she laid herself down; Lay down to rest, while the weath'ly rolled In carriages past her, out in the cold— Out in the cold.

Out in the cold—lo! an angel form Brought her white robes that were rich and warm; Out in the cold, on the sleeping child, The sainted face of a mother smiled; A sister pressed on her brow a kiss— Led her 'mid scenes of heavenly bliss; And angels gathered into their fold, That night the little one out of the cold— Out of the cold.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c. IDA LEWIS. THE GRACE DARLING OF AMERICA.

Thirty years ago, just at the dawn of a stormy September morning, Grace Darling, the daughter of the Longstone light-house-keeper, on the English coast, launched a boat on the raging tide, and rescued, with her reluctant father's aid, and at the imminent peril of her life, nine persons from the disastrous wreck of the *Furber* steamer. For this fearless and noble act, done in her 23d year, praises and rewards were heaped upon her in unstinted measure, a fund of \$3,500 was subscribed for her benefit, the remaining four years of her life were crowned with every comfort, and her name has passed into current usage as a synonym for an unselfish and heroic woman.

Two weeks since, toward the close of a stormy March afternoon, Ida Lewis, the intrepid daughter of the Lime Rock light-keeper, in Newport (R. I.) harbor performed a deed that places her side by side, in point of self-sacrificing courage, with the Grace Darling of England, and rounds a career of even a greater usefulness in the saving of human life. The rain fell that day in blinding torrents, and the gale drove the waves across the harbor with a fury that taxed the full strength and skill of the most experienced boatmen.

In the midst of this storm, a reckless boy, scarcely 14 years old, who had somehow obtained possession of one of the smallest and most unsafe sail-boats in the harbor, (since christened the "soldier drowner,") succeeded in persuading two soldiers, Sergt. James Adams and Private John McLaughlin, to let him carry them across from the city, whither they had gone to make some purchases, to Fort Adams, where they were stationed. Anxious to escape the dreary three mile tramp by land, and believing the lad's assertion that he could manage the boat as well as any one, they trusted themselves in it, and made half the trip in safety, but about midway in the harbor a sudden blast struck the sail, the startled boy jammed the helm in the wrong direction, the boat capsized in an instant, and the waves rolled it twice over, like the vertiginous shell. For a long half-hour its luckless occupants clung to the keel, and wrestled against the blinding rain and the fierce salt waves with all the energy of despair; but finally the boy's strength was exhausted, his hold relaxed—one clutch at McLaughlin's shoulder, and with a frenzied laugh upon his lip, he was gone!—nor has any trace of him since been seen. Fast paralyzed with cold and almost bereft of hope the two soldiers saw no chance left but to clasp each other in a last embrace, and sink to a mutual grave—when suddenly, out from the Lime Rock, half a mile away, shot a little boat, driven by rapid strokes and sure, straight over the bounding waves toward the drowning men. Hope kindled in their breasts again, but faded when they saw in the boat only a slender youth, and a still slender woman plending the oars. On it swiftly came, however, and the boy was almost reaching over the side to grasp the nearest soldier, when his quick-witted sister, crying, "Stop, Hosen! we shall be capsize that way!" turned the boat with a well-timed stroke, backed it up, one man was drawn safely in over the stern, another backward pull, another lift, and the next moment the craft, with its freight of rescued lives, was scudding swiftly through the spray back to the

Rock again. The Sergeant was able to stagger on shore, but private McLaughlin had to be carried into the lighthouse, where both of them received the utmost care and kindness, and were safely conveyed to Fort Adams the next day. The heroine of this daring exploit was born Feb. 25, 1842, and is thus in her 28th year; but her first rescue of imperiled life dates back to September, 1859, when she was only 17. Four gay young fellows, all about 18 or 20 years of age, and all sons of wealthy gentlemen, one from Philadelphia and the rest from Newport, went out for an evening sail, and one of them, more full of mischief than the others, climbed the mast and upset the boat half a mile from the nearest shore. None of them could swim that distance, and the boat was rapidly coming on, the capsized boat was too light to support more than two or three of them at once, and they were ruefully awaiting the bitter consequences of their mad frolic, when the keeper's daughter, spying them through the dusk, hastened to their relief, and rescued them all from their impending fate. The one who climbed the mast enlisted at the opening of the war, and received a mortal wound at the disastrous battle of Bull Run, but the others are still living, and doubtless cherish gratefully the memory of their youthful preserver.

During the intervening period of ten years, this heroine of the harbor has saved five other lives. One cold and windy February day, three intoxicated soldiers stole a skiff and set out for the fort. By some drunken recklessness they soon stove a hole in the bottom, and the boat rapidly filled. Two of the men succeeded in swimming ashore again, and were so alarmed at their adventures that they ran away and never came back; but the third clung to the submerged skiff and tried to paddle it with his feet across the harbor. When discovered and picked up, with his hat in his teeth and a bottle of whisky in each pocket, he was stiff with cold, and barely escaped perishing in his desperate attempt. The next rescue was in January, 1867. A valuable sheep escaped from those who had it in charge, dived off one of the wharves, and started to swim around the harbor. Three men, who went in pursuit along the fort wall, found a skiff and put out to rescue the animal. But the fierce south-east gale was too much for them, the boat began to swamp rapidly, they could not regain the shore, and were staring death in the face when the fearless Ida went to their relief, carried them and the skiff to land, and then went out and saved the sheep! In the remaining instance, it seems that a fine looking but reckless young fellow stole a large sail boat from one of the wharves one winter evening and put to sea with it, but the gale drove the craft upon the "Little Lime Rock," about a mile from the light, where it sunk, leaving the thief clinging to the halyards from midnight till dawn, when the heroine reached and picked him up. "There he was," says Miss Lewis, in relating the incident, "halting, and God blessing me, and begging to be set on shore, and the last I saw of him he was crawling up the wharf on his hands and knees!"

The heroism of Grace Darling was the result of a single noble impulse; the bravery of Ida Lewis is part of her daily life. Sixteen years ago, the light on Lime Rock was established, and Hosea Lewis, a veteran ex-revenue pilot familiar with the coast from Halifax to Norfolk, became its keeper on the 8th of December, 1853. The southern line of the harbor makes a wide, deep-angled sweep, with the city on one side. Fort Adams, two miles off on the opposite point, and Lime Rock midway between, about 300 yards from the shore. This rock commands the widest view of the harbor, and upon it the keeper lived alone three years and a half. Then a substantial, square, two-story brick house was built, and in June, 1857, his family joined him. Four months later a stroke of paralysis disabled him from all work, and ever since his eldest daughter Ida has been the mainstay of the family. It was she who cared for her father, and lightened her mother's toil, and watched over her younger sister Harriet, and rowed her brother Rudolph and Hosea to school, and eked out the light keeper's slender pittance with her needle and other feminine labors, and flew to the rescue of imperiled life with an instinctive courage that would not let her worst enemy sink without her risking her life to save him.

In personal appearance this Newport heroine scarcely attains the average height of women, is remarkably slender, and would be thought much nearer 20 than 27. Light brown hair, blue eyes keen but kind, and cheeks pink-flushed, though not round enough for beauty, attract one to a woman whose quick smile and frank and friendly manner more than excuse the inevitable educational deficiencies which such a life must always entail. No one can talk with her without believing her as unselfish as she is fearless, and the fame her heroism has created seems simply to amuse her, without exciting the least vanity. So little had she thought of her own deeds that, when first asked, she had to spend much time in consideration before she could exactly say how many she had saved!

Her father is still a sociable and pleasant old gentleman, able to walk a little, but spending most of his walking hours in his chair. Mrs. Lewis is a free-spoken

and hospitable matron, devoted to her family, to her four story papers, of which *Bonner's Ledger* is one, and to the care of the lamp whose flame has glistened across the harbor from sunset these many years with as sure and unflinching a ray as gleams from any light upon the American coast. Rudolph is a young sailor of 23, now absent on a voyage, and "Hosey" (Hosea) is 20 and a teamster in Newport. Hattie is only 17, and possesses a wealth of personal attractions that many a fair Fifth avenue girl might envy. Both the sisters indulge in rings and ear drops, and other vanities dear to the feminine heart, and when they have recourse to the treasures of their wardrobe, accumulated chiefly by Ida's industry, they might easily be mistaken for damsels of high degree.

The house in which they live is white-washed till it glistens like snow, and everything in it kept scrupulously clean. The Rock itself is a jagged pile, less than an acre in extent, divided by a channel, which is bare at low tide, and so utterly barren that not a blade of grass will grow upon it. A mischievous black poodle, two rabbits, three plump cats (who made an end to all the rats and mice long ago), a couple of turkeys, and a dozen common fowls give quite a Robinson Crusoe air to the place. The tide rises here about seven feet, and the highest point of rocks is 17 feet above that line. On the landward side is a long high pier, capped with 15 massive blocks of stone, and here, swinging from the derricks, or rocking on the tide, may be seen the small, square-sterned, well worn Government boat, black without and white and green within, in which Miss Lewis has learned to row so well that even the bravest boatmen of the harbor concede her superior skill, and with which most of her rescues have been achieved.

A portrait of the American Grace Darling, and a picture of one of her exploits, were published two years ago in an illustrated paper, and many compliments and requests for photographs ensued. More than one romantic gentleman tried to persuade her to change her name for his, and found a friend indeed, but no wife! Two brothers, seafaring men, from Black Rock, Connecticut, have pressed their suits at Lime Rock with more success, and it is quite probable that both the sisters may be married before another Spring.

It is worth nothing, perhaps, that Miss Lewis is rightfully entitled to the extraordinary and unprecedented name of "Ida-wally Zoradia," which she inherits from the quaint fancy of her maternal grandfather, an estimable but eccentric Black Island physician. This name, however, she has wisely discarded, and writes herself simply "Ida."

In France or England such a heroine would have long since received many honorable and substantial testimonials, but scarcely any gifts were made to Miss Lewis until the two soldiers, rescued on the 29th of March, insisted on her accepting a gold watch and chain of Swiss manufacture, valued at \$100. L. Prang, the Boston chromo publisher, sent her last week a kind letter and half a dozen choice pictures. John Carter Brown, Esq., of Providence, and John Auchincloss, Esq., of New York, have each sent her a check for \$25; and a Boston gentleman transmitted to her last Friday the sum of \$100. An active Newport citizen, of long salt water experience, is rapidly raising in that city and Providence a subscription of \$135, for the building of a cedar life boat, to be finished in the finest style, by one of the best Newport builders, and painted white with a gilt stripe. It is almost certain that this will be completed and presented to Miss Lewis within a few weeks. Another energetic citizen meditates raising a fund for her benefit, this season, from the Summer visitors at Newport, and one or two private enterprises of moment for her benefit are also in progress.

In the opinion of the best judges, no truer or more fearless heroine than Ida Lewis ever found a place in the annals of any humane society on either side of the Atlantic, and none more unselfish ever received honors from those whose positions or wealth enables them to crown meritorious acts with suitable rewards.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

We can always tell what sort of a woman a man marries by the way he treats the printer. If he gets a common wife he forgets the printer altogether. If he gets a tolerable good wife, he will send in the notice of the marriage. If he gets a very good one, he will send the printer a slice of cake accompanying the notice. If he gets an extra good one, he will send a greenback with the notice. And if he gets a glorious angelic creature—all affection and goodness—he is sure to send the printer a gold or silver dollar with the notice of his happiness. No good wife allows her husband to owe for his paper, and if their worse half does not attend to these things, it is a clear case of deception; because a man that won't pay for his paper will deceive his wife, and we have our opinion of such.—*Covington (Va.) Times.*

A LADY acquaintance has had five children, all of whom have red heads. As both herself and husband are similarly afflicted, she has wisely concluded that it is hereditary in the family. WHEN is a lawyer like a donkey?—When he is drawing a conveyance.

BILLINGS ON BILES. Spring came this year as much as usual, hale butuous virgin, 5,000 years old and upwards, hale and harty olegal, well-known New York State, and parts adjacent! Now the birds jaw, now the cattle holler, now the pigs scream, now the geese warble, now the kays sigh, and nature is frisky; the earnest pismire, the virtuous bedbug, and the nobby cockroach, are singing Yankee Doodle and "ooming thru the rhi." Now may be seen the musketeer, that gray outlined critter of destiny, solitary and alone, examining his last year's bill, and now may be heard, with the naked ear, the hoarse shanghau bawling in the barnyard.

Kittens in the doorway, and puppies on the green, neighbor chats with neighbor, and the languid urchin creeps listless towards the school. These things are all fast rate in their place, but spring brings pesky bites, and plants them carelessly, sometimes among the maiden's charms, and sometimes among the young men's. I can talk like a prechure poet about bites now, for I have one in full bloom growing on me, almost red with tick, as big as an egg plant, and as full of anguish as a broken heart.

Biles are the surest things of their size on record, as cross to the touch as a set-in hen, or a dog with a fresh bone. Biles always pick out the handiest place on your body to build their nest, and if you undertake to break them up, it only makes them mad, and takes them longer to hatch out. There ain't no such thing as coaxing; nor driving them away. They are like an impudent bed bug, they won't move till they have got their fill.

Biles are an old ad religion. Job, the profitt, was the first champion of biles and he is currently reported to have more biles, and more pashunes, to the square inch, than any one, two very rare things to be found in any man.

Pashunes and biles! I should as soon think of mixing courting and musketeers together for luxury. I have got a great deal more faith than I have pashunes, but I ain't got enough faith in biles. I wouldn't trust a bile even on one of my boots. I think faith is a better article than pashunes. Faith sometimes is an evidence of brains, and pashunes quite as often is only numbness, but I don't think, in these smooth and rough times, it is best to have too much capital invested in either of them.

But I am out of the road. I must get back onto biles again. If a feller begins to wander, and get out of the strait and narrow path, it is curious how quick he will go to the— Biles are very sassy; sometimes when yer go to set down, they will git between yer and the chair; that is one evidence of their ill-breeding, and I had one once plant herself on the front end of my nose, which was a most remarkable piece of bad manners, for there is no room on my nose anywhere for a bile, for when it is even ebb tide with my nose, it covers half of my face. Biles are sed to be helthy, and I guess they am for I hev seen some helthy old biles, as big as a hornet's nest and as full up stings. I always want to be helthy—but if I hed to hev 2 biles on me awl the time, in order to be helthy, I should think that I was bulling the market.

There is one more smart thing about biles; they are like twins; they hardly ever come singly, and I have known them throw double sixes. What! twelve biles on one man at a time! This is wuz than flightin bumble bees with your summer cloths on. Biles are sed by the educated and correct spellers of the land to be an operation of nature to get rid of something which she wants to spare. This is tru without doubt, but it don't strike me as being a polite thing in nature to shove off her biles onto other folks. I say, let everybody tend to their own biles.

But say all yer yan can about biles, call them all the mean names current among fishmongers, revile, persecute, and spit on them, groan, grin, and swear when they visit yer, hit them on the head and set on them if yer please, there is a time in their career when they concentrate awl the paths of joy that a man has on hand to spare and that is when they bust. This is bliss, glory and revenge on the half-shell. A man leans back in rektified comfort, as innocent and as limber as a mermaid. This pays for the fretful nights and nervous days while the bile has been hatching, this shows us what it iz to grin and bear it—this shows what it iz to be biled, wrung out and hung up to dry. This is the calm after the storm, the wedding day of pashunes and joy; this iz the chrisening of hope, the mystick hen that lays 2 eggs a day; this iz batter on yer saggases. Exit biles.

A STRANGE MISTAKE.—A couple in a town in Massachusetts recently had an anniversary wedding-party with such a large gathering of their friends that the town hall had to be used for the occasion. Everything was delightful till one of the couple happened to think that the day they were celebrating so joyfully was not the anniversary of their marriage, but an aged mother's death! They had confused the dates, and in this way made the strange mistake. GOOD HAY WEATHER.—When it rains pitchforks, three pronged ones.

A Huge Sell—Over Two Hundred Medical Students Taken In. Medical students, as well as every other sort of students, are proverbial for practical joking, but about the best thing we ever heard of them in this line occurred in this city yesterday.

The first thing noticeable out of the usual routine at the University on that morning was a large, handsomely printed placard posted in the vestibule, and having at the bottom the names of the well known firm of J. P. Morton & Co., the Main street book-publishing house. This placard announced that, in consideration of the fact that the students of the University had been liberal in their purchases of said firm, it had been decided to present each and every one of the students a copy of the "Physician's Guide," a medical work of great merit. The placard further announced that the students would be expected to call during the day and receive their presents.

Of course, the praise of John P. Morton & Co. was sounded all over the University, and preparations were forthwith made by all the students, individually and in squads, to call on their generous friends on Main street. Now, John P. Morton & Co. all this time reposed in blissful ignorance of what was going on at the University, and were as innocent of the placard posted in the vestibule as were Dr. Appleton & Co., or any other bookmen. It was all the work of some villainous students.

Quite early in the day a squad of students were on Main street, and at J. P. Morton & Co. were called upon to explain matters, but they were equally astounded when the errand of the students was made known. They denied all knowledge of the placard, and then the students, with unusual good faces, looked at each other as much as the clerks had done. The whole truth soon flashed upon them, however, and the scent of "snics" being peculiarly apparent, they apologized to J. P. Morton & Co., and bent an inglorious retreat.

The sell was too good, though, for them to divulge to their fellow students, even had their pride allowed them to acknowledge being placed in so ridiculous a position by a practical joke they had bitten at so readily.

Again and again was the first scene repeated in the book store, as, throughout the day, the students poured in, sometimes coming in squads, sometimes by twos, and sometimes singly, and some enough they were when they learned how they had been gulled. The clerks grew very weary of the joke, and of explaining the matter to their disappointed visitors. They were glad enough when night came, and two hundred and eighty out of the two hundred and ten students in the University had been explained to. The end of their discomfort was not yet, however. To cap the climax, late in the evening, a gawky-looking fellow dropped in, and, moving doubtfully up to the counter, spoke hesitatingly and not without some embarrassment: "I reckon all THEM BOOKS IS GONE, AIN'T THEY?"

"Boy WANTED!"—The editor of the *Erie Gazette*, no doubt tired of the old system of apprenticeship, thus advertises for a boy: "Wanted, at this office, a boy to take sheets from the press every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. No limits as to salary, and the said boy to consider that the office exists for his special convenience. If he don't feel well, or wants to go fishing, or play marbles, or see match games of base ball, or go shopping with his girl, or visit his cousin, the paper will wait his convenient pleasure. Anybody who presumes to criticize his efforts is to be immediately arrested for contempt. All the boys he knows are to have free run of the office. The editor's time to be exclusively at the aforesaid boy's disposal. Salary to be drawn several years before. A boy possessing these qualifications, at what time a deputation of printers may call upon him, and respectfully present references of good character on the part of the office and its employees."

A TOUGH STORY.—An old fellow who never yielded the palm to any one in telling a knotty yarn, was put to his trumps at hearing a traveler state that once he saw a brick house placed upon runners and drawn up a hill to a more favorable location, some half a mile distant. "What do you think of that, Uncle Ethel?" said the bystanders. "O, fulgus," said the old man, "I once saw a two-story stone house, down East, drawn by cows three miles." A dead silence ensued. The old man evidently had the worst end of it, and he saw it. Gathering his energies, he hit off a huge bit of pig-tail, by way of gaining time for thought. "They drew the stone house," said the old man, ejecting a quantity of tobacco juice towards the fire place; "but that wasn't the worst of the job—after they'd done that, they went back and drew the cellar." The stranger gavo in.

GOOD HAY WEATHER.—When it rains pitchforks, three pronged ones.