



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

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

Terms, \$2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1869.

NUMBER 17.

GEIS & REUTH,
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS
AND BOOK 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
Chromes, Paintings in Oil, Steel Plate Engravings,
Plain and Colored Lithographs,
Oil Prints, Photographs and Wood Cuts.—
This collection embraces a selection of large
and small pictures of Landscape and Domestic
Scenes and Portraits, and 5,000 different
varieties of Card Photographs of prominent
men, comic and sentimental scenes and
copies of subjects by celebrated artists. We
also have a varied assortment of BIBLES,
PRAYERS, HYMNS and SCHOOL BOOKS,
HISTORIES, BIOGRAPHIES, NOVELS,
&c. Religious Prints and Emblems in great
variety, and the largest and most complete
stock of STATIONERY ever brought to this
country. 500 new and beautiful styles of
WALL PAPER, including an assortment of
Putter's celebrated English make, for which
we are sole agents in this locality. These
Wall Papers are handsomer in design, superior
in finish, and 24 inches wider than any
other make.
The citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity are
respectfully notified that we make BOOK
BINDING and the manufacture of BLANK
BOOKS a speciality. All work promptly
executed at moderate rates.
Store on corner of Clinton and Locust
streets, immediately opposite Posters House.
Johnstown, Oct. 24, 1867-4f.

L. L. LANGSTROTH'S
PATENT MOVABLE COMB BEE HIVE!
PRONOUNCED THE BEST EVER YET
Introduced in this County of State. Any
person buying a family right can have their
Bees transferred from an old box to a new one.
In every instance in which this has been done
the result has been entirely satisfactory, and
the first taste 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 RIGHT!
Henry C. Kirkpatrick, of Carroll township,
took 106 pounds of surplus honey from two
hives, which he sold at 35 cents per pound.
Adam Deitrich, of Carroll township, took
from two hives 100 pounds of surplus honey.
James Kirkpatrick, of Chest township, took
60 pounds of surplus honey from one hive.
Jacob Kirkpatrick, of Chest township, ob-
tained 72 pounds of surplus honey from one
hive, worth not less than \$21, and the right
cost him only \$5.
Peter Campbell from one hive obtained 36
pounds of surplus honey at one time.
Quite a number of similar statements,
authenticated by some of the best citizens of
Cambria county, can be obtained in proof of
the superior merits of Langstroth's Patent
Movable Comb Bee Hive.
Persons wishing to purchase family rights
should call on or address:
PETER CAMPBELL,
Nov. 5, 1866-4f.

M. L. OATMAN,
DEALER IN
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
CONSISTING OF
Double Extra Family Flour,
GRAIN, FEED,
BACON, SALT, FISH,
FRESH VEGETABLES,
ALL KINDS OF FRUITS,
SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES,
SYRUPS, MOLASSES, CHEESE, &c.
Also, a large stock of the
Best Brands of Cigars and Tobacco.
STORE ON HIGH STREET,
Four Doors East of Crawford's Hotel,
Ebensburg, Pa.

CHAIR MANUFACTORY,
W. P. PATTON,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
ALL KINDS OF CHAIRS,
such as common Windsor Chairs, Free Back
Chairs, Vienna Chairs, Bustle Chairs, Rim
Backed Chairs, Sociable Chairs,
Cane Seat Chairs,
ROCKING CHAIRS, OF EVERY SIZE
SPRING SEAT CHAIRS
Sofas, 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.]

Johnstown and Ebensburg
MARBLE WORKS!
Having again taken charge of the
Marble Works at Ebensburg,
which he will operate in connection
with his extensive establishment at
Johnstown, the subscriber adopts this
method of informing the citizens of
Cambria county, that he keeps a constant
supply of the best
ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE,
which he prepared at stated times in Ebensburg
and at all times in Johnstown, to man-
ufacture to order, either as MONUMENTS,
TOMBSTONES, MANTLES, TABLE
or BUREAU TOPS, in as workmanlike manner
and at as low prices as like work can be put up
in any of the cities. Having in his employ
a full force of experienced and skillful workmen,
I do not promise too much when I say that I
can furnish any of the above articles on short
notice, at the lowest prevailing prices, and in a
style of finish which cannot be excelled by any
other man in the State.
A large stock of GRINDSTONES on hand
and for sale cheap.
Prompt attention paid to orders from a
distance, and work put up wherever desired,
or delivered at any point named.
JOHN PARKE
Johnstown, June 4, 1868-4f.

REVERE THE MEMORY OF
FRIENDS DEPARTED!
MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, &c.
The subscriber still continues to manufacture
of the best material and in the most
workmanlike manner, at the
Loretto Marble Works,
all kinds of MONUMENTS AND TOMB-
STONES, as well as TABLE and BUREAU
TOPS, and all other work in his line. None
but the best American and Italian Marble
used, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed to
all cases at prices as low as like work can
be obtained in the cities or elsewhere. Call
and see specimens and judge for yourselves
as to the merits cheapness of my work.
JAMES WILKINSON.
Loretto, March 12, 1868-1f.

ANDREW MOSES,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
SUTTER'S BUILDING, CLINTON ST., JOHNSTOWN,
HAS just received his fall and winter stock
of fine French, London and American
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS,
and a full assortment of Gent's FURNISHING
Goods.
Mr. Moses has been for eight years cutter at
Wood, Murrell & Co.'s establishment, and now
desires to inform his friends and the public gen-
erally that he has commenced business in Sup-
per's building, on Clinton street, with a stock
of goods adapted to the fall and winter, which
he is prepared to make up in the latest styles
and at moderate prices for cash, hoping by at-
tention to business to merit a share of public
patronage, and maintain that success which
has heretofore attended his efforts in producing
good fitting garments. Give him a call.
Johnstown, Sept. 3, 1868-4f.

W. F. ALTFATHER,
MANUFACTURER
And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
HAVANA AND DOMESTIC CIGARS,
PLUG AND FINE CUT
Chewing and Smoking Tobacco,
Snuff, Pipes, Smoof Boxes, Cigar Cases,
AT THE SIGN OF THE INDIAN,
MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN.

The Poet's Department.

THE PUREST PEARL.

Beside the church door, weary and lone,
A blind woman sat on the cold door stone;
The wind was bitter, the snow fell fast,
And a mocking noise in the fife's blast
Seemed ever to echo her moaning cry.
As she begged for alms of the passers by:
"Have pity on me, have pity I pray;
My back is bent, and my head is gray."
The bells were ringing the hour of prayer,
And many good people were gathering there;
But, covered with furs and mantles warm,
They hurried past through the wintry storm.
Some were hoping their souls to save,
And some were thinking of death and the
grave.
And, alas! they had no time to heed
The poor soul asking for charity's need.
And some were blooming with beauty's grace,
But closer muffled in veils of lace,
They saw not the sorrow, nor heard the moan,
Of her who sat on the cold door stone.
At last came one of a noble name,
By the city counted the wealthiest dame;
And the pearls that o'er her neck were
strung
She proudly threw to the beggar flung.
Then followed a maiden young and fair,
Adorned with clusters of golden hair,
But her dress was thin, and scanty, and worn,
Not even the beggar's seemed more forlorn.
With a tearful look, and a pining sigh,
She whispered soft, "No jewels have I,
But I give you my prayers, good friend," said
she,
"And surely I know that God listens to me."
On her poor, weak hand, so shrunken and
small,
The blind woman felt a tear-drop fall.
Then kissed it and said to the weeping girl,
"It is you that have given the purest pearl!"

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

In my young days, bell-ringing was
much more in fashion among the young
men of — than it is now. Nobody, I
believe, practices it there at present ex-
cept the servants of the church, and the
melody has been much injured in conse-
quence. Some fifty years ago, about
twenty-five of us who dwelt in the vicinity
of the cathedral, formed a club, which
used to ring every peal that was called
for; and, from continual practice and a
rivalry which arose between us and a club
attached to another steeple, and which
tended considerably to sharpen our zeal,
we became very Mozarts on our favorite
instruments. But my bell-ringing prac-
tice was shortened by a singular accident,
which not only stopped my performance,
but made even the sound of a bell terrible
in my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into
the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but
the second stroke we had pulled showed
us that the clapper of the bell was
muffled. Some one had been buried
that morning, and it had been prepared,
of course, to ring a mournful note. We
did not know of this, but the remedy was
easy.

"Jack," said my companion, "step up
to the loft, and cut off the bat;" for the
way we had of muffling was by tying a
piece of an old hat, or of cloth (the former
was preferred), to one side of the clap-
per, which deadened every second toll.
I complied, and mounting into the belfry,
crept as usual into the bell, where I
began to cut away. The hat had been
tied on in some more complicated manner
than usual, and I was perhaps three or
four minutes in getting it off; during
which time my companion below was
bustily called away—by a message from
his sweetheart, I believe—but that is not
material to my story. The person who
called him was a brother of the club, who,
knowing that the time had come for ring-
ing for service, and not thinking that any
one was above, began to pull. At this
moment I was just getting out, when I
felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason
at once—it was a moment of terror; but
by a hasty and almost convulsive effort,
I succeeded in jumping down, and throw-
ing myself on the flat of my back under
the bell.

The room in which it was, was little
more than sufficient to contain it, the bot-
tom of the bell coming within a couple of
feet of the floor of lath. At that time I
certainly was not so bulky as I am now,
but as I lay it was within an inch of my
face. I had not laid myself down a sec-
ond, when the ringing began. It was a
dreadful situation. Over me swung an
immense mass of metal, one touch of which
would have crushed me to pieces; the
floor under me was principally composed
of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I
was precipitated to the distance of about
fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all
probability, have sunk under the impulse
of my fall, and sent to be dashed to atoms
upon the marble floor of the chancel, a
hundred feet below. I remembered—for
fear is quick in recollection—how a com-
mon clockwork, about a month before,
had fallen, and, bursting through the
floors of the steeple, drove in the ceilings
of the porch, and even broke into the mar-
ble tombstone of a bishop who slept be-
neath. This was my first terror, but the
ringing had not continued a minute before
a more awful and immediate dread came
on me.

The deafening sound of the bell smote
into my ears with a thunder which made
me fear their drums would crack; there
was not a fibre of my body it did not
thrill through. It entered my very soul;
thought and reflection were utterly ban-
ished; I only retained the sensation of
agonizing terror. Every moment I saw
the bell sweep within an inch of my face;
and my eyes—I could not close them,
though to look at the object was bitter as
death—followed it instinctively in its oscil-
lating progress until it came back again.
It was in vain I said to myself that it
could come no nearer at any future swing
than at first; every time it descended I
endeavored to shrink into the very floor to
avoid being buried under the down-sweep-
ing mass; and then, reflecting on the dan-
ger of pressing too weightily on my flimsy
support, would cower up again as far
as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of
fact. I was afraid the pulleys above
would give way, and let the bell plunge
on me. At another time, the possibility
of the clapper being shot out in some
sweep, and dashing through my body, as
I had seen a ramrod glide through a door,
flitted across my mind. The dread also,
as I have already mentioned, of the crazy
floor, tormented me; but these soon gave
way to fears not more unfounded, but
more visionary, and of course more tre-
mendous. The roaring of the bell com-
bined my intellect, and my fancy soon
began to teem with all sorts of strange
and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing
above, and opening its jaws with a hide-
ous clamor, seemed to me at one time a
ravening monster, raging to devour me;
at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me
into its howling abyss. As I gazed on
it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying
eagle, or rather a roe of Arabian story-
tellers, clapping its wings and screaming
over me. As I looked upwards into it,
it would appear sometimes to lengthen
into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at
the end into the spiral folds of the tails of
a flying dragon. Nor was the flaming
breath or fiery glance of that fabled ani-
mal wanting to complete the picture. My
eyes, inflamed, blood-shot, and glaring,
invested the supposed monster with a full
proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely
hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind.
Every object that was hideous and roar-
ing presented itself to my imagination. I
often thought that I was in a burricane at
sea, and that the vessel in which I was
embarked tumbled under me with the most
furious vehemence. The air, set in mo-
tion by the swinging of the bell, blew
over me, nearly with the violence, and
more than the thunder, of a tempest; and
the floor seemed to reel under me,
as a drunken man. But the most awful
of the ideas that seized on me were drawn
from the supernatural. In the vast cavern
of the bell hideous faces appeared,
and glared down on me with terrifying
frowns, or with grinning mockery still
more appalling.

At last, the devil himself, accoutred as
in the common description of the evil spir-
it, with hoof, horn and tail, and eyes of
infernal lustre, made his appearance, and
called on me to curse God and worship
him, who was powerful to save me. This
dread suggestion he uttered with the full-
toned clangor of the bell. I had him within
an inch of me, and I thought on the fate
of the Santon Barisica. Strenuously and
desperately I defied him and bade him be-
gone. Reason, then, for a moment, re-
gained her sway, but it was only to fill
me with fresh terror, just as the lightning
dispels the gloom that surrounds the be-
nighted mariner, but to show him that
his vessel is driving on a rock, where she
must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I
found I was becoming delirious, and
trembled lest reason should utterly desert
me. This is at all times an agonizing
thought, but it smote me then with ten-
fold agony. I feared lest, when utterly
deprived of my senses, I should rise—
to do which I was every moment tempted
by that strange feeling which calls on a man,
whose head is dizzy from standing on the
battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate
himself from it, and then death would be
instant and tremendous. When I thought
of this, I became desperate. I caught the
floor with a grasp which drove the blood
from my nails; and I yelled with the cry
of despair. I called for help, I prayed,
I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were
of course drowned in the bell. As it passed
over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my
cries, which mixed not with its own sound,
but preserved their distinct character.
Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I
know, they then sounded as if they were
the shouting, howling, or laughing of the
fiends with which my imagination had
peopled the gloomy cave which swung
over me. There is no man, however firm
his nerves may be, who could retain his
courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was
done. Half of that time passed over me
without power of computation—the other
half appeared an age. When it ceased,
I became gradually more quiet, but a new
fear retained me. I knew that five min-
utes would elapse without ringing, but, at
the end of that short time, the bell would
be rung a second time, for five minutes
more. I could not calculate time. A
minute and an hour were of equal dura-
tion. I feared to rise, lest the five min-
utes should have elapsed, and the ringing
be again commenced, in which case I
should be crushed, before I could escape,
against the walls or frame-work of the
bell. I therefore still continued to lie
down, cautiously shifting myself, however,
with a careful gliding, so that my eye no
longer looked into the hollow. This was
of itself a considerable relief. The cessa-

tion of the noise had, in a great measure,
the effect of stupefying me, for my atten-
tion, being no longer occupied by the chim-
eras I had conjured up, began to flag.
All that now distressed me was the con-
stant expectation of the second ringing,
for which, however, I settled myself with
a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my
eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as
if they had been screwed in a vice.

At last the dreaded moment came, and
the first swing of the bell extorted a groan
from me, as they say the most resolute
victim screams at the sight of the rack,
to which he is for a second time destined.
After this, however, I lay silent and leth-
argic, without a thought. Wrapt in the
defensive armor of stupidity, I defied the
bell and its intonations. When it ceased,
I was roused a little by the hope of es-
cape. I did not, however, decide on this
step hastily, but, putting up my hand
with the utmost caution, I touched the
rim. Though the ringing had ceased,
it still was tremulous from the sound, and
shook under my hand, which instantly
recoiled as from some electric jar. A
quarter of an hour probably elapsed be-
fore I again dared to make the experiment,
and then I found it at rest. I
determined to lose no time, fearing that I
might have lain there already too long,
and that the bell for evening service would
catch me. This dread stimulated me,
and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity,
and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a
minute, looking with silly wonder on the
place of my imprisonment, penetrated
with joy at escaping, but then rushed
down the stony and irregular stair with
the velocity of lightning, and arrived in
the bell-ringers' room. This was the
last act I had power to accomplish. I
leaned against the wall, motionless and
deprived of thought, in which posture
my companions found me, when, in the
course of a couple of hours, they returned
to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might,
at the figure before them. The wind of
the bell had excoerated my face, and my
limb and stupefied eyes were fixed with a
dick-lustre gaze in my raw eyelids. My
hands were torn and bleeding; my hair
dishevelled; and my clothes tattered.—
They spoke to me, but I gave no answer.
They shook me, but I remained insensi-
ble. They then became alarmed, and
hastened to remove me. He who had
first gone up with me in the forenoon, met
them as they carried me through the
churchyard, and through him, who was
shocked at having, in some measure, oc-
casioned the accident, the cause of my mis-
fortune was discovered.

I was put to bed at home, and remain-
ed for three days delirious, but gradually
recovered my senses. You may be sure
the bell formed a prominent topic of my
ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were
instantly increased to the utmost violence.
Even when the delirium abated, my sleep
was continually disturbed by imagined
ringings, and my dreams were haunted by
the fancies which almost maddened me
while in the steeple. Time cured this as
it does most of our follies; but even at
the present day, if, by chance, my nerves
be unstrung, some particular tones of the
cathedral bell have power to surprise me
into a momentary start.

A BOY RELATES HOW THE RED FIELD
WAS WON—I'll tell you how it was.—
You see, Bill and I went down to the
wharf to fish; and I felt in my pocket and
found my knife and it was gone, and I said,
"Bill, you stole my knife!" and he said I
was another; and I said so to your
self; and he said it was no such thing;
and I said he was a liar, and I could
whip him if I was bigger; and he said
he'd rock me to sleep, mother; and
I said he was a bigger one; and he said I
never had the measles; and I said for
him to fork over that knife or I'd fix him
for a tomb stone on Laurel Hill; and he
said that my grandmother was no gentle-
man; and I said he darsn't take it up;
but he did, you bet; then I got up again
and said he was too much afraid to do it
again, and he tried to, but he didn't; and
I grabbed him and threw him down on
the top of the like several bricks; and I
told you it beat all—and so did he; and
my little dog got behind Bill and bit him;
and Bill kicked at the dog and the dog
ran, and I ran after the dog to fetch him
back, and I didn't catch him until I got
clear home; and I'll whip him more yet.
Is my eye very black?

I OWE my success in life to one single
fact: That at the age of twenty-seven I
commenced and continued four years the
process of daily reading and speaking up-
on the contents of some historical and
scientific book. These off-hand efforts
were made sometimes in a corn field,
sometimes in a forest, and not unfre-
quently in some distant barn, with the horse
and ox for my auditors. It is to this
early practice, in the art of all arts, that I
am indebted for the primary and leading
impulses that stimulated me forward,
shaped and modelled my destiny. Im-
prove, then, young gentleman, the superi-
or advantages you here enjoy. Let not a
day pass without exercising your powers
of speech. There is no power like that
of oratory. Caesar controlled men by
captivating their affections and swaying
their passions. The influence of the one
perished with the other. That of the
other continues to this day.—Henry Clay.

AN EPISODE IN REAL LIFE.—A Brad-
ford (Iowa) correspondent of the St. Lou-
is Times writes: Not far from this flour-
ishing village, in Northern Iowa, there
lived with his wife a well to do farmer,
by the common name of Smith. They
had lived happily together for 18 or 20
years, and four handsome intelligent chil-
dren blessed their union. But they were
not content, and eventually agreed to part,
tired of living together. So, one bright
winter morning, the husband and father
bade a kind good-bye to his family and
took his leave. He went to Wisconsin,
engaged in the mercantile business there,
occasionally writing to his wife and chil-
dren, sending them money, etc. After an
absence of seven or eight months, Mrs.
Smith received a letter from her absent
lord informing her that he had met an
old schoolmate, an intimate friend of her,
whom he liked very much, and if she
(the wife) thought best, he would marry
her, return to this village, and reside near
them, the better to look after her welfare
and that of their children. The wife im-
mediately wrote, advising him to do so,
and cordially inviting them to come di-
rectly to her house, and remain as long
as they wished. He thanked her for the
advice and accepted the invitation, saying
that they were to be married the follow-
ing Monday, and would start immedi-
ately, and reach home on Wednesday eve-
ning. The wife made a "bridal's loaf,"
sent invitations to all her friends in the
neighborhood, and when the happy cou-
ple arrived they found a splendid entertain-
ment, and a goodly company awaiting
them, and were warmly welcomed and
congratulated by all. They furnished a
house across the street, and "lived as hap-
pily as bugs in a rug." Every morning
the father goes over, builds a fire, sweeps
the floor, and puts on the kettle for Mrs.
Smith No 1, and furnishes her with money
for the support of herself and family. The
children call one "Mother Jane," and the
other "Mother Susan," and the utmost
harmony and good feeling prevails on all
sides.

AN INDIGNANT VIRGIN.—The *Stusta*
Courier relates the following:
We heard a good joke on a resident of
Dog Creek the other day. The party re-
ferred to is a bachelor and lives on the
wagon road. A few days ago an emi-
grant wagon from Oregon came along
and camped near our friend's place. The
head of the family soon made himself ac-
quainted with the proprietor of the pre-
mises, and asked him why he didn't have
a woman to keep house for him. The
answer was that he intended to marry
just as soon as he could find a woman
willing to enter into the bonds of matri-
mony. The Oregonian remarked that he
could find him a partner if he would take
her to his camp.
The Oregonian called up a bouncing
damsel of about twenty years, and infor-
med her that the gentleman accompanying
him was "to be married," and was will-
ing to take her for better or for worse.
The damsel, delighted with the prospect,
advanced, and seizing her friend by the
hand, assured him that she was glad to
see him and was ready to marry him at
the "drop of a hat," while the old lady
basted up to congratulate her "darter"
on her good luck.
Surprised and alarmed at the serious
turn matters had taken, our friend, who is
constitutionally opposed to the institution
of matrimony, endeavored to explain, by
saying that he was only joking and did
not want to marry. At this the Oregonian
became indignant, and the would-be
bride told her father to take his rifle and
"drap the varmint in his tracks." At
this affectionate suggestion the bachelor
left for his fortifications, the last thing he
heard being the voice of the old lady
congratulating her "darter" with the remark
that it was best to "let the bilk go."

WAITING FOR HER HUSBAND.—A Cin-
cinnati paper tells the following sad story:
"We have recently been made acquaint-
ed with the saddest and at the same time
one of the most singular cases that it has
ever been our duty to chronicle. When
the war commenced there lived on Vine
street an honest, industrious German fam-
ily who supported themselves by keeping a
notion store. When Sumter was fired
on the husband at once enlisted in the
army as a private, and by his distinguish-
ed ability and bravery was soon promoted to
the command of his company. At last
he wrote to his wife that he had re-
ceived a "leave of absence," and would
certainly be home on the following Tues-
day, and wanted her to meet him at the
train. The next day, instead of starting
for home, the battle of Gettysburg was
fought and he was among the slain. The
news of his death came, and since that
time his devoted wife has been crazy, and
still expects her husband on the train, and
by day and night—in all kinds of weath-
er—stands in the middle of the crossing
in front of her house, looking in every di-
rection for the approach of him who will
never come again. Often she will call on
the mayor and other city authorities to
have officers detailed to go and watch
"that train," to see if her husband is not
coming. This strange conduct has lasted
for almost six years, and the grief and
troubles of the poor woman have been so
great that she has turned prematurely
gray, and although under 30 years of age
has the appearance of a very old person."

HAD TO WASH THE SHIRTS.—While
we were lying in camp at Rossville, Geor-
gia, the Sixtieth Illinois returned from
their veteran furlough with a number of
recruits. One of these having exhausted
his supply of clean shirts, and not yet
having learned to be his own laundress,
asked a veteran where he could get some
washing done.
"Do you see those tents there by the
church? Well, go there and ask for Mr.
Morgan; he does washing. He's a crudy
old cuss, but if you talk pretty nice to
him he'll do it for you."
The recruit went as directed and found
Gen. Morgan walking in front of his tent,
dressed, as was his custom, in the uniform
of a high private.
"Where will I find Mr. Morgan?" asked
the recruit.
"My name is Morgan. What will you
have?"
"I came to see if I could get some
clothes washed."
"H-m-m. Who sent you here to get
your clothes washed?"
"John Smith, sir, over here in the
60th."
"Corporal of the guard!" (The cor-
poral approached, and saluted.) "Young
man, go with the corporal and show him
John Smith, so that he can bring him
over here. And you come back with
them, and bring all the dirty clothes you
have."
They departed and soon returned with
the guilty veteran and a huge armful of
dirty shirts, socks, &c.
The General said to Smith: "Did you
send this young man here to have his
clothes washed?"
"Yes sir, for a joke."
"For a joke? Well, we'll have the
joke carried out. We do have clothes
washed here, sometimes. Corporal, take
this man Smith and that bundle of clothes
down to the creek, and have him wash
them, and dry them, and fold them up
neatly and return them to the owner.
See that he does the job handsomely."
The veteran went away to his work
sorrowfully, and the General resumed his
walk.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—An Iowa
paper of a recent date, gives the particu-
lars of a romantic story which borders
somewhat on the marvelous. Years ago
a Pennsylvania farmer loved and married
a charming young girl that lived near him.
After the marriage time passed on; soon
the farmer contracted a great taste for
liquor, which frequently got the best of
him. He left precipitately, supposing he
had killed her, and hid himself in the West,
where in a few years he became a pros-
perous and wealthy merchant. The wife
in the meantime recovered, and after liv-
ing alone for five years, married again.
Her husband, however, died at the expira-
tion of a year, and she also went to the
West. Then the incredible part of
the story appeared. The parties met
again after their long separation, and be-
came intimately acquainted, but neither
recognized the other. An engagement is
entered into, which results in marriage;
and, upon the wife disclosing herself in
the evening, he notices the scar made by
his hand years ago, and suddenly recog-
nizes her as his wife of former years.
Here is a chance for story writers.

AN AWFUL STORY.—"There was once
an awful little girl who had an awful way
of saying 'awful' to everything. She
lived in an awful house, in an awful street,
in an awful village, which was in an awful
place. She went to an awful school,
where she had an awful teacher, who
gave her awful lessons out of awful books.
Every day she was so awful hungry that
she ate an awful amount of food, so that
she looked awful healthy. Her hat was
so awful small and her feet so awful large.
She went to an awful church, and her
minister was an awful preacher. When
she took an awful walk she climbed awful
hills, and when she got awful tired
she sat down under an awful tree to rest
herself. In summer she found the weath-
er awful hot, and in winter awful cold.
When it didn't rain, there was an awful
drought, and when the awful drought was
over, there was an awful rain. So that
this awful girl was all the time in an awful
state, and if she don't get over say-
ing 'awful' about everything I am afraid
she will, by and by, come to an awful
end."

MENTAL ACTIVITY.—If the water run-
neth, it holdeth clear, sweet and fresh;
but stagnation turneth it into a noisome
puddle. If the air be fanned by the winds,
it is pure and wholesome; but from be-
ing shut up it groweth thick and putrid.
If metals be employed, they abide smooth
and splendid; but lay them up and they
soon contract rust. If the earth is labor-
ed with culture, it yieldeth corn; but
laid neglected, it will soon be over-
grown with thorns and thistles, and the
better the soil is, the ranker weeds it will
produce. All nature is held up in its be-
ing order and shape by constant agitation;
every creature is incessantly employed in
action conformable to its designed use.—
In like manner the preservation and im-
provement of the faculties depend on their
constant exercise; to it God has annexed
the best and most desirable reward—suc-
cess to our undertakings, wealth and hon-
or, wisdom, virtue, salvation.

THE UNQUALLED
METROPOLITAN OIL!