

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, JUNE 10, 1869.

NUMBER 20.

**DENTISTRY.**—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding vicinity, which place he will visit on the fourth Monday of each month, to reside one week.

SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

**DR. H. B. MILLER,**  
Altoona, Pa.,  
Operative and Mechanical Dentist.  
Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869-1f.]

**DR. D. W. ZIEGLER,** Surgeon Dentist, will visit Ebensburg professionally on the SECOND Monday of each month, and remain one week, during which time he may be found at the Mountain House. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrate Oxide, or Laughing Gas.

**JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,** renders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one block south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.]

**DR. DEVEREAUX, M. D.,** Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.—Office east end of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls may be made at his office. [May 23, 1867.]

**R. J. LLOYD,** successor to R. S. Bunn, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa. October 17, 1867-6m.

**LLOYD & CO., Bankers,** Ebensburg, Pa. Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time deposits. Collections made in all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

**W. M. LLOYD & CO.,** BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA. Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made—Money received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. and 1.

**FRANK W. HAY,** WHOLESALE and RETAIL Manufacturer of TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE, Canal street, below Clifton, Johnstown, Pa. A large stock constantly on hand.

**A. SHOEMAKER & OATMAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,** Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, immediately east of Huntley's hardware store. [Apr. 8, 69.]

**D. McLAUGHLIN,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in the Exchange building, on the corner of Clifton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession. Jan. 11, 1867-1f.

**J. B. JOHNSON & SCANLAN,** ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. Office opposite the Court House. Ebensburg, Jan. 21, 1867-1f.

**JOHN P. LINTON,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin street, opposite Mansion House, second floor. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnstown, Jan. 21, 1867-1f.

**WILLIAM KITTELL,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street. Jan. 21, 1867-1f.

**L. PERSHING,** ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Johnstown, Pa. Office on Franklin street, up-stairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store. Jan. 21, 1867-1f.

**W. M. H. SECHLER,** ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in rooms recently occupied by Geo. M. Reade, Esq., in Colonnade Row, Centre street. [Aug. 27.]

**GEORGE M. READE,** Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [Aug. 27.]

**JAMES C. EASLY,** ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Jan. 31, 1867-1f.

**K. OPELIN & DICK,** ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Wm. Kittell, Esq., Colonnade Row. [Oct. 22-1f.]

**F. P. TIERNEY,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row. Jan. 5, 1867-1f.

**JOSEPH McDONALD,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on Centre street, opposite Linton's Hotel. [Jan. 21, 1867-1f.]

**JOHN FENLON,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, adjoining his residence. Jan. 21, 1867-1f.

**J. S. STRAYER,** JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Johnstown, Pa. Office on the corner of Market street and Locust alley, second Ward. Dec. 12-1y.

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

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Johnstown, April 28, 1869-1y.

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Orders solicited from retail dealers, and satisfaction in goods and prices guaranteed.  
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**NEW CHEAP CASH STORE**  
—AT—  
**BUCK'S MILLS, Alleghany Township.**  
The subscriber would respectfully announce to his friends and the public in general that he has just opened at Buck's Mills a large and superb stock of seasonable merchandise, consisting of all kinds of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, FURNITURE, HARDWARE, and all other articles usually kept in a country store.

Having paid cash for my goods I am determined to dispose of them either for cash, lumber or country produce at as low prices as like goods can be bought from any dealer in the county. A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.  
WM. J. BUCK.  
Buck's Mills, April 28, 1869-1f.

**The Poet's Department.**  
**A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS.**  
BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Silent and lone, silent and lone,  
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone,  
That used to be playing about my knee,  
With their noisy mirth and boisterous glee?  
Who littered the carpets and misplaced the chairs,  
And scattered their playthings all unawares;  
Who called for their suppers with eager shout,  
And while they were getting, ran in and out;  
Who had all the apples and nuts from spoiling,  
And never saved jackets or pants from soiling;  
Had ever a want and ever a will,  
That added a care to my heart until  
I sometimes sighed for the time to come  
When they'd all be big and get out from home.

Silent and lone, silent and lone,  
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?  
There's no little faces to wait to fight,  
No little troubles for mother to fight,  
No little blue eyes to be sung to sleep,  
No little playthings to be put up to keep,  
No little garments to be hung on the rack,  
No little tales to tell, no nuts to crack,  
No little trundle-bed full of rolicks,  
Calling for mamma to settle the frolics,  
No little soft lips to press me with kisses—  
(Oh! such a sad, lonely evening as this is!)  
No little voices to shout with delight:  
"Good night, dear mamma, good night, good night!"  
Silent the house is—no little ones here  
To startle a smile or chase back a tear.

Silent and lone, silent and lone,  
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?  
It seemeth but yesterday since they were young,  
Now they're all scattered the world's paths among.  
Out where the great rolling trade-stream is flowing,  
Out where new firesides with love-lights are glowing;  
Out where the graves of their life-hopes are sleeping,  
Not to be comforted—weeping, still weeping;  
Out where the high hills of science are blending—  
Up 'mid the cloud rifts, up, up, still ascending;  
Seeking the sunshine that rests on the mountain-tain.  
Drinking and thirsting still, still at the fountain;  
Out in the wide, wide world, striving and toiling,  
Little ones, loving ones, playful ones, all,  
That went when I bade, and came at my call,  
Have ye deserted me? Will ye not come back to your mother's arms—back to the home?

Silent and lone, silent and lone,  
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?  
Useless my cry is. Why do I complain?  
They'll be my little ones never again!  
Can the great oaks to the acorns return?  
The brook rolling stream flow back to the fountain?  
The mother call childhood again to her knee  
That in manhood went forth, the strong and the free?  
Nay! nay! no true mother would wish for them back,  
Her work nobly done, their firm tread on life's track.  
Will come like an organ-note lofty and clear,  
To lift up her soul and her spirit to cheer,  
And though her tears fall when she's silent and lone,  
She'll know it is best they are scattered and gone.

Silent and lone! silent and lone!  
Thy will, O Father! not my will be done!

**Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.**

**THE CATHARMONICON.**  
An Original Concert—Western Music  
Forty Years Ago.

The St. Louis Democrat says: While the St. Louis Philharmonic and other similar societies are doing much to improve musical taste and skill, it may be well to collect and preserve records of efforts in the same line by the past generations, to show the struggle of musical genius in the earlier days of the West, and to prove that long before the Dutch, with their brass bands, conquered the country, there were untutored Americans who were filled with musical aspiration, and who only lacked the opportunity to astonish the world with their achievements. We will, therefore, try to rescue from oblivion the history of one of the most original attempts ever made in the musical line—one that produced a remarkable sensation from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, at least in steamboat circles.

Among the citizens of Cincinnati, some forty years ago, there was one named Curtis—we forget his initials—a glider by trade, and a genius in his way, but that way ran in the line of mirthfulness rather than money-making. Of course, he was poor. Did the reader ever see a merry rich man? But he was none the less popular among his special friends, the steamboatmen, who never employed any other to gild their picture-frames or "horns," which the fastest boat was always allowed to carry on her pilot-house.

Our hero was not at all contented with his poverty, and many and original were the plans he formed to mend his fortune. He was an observing man, too, and had not failed to notice how often fortunes were made out of things apparently trifling. He noticed particularly how easy money was acquired by musicians, singers, concertists and all that sort of thing, and he believed he could get up something of the kind that would please the public and pay well, though in truth he knew no more than a mule about flats and sharps, minims and quavers. He had a big crotch in his head, and determined to work it out.

Living near "Western Row," where cats abounded, Curtis did not lack opportunities to study the musical capacity of the feline race. They had kept him awake many a warm moonlight night when he preferred sleep to their infernal

serenades. So he determined to get up a grand Philharmonic concert, in which cats should take a prominent part, and if he failed to make either music or money, he would at least have the satisfaction of having some fun out of it.

Taking a few cats to experiment on he tried various modes of bringing out the notes they were addicted to, or excelled in. He pinched their ears, twisted their legs, stuck pins in their—their rotundities, and used other pleasant devices to develop the music. But he found no way so certain of bringing out the sound as the application of the back of a case knife across the tail. This never failed to elicit the note if there was any talent at all in the animal—the modulations, piano and forte, being easily obtained by making the blow light or heavy.

This remarkable discovery Curtis believed might be so managed as to make him a fortune equal to Nick Longworth's or any other man's. So up he goes next morning, after he had matured his plan, to Columbia market, and inquired of every man, woman and boy he met if they had any cats at home to spare. Of course they had lots of them, and before long he had more brought to him than he supposed could be found in Hamilton county. He had employed an Englishman named Johnson, a drinking fellow, but musical withal, and who could build organs, to make one to serve as an accompaniment to the cat voices. Johnson informed him that one of six octaves would do, at least for the experiment. Curtis reckoned up the octaves and found that four dozen cats would fill the bill. But he ordered two dozen more, for fear that some might have defective voices, or prove obstinate or capricious, like the operatic tribe generally. Six dozen then were ordered, and accommodations prepared for them in sundry boxes, barrels, kegs, etc., in the back yard. But, bless your soul! six dozen were nowhere. All the boys in all the counties around, in Kentucky as well as Ohio, heard of the unprecedented demand for the animals, and every market day lots of them might be seen with baskets and bags wending their way to Western Row, to get the "quarter" or "half dollar," the price Curtis established for kits and cats, as per size. In a month or less his six dozen was made up, comprising every age, size, sex and color—Curtis then published that he had his full complement, he could not buy any more, had no room for them. But still the boys came on, in almost unbroken file, and finding "no sale," incontinently dumped the cats down at his door, whence they scattered up alleys, down cellars, over fences, and into doors, as Curtis often asserted, "to the number of six hundred and fifty," he sometimes added thousands.

Johnson went on with the building of the organ and the adaptation of the extra blade keys to the cat's tails. He arranged that the singers should be confined in narrow boxes, which, while they allowed free play to the lungs, guarded against claying by having four holes in the bottom through which the legs protruded.—The tails were enclosed in tubes provided with longitudinal slots—we like to be scientific and precise in description—across which the blade keys worked. These extra keys were connected somehow with those of the organ, so that the keys and their appropriate voices should be in perfect unison, and thus produce, as the inventor expected, that "concord of sweet sounds," that rapturous harmony which is said to constitute the language of angels and so forth.

Curtis, on his part, proceeded with the musical education of the cats, aided occasionally by Johnson, and in a month or so had a complete choir, from the kitten of two months his trebles and falsettos, and his pesty sopranos, up to the venerable toms, who growled out double bass equal to Carl Formes.

His greatest trouble arose from the prodigious number of tom cats turned loose by those reckless boys. As night had been expected in that immortal city, they soon became dissipated vagabonds, keeping late hours, visiting Curtis' musical family without leave, and drawing away the thoughts of the younger ones from their professional studies.

But at length the organ was completed, and the six octaves of cats arranged in due order. A few rehearsals were given before a select audience of critics—mates, pilots, etc., from the steamboats in port, and these were willing to make affidavit, if necessary, that such a concert had never been arranged since the days of Handel, Orpheus, or Tubal Cain.

The second story of a warehouse near the landing was rented—a stage, drop scene, and tiers of seats provided—the whole intended to accommodate four or five hundred people. The organ and cats were safely transported to the place of exhibition or performance without accident, save that the two principal basses, being accidentally put in the same box, had an awful fight all the way up from Western Row, and were obliged to appear before the public with very rueful faces and bloody noses, which, however, did not at all detract from their popularity.

Everything being in readiness, Curtis had flaming posters stuck up all about the levee, displaying in huge letters:

**CURTIS' CATHARMONICON!**  
Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert.  
FORTY-EIGHT CATS, ETC., ETC.

The house was crowded at an early hour by the jolly boatmen, the spaces

not big enough for men being filled, as usual, by boys, the omnipresent imps, who are always on hand when there is promise of noise, fun or mischief. After the usual delay, which elicited from the audience any amount of stamping, whistling and imitation caterwauling, the curtain rose, and the grand catharmonicon was disclosed to view. Two rows of cat heads, two dozen each, glared with their lustrous green and yellow eyes straight at the audience. Little ruffles were around their necks; miniature music stands, with books and candles were placed before them; the aforesaid two basses, whose beauty was spoiled by the light, being provided with muslin bands, which added to the gravity of their countenance.—The whole was indescribably comic, and was received with due applause. Seated at the organ was Johnson, in a clean shirt, and as sober as he could afford to be on so grand an occasion. As soon as he could be heard, Curtis advanced and stated to the audience that the first song of the evening would be "Auld Lang Syne," or, as he pronounced it, "Old Lang Zion," which would be followed by "Hail Columbia," "Clar de Kitchen," and other patriotic and devotional songs. Johnson squared himself for the task, ran his fingers tenderly over the keys by way of prelude, and then dashed boldly and vigorously into Old Lang Zion, producing such a burst of music as was never heard on this continent before, nor ever will be again till another Curtis arises to carry into more successful execution his brilliant experiment. The cats were excited to fury in the presence of the new and uproarious audience, and still more under the unusually severe pounding of their tails. They forgot all the lessons they had been taught, they paid no attention to their parts, to either time or tune, rhyme or reason, but squealed and mewled, yelled, spit, and phizzed in the very madness of pain and terror, drowning the sound of the organ, which could be heard occasionally dropping out Old Lang Zion, in the roar of the unearthy tornado of caterwauling. Never was an audience so completely enchanted—never was delight so unusual—so abundant, and so vigorously expressed. Shouts, roars, yells of laughter, such as Western men alone can give, burst from the crowd, shaking the building from roof to foundation. Curtis was delighted—the cats were furious—Johnson was beside himself with joy, and hammered away at the keys with all his strength, making with the aid of the choir, and the plaudits of the audience, a "concord" of diabolical sounds never heard before on this side of the infernal regions. Unfortunately in his delirium he forgot the strength or weakness of the bellows which supplied the organ with wind, and which he worked with his foot. He had not reached the end of the song when the leather gave way and brought the performance to a sudden close, the cats alone continuing the song or noise till one after another they became silent, and stood winking and blinking at the spectators, in mute fear of a recommencement of the torture.

Curtis now approached, and after examining the extent of the cat-astrophe, addressed the audience:

"Gentlemen," said he, "the biler—I mean the bellows—is busted, and the concert can't go ahead to-night. To-morrow I'll have the bellows mended and give another concert, introducing choice classical songs, melodies, etc. Anybody that wants his money returned to-night—here he was interrupted with "No, no!" "Hurrah for Curtis!" "Never mind the organ!" "Go ahead on the cats!" "Give us Old Hundred with the variations!" and a storm of similar exclamations, accompanied with shouting, stamping, whistling and catcalling, Curtis all the time standing, twisting his hat and trying to be heard. A stentorian voice shouted "Three cheers for Curtis," which were given in earnest, and literally brought down the house, or rather the staging on which the audience sat and stood. It fell with a crash, luckily doing no further harm than the breaking of a few shins. A moment's silence followed and then another outburst of laughter, mingled with swearing and blows, which soon became one of those free fights such as ended most public gatherings, camp meetings, etc., in those primitive and happy times. The boys now began to pelt the cats with pieces of broken benches, and Curtis, fearing the safety of his pets, and unable to get them bodily from the scene of danger, lifted off the upper planks which confined their necks in their places, and set them at liberty. The terror-stricken creatures darted away in every direction, mostly among the feet of the spectators, adding to the confusion. Whoops, yells, hurrahs, and shouts were followed by a general smash up of benches and windows. The boys running down the stairs raised the cry of "fire!" Citizens and watchmen crowded the street to learn the cause of the uproar, and the engines found difficulty in getting near enough to do their part of the work. There was no sign of fire or smoke, but the old "Liberty No. 2" could not afford to come all the way down there for nothing, so she poured a deluge of fresh water through the front window, drenching the whole crowd inside to the skin in half a minute. Peace was restored instantly, and the late belligerents came rushing and tumbling pell mell down the stairs. The watchmen, finding there was more laugh-

than cursing, and that so one had received any worse hurt than a black eye or a bloody nose, let them all go without making any arrests.

Thus ended Curtis' grand cat concert, an event that was talked of and laughed over for many years by the jolly boatmen of the Ohio. Its projector was ordered to appear before the Mayor next morning and explain the cause of the riot, and it is said his Honor burst off some of his buttons laughing at Curtis' description of the same. He was left off with the admonition to do so no more, and he didn't. He went back to his work-shop next day—a wiser man, and soon forgot his disappointment in some new scheme which his active brain hatched out—a flying machine or something of the kind. But to his dying day he avowed that, but for the bursting of his bellows, his catharmonicon would have made him the richest man in Cincinnati.

**THE DARK DAY.**

The 12th day of May, 1780, was a memorable one in the annals of New England, on account of a thick darkness that overspread the land, like a funeral pall. It was a day long to be remembered and talked of by those who witnessed the strange, and at that time fearful phenomenon.

There was much writing upon, and discussion of the subject at the time, and afterwards, but I believe no satisfactory conclusion was ever arrived at as to its cause. There were some who thought it must have proceeded from a total eclipse of the sun that had, from some cause, escaped the calculations of the mathematicians and astronomers, but that was easily shown to be impossible by facts and figures. Public sentiment at that time was strongly tinged with the superstitions that were so common in times previous, which, though considerably modified, had not by any means disappeared, and thus, every phenomenal occurrence that could not be at once demonstrated, was by many believed to be a direct and special manifestation of divine or diabolical power giving warnings, omens, and "portents dire," but it is not strange that this occurrence, this "day of distress and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness," should have made a strong impression. There were many who firmly believed that it was the beginning of the end of all things, that "the sun had withdrawn his light, and the stars had ceased their shining," that "the reign of chaos and old night" had begun in earnest. It was then the darkest and most hopeless period of the war of the revolution, and it was thought by many of the desponding and discouraged to be significant of the end of that which then appeared to them a hopeless struggle. Some of the more sanguine insisted that as the hour before the dawn was always the darkest, so this strange and portentous gloom was but the prelude to the bright dawn of Liberty and Independence that was soon to follow.

The father of the writer was then a boy of but thirteen years, and was at work in the field with his father and brothers, planting or preparing the ground. It was a dull, hazy morning, and as the time passed, gradually thickened, and by 10 o'clock the increasing darkness began to be quite apparent. They kept on with their work, and as the gloom increased they observed that he would pause once in a while, and look intently all around the horizon and overhead, but made no remark until he directed the oldest boy to go to the barn and turn the horse and all the cattle that were inside, out into an open lot, and to close and secure every door and window. It appeared that he was apprehensive that some sudden and furious gust or equal would soon manifest itself, and thought that the animals would be in less danger out in the field than inside of the building. Still the darkness grew thicker and deeper, till presently he said they might as well quit work for the present. On reaching the house the mother and sisters were about their usual duties, pale and silent, and little was said except an occasional remark or direction, in a low tone. No one seemed inclined to conversation or demonstration of any kind. Soon dinner was ready and candles lighted the same as at night, but not a morsel was eaten. A dead silence seemed to pervade all nature, broken only by the occasional bleating of a lamb or the distant lowing of the kine, which wandered about restless and uneasy. The domestic fowls seemed to be inclined to come to the conclusion that it was now night, they could put no other construction upon it, so, after clucking over the matter for a while, they went to roost. And thus the long and dreary hours passed away. Along in the afternoon the veil was lifted in some degree, and at the time of sunset it was about the same as in an ordinary dull and cloudy day.

The night followed. Dark as was the day, it was the perfect "blackness of darkness." Not the faintest outline of any object could be discerned against the sky. A light would penetrate it but a little way, and then seemed to disclose but a solid wall of blackness around. Many persons who were out became bewildered and lost for the time. It was an anxious night of watching in many a household, but the dawn at length broke bright and beautiful, and never was the face of the

broad bright sun more joyfully greeted. My mother, then a child of nine years, had a perfect recollection of many of the incidents of that memorable day, particularly that of the sudden appearance in their midst of two venerable maiden sisters, Susan and Mary Stevens, better known as Aunt Susie and Sister Mollie, who lived by themselves in the "old house" near by. Solitary and alone they had endured the perils of the hour, until they could bear it no longer, when they "cut and ran," seemingly impressed with the idea that if safety, comfort and consolation could anywhere be found amid the impending "wreck of matter and crush of worlds," it must be in the presence and under the roof of their kind friend and good neighbor Proctor, and his family. I doubt not there are some readers of the Advertiser who remember the venerable mansion of the sisters, with its dilapidated roof and shattered casements, where "Winter's snow and autumn's driving rain," gained free admission thro' each broken pane.

It stood for many years abandoned, desolate, in the midst of Susie's field at the "hut."

The Dark Day has passed into history, and the world has continued to wag on as before, as it probably will for an indefinite time to come.—Cape Ann Advertiser.

**ONE OF THE DOGS.**—A year or two since a small farmer in the upper part of Maine, one morning found a homely-looking sorrel-colored dog hanging around his house. His tail had recently been chopped off, and the animal altogether presented a sorry appearance. The farmer paid little attention to the animal, not wishing to be troubled with him. For two or three days the friendless dog hung around the premises, with a piteous look, until at length the farmer, rooved with compassion, called the dog to him and led him. He was almost famished. That settled the whole thing; the dog over-flowing with joy and gratitude in having secured a new friend, stuck to his benefactor like a courtier. He would not leave him. The farmer soon after ascertained that the dog's former master had cut off his tail, and the animal immediately left him in disgust andudgeon. The new master did not wish to keep him, and a friend who lived some seven miles away carried the animal home in the box of his chaise. But the dog found his way back again as soon as he got released. The farmer then made up his mind to keep him. He turned out to be an excellent watch dog and hunter. One night after ten the farmer missed his dog. "Where is Skip!" No one had seen him since he started with his master to the woods that morning. At last the farmer thought him of his gun, which he had laid down on the ground while he loaded his sled with wood. He had come off and forgotten it. It was then snowing. If he left it all night it would be covered up, and it would be difficult to find it. He returned to the woods for his gun, and there found it with the faithful dog beside, watching it. On Sunday Skip would go to meeting with the family.—When they rode the dog would stay in the wagon and watch it; but if they went on foot he would go into church with them, and by which they could not well prevent, and by which they were annoyed. One Sunday, when the family were going to meeting on foot, the farmer shut the dog up in the house. Skip did not fancy such treatment, and every Sunday morning afterwards he would invariably get upon a little knoll near the house and there await the departure of the family for church, and then cross lots at full bound, always keeping ahead of the family until they arrived at the meeting house. How did the dog know when Sunday came!—He must have kept the record of the time somehow.—Our Dumb Animals.

**TRAVELING STONES.**—They have walking stones in Australia, and, as we are informed, they have traveling stones in Nevada. Here is a description: They are almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an iron nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table, or any other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling, towards a common centre, and there huddle up in a bunch, like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started off with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to join its fellows; taken away four or five feet is remained motionless. They are found in a region that, although comparatively level, is nothing but barren rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be leadstone, or magnetic iron ore.

A nest of rats in Dubuque, Iowa, have raised an important internal revenue question. Some \$200 worth of stamps were pasted upon a lot of whiskey barrels stored in a distillery warehouse. The rats having a taste for the paste, ate them off. The distiller refuses to pay for more stamps, and the whiskey cannot be sold. An opinion on rats is expected from revenue headquarters.