

A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher. HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. TERMS, \$3 per year in advance.

VOLUME 3. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1869. NUMBER 24.

**DENTISTRY.**—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the fourth Monday of each month, to remain one week.  
[Jan. 13, 1869.] 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 conducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.]

**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.,** Surgeon and Physician, offers his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrollton and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one hour 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 Rail Road street. Night calls may be made at the office. [my 28, 69.]

**R. J. LLOYD,** successor to R. S. Bess, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, &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 paid on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

**M. LLOYD & CO.,** Bankers, Altoona, Pa. Drafts on the principal cities and Silver Coins for sale. Collections made. Money received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates.

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

**D. McLAUGHLIN,** Attorney at Law, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in the Exchange building, on the corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession. [Jan. 31, 1867-1f.]

**J. R. SCANLAN,** Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria co., Pa. Office opposite the Court House. [Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 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. 31, 1867-1f.]

**WILLIAM KITTELL,** Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street. [Jan. 31, 1867-1f.]

**L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,** Johnstown, Pa. Office on Franklin street, upstairs, over John Benton's hardware store. [Jan. 31, 1867.]

**W. 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.]

**T. W. DICK,** Attorney at Law, Johnstown. [Jan. 31, 1867.]

**KOPELIN & DICK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,** Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Wm. Kittell, Esq., Colonnade Row. [Oct. 22-4f.]

**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. 31, 1867-1f.]

**JOHN FENLON,** Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, adjoining his residence. [Jan. 31, 1867-1f.]

**H. KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace** and Claim Agent.—Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., dec'd., on High St. Ebensburg. [18.]

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

**1869. SPRING TRADE. 1869.**  
I am now prepared to offer SUPERIOR INDCUMENTS TO CASH PURCHASERS OF TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE. EITHER AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of Tin, Sheet-Iron, COPPER AND BRASS WARES, ENAMELED AND PLAIN SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c., COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spears' Anti-Dust HEATING AND COOKING STOVES, EXCELLENT COOKING STOVES, NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES, And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices. Old Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to 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 Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Grate Oil.

**SPENCER'S SIFTER!** I recommend itself.

**SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS** of all sizes constantly on hand. Special attention given to Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron, at lowest possible rates.

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, March 7, 1867.

**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, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pens and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vices, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Bakes, Forks, Sleigh Belles, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Brushes, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gatos and Measurers, 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, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

**FAMILY GROCERIES,** such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrup, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cord 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, 1867-4f.

**GEORGE W. YEAGER,** Wholesale and Retail Dealer in HEATING AND COOK STOVES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE, And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING and all other work in his line.

Virginia Street, near Colonnade Street, ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public. STOCK IMMENSE. PRICES LOW. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

### The Poet's Department.

#### PASSING AWAY.

I asked the stars in the pomp of night, Gilding its blackness in crowns of light, Bright with beauty and girt with power, Whether sternly were not in their dower? And dirge-like music stole from their spheres, Bearing the message to mortal ears: "We have no light that hath not been given, We have no strength but shall soon be riven, We have no power wherein man may trust, Like him, ere the wings of time and dust; And the legend we blazon with beam and ray, And the song of our silence is 'passing away.'"

"We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and the bright, Like lamps that have served for a festal night; And shall fall from our spheres, the old and the strong, Like rose leaves swept by the breeze along; Though worshipped as gods in the olden day, We shall be like a vain dream, 'passing away.'"

From the stars of heaven to the flowers of earth, From the fragrant of power and the voice of mirth, From the mists of morn on the mountain's brow, From childhood's song and affection's vow; From all save that o'er which soul bears sway, Breathes but one record, "passing away." "Passing away!" sing the breeze and the rill, As they sweep on their course by vale and hill. Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime, 'Tis the lesson of nature, and the voice of And man at last, like his fathers grey, Writes on his own dust, "passing away."

### Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

#### THE UNSPOKEN WARNING.

I am no believer in the supernatural. I never saw any ghosts, never heard any strange noises—none, at least, that could not be accounted for on natural principles. I never heard sounds around the bed or heard knocks on the head-board which proved to be "forerunners" of sickness or death. I never had even dreams come to pass, and as to spirits, in the common acceptance of the term, since the days of the Fox girls, my presence has always been a damper.

I am not one of the sort who are always on the lookout for signs and wonders, and if want of faith in spiritualism or supernaturalism is a sin, I ought to have been the last one to look for so marked a—you may name it what you please, I call it divins interposition—as the one I am about to relate, all things which, and they are not few, are still living.

One bitter cold day in winter a merry party of us, nestled down under furry robes, went to meet an appointment with a friend, living a few miles distant, with whom we were to spend the afternoon and in the evening attend a concert to be held near by.

The sleighing was delightful, the air keen and inspiring, the host and hostess genial as the crackling fires in the grates, and the invited guests, of whom there were many besides ourselves, in that peculiar visiting trim which only old time friends, long parted, can enjoy. Restraint was thrown aside, and we cracked jokes, we chatted like magpies, and passed a little of the coming concert, which promised a rare treat to our unsophisticated ears. All went merrily, and in their case as in our time were neighbors. In their case had been left a boy of ten years, the only one of the family remaining at home, who knew that when he returned from school he was expected to bring in wood and kindlings for the morning fire, take his supper alone or with little Clara E.—as he chose, and otherwise pass the time as he pleased, only he must not go in the street to play or on the pond to skate. He had been left many times in this way, and had never given occasion for the slightest uneasiness; still, as this nameless fear grew upon me, it took the form of a conviction that danger of some sort threatened this beloved child.

I was rising to go and ask Mr. A.—to take me home, when some one said, "You are very pale; are you ill?"

"No," I answered, and, dropping I back in the chair, told them how strangely I had been exercised for the last few minutes, adding, "I really must go home."

"There was a perfect chorus of voices against it, and for a little time I was silenced though not convinced. Some one laid the matter before Mr. A.—, who replied: "Nonsense, Eddie is a good boy to mind; he will do nothing in our absence that he would not do if we were there, and is enjoying himself well at this moment, I'll warrant."

This answer was brought to me in triumph, and I resolved to do as they said, "not think about it." But at tea my hand almost refused to carry food to my lips, and I found it utterly impossible to swallow a mouthful. A deathlike chill crept over me, and I knew that every eye was upon me as I left the room. Mr. A. rose, saying in a changed voice and without ceremony: "Make haste; bring the horse round; we must go right away. I never saw her in such a state before; there is something in it." He followed me to the parlor, but before he could speak I was pleading for dear life that not a moment should be lost in starting for home. "I know," said I, "it is not all imagination, and whether it is or not, I shall certainly die if this dreadful incubus is not removed shortly."

All was now confusion—the tea table deserted, the meal scarce tasted—and my friends, alarmed as much at my looks as at my words, were anxious to hurry me off as they had been to detain me. To me those terrible moments seemed hours, yet I had clapped from the time my fears first found expression before we were on the road towards home. A horse somewhat noted for fleetness was before us, and with only two men—the cutter—the rest staying for the concert and making Mr. A. promise that if nothing had happened he would return—we went over the road at a rapid pace. I knew from the frequent repetition of a peculiar signal that the beast was being urged to its best, yet I grew sick with impatience at the restraint. I wanted to fly. All this time my fears had taken no definite shape. I only knew that the child was in danger and I felt impelled to hurry to the rescue. Only once was the silence broken in that three-mile journey, and that was when someone in full view, I said, "Thank God! the house isn't on fire."

"That was my own thought," said Mr. A.—, but there was no slackening of speed. On reaching home a cheerful light was glimmering from Mrs. E.'s window—the vehicle had fairly stopped, we were clear of it and opening the door said in the very same breath, "Where's Eddie?"

"Eddie! why, he was here a little while ago," answered Mrs. E.—, pleasantly, trying to dissipate the alarm she saw written on our countenance. "He ate supper with the children, and played awhile at marbles; then spoke of Libby Rose having a new picture book, and that he wanted to see it. You'll find him over there."

With swift steps Mr. A.— crossed the street, to the place mentioned, but returned with, "He has not been there; Eddie was remarkably fond of skating, and my next thought was that he had been tempted to disobedience. I said calmly, "We will go to the pond."

I was perfectly collected; I could have worked all night without fatigue with the nerves at that state of tension; but Mr. A.— said, "No, you must go and lie down. Eddie is sick, enough somewhere about the village. I'll go and find him! But there was nothing in the tone or in the words to assure me.

As he spoke he crossed the hall to our own room, and turned the knob. The door was locked. What could that mean? Eddie was either on the inside or had taken the way away with him. Mr. A.— ran down to a window with a broken spring, which could be opened with a broken spring. It went up with a clang, but no volume of smoke drove him back. After an instant another attempt was made, and this time on a lounge directly under the window, he stumbled on the insensible form of little Eddie, smothered in smoke! Limp and apparently lifeless, he was borne into the fresh, cold air, and after a rough handling, was restored to consciousness.

From that hour I think I have known how Abraham felt when he lifted Isaac from the altar unharmed, and, in obedience to the command of the angel of the Lord. True I had been subjected to no such trial of strength and faith; my Father knew I would have shrunk utterly before it; yet, if it was not a similar messenger that whispered to me in the midst of that gay party as hours previous, I have no wish to be credited with it, and were the book placed in my hands which I knew had power to rob me of this sweet belief, I would never open it.

Eddie said on returning from school he made a good fire, and as the wood was snowy, thought he would put it into the oven to dry; something he had never done before. Then on leaving Mr. E.— going to see Libby Rose's picture book, it seemed so nice and warm he thought he would lie down a while. He could give no explanation as to what prompted him to turn the key—it was the first and last time the result, for no one would have discovered the wood in the oven to save his life.

The wood in the oven was burned to ashes, but as the doors were closed there was no danger of falling embers setting the house on fire; and had we staid to the concert everything would have been as when we left, except that little Eddie's voice would never more have made music for our ears. Every one said that with a delay of five or even three minutes we should have been too late.

Many years have passed since then, yet now, when the lamp of Faith burns dim, and God and His promises seem a great way off, I have only to go back to this—the first, the last and only manifestation to me of His nature—to feel that, "As a father careth for his children, so careth His for us." "Deliver us from evil, for Thine is the power," is no mere formality, but words pregnant with meaning.

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE PHENOMENON.—The Shipman Progress of a recent date says: Last Tuesday noon, Mr. Jeffrey Nichols, a highly respectable and truthful gentleman, who resides one half mile north of town, was out on his farm rebuilding the fences torn down by the late tornado, and noticed what he supposed to be a man on horseback, with a tin stove boiler on his head, coming down the lane leading toward the farm of Mr. John Hamilton. Turning his eyes from the man and horse a moment, he looked up again, and beheld them flying across the field, and then again across in front of Mr. Hamilton's house, where the horse, man and boiler disappeared in a kind of fire and smoke. These facts we learn from Mr. John Hamilton, to whom Mr. Nichols related our story. We give credence to the above, as the parties are both truthful gentlemen.—We understand that Mr. Nichols is greatly troubled about it, and thinks some terrible calamity is going to happen him.

### ROUND DANCES.

The following dialogue is copied from a new Catholic Literary Magazine called *Our Own*, recently established in Philadelphia:

What eye can follow the course of a couple of modern whirligigs as they describe their wondrous circles over the ball-room floor? Like sea-worthy crafts, they alternately dip, and pitch, and skim—now appearing in full sail before what would seem a steady breeze, then obeying the sudden rising of the instrumental gale, they swing to the leeward, roll to the windward, and after a brief struggle, are submerged together, and are found at last in some out-of-the-way corner, panting, gasping, perspiring, but supremely happy, and ready for another cruise. Now, the question arises, in what does the extreme pleasure of such exertion consist? Perhaps the following conversation between a young lady and a clergyman may throw some light on the subject:

"Please tell me, Father, is it six to dance the Round Dances?"

"What am I to understand by Round Dances?"

"Waltzes, Polkas, Galops, &c."

"Describe a Galop."

"Oh, it's something like a Waltz, only swifter, and the steps are different, and there are several changes as you make the circuit of the room."

"Alone?"

"By no means; a partner, of course."

"Gentleman, I presume."

"Well, yes; gentleman preferred."

"Takes the lady by the hands?"

"Not exactly—at least, only by one hand."

"And how does he dispose of the other?"

"Well, why?" (blushing deeply.) "You know the lady has to be supported, and so her partner just touches her waist lightly, and—"

"But that would afford no support."

"Well, she rests on his arm—hand just a little, Father."

"But then she must have a superfluous hand if he takes but one."

"Oh, she rests her other hand upon his shoulder just enough to steady herself." (More blushes.)

"But" (very matter of fact,) "is that comfortable?"

"Oh, yes, Father, very comfortable."

"If many couples dance at once I should think there would be danger of their coming in contact."

"Some times, but they recover themselves immediately."

"And the lady is not thrown away from her partner?"

"Oh, not at all; he holds her too closely."

"I think" (taking a pinch of snuff) "I understand now what you mean by a Round Dance, which, I presume, you enjoy very much."

"It is perfectly enchanting, particularly when the music is fine and one has a good partner."

"Do you dance with any gentleman who may be introduced to you? In society there must be some bad men."

"Well, I'd rather dance with a bad man who is a good dancer than a good man who is a bad dancer. It don't make much odds about the character of the gentleman so he is a good dancer, but then, to be sure, I enjoy it a deal more when I know the gentleman and like him."

"And you think this is proper, and modest, and maidenly to go carousing over a ball-room floor in the arms of a man whom you might or might not have known ten minutes previously?"

"Well, no, but it is the custom."

"And you permit a stranger entering your father's house to assume the position of a gentleman in the Round Dance, and conduct you through your parlors?"

"Of course not; that would be shocking."

"My child, in the eyes of God it is the same."

A PETRIFIED FOREST.—Three or four miles southwest of Bryan Station, on the Pacific railroad, is a high bluff of loose sand that plainly indicates its having been drifted there by the winds. All over the ground you see large pieces of heavy stone, showing the lark, the grain and the size of the tree from which it grew, as plain as daylight.

Dig down a few feet and you find large sections of trees, showing the rough bark, the sap and heart of an oak tree as plainly as though it was a freshly cut block to split into shingles. Then, again, I have seen leaves taken out at the depth of three or four feet, petrified, yet showing the ridges and veins, and as transparent as the day they fell from the parent oak. From all the indications I think, had Cortez visited the spot, he would have seen the petrified logs, chunks and leaves, showing almost as great an age as we now see them.

Some writers tell of petrified forests standing here in the far west, but do not give the story credit; yet I am convinced that one does exist; but the pieces remaining on the surface are fast approaching decay. I saw also a petrified turtle taken out of a deep out somewhere between Bryan and Echo.—It looked as natural as a snapping turtle just pulled out of the river. Where one of its legs had protruded from under the shell it had been broken off. Different qualities of stone could be seen, differing in color as does the meat in quality of that very singular animal.—*Cor. of Cincinnati Commercial.*

WETTING BRICKS.—Very few people, or even builders, are aware of the advantage of wetting bricks before laying them; or if they are aware of it, they do not even think of practicing it, for of the many houses now in progress in this city, there are very few in which wet bricks are used. A wall twelve inches thick, built of good mortar, with bricks well soaked, is stronger in every respect than one sixteen inches thick, built dry. The reason of this is, that if the bricks are saturated with water, they will not absorb from the mortar the moisture which is necessary to its crystallization; on the contrary, they will unite chemically with the mortar, and become as solid as a rock. On the other hand, if the bricks are put up dry, they immediately take all the moisture from the mortar, leaving it too dry to harden, and the consequence is, that when a building of this kind is taken down, or tumbles down of its own accord, the mortar is in it like so much sand.—*Scientific American.*

### A WILD RIDE.

#### A STAGE COACH STORY.

At the age of eighteen I was light of foot, and I fear, light of head. A fine property on the banks of the Ohio acknowledged me sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from college life. The month was October, and the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance a stage like this, only more cumbersome. The other passengers were few—only three in all, one old gray headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature, about seventeen, and his son about ten years of age.

They were just returning from France, of which country the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to absorb my entire attention.

The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the windows elicited an exclamation that I knew how the night passed. Presently there came a low, rumbling sound, and then several peals of tremendously loud thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest trees.

I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning showed the danger of our road. We were now on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see at intervals huge jutting rocks far away down its side, and the sight made me solicitous for my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rick in the track of our coach wheels, a tiny billet of wood, a stray root of a tempest torn tree, restive horses or a careless driver, any of these might hurl us from our sublimity existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," observed the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a sudden storm. There is something grand about the winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never encountered a night like this but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder storm in *Jura* recurs to my mind. But are we on the mountain yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent."

"Is it not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight so that we could enjoy the mountain scenery.—But what's that!" and she covered her eyes from a sheet of lightning that illuminated the mountain with brilliant intensity.

Just after peal of thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder burst, and with the deeper moaning of an animal in dreadful agony, breaking upon our ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Louise, my beautiful fellow-traveler, became pale as ashes. She fixed her eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father she hurriedly remarked:

"We are on the mountains."

"I reckon we are," was the unconcerned reply.

With instinctive activity, I put my head through the window and called to the driver, but the only answer was the moaning of an animal, borne past me by the swift winds of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained in vain—it would not yield. At that instant I felt a cold hand in mine, and heard Louise faintly articulate in my ear the following appalling words:

"The coach is moving backward!"

Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at the coach door and called on the driver in tones that rivaled the fierce blast of the tempest, whilst the conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being slowly moved backward!

What followed was of such swift occurrence that it appears to me like a frightful dream.

I rushed against the door with all my might, but it withstood my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and I knew from his desperate plunges that it was one of our horses.—Crash upon crash of thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid flashes of lightning played over our heads. By its light I could see for a moment the old planter standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven and his lips moving as if in prayer.

I could see Louise turn her ash cheek towards me as if imploring assistance; and I could see the bold glance of the boy manifesting indignant defiance at the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll, a desperate plunge, a harsh, grating jar, a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand around her waist, and seize the fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving con-

### consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was becoming exhausted but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion.

The traveler paused. His features worked for a minute or two as they did when we were on the mountain; he passed his hand across his forehead as if in pain, and then resumed his thrilling narrative.

On a low couch in a humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, joy and sorrow, mirth and madness. Gentle hands soothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice for a time hushed all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl of about sixteen, who refused for a while to hold any discourse with me. One morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on knowing the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," said she, "sitting on a ledge of rocks, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady!" I gasped, scanning the girl's face with an earnestness that made her draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the means that saved you—a friendly tree."

"And her father and brother!" I impatiently demanded.

"We found both crushed to death at the bottom of the precipice, and we buried them in one grave by the clover patch down in our meadow."

"Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you!" I muttered in broken tones, uttered unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her indeed, sir," said she, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy—"Would you like to see her?" she added.

I found her bathed in tears for her kindred, and she received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I need not detain you by describing the efforts I made to soothe her grief, but acquaint you as last I succeeded, and twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related we stood at the altar as man and wife. She still lives to bless me with her smiles, but on the anniversary of that terrible night she secludes herself in her room, and there devotes the hours of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," added the traveler, "while a faint blush tinged his noble brow, 'alas for me, that accident has reduced me to the condition of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice.'"

The driver's body was found on the road, within a few steps of the place where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horses.

And thus ended this thrilling and remarkable story of life.

AMEN.—Deacon B., of Ohio, a very pious man, was noted for his long prayers, especially in the family. One Monday morning the deacon and his wife were alone; as was his usual custom after breakfast, a prayer was offered. There being an unusual amount of work that day, the deacon's prayer was short. He seized his hat and milk pail, and started for the barn. His wife being very deaf, did not notice his absence, and supposed him to be still engaged in prayer. On his return from milking he was surprised to find her still kneeling. He stepped up to her and shouted "amen;" when she immediately arose and went about her work, as though nothing had happened.

THE EFFICACY.—An exchange says a neighbor who had repeatedly been urged by some female acquaintances to accompany them to a skating pond, at last yielded, no longer able to resist the blandishment of his bewitching tormentors. He went. He said he put on a pair of skates and struck boldly out, and the next thing he knew he was in bed, the minister sitting beside him singing a psalm, the doctor courting his wife, and the undertaker measuring him for a walnut coffin.

I met her by the seller door; the look she gave me was cold and stern; her eyes looked pitchforks into mine, and mine looked pizen into hers; and for we had lived in days gone by—her daddy said that I might take her—but, alas! for my dreams of wedded bliss, she got up and got with a Dutch shoemaker. No more girls for me, if I know it; no more frauds my luv to dim; in the words of the poet, "Not for Joseph!" and he might have added, "Not for Jim!"

A SCOTCHMAN having put a crown piece into the plate instead of a penny, in an Edinburgh church, one Sunday morning, asked to have it back, but was refused. "In once, in forever," said the man who collected the money. "I'll get credit for it in heaven then," answered the Scotchman. "Na, na," said the other, "ye'll get credit only for the penny ye meant to give."

The simplest and cheapest way to cool a room is to wet a cloth of any size, it is larger the better, and suspend it in its place you want cooled. Let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will fall from ten to twenty degrees in less than an hour. This is the plan adopted in many Eastern nations.