Cambria Freeman.

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

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

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VOLUME 3. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1869. NUMBER 27.

ESTATE OF IGNATIUS ADAMS, Deceased.—Notice of Rule on the Heirs and Legal Representatives of Ignatius Adams, deceased:

CAMBRIA COUNTY, ss.—The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Joseph Criste, Guardian of Eliza Kyle, and Guardian PRO HAC VICE for Winifred and Thomas Reilly and for Jane and Anne L. Adams, Mathew M. Adams, Mary Huber, (formerly Mary Reilly,) now residing in Pittsburgh, Pa., Bridget and John Reilly, (the said John now residing in Clearfield county, Pa.) Ignatius Adams, Jr., (present residence unknown,) heirs and legal representatives of Ignatius Adams, late of Washington township, in said county, deceased: You and every of you are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of the Orphans' Court to be held at Ebensburg on the first Monday of September next, and then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of the said Ignatius Adams, deceased, situate in the township of Washington afore aid, and which has been valued and appraised by an Inquest awarded by the said Court, and returned by the Sheriff of said county on the 3d June, 1868, to wit:—No 1, containing 4 acres and 150 perches, valued and appraised at eleven dollars per acre; No. 2, containing 1 acre and 27 perches, valued and appraised at one hundred dollars per acre; No. 3, containing 2 acres and 130 perches, valued and appraised at nine dollars per acre; No. 4, containing 118 acres and 125 perches, valued and appraised at sixteen dollars per acre; No. 5, containing 417 acres and 90 perches, valued and appraised at nine dollars per acre; No. 6, containing 471 acres and 70 perches, valued and appraised at nine dollars per acre; or show cause why the same should not be sold. And herein fail not.

Witness the Hon. George Taylor, President Judge of our said Court, at Ebensburg, this 30th day of June, A. D. 1869.

JAMES GRIFFIN, Clerk.

Attest—JOHN A. BLAIR, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, July 10, 1869. 4t.

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

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STORE ON HIGH STREET,

Four Doors East of Crawford's Hotel,

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EBENSBURG FOUNDRY

AGAIN IN FULL BLAST!

NEW FIRM, NEW BUILDINGS, &c.

HAVING purchased the well known EBENSBURG FOUNDRY from Mr. Edw. Glass, and rebuilt and enlarged it almost entirely, besides refitting it with new machinery, the subscribers are now prepared to furnish

COOK, PARLOR & HEATING STOVES,

of the latest and most approved patterns THRESHING MACHINES, MILL GEARING, ROSE and WATER WHEELS of every description, IRON FENCING, PLOUGHS and PLOUGH CASTINGS, and in fact all manner of articles manufactured in a first class Foundry. Job Work of all kind attended to promptly and done cheaply.

The special attention of Farmers is invited to two newly patented PLOUGHS which we possess the sole right to manufacture and sell in this county, and which are admitted to be the best ever introduced to the public.

Believing ourselves capable of performing any work in our line in the most satisfactory manner, and knowing that we can do work at LOWER PRICES than have been charged in this community heretofore we confidently hope that we will be found worthy of liberal patronage.

Fair reductions made to wholesale dealers.

☞ The highest prices paid in cash for old metal, or castings given in exchange.

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Ebensburg, Sept. 2, 1868.

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AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES

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WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS!

STORE ON MAIN STREET,

Next Door to the Post Office,

June 10, 1869. EBENSBURG, PA.

ESTATE OF MARY AUTENBERGER, DEC'D.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of Mary Autenberger, late of Carroll township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and requests those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

PAUL YAHNER, Adm'r.

Carroll Tp., June 24, 1869.-6t.

The Poet's Department.

SUN AND SHOWER.

Life, like the weather, with shade and shine.
Ever is chequered from time to time.
(I rather think this remark of mine
Has oft ere now been observed in rhyme.)
Fate is a weathercock prone to veer,
And turns to the wind that may be in power;
And life is cloudy, and life is clear,
In the reign alternate of sun and shower.

Now you'll be drenched—wet through to the skin,
And ban the weather in undertones;
Now you are melted and wish you were thin,
Or "could take off your flesh and sit in your bones."
We have in our favored Yankee clime
Gleam and gloom in the self-same hour;
Nay, often we get them both at one time,
An April struggle of sun and shower.

But take the advice a philosopher tends,
If misfortune surely you wish to milk—
And beg, or borrow, or steal from your friends,
The homely gingham, or costly silk.
Would you face the climate with iron nerve,
And calmly o'er its vicissitudes tower!
Procure an umbrella—because 'twill serve
As shade in sunshine and shelter in shower.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

I'm an engine-driver on the great West-by-North railway. We don't chase lightning over the prairies on our line, for we're slow, and pretty sure. Ours is a new line—a very new one—running through miles of unsettled country. For years past I've drove on that line. I drove there when it ran only twenty miles; and I saw and ran along that line as it stretched out farther into the great region westward till it went its hundreds.

We've cow-catchers on our engines, and nothing to laugh at neither. On your few mile-long lines you can fence. But when your line happens to get over a thousand miles, fencing comes expensive, and makes a hole in the profits; so that it was soon found necessary to have something in front that would throw off a cow, or a bullock, if it had strayed on the line; else, being an obstinate sort of beast, he might throw off the train. For they will stray, and there's no mistake about them, when you see them there and sound the horn—for we use that as well as the whistle—instead of the stupid thing getting off and into safety, they'll go galloping off in their clumsy, cocktail, one-two-three amble, till we catch up to them, and then—well, I should say that in my time I have made beef of a score of cows, though I never made an end of a fellow-creature yet. I was very near it though, once.

You've laughed about the stokers going out in front, on to the cow-catcher, to heave billets of wood at the brutes; but it's a fact; and I've done it before now; and a good crack from a cornerish piece of wood has saved 'em, making them give a kick and a plunge off the single line, and giving us room to go by.

But there are things that will not get out of the way, do what you will; I believe you might sound the horn or whistle, or whatever you'd got, at any old woman who was crossing the line, and she'd only stand still and stare; while, if you had a billet of wood she'd only shake her umbrella at you, and call you a villain. They're dreadful creatures, old women are, and if it wasn't for the thought that they were young, I don't know how we should bear them. They don't seem to understand railways at all; they never have their tickets ready; they're always either too soon or too late, and when once they're in the car, they bother every one to death, and drive the guard mad by expecting that folks have entered into a conspiracy to carry them past their destination.—Why, a friend of mine, a guard on the line between New York and Chicago, once told me of an old lady going to the last place and wanting to get off at the first station.

Well, putting cows first and old women second, the next on the list, to my way of thinking, are children, bless 'em! I love children, got half a score of them myself, but they always give me the cold shivers when I see them near a railway. For you see, I suppose for company's sake, being an out of the way, lonely spot, there was a chap built himself a log shanty close to the line, where he had made a bit of a clearing, and perhaps he thought it would be a bit of comfort for his wife and little ones to see the trains go by with people in the cars, besides being a bit of protection from the wandering tribes about; for you see, where a man sets up his tent, as you may say, out in the wilderness, he's obliged to run risks; so any chance, however small, of making it less risky, is snatched at.

I got quite to know these people, and nice, hard working folks they were. Why, before they had been there six months, that bit of wilderness began to look like a garden of Eden, and two more people came and pitched in the next bits. I quite knew these first folks, though they never spoke; for I always went by them at twelve miles an hour; but the little ones used to stand at the shanty door and cheer, and as time went on I'd wave my hat to the wife, and the husband, too, so that they generally used to come out when they heard me coming up or down; and more than once mine has been an anxious journey when I've passed there, and all has been quiet, but the next time I'd pass there would be some one at the door or in the strawberry patch in front.

We got to be such friends at last that I used to buy candy and doughnuts and heave 'em into the garden as I went by for the children to scramble after, and that's what it was that did it, and this is how it was:

We were going comfortably along one afternoon, till, as we got near the clearing where my friends, as I called them, were located, I began to forage about in my pockets for a couple of papers of something that I'd got, when my stoker says, "Hallo! what's that on the line?"

"Cow," says I.

"Cow; no," he says. "Why—why it's children!"

"Sound the"—I did not stop to finish, but opened the little valve myself, making the shrill afternoon air quiver with the hollow booming roar it sent far and wide.

"That's moved 'em," says my stoker, laughing to see the little distant figures scamper away.

"I thought it would," I says; and then, with my hand on the valve, I made the thing scream and roar again, for there was one of them still in the middle of the track.

In a moment I'd forgotten all about the stuff in the papers, for a serious sort of feeling came over me, one that for a few moments took all the nerves from my limbs so that I could not move; and then, instead of reversing the engine, I began to creep forward, while, as if for the same feeling, my stoker stood staring with all his might at the poor little child.

We were too near it to have done our parts, and it was with a groan, seeming to force itself out of my breast, that I told myself it was through encouraging the poor children with presents that this was going to happen, for there, seeing no danger, was a bright-eyed, long-haired thing, dancing about and waving its hands as we came swiftly on.

It takes me sometime to tell, but it only took a few moments; and there it is all now like a picture that, having once seen, I can never forget. It was a glorious, golden, sun-shiny afternoon, with all looking bright and mellow; the but with its patch of flowers; the children by the side of the line, and their mother running out wild and frantic like, but only to drop down in the track, half way between the door and where her little one was dancing and waving her little hands as we glided on.

I felt like a man does in one of those night-mare dreams, when the will is there to do something, only a dreadful kind of force holds you back and you can see danger coming nearer, and not avoid it. We neither of us spoke, but stood there, one on each side, leaning forward as helpless as the poor little child in the front, till with almost a yell I fought clear of the power that seemed to hold me, and with the feeling on me that I was too late, crept along the side of the engine, and lay down with arms extended in front of the cow-catcher.

Only moments, but moments that seemed like hours, as with its strange, hurrying, jumping motion the engine dashed down, as I told myself, to crush out the life of that poor little innocent. I wanted to shut my eyes to keep out the horrible sight, but I dared not; and though now I seemed to be doing what might save the child's life. I could not think it possible. There it was, just in front, and yet we appeared to come no nearer. In an ordinary way we should have passed the shanty a dozen times; but now the horror of those moments acted so on my imagination that we seemed to crawl slowly but surely, like the motion of some vast machine that hardly seems to move, and yet forces its way on with a power that there is no stopping.

Twenty yards—ten yards—were we never going to pass over the spot? or would some miraculous power stop the engine? I tried to shout, but only a curious hoarse noise came from my throat; I wanted to wave my hands, but they remained stretched out obstinately toward the child.

Five yards—four—three. There was the little thing laughing in its innocent glee, for it was expecting some little present from me, who was then calling myself its murderer, and there lay motionless as a statue.

Two yards—one—at last—all over.—There was a shock as we dashed down on the little thing, who seemed to stretch out its hands to mine, and to leap, actually jump into my arms, and then, with it tightly grasped, we were still going on and on, I with my eyes shut, but feeling that I had the child tightly held to my breast, and yet not able to look to see if it was hurt.

Then I don't know how it was, but I believe I must have got up and crawled back to the place by the stoker; but I don't know, I can't recollect doing it, only finding myself sitting down there holding the frightened little child in my arms, and feeling stunned and helpless as a child myself.

"What am I doing of?" I said at last, for my stoker had spoken to me. "Why, I'm crying," I said; and so I was, crying like some great girl.

We dared not stop to take the little thing back, but we sent it from the next station; and you'll believe me when I tell you that we were better friends afterwards than ever.

HOLDING VANDERBILT'S HORSE.

A TRUE STORY FROM WALL STREET.

A young man from an adjoining State, who has recently been rescued from a score of hungry creditors, and who still has a credit at his banker's of about $100,000, but who not long ago was in reduced circumstances and obliged to live in retirement on Staten Island, makes the following solution of his sudden acquisition of a competency. The gentleman—Holt by name—was residing in one of the fashionable hotels on Staten Island. He was extremely down-hearted. This was the reason of his low spirits: About two years ago he had married a handsome woman, on whom he fairly doted. At that time he had $25,000 in cash. Soon after the nuptual ceremony, Holt removed to this city, and soon after became a broker on Wall street. He was too honest to succeed there. The bulls and bears gored and tore him—financially—and in less than twelve months he had not a dollar left. Disgusted, he retired with as good grace as possible, leaving his cash to fulfill its mission. With wife and child he went to the country, and finally, as before stated, settled down in a hotel on Staten Island. His wife had some means, and she gave it freely for the support of the family.

About two weeks ago, late one hot afternoon, a gentleman drove up to the hotel where Holt was living, and gruffly asked whether there was a boy there who would hold his horse. "I'll do it, sir," said Mr. Holt, and he did hold the animal during the time consumed by the elderly gentleman in obtaining his dinner.

A few days later the same gentleman, driving the same horse, stopped at the same hotel, and hunted for a boy again to hold his horse. No boy being present, Holt again volunteered. He held the horse until the hostler came to take the animal to the stable, and then retired within the hotel to dress for dinner.—Mrs. Holt had a way of making her husband get himself up very respectably at least once each day, and that was for the dinner hour. Usually he had been rather negligent of his costume, and since his financial *fiasco* had really become seedy.—When Mr. and Mrs. Holt entered the hotel dining room that evening, Mrs. Holt was resplendent. Her husband was at least dressed in gentlemanly style. At an adjoining table sat the elderly man whose horse Mr. Holt had on two different occasions had the pleasure of holding. The eyes of the elderly individual were observed to dilate considerably. In fact, he stared at Mr. and Mrs. Holt. But he said nothing at that time. After dinner, however, he sought Mr. Holt and bluntly asked his name. "Holt, sir, at your service." "And who do you think I am?" again asked the elderly personage. "Oh, you? You are 'old' Vanderbilt! I know you, and the horse I have held is Mountain Boy, an animal any man might be proud to draw a rein over."

Instead of taking offence at the epithet "old," Mr. Vanderbilt—for it was the Commodore—seemed to like it and he made some inquiries about Holt's antecedents, took a fancy to him, and peremtorially ordered the young man to make his appearance at his up-town office on the ensuing forenoon at precisely 11 o'clock. Holt promised to obey, did so, and had an interview of over an hour's duration with the millionaire. What was done or said on that occasion no one has ever been able to learn. But a few days later Holt made his reappearance in Wall street and speculated strongly and successfully in a certain line of stocks known to be mostly controlled by Commodore Vanderbilt. So well did he work his card with the instructions undoubtedly obtained from the Commodore, that in a few weeks he cleared over $100,000 in cash, which he deposited with a prominent banking house whose vaults are protected by burglar-proof locks, and who keep day and night watchmen expressly paid to see that no unauthorized person tampers with those safeguards. Two days ago Vanderbilt sent for Holt again and said to him:

"Young man, I hear you have made some money. I am glad to learn it. Now just take my advice a second time. Never put a foot in Wall street again. You are not suited for that atmosphere. Shun it as you would the devil. You've got enough. Keep what you have and be contented."

Holt now shuns Wall street as he would a pestilence.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A GUEST at a Cleveland hotel was discovered by the proprieter the other evening, rather tenderly embracing one of the chambermaids. The landlord rebuked him somewhat angrily, and wanted to know the reason of such conduct. "Simply observing the rules of the house," said the guest, pointing to a card tacked on the room door. "Don't it read, 'Any neglect of servants should be reported at the office?' I don't want to be reported at the office for neglect of servants, do I?"

A COUNTRYMAN who had never paid more than twenty-five cents to see an exhibition, went to a city theatre one night to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him seventy-five cents for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back, he quietly remarked: "Keep it, mister; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.

How Jacob Strawn got a Wife.

Many of our residents will undoubtedly remember Jacob Strawn, who lived in Jacksonville, Ill., about twenty-five or thirty years ago. Jacob died one of the very wealthiest men in the State of which he had been a resident. He was a hog and cattle dealer, and has been known to have in his possession as many as 30,000 head of each at one time. Well, Jacob lived to be thirty years of age, and up to that time never had occasion to unite himself to one of Eve's daughters. He was a practical sort of a man and never dreamed that such a thing as marriage was possible while a person was possessed of even moderate means. However, at that age he was rich, and one day the conviction very naturally forced itself on his mind that he should procure some one of the opposite sex to enjoy his riches with him.

Thirty years ago, in the section of country in which Mr. Strawn lived, girls were not so plenty as they are at present. In fact, it may be said, they were like "angels visits, few and far between."—But those who did reside nigh unto Jacksonville were as beautiful as the longest day in summer is lengthy. Now, be it known, Jacob was a patrician. Democracy was with him a sacred principle, and notwithstanding the circumstance that he was immensely wealthy, and that the greater number of families residing near him were poor, so far as his feelings went, or even his actions, never did he make a manifestation of egotism or self-pride.

Outside of Jacksonville, a couple of miles perhaps, there lived quite a respectable family. This family employed a servant girl. The maturity which the lapse of eighteen years produced was apparent in her face and form. Like the great majority of country girls, she looked as if she was ever gazing upon roses and those roses were reflecting their beauty in her cheeks.

Graceful and neat in the extreme, and possessing a very fair share of intelligence, this girl was a match for whomsoever might take her unto himself. Jacob saw this flower and determined to possess it. To transplant it into his own house, to have it to cheer, was the grand object to which he directed his thoughts. He loved without ever having spoken to his idol of his day thoughts and dreams. Romance was something of which Jacob had probably never heard, and so making love with him was like buying a steer—a mere matter of business. One day he rode to the door of the residence of the fair maid, alighted from his horse and knocked with the butt end of his whip. The lady of the house answered his summons, and immediately upon her making her appearance, Jacob asked for the servant girl.

The servant girl came. Said Jacob: "I want a wife, and I've picked you out as the most proper person for that position that I can possibly find. I've never spoken to you before, but then that makes no difference. I'll give you one week to consider."

The girl blushed, and was dumbfounded. Jacob mounted his horse and rode away. The girl inquired in regard to Mr. Strawn's character and standing, and was advised by those with whom she lived to accept the offer of his hand. Punctually, a week after, Jacob rode up to the door, knocked again with his whip, and said:

"Is it no or yes?"

Blushingly, and while tears traced each other down her rosy cheeks, the girl answered, in a low tone, but quite distinctly:

"Yes."

"Well," said Jacob, "let's see; this is Monday; we get married the day after tomorrow, Wednesday. Here's some money to buy a wedding outfit," and he threw her a purse containing a thousand dollars. The couple did get married on Wednesday, and no happier pair, during their life time, was to be met within the State of Illinois.

A CHURCH OF RAGS.—There is such a church actually existing near Bergen, Prussia, which can contain one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The relieves outside, and the statues within, the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of papier-mache, rendered water-proof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white of eggs. We have not yet reached this audacity in our use of paper; but it should hardly surprise us, inasmuch as we employ the same material in private houses, in steamboats, and in some public buildings, instead of carved decorations and plaster cornices. When Frederick II. of Prussia set up a limited papier-mache factory at Berlin, in 1765, he little thought that paper cathedrals might, within a century, spring out of his snuff-boxes by the slight-of-hand of art. At present we old-fashioned people, who haunt cathedrals and build churches, like stone better. But there is no saying what we may come to. It is not very long since it would have been as impossible to cover eighteen acres with glass as to erect a pagoda with soap bubbles, yet the thing was done. When we think of a psalm sung by one thousand voices pealing through an edifice made of rags, and the universal element bound down to carry our messages with the speed of light, it would be presumptuous to say what cannot be achieved by science and art under the training of steady old time.

IF two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

AN HONEST MAN.

In the year 1847, a young man named Cobleigh, who had been engaged as locomotive engineer on the Eastern Railroad, went out to Cuba to take charge of the engine of a large sugar factory at Cardenas. Before leaving, he remarked to a friend that he meant to purchase a lottery ticket when he reached Havana, as he believed those schemes as fair and honorable as a lottery could be, being under the direct supervision of the Government. His friend, a young unmarried man, handed him $10, saying: "There, get me a ticket, too. I'll try a ticket for luck, and shall set the ten dollars down to profit and loss."

Time passed on. Cobleigh remained a year in Cuba, and then returned to the States and ran a locomotive for six months on the Erie road, after which he went to Columbus, Ohio, where he remained nearly four years. During this time the young man who had intrusted to Cobleigh the $10 for a lottery ticket had married, and become the father of two children. He was a sail-maker by trade, and worked hard for the support of his family.

At length Cobleigh came on to New York, where, by chance, he met his old Cuban employer, who informed him, in course of conversation, that a prize of twenty thousand dollars, drawn five years before by a sold ticket, had never been claimed. What was the number? Cobleigh obtained it, and then went home and overhauled his trunk, and among a lot of old letters he found the two lottery tickets which he had bought in Havanna, over five years before—and one of them was the fortunate number.

A few days after this the young sail-maker, in Boston, received a letter from the engineer, inclosing the lottery ticket, and giving directions for obtaining the money. The mechanic was thunder-struck and at first would not believe that his friend had written truly; but upon inquiring of the Cuban Consul, he found that his claim was good, and in time he obtained the twenty thousand dollars.—He tried to find Cobleigh, to give him a part of the money, but could not.

A year more passed, and Cobleigh visited Boston. He was going to the gold country, where he was engaged to superintend the running of engines for quartz mining. His pay was to be ample, so he would not accept any part of his friend's fortune.

"But," urged the sail-maker, "why is not the money as much yours as mine?" Both tickets were together."

"Aye," replied Cobleigh; "but it was yours that drew the prize. When I bought them I selected mine first. Then I selected one for you, from which I nipped off a bit of the upper right hand corner. When I found the two tickets, after learning one of them was entitled to a prize, I discovered that the nipped corner bore the fortunate number! So, of course, the prize was yours."

That is what we call Inborn Honesty.

THE PEACE JUBILEE FIDDLE.—The editor of the Schenectady *Star* attended the Peace Jubilee in Boston, and thus speaks about the big fiddle:

Gilmore and I went through it. We were let down into it through one of those S shaped holes on each side of the bridge. When I got down to the bottom I imagined myself inside the old Mohawk bridge at night. Gilmore lost me once, and after two hours frantic search I found him sitting complacently up against the big perpendicular stick that stands in the middle of the fiddle (poetry) to support the weight of the bridge. He was glad to see me. We then got out. Yes, this fiddle is a big thing. An accident occurred while a large party of workmen were engaged in raising the bridge. It slipped and fell and smashed fifteen men as flat as tin foil. Gilmore felt very sorry about this, because it mussed up the fiddle. You may wonder how this mammoth instrument is played and fingered. Well, two little locomotives work the bow, and it is fingered in this way: Five heavy Dutchmen, dressed in doeskin tights, stand on the finger-board between the strings. Each man has a string, you know, and when his string wants to be "fingered" he sits down on it as quick as a flash, and up and down again every time another note is wanted. The effect of this novel proceeding is rich. I saw them when the "Devil's Dream" was played, and if there wasn't some tall squatting and getting up again then I never was in Boston. The poor fellow who managed the E string, on account of having to slide along so much to produce slurs, has scorched his tights very badly in the seat.

A BAND of minstrels in a Western city started out on a "tower" recently. They went to a town not far away and advertised to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor, tickets reducted to 25 cents." The hall was crammed full.—The next morning a committee for the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern for the amount said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand. "I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor!" Replied the treasurer, "Didn't we put the tickets down to 25 cents, so that the poor could all come?" The committee vanished.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—Under an overhanging peak of Log Mountain, between Cumberland Gap and Barbourville, Tenn., was recently discovered an admirably carved statue, or rather torso, of a full sized man in a sitting posture with his hands by his side. The image was carved from the heart of a yellow pine, and was evidently the work of no mean sculptor. According to our informant, who saw it at Mr. Palmer's house some ten days ago, the contour of the ribs and of every muscle of the body was perfectly displayed. The face of the image is beautifully wrought and every feature is perfectly delineated. In the ears were holes for the insertion of ornaments.

How many unnumbered years that statue wrought by unknown hands had calmly sat greeting the rising sun each morning, heedless of the annihilation of those who once ascended the then holy mountain and prostrated themselves before it in adoration, careless of the strangers who roamed the lands where its servants once ruled, our imagination is powerless to tell. Only the wind that whistled through the grotto wherein it stood (the rain could not reach it) had worn away the outer side of an inch or more, and from this some idea may be gained of the duration of its weary vigil there on the mountain alone.

The wood from which it was hewn, and from the quantity of pitch it contains, when protected from the weather as it was here, is as indestructible as stone, and this same image may have been, and probably was, carved and set up as an object of worship long before the Indians roved the woods, and even anterior to the Christian era.

HOW MONKEYS ARE CAPTURED.—Monkeys are pretty common, yet as all the family are remarkably cunning, has it never occurred to the reader how they are taken? Pitfalls will take a lion, and the famished monarch of the forest will, after a few day's starvation, dart into a cage containing food and thus be secured. But how are monkeys caught? The ape family resembles man. Their vices are human. They love liquor, and fall. In Darfour and Sennaar the natives make fermented beer, of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as a monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy, that soon attracts his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time the beasts show all signs of intoxication. Then the negroes appear.—The few who come too late to get fuddled, escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrost them, but apparently take them for larger specimens of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these immediately begin to weep and cover them with maudlin kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support and endeavor to go off also. Another will grasp at him, and so on till the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally they are brought to the village they are securely caged, and gradually sober down, but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—The following gossip concerning the Siamese Twins seems rather apocryphal, but we hand it round for the benefit of ethnological science:

"Chang belongs to the Good Templars, and is a hard working and enthusiastic supporter of all temperance reforms. But, to his bitter distress, every now and then Eng gets drunk, and, of course, that makes Chang drunk too. This unfortunate thing has been a great sorrow to Chang; for it always destroys his usefulness in his favorite field of effort. As sure as he is to head a great temperance procession Eng ranges up along side of him, prompt to the minute and drunk as a lord; but yet not more dismally and hopelessly drunk than his brother, who has not tasted a drop. And so the two begin to hoot and yell, and throw mud and bricks at the Good Templars, and of course they break up the procession. It would be manifestly wrong to punish Chang for what Eng does, and therefore the Good Templars accept the untowards situation, and suffer in silence and sorrow. They have officially and deliberately examined into the matter, and find Chang blameless. They have taken the two brothers and filled Chang full of warm water and sugar, and Eng full of whisky, and in twenty-five minutes it was not possible to tell which was the drunkest."

A SOUTHERN PAPER narrates a comical incident of "the late unpleasantness."—One of Sherman's bummers met a countryman in the course of one of his excursions, and stopped him. "Come out from under that hat," exclaimed the bummer, "I see you there." The unlucky victim delivered his hat. "Now come out of those boots," said the bummer. His orders were obeyed. "Crawl out of that coat," said he; "and be quick about it." Having subsequently robbed the man of his shirt, his trowsers, and a finger-ring, the bummer was riding off, when his victim stopped him. "Look here, mister," said he, "you forgot something," and pulling out a quid of tobacco from his mouth, he handed it to him. "You'd be ruined if you left that," he remarked.