



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, AUGUST 12, 1869.

NUMBER 28.

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

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

Special Anti-Dust
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,
NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOK-
ING STOVES.
As my Cooking Stove desired I will get
them at manufacturer's prices.—
Old Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for re-
pairs, 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 mate-
rial 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 Chimney, for giving
more light than any other in use. Also, the
Paragon Burner, for Grate Oil.

SPENCER'S SIFTER
It recommends 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 pa-
tronnage I have already received, and will
continue to please all who may call, whether
they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.
Johnston, 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 gener-
ally that he has made a great reduction in
prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will
consist, in part, of **Cooking, Parlor and Heat-**
ing Stoves, of the most popular kinds; **Tin-**
ware of every description, of my own man-
ufacture; **Hardware** of all kind, such as
locks, screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges,
Butter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Win-
dow Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks,
Cutting Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters,
Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives, Bow
and Tapered, Scissors, Shears, Razors and
Strops Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring
Machines, Augers, Chisels, Planes, Com-
passes, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises,
Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws,
Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes
and Shuttles, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bolts,
and Lasts, Pugs, Wax Brushes, Clothes
Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses
Sieves and Measures, Lumber Sicks, Horse
Saws, Horse Shovel, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shot
Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Pow-
der, Caps, Lead, &c., Old Stove Plates,
Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern
Pumps and Tubing; **Harness and Saddlery**
of all kind; **Wooden and Willow Ware**
of great variety; **Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps,**
Gas Oil, Lard Oil, Lined Oil, Lubricating
Oil, Tallow, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnish,
Whisky, Champagne, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Sy-
rup, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples,
Raisins, Currants, Crackers, Rice and Pearl
Onions, Soap, Dandelion; **TOBACCO** and
CIGARETTES, Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse
Dung, Rusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and
Sewing Machine Oils, all kinds and sizes; **Bed**
steads and Mattresses, 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
given 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 Caroline Street,
ALTOONA, PA.

who sell the city having the right to
use the name of "BALLEE SHEAR"
COOK STOVE, the most perfect
complete and satisfactory
Stove ever introduced
to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

1869. A NEW THING, 1869.
A BIG THING.
And a **GOOD THING** in EBENSBURG.

ROYALTY SUPERCEDED!
The "House of Tudor" Surrendered
TO THE SMALL FRY!

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!
New Inducements!

{ High Street! } { Low Prices! }

A. G. FRY
Has taken possession of the rooms on High
Street, (three doors from Centre Street,) recently
occupied by R. H. Tudor, into which he has just introduced
a mammoth assortment of

DRY & DRESS GOODS,
Groceries, Hardware, &c.,
consisting of everything and much more than
any dealer in this neck of timber "has
ever pretended to keep, and every
article of which will be

SOLD VERY CHEAP FOR CASH!
OR IN EXCHANGE FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

NO DEALER KEEPS BETTER GOODS!
NO DEALER SELLS MORE GOODS!
NO DEALER SELLS CHEAPER!
NO DEALER SELLS MORE!

TRY FRY! TRY FRY! TRY FRY!!!
Buy from Fry! Buy from Fry!!!

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY
the finest Dress Goods at the fairest prices.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Muslins, Checks, Ginghams, Tickings, Shirts,
Dresses, Deans, Jeans, Cloths, Cas-
simeres, Satinets, Delaines, Lawns,
Prints, &c., &c., and wish to get
the full worth of your money.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Boots and Shoes for Men, Ladies' and Chil-
dren's wear, unexcelled in quality and
nowhere undersold in prices.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Carpets,
Oil Cloths, &c., of the handsomest
styles at the lowest prices.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Hams, Sides, Shoulders, Meats, Pork, Fish, Salt,
Lard, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Coffee, Sugar,
Teas, Soap, Candles, Spices,
or anything else in that line.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY
anything and everything worth buying, and be
sure that at all times you will be supplied
at the **LOWEST CASH RATES.**

Oh my! my eye! it is no lie
That at the Dry Goods Store and Grocery
Just opened by A. G. Fry,
On the street called High,
More for your money you can buy
Than from any one else, far or nigh.

I design to keep a full line of the
DRESS GOODS of the most
desirable styles and textures,
and as I am determined to sell as **CHEAP AS**
THE CHEAPEST, I respectfully solicit a call
from all the ladies, and especially from those
who have been in the habit of visiting other
places to make their purchases. Whatever
you want to buy, be sure first to try the store
of
Ebensburg, May 27, 1869. A. G. FRY.

ALTOONA NOT YET IN RUINS!
WOLFE'S MAMMOH
CLOTHING BAZAAR!!!
STILL RIGHT SIDE UP!

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING!
IN IMMENSE PROFUSION!

ALL WANTS SUPPLIED!
ALL TASTES SUITED!
ALL BUYSERS PLEASED!
SUITS FOR OLD PEOPLE!
SUITS FOR MIDDLE AGED!
SUITS FOR YOUNG AMERICA!

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!
TO FIT EVERY MAN AND BOY!

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,
OF ALL STYLES AND SIZES.

Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags,
Umbrellas, &c. &c.

STOCK THE LARGEST!
GOODS THE VERY BEST!
STYLES THE NEATEST!
PRICES THE LOWEST!

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER
of any goods or style desired.

{ CALL AND SEE! } { CALL AND SEE! }

{ CAN SUIT YOU IN GOODS & PRICES }

STORE ON ANNE STREET, one
door north of the Post Office. Don't
mistake the place and there will be no
mistake about you getting good bargains.
GODFREY WOLFE.
Altoona, April 28, 1869.-4f.

A WORD FROM JOHNSTOWN!

JOHN J. MURPHY & CO.,
Have constantly on hand large and well
selected stock of seasonable

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Groceries,
and a general variety of NOTIONS, &c.—
Their stock consists of almost every article
usually kept in a retail store, all of which
have been selected with care and are offered
at prices which cannot fail to prove satisfac-
tory. Call and examine for yourselves.
Feb. 28, 1867.-4f.

The Dog's Department.

SELFISHNESS.

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two;
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you.
The space was small,
No doubt, for all,
But what should three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two,
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said,
"We'll eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold,
So they all three went to guarding,
The white, the black, and the gold;
And two of the bugs
Got under the rug,
And one was out in the cold.

So he that was left in a basket
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a morsel to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs
From off the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.

And so there was none in the basket,
Ah, pity 'tis, 'tis true!
But he who frozen and starved, at last
A strength from his weakness drew;
And pulled the rug
From both of the bugs,
And killed and ate them, too.

Now, when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree,
The white, the black, and the gold,
And share what comes
Of bread and crumbs,
And leave no tug in the cold.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

"BEVIS"—A TALE OF A DOG.

The Lyons diligence was just going to
start from Geneva. I climbed on the
roof, and chose my place next the driver;
there was still a vacant seat, and the por-
ter called "Monsieur Dermann!"

A tall young man with a German style
of countenance advanced, holding in his
arms a large black greyhound, which he
vainly tried to place on the roof.

"Monsieur," said he, addressing me,
"will you have the kindness to take my
dog?"

Bending over, I took hold of the animal,
and placed him on the straw at my feet.
I observed that he wore a hand-
some silver collar, on which the following
words were tastefully engraved: "Bevis,
I belong to Sir Arthur Bureley, given him
by Miss Clara."

His owner was therefore an English-
man, yet my fellow traveler, who had now
taken his place by my side, was evidently
either a Swiss or a German, and his name
was Dermann. Trifling as was the mys-
tery, it excited my curiosity, and after
two or three hours' pleasant conversation
had established a sort of intimacy between
us, I ventured to ask my companion for
an explanation.

"It does not surprise me," he answered,
"that this collar should puzzle you; and
I have great pleasure in telling you the
story of its wearer. Bevis belongs to me,
but it is not many years since he owned
another master, whose name is on his col-
lar. You will see why he still wears it."

The dog raised his head, opened his
bright eyes, and, laying back his long
ears, uttered a sound which might well
pass for a salutation.

Mr. Dermann placed the animal's head
on his knees and began to unfasten his col-
lar.

Instantly Bevis drew back his head
with a violent jerk, and darted toward the
luggage on the hind part of the roof—
There, growling fiercely, he lay down,
while his muscles were stiffened and his
eyes glowing with fury.

"You see, monsieur, how determined he
is to guard his collar; I should not like to
be the man who would try to rob him of it."
"Here, Bevis," said he, in a soft, ca-
ressing tone, "I won't touch it again, poor
fellow! Come and make friends!"

The greyhound hesitated, still growling.
At length he returned slowly towards his
master, and began to lick his hands; his
muscles gradually relaxed, and he trem-
bled like a leaf.

"There, boy, there," said Mr. Dermann,
caressing him. "We won't do it again.
Lie down now, and be quiet."

The dog nestled between his master's
feet, and went to sleep. My fellow trav-
eler then turned towards me, and began:

"I am a native of Suabia, but I live in
a little village of the Sberland, at the foot
of the Grimsel. My father keeps an inn
for the reception of travelers going to St.
Gothard. About two years since there
arrived at our house one evening a young
Englishman, with a pale, sad counten-
ance; he traveled on foot, and was fol-
lowed by a large greyhound, this, Bevis,
whom you see. He declined taking any
refreshments, and asked to be shown
to his sleeping room. We gave him one
over the common hall, where we were all
seated around the fire. Presently we
heard him pacing rapidly up and down;
from time to time uttering broken words,
addressed no doubt to his dog, for the ani-
mal moaned occasionally, as if replying
to, and sympathizing with, his master.

"At length we heard the Englishman
stop, and apparently strike the dog a blow,
for the poor beast gave a loud howl of

agony, and seemed as if he ran to take
refuge under the bed. Then his master
groaned aloud. Soon afterwards he lay
down, and all was quiet for the night.—
Early next morning he came down, look-
ing still more pale than the previous eve-
ning, and having paid his lodging, he took
his knapsack and resumed his journey,
followed by the greyhound, who had eas-
ily followed since their arrival, and whose
master seemed to take no further notice
of him than to frown when the creature
ventured to caress him.

"About noon I happened to be standing
at the door, looking toward the direction
which the Englishman had taken, when I
heard howls of distress, proceeding from
a wounded dog that was dragging himself
towards me.

I ran to him, and recognized the Eng-
lishman's greyhound. His head was torn,
evidently by a bullet, and one of his paws
broken. I raised him in my arms and
carried him into the house. When I
crossed the threshold he made evident ef-
forts to escape; so I placed him on the
ground. Then, in spite of the torture he
was suffering, which caused him to stagger
every moment, he scratched at the door
of the room where his master had slept,
moaning at the same time so piteously,
that I could scarcely help weeping myself.
I opened the door, and with a
great effort he got into the room, looked
about, and not finding whom he sought,
he fell down motionless.

"I called my father, and perceiving
that the dog was not dead, we gave him
all possible assistance, taking indeed as
much care of him as though he had been
a child, so much did we feel for him. In
two months he was cured, and showed us
much affection; we found it impossible,
however, to take off his collar, even for
the purpose of binding up his wounds—

As soon as he was able to walk, he would
often go toward the mountain, and be ab-
sent for hours. The second time this oc-
curred, we followed him. He proceeded
as far as a part of the road where a nar-
row defile borders a precipice; there he
continued for a long time, smelling and
scratching about. We conjectured that
the Englishman might have been attacked
by robbers on this spot, and his dog
wounded in defending him. However,
no event of the kind had occurred in the
country; and after the strictest search no
corpse could be discovered. Recollecting,
therefore, the manner in which the trav-
eler had treated his dog, I came to the
conclusion that he had tried to kill the
faithful creature. But wherefore? This
was a mystery which I could not solve.

"Bevis remained with us, testifying the
utmost gratitude for our kindness. His
intelligence and good humor attracted the
strangers who frequented our inn, while
the inscription on his collar, and the tale
we had to tell of him, failed not to excite
their curiosity. One morning in autumn,
I had been out to take a walk, accompa-
nied by Bevis. When I returned, I found
seated by the fire, in the common hall, a
newly arrived traveler, who looked around
as I entered. As soon as he perceived
Bevis, he started and called him. The
dog immediately started toward him with
fanciful demonstrations of joy. He ran
round him, smelling his clothes, and ut-
tered the sort of salutation with which he
honored you just now, and finally placing
his forepaws on the traveler's knees, be-
gan to lick his face.

"Where is your master, Bevis! Where
is Sir Arthur?" said the stranger, in
English.

The noble dog howled piteously, and
laid down at the traveler's feet. Then
the latter begged us to explain his presence.
I did so; and as he listened, I saw a tear
fall on the beautiful head of the greyhound,
who he leaned over to caress.

"Monsieur," said he, addressing me,
"from what you tell me, I venture to hope
that Sir Arthur still lives. We have been
friends from childhood. About three years
since he married a rich heiress, and this
dog was presented to him by her. Bevis
was highly cherished for his fidelity, a
quality which unhappily was not possess-
ed by his mistress. She left her fond and
loving husband, and eloped with another
man. Sir Arthur sued for a divorce; and
obtained it; then having arranged his
affairs in England, he set out for the Con-
tinent, followed only by his dog. His
friends knew not whether he went. Doubt-
less, the presence of Bevis, evermore re-
calling the memory of her who had so
cruelly wronged him, must have torn his
heart, and at length impelled him to des-
troy the faithful creature. But the shot
not having been mortal, the dog, I im-
agine, when he recovered consciousness,
was led by instinct to seek the house where
his master last slept. Now, Monsieur, he
is yours, and I heartily thank you for the
kindness you have shown him."

"About 10 o'clock the stranger retired
to his room, after having caressed Bevis,
who escorted him to his door, and then
returned to his accustomed place before
the fire. My parents and the servants
had retired to rest, and I prepared to fol-
low their example,—my bed being placed
at one end of the common hall. While I
was undressing I heard a storm rising in
the mountains. Just then there came a
knocking at the door, and Bevis began to
growl. I asked who was there? A voice
replied, "Two travelers, who want a
night's lodging." I opened a small chink
of the door to look out, and perceived two
ragged men, each leaning on a large club.
I did not like their looks; and knowing

that several robberies had been committed
in the neighborhood, I refused them ad-
mission, telling them that in the next
village they would readily find shelter.
They approached the door, as though
they meant to force their way in; but
Bevis made his voice heard in so formid-
able a manner that they judged it prudent
to retire. I bolted the door and went to
bed. Bevis, according to his custom, lay
down near the threshold, but we neither of
us felt inclined to sleep.

"A quarter of an hour passed, when
suddenly, above the wailing of the wind,
came the loud, shrill cry of a human
being in distress. Bevis rushed against
the door with a fearful howl; at the same
moment came the report of a gun, followed
by another cry. Two minutes after I
was on the road, armed with a carbine
and holding a dark lantern; my father
and the stranger, armed, accompanied me.
As for Bevis, he had darted out of the
house and disappeared.

"We approached the defile which I
mentioned before, at the moment when a
flash of lightning illuminated the scene.
A hundred yards in advance we saw
Bevis grasping a man by the throat.—
We hurried on, but the dog had complet-
ed his work ere we reached him; for two
men, whom I recognized as those who had
sought admittance to our inn, lay dead,
strangled by his powerful jaws. Further
on, we discovered another man, whose
bloody wounds the noble dog was licking.
The stranger approached him, and gave a
convulsive cry: it was Sir Arthur—the
master of Bevis!"

Here M. Dermann paused; the recol-
lection seemed to overcome him; and he
stopped to caress the sleeping greyhound
in order to hide his emotion. After a
while he finished his recital in a few
words.

"Sir Arthur was mortally wounded,
but he lived long enough to recognize his
dog, and to confess that in a moment of
desperation, he had tried to kill the faithful
creature who now avenged his death, by
slaying the robbers who had attacked him.
He appointed the stranger his executor,
and settled a large pension on Bevis, to
revert to the family of the inn-keeper,
wishing thus to testify his repentant love
toward his dog, and his gratitude toward
those who had succored him. The grief of
Bevis was excessive; he watched by his
master's couch, covering his dead body
with caresses, and for a long time lay
stretched on his grave, refusing to take
nourishment; and it was not until after
the lapse of many months that the affec-
tion of his new master seemed to console
him for the loss of Sir Arthur."

As my fellow-traveler finished the
recital, the diligence stopped to change
horses at the little town of Mentua. Here
M. Dermann's journey ended, and having
taken down his luggage, he asked me to
assist the descent of his dog. I shook
hands with him cordially, and then called
Bevis, who seeing me on such good terms
with his master, placed his large paws on
my breast, and uttered a low, friendly
bark. Shortly after they both disappeared
from my sight, but not from my memory,
as this little narrative has proved.

A USEFUL INVENTION.—The Rev. Abbe
Audet, of the Quebec Seminary, and Dr.
Laroc of the same place, have completed
an invention, for which patents have been
taken out in Canada and the United
States, that will prove of the greatest val-
ue in developing the resources of our iron
mines. During the past few years a large
number of speculators, and others inter-
ested in mining operations, have been en-
gaged in the discovery of what is com-
monly known as black sand (magnetic ox-
ide of iron), but the greatest difficulties
have been experienced, preparatory to
smelting, in separating the iron crystals
from the sand. The difficulty may now
be considered at an end, judging from the
excellent manner in which this new in-
vention performed its duty at the trial in
the Laval University. Many of our read-
ers are no doubt familiar with the con-
struction of the Howe cylinder printing
press, and the instrument at present under
notice resembles it in a great many par-
ticulars. The sides are composed of cast
iron, separated from each other at a dis-
tance of four feet three inches, and be-
tween which a series of rollers revolve in
succession. It is five feet six inches in
height, and about six feet in length.—
Eight hundred powerful magnets or load-
stones are fastened upon wooden bars, the
magnetic properties of which attract the
pure iron as it passes under them upon the
rollers, allowing the sand to fall on one
side.

SAVING HIS WHIPPING.—A little ur-
chin seven or eight years old, in one of
our schools where a Miss Blodgett was
teacher, composed the following and
wrote it on his slate at prayer time, to the
great amusement of the boys:

"A little mouse ran up the stairs,
To hear Miss Blodgett say her prayers."

The teacher discovered the rhyme, and
called out the culprit. For a punishment
she gave him his choice, to make another
rhyme in five minutes, or be whipped.—
So after thinking and thinking, and
scratching his head till his time was near-
ly out, and the teacher was lifting the
stick in a threatening manner, at the last
moment he exclaimed—

"Here stands Miss Blodgett,
She's going to stike, and I'm going to dodge
it."
He was sent to his seat.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

We are acquainted with a gentleman,
who, at one time, possessed an independ-
ent fortune. He owned a country seat,
a modern-built house in the city, had a
wife and daughter, and was as well off as
falls to the lot of most mortals. There
was no reasonable wish that he could not
enjoy, for he always had a balance to his
credit at his banker's, was not extrava-
gant, and his wife and child confined
themselves to purchasing what they really
needed and no more, a rare quality in a
woman.

Well, our friend paid his debts as fast
as he contracted them, living in the fear
of God, acted honestly by all men, and
thought that he should die surrounded by
all the comforts of life. He envied no
man, but many men envied him, for to be
rich is to be envied; and thus life passed
on, pleasant and agreeable, for there were
many friends around him. They partook
of his hospitality, praised his benevolence,
made love to his daughter and humored
the whims of his wife. But one day our
friend awoke and found that he was a ruined
man—that his wealth had disap-
peared, that his property was under an
attachment of the law, and that he had no
longer a house that he could call his own,
or a thousand dollars that he could apply
to his immediate necessities. The cause
of this sudden change was on account of
his having written his name on the back
of several slips of paper, or in other words
he had endorsed for a friend, and that
friend had lost thousands of dollars through
good speculation. He was ruined, unable
to meet his notes, and the creditors had
turned their attention to the endorser, and
he, poor man, had to smart for the impru-
dence of another.

Our friend was honest, and suffered
from the effects of it. He sighed at his
losses, moved from his convenient house,
gave up his furniture, all excepting that
which his wife claimed, hired a dwelling
house just large enough to accommodate his
family, and then cast his eyes around the
world to see what he could do to support
them. Many years had elapsed since he
was engaged in trade, and he had no cap-
ital to commence with and build up a new
business. He applied to his friends for
advice—to those men who had spent their
legs under his mahogany, and eaten so
many dinners, and while they were
ready to give him counsel, they were not
ready to assist him in any other manner.
One recommended farming, another that
a sutler's position in the army might be
a good thing, while a third concluded
that the old gentleman might still answer
for a second book-keeper in some estab-
lishment where rapidly was not required.