

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, SEPTEMBER 16, 1869.

NUMBER 33.

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ROYALTY SUPERCEDED!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 KEEPS 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  
Muslin, Checks, Gingham, Tickings, Shirts, Denims, Drills, Jeans, Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Deans, Linens, 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's, Ladies' and Children's wear, unequalled 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 figures.

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

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY  
anything and everything worth buying, and be sure that 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 Street,  
More for your money you can buy  
Than from any one else, far or nigh.

I design to keep a full line of  
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  
A. G. FRY.  
Ebensburg, May 27, 1869.

ALTOONA NOT YET IN RUINS!  
WOLFF'S MAMMOTH  
CLOTHING BAZAAR!!  
STILL RIGHT SIDE UP!

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING!  
IN IMMENSE PROFUSION!

ALL WANTS SUPPLIED!  
ALL TASTES SUITED!  
ALL BUYERS PLEASED!  
SUIITS FOR OLD PEOPLE!  
SUIITS FOR MIDDLE AGED!  
SUIITS 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!

## DENTISTRY?

### DR. JOHN FRY,

Assisted by his Daughter,  
Having permission located in Ebensburg, is prepared to answer all professional calls, and insert ARTIFICIAL TEETH on genuine Rubber (Vulcanite) Base, or, if preferred, he will insert them on Gold (20 carats fine), or Silver (chemically pure)—both of his own preparing on Platine, Aluminium, Palladium, Corallite and Adamantine. Also, the Porcelain teeth. Extracting, Filling and Cleaning of Teeth carefully performed, avoiding all unnecessary pain.

He would also call attention to his new made filling teeth with CRYSTAL GOLD, which is the best preparation ever introduced for filling teeth. He can restore a TOOTH TO ITS NATURAL SHAPE with this gold, and make the filling as solid as a piece of gold coin. Go and have your teeth examined every six months at least, and if there is any decay about them have them filled with Crystal Gold and you will never need artificial teeth. Artificial teeth are a good substitute, but they do not compare with the natural teeth when in a healthy state.

All work done in such manner as not to be excelled in Style, Beauty, Comfort, Lightness, Durability, and warranted to give satisfaction and be harmless to the mouth.

Samples of his work may be examined by all who desire to see them. The following speaks for itself:

### TESTIMONIALS.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Latrobe and Ligonier, Westmoreland county, Pa., cheerfully submit the following as expressions of our estimate of Dr. Fry's abilities as a Dentist:

We regard Dr. Fry as naturally adapted to the profession of his choice. His mechanical ingenuity has furnished to his art many invaluable modifications and improvements, and we deem it due to him and the public at large to say that, from a long and intimate acquaintance, we can confidently recommend him to all who may feel interested, as an able, faithful and experienced workman.

Larsons—Eli Ferguson, M. D. John McGirr, M. D. Rev. Jerome Kearney, J. L. Chamberlain, W. S. Head, Joseph A. Head, Michl. Bossett, David Williams.

Ligonier—L. T. Dean, M. D., Wm. Ashcom, Jacob Eichler, N. M. Marker, Esq., Jacob Brenner, P. M., Joseph Scroggs, D. D.

LAUGHLINSTOWN—Robert Louthier, Esq., A. G. Armour, P. M.

FARMFIELD—Dr. James Taylor. [my 6-ly]

## MT. GALLITZIN SEMINARY

FOR SMALL BOYS!  
Ebensburg, Cambria County, Pa.  
THIS INSTITUTION, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph, is situated in one of the most delightful and healthy localities in the State. The place is famed for the purity of its air, pure water and magnificent scenery, in which it stands without a rival.

Boys received between the ages of four and twelve years. The discipline and mode of instruction adapted to the age of the pupil.—NO COMPULSORY RESIDENCE.

TERMS PER SESSION:  
Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending, &c., \$225.

NO EXPENSES.  
Each child will be required to be provided with four suits of clothing. (The uniform will be gray trimmed with black, zouave pants,) suitable to the different seasons. He must also have changes of underclothing, six pairs of stockings, four pairs of boots or shoes, a cloak or overcoat, six towels, six table napkins, a table knife and fork, silver spoon and goblet, dressing box furnished with combs, etc., valise and postage stamps.

Bulletine informing parents or guardians of the health and proficiency, &c., of their children sent every three months.

The Scholastic year commences on the second Monday of September and closes about the middle of July.

Admission can be made to Rt. Rev. Bishop Demone or any of the clergy of the diocese. For further particulars apply to or address  
MOTHER SUPERIOR,  
Aug. 5, 1869. U.

## NEW MERCANTILE FIRM!

EDWARD ROBERTS hereby gives notice to his old friends and customers that, on the first day of July, inst., he admitted George H. Roberts, into full partnership with him in the mercantile business in Ebensburg, and that hereafter the firm name will be EDWARD ROBERTS & SON.

Our stock will embrace everything in the Fancy and Staple Dry Goods line. Groceries of all kinds, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, of the latest styles and of all qualities, a full line of Hardware, Queensware, &c., and in fact every article to be found in a well regulated country store.

Having enjoyed a successful and pleasant experience of more than twenty years in the business at this place, and having completed a spacious edifice on High Street and increased my facilities for supplying my friends at all times and at the lowest prices, I confidently appeal to those who have so generously given me their confidence and support in the past to continue the same measure of patronage towards the new firm.

EDWARD ROBERTS.  
Ebensburg, July 15, 1869. U.

## TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having purchased the tools and fixtures of Mr. T. W. Williams, and leased the building recently occupied by S. Singleton, Esq., on High Street, opposite the store of Zahn & Son, the subscriber would respectfully inform that he is prepared to furnish all kind of TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE of his own manufacture, which will not only guarantee perfect in make and material, but fully as moderate in price as like articles are sold by any manufacturer in the county. Special attention paid to making and putting up SPOUTING of all kinds. An examination of my work and prices is respectfully solicited, and I have no fear but what I can give entire satisfaction to all who favor me with their custom.

VALENTINE LUTTRINGER.  
Ebensburg, Aug. 5, 1869. U.

## Governor's Campaign Caps, Capes

Price of Torches, \$25, \$28, \$30, \$35 and \$40 per hundred. Send for price list and engraving of Caps and Capes.

PHILIP HILL, Manufacturer, 204 CHURCH ST., between 2d and 3d, above Market, PHILADELPHIA.

Uniforms for Military Companies made to order. (Sept. 2-3.)

## GOOD, BETTER, BEST.

The best and cheapest Tobacco and Cigars in town are at M. L. Oatman's. Go and see.

## Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

### "OVERBOARD."

"A man overboard!" I heard the cry distinctly as the angry dark water whirled me under the counter and stern "Who?" "Where?" and "Let go the life buoy!" "Call the life boat's crew away!" These were the orders in rapid succession, followed by the hurried rustle of feet, and creaking of blocks as sail was shortened and the ship brought to the wind, which rose above the sound of the whistling squall and roaring water in which I was immersed.

We had been out from Genoa about three days on our way to Malta. The weather had been very squally, with thick driving rain, and at the time I fell overboard the ship was under double-reefed top sails and courses, the top-gallant sail had just been taken into a fresh squall. I was standing on the weather-netting, holding on to a top-gallant back-stay, when it parted, and the next moment I was plunged into the water. At first I went down like a lump of lead, but in a few seconds began to ascend. When I reached the surface, however, it was to find myself whirling from the vessel with a confused noise of the howling wind and the bubbling water in my ears.

I was so blinded by the water that I could not immediately see. I spun round and round as in a whirlpool, for I was caught in the eddies under the stern. As I rose on the top of the billow, I saw that the ship was heave-to, her quarter-boats were down, and her rigging full of men anxiously endeavoring to get sight of me; but the darkness of the approaching night was increased by that of the squall, and another driving cloud of rain coming down, effectually hid me from their sight.

How my heart sank within me. Was I to perish, and within hearing, too, of my shipmates?

"Aho! Aho—y! Aho—o—oy!" I shouted, straining my voice to its utmost—the last call painfully prolonged, and I watched its effect for a full minute with the most intense anxiety. Alas! no answering hail was heard; the ship was fast drifting to leeward, and her boats pulling from instead of towards me.

After giving way for some moments to despondency, I rallied myself, and began to consider my situation more calmly. I knew that part of the Mediterranean was crowded with vessels, that the squall would soon clear off, and that even if night came before I was picked up, the glorious moonlight would enable me to see any vessel that might happen to be near me; and I turned over on my back to husband my strength as much as I could.

As a swimmer I had seldom met my equal; besides I calculated that the life buoy, and anything else that might have been thrown overboard, would have floated in the same direction and nearly as fast as myself. Nor was I mistaken, for I shortly perceived an oar not far from me. Swimming to it I got it under my arms, and then felt that by God's providence I might still be saved. My first object in this new frame of mind, was to get rid of my boots, which were by this time full of water, and dragging me down. This I did without much difficulty, having often practiced doing so for sport, little dreaming how useful such practice would eventually turn out.

I remember that just before I fell overboard there were three or four vessels in sight, one of which, a French brig, was not far from us; and I calculated that my drift had been in her direction, and as the squall cleared away I endeavored to make her out. Of course, my vision of distant objects was cut off every moment by my being carried down into the trough of the sea. No one who has not been in a similar situation can appreciate the awfulness with which I gazed on the dark, glistening sides of the waves as I saw myself sinking away from them, as if to the very bottom of the ocean. With what horrid mockery the glassy waters seemed to rise all round me. Suddenly, when I was at the lowest, I would begin to ascend, as if by magic, from the gloomy gulf, my velocity increasing every instant, until at last I would shoot upwards to the crest of the wave, like an arrow from a bow. A toss of the head to shake off the water, a long drawn breath, a hasty glance all round, and I was whirled down again, half smothered, in the wild abyss.

I had been overboard, I fancy, nearly an hour before I caught sight of the French brig. When at last I beheld her, I could not restrain a shout of joy. How beautiful she looked. Now she would pitch head foremost into the sea; now slowly rise; now slowly fall, dripping from the deluge, every moment nearer me. On—on she came but no token was shown that I was seen. What if there was no lookout! The thought was horror. Raising myself as high as I could upon my frail support, I hailed, with all my strength.

"Brig ahoy! brig ahoy!" No answering hail came back, no sign was made, no signal waved. On—on she came. Again I hailed, but all in vain; at a distance of a hundred yards she passed me. "Hillo! hillo! hillo—o—o!" I frantically cried; but no friendly voice sent back my cry. Heaven grant that none who read these words may ever experience feelings similar to mine at this moment. Slowly the brig faded from my

## MOSES SKINNER.

In his "Recollections of Lazy Life," published in the Boston True Flag, Moses Skinner thus discourses, after announcing the death of his wife, Tabitha:

"Thus my wife died. No more would those loving hands pull off my boots and part my back hair as only a true wife can. No more would these willing feet replenish coal-hod and water pail. No more would she arise mid the tempestuous storms of winter and gaily hie herself away to build the fire, without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted on her so artlessly. Her memory is embalmed in my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but found I could embalm her memory cheaper.

I procured of Eli Mudgett, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty gravestone. His wife was consumptive, and he had kept it on hand for several years, in expectation of her death. But she rallied that spring and his hopes were dashed. Never shall I forget this poor man's grief when I asked him to part with that gravestone. "Take it, Skinner," said he, "take it, and may you never know what it is to have your soul racked with disappointment, as mine has been!"—and he burst into a flood of tears. His spirit was indeed utterly crushed.

I had the following epitaph engraved upon the gravestone:

To the memory of  
TABITHA,  
Wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., the gentlemanly editor of the True Flag.

A kind mother and exemplary wife. Terms, \$2 a year, invariably in advance. Office over Hanson's grocery up two flights.

Knock hard.  
"We shall miss thee, mother;  
We shall miss thee, mother."  
Job Printing solicited.

Thus did my lacerated spirit cry out in its agony, even as Rachel weeping for her children. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his pay in job printing and the sexton owed me a little account I shouldn't have got in any other way.

Why should we repine at the mysterious ways of Providence and vicinity?—(Not a conundrum.)

I here pause to drop a silent tear to the memory of Tabitha Ripley as was. She was an eminently pious woman, and could fry the best piece of tripe I ever slung under my vest. Her pickled-up dinners were a perfect success, and she always doted on Foreign Missions.

I did not, however, allow myself to pine away to any great extent. In the person of Matilda Baxter, a gushing coquette of 47 autumns, did I perceive a salve for my lacerated heart-strings. As soon, therefore, as I could smother my anguish and change my underclothing, to Matilda B.'s did I hie myself away, on the sweet wings of love. Never shall I forget our betrothal.

It was a calm, still night in June, and all nature had been hushed into repose by a judicious use of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup. Matilda and I were walking pensively among the garden sabbak box of the house, and I was repeating these touching lines by John Bunyan:

"Two bees with but a single head—  
Two cabbages with one."

"Around us the frolicsome June bug gaily waltzed, and the cheerful hum of the mosquito added pathos to the scene, while in the adjacent mill pond the gullsible bull-frog performed a select anthem to the partying day. A far off in the western horizon the sun was setting, which he did in his usual hunky style, without bursting 'ary button off his trousers. Nothing disturbed the solemn stillness but the gentle heaving of her bosom and the gentle heaving of a small boy who had been smoking a sheroot in the woodshed. I was trying to imagine, with the pure affection of youth, how many stamps she had laid away, and she was engaged in heaving an elegant assortment of sighs, varying from a small to a large size.

The ecstatic rapture which steeped my soul in bliss or came me, and, seizing Matilda by the waterfall, I imprinted the pure kiss of betrothal behind her left ear.

"She gazed at me in silent rapture, and, while the lovelight gleamed with dewy softness from those liquid orbs upraised to mine, she said:

"Skinner, have you taken a bath lately?" She continued: "You are an old fool. If you ain't got spunk enough to bring this bile to a head, I have. Come, set the day, my ethereal bloot, my festive, bald-headed minkin."

Thus, with homied words of love, did we beguile the time.

We were married in church, my children as chief mourners occupying front seats. There were no cards, except a game of euchre to see who should sleep in the front side of the bed. We took a short bridal tour; she went to Hingham to see her Aunt Abigail, and I came to Boston to buy a new set of type for the True Flag. It was about the time that day was so quiet on the Potomac, but that day Boston was in a fever of excitement, because it was hinted in official circles that the commanding general would move as soon as his rent became due, though he hated to leave Mason and Dixon's line, it was so handy to hang the clothes on, on washing days.

My second venture in the sea of matrimony has not been a success. Metaphorically speaking, my second plate of matrimonial hash has soured on my hands. On returning to my domicile in Sluokville, my wife addressed me in the following chaste language:

"Skinner, I am now boss of this shebang, and I really hope, for your mother's sake, that I sha'n't be obliged to use the mop-handle over your head more than twice a day, and once Sundays."

Another eccentricity of hers is planting her feet in the small of my back after I have retired for the night, and whirling me playfully across the room. The first overturn of this kind occurred one very cold morning, when I suggested the propriety of her getting up and building the fire. If my memory serves me right, and I think she do, I built the fire myself that A. M., and I have made it a point to do so ever since. If there is anything I dote on, it is rising with the lark and building the fire.

(N. B.—This last is intended for cover in n. y.)

(N. B., No. 2.—The proprietor of one of our leading art galleries says, "A splendid executed chromo-tintype of Mr. Moses Skinner, is at present the theme of conversation among artists and literary men. It is indeed a miracle of art. The well-known modesty of Mr. S has alone prevented him from taking his proper place in the 'Nine Muses,' as we understand he had a very tempting offer to that effect. They are selling at \$1 each, or \$12 per dozen, and at this low price the artist is unable to meet the demand.")

Comment is unnecessary.

## The Great Cave of Eastern Nevada.

Eighty-five miles to the southwest of White Pine, in one of the lowest foothills of the Shell Creek range, is located the great cave of Eastern Nevada. Its direct situation is a singular freak of nature, for the ridge in which it is located extends for a mile and a half out into the valley, and at no point will it exceed sixty feet in height. A story is a current that, at the time when the followers of Joe Smith were daily expecting an open rupture with the United States Government, this cave was known to the high chief and elders of the Mormon Church, and that they brought all their plate and treasure and secreted them in some of the many chambers of this cavern.

It was first discovered by a white man (Mormons not included in this country's interpretation of the meaning of that phrase), in or about March, 1866. Being unprepared with the necessary lights and safeguard twine, they did not venture in far. Indians held it in superstitious horror, and their account of "Heap Injuns" going far in and never returning, and one old Indian, who is styled by the white settlers the "Cave Indian," a great many moons ago going far in with a number of his tribe, and that traveled a long and finally came to a gushing stream of water, on the banks of which grew evergreens and beautiful flowers, and that a great many Indians lived near by who had dwarf ponies and beautiful squaws.

According to him, this Indian did not like to live in the bowels of mother earth, but would rather "chase the antelope over the plain," snare the rabbit and spear the spotted trout, so when all were lost in sleep he stole away, and after a long time, suffering much, he finally, more dead than alive, reached into daylight and rejoiced. This is firmly believed by the Indians, and even now it is only when the storm is more severe that one will drag his limbs just inside the protection of the hanging wall, and while there, will fairly shake with fear. The entrance would hardly be noticed by travelers, it being very low and continuing some twenty feet, then it gradually grows higher and broader.

Many of the chambers are of great size, the most interesting one being styled dancing hall. This apartment is at least sixty by eighty feet, and forty feet in height; the floor is of fine sand stone and very even; convenient to it are smaller apartments, styled the ladies' dressing room and a refreshment saloon; and near by the most singular spring, with nice tasting water, gushes up through crevices in the rock. Further in the darkness increases, and the ceilings of many of the chambers are literally covered with stalactites of various shapes and forms. Stalagmites also are thick on the floors: It is not known what distance this subterranean passage extends, but parties have been in four thousand feet without coming to the end of the main passage; a deep cut or jump there prevents one from going farther. It is proposed by persons living near the cave, at no distant day, to go in fully prepared, and cross any and everything, or find its close.—[Shermansburg, Nevada, Telegraph.]

Dog Story.—The Peoria (Ill.) Transcript tells the following tough one about a diminutive black and tan dog: He was in the eager pursuit of a rat, borrowed some distance into the ground, and as he went in filled up the hole with the dirt he removed. He was missed for eight days, when one day his owner heard a suppressed bark coming seemingly from under the ground, and upon digging brought the adventurous dog to the surface. He was rather the worse for nothing to eat, but beyond that he was as good as when he first disappeared.

An excellent corn extractor—a crow.

## A SENSIBLE GIRL.

Some writer, to us unknown, tells this story of her:

Twenty years ago, a young man who had paid attention to a bright, sweet girl for a long time without making anything that was even a second cousin to a proposal, was startled one evening by the question, "Robert do you want to marry me?" He tried to evade the question by asking why she put such a question to him. "Because, if you do not want to marry me you must stop coming to a tea. No mocking-bird around the red-breast's nest you know."

Robert took the hint, and, with a cool good night, walked home. What should he care for a girl so rude as that! Good company as hers elsewhere. He would join the club next day. He tried to sleep but could not. He didn't quite like the turn things had taken. The figure plagued him. If he was a mocking-bird, who was the red-breast that he was keeping away from such a fitting partner? "At any rate, one thing is certain, Edna is smart as she is pretty," he said to himself, "and she means business."

The next morning Robert went to the counting-room. It was a long day. Business had dragged. Everybody was pre-occupied, hurried, cross. He was glad to go home, only it wasn't home. He took a book, but found himself trying to read the coils in the grate and the figures on the wall instead of the page. He threw himself on the lounge, but it was dreadfully dull. He stood it for a while, and then put on his hat and walked down to the widow Craigie's.

He stepped up to the door as usual, but Edna was engaged. He asked to have her called. It seemed a month before she came. At last she appeared. He rose from his seat and met her in the middle of the room, and said, "Edna, I have come here to-night on business. I am tired of being your mocking-bird, and want to be your red-breast; will you be my wife?" "When do you say?" asked Edna, her face suffused with blushes. "Soon as I can make a nest," replied Robert.

"I believe both red-breasts join in building the nest," said Edna, "and I want to do my part." This was twenty years ago. To-day one of the handsomest mansions in one of our cities is the nest of the wedded pair, whose life has been sweet as a bird's song, and whose hearts, like their affections, are as young as ever. There is a great deal more in putting a little straight forward business at the beginning of life than is usually supposed.

## A LITTLE MAN.

Perhaps the most remarkable dwarf known in ancient or modern times was Thomas Joseph Bourlowski, born in Polish Russia in 1739. His parents were of the medium size and had a family of six children, five sons and one daughter. Three of the former when full grown, exceeded the middle stature; but the other two and the daughter attained that of children about the age of four years. At the time of Joseph's birth, he measured only eight inches in length, but he was neither weak nor defective, and his mother, who suckled him frequently stated that none of her children gave her less trouble than he. His sister, Anastasia, seven years younger, is represented by him in his Memoirs as so short she could stand under his arms. She was a perfect model of symmetry, beauty, having a lively and cheerful temper, and a feeling and benevolent heart. At the age of fifteen, being then 25 inches high, he was then presented to Empress Maria Theresa, who on one occasion took him on her lap, caressed him, and asked him what he thought was most curious and interesting at Vienna. He answered that he had seen in that city many things worthy of admiration, but nothing seemed so extraordinary as that which he then beheld. "And what is that?" inquired her Majesty. "To see so little a man on the lap of so great a woman," replied Bourlowski. The Empress then wore a ring on which was her cipher in brilliant. His hand being in hers, and he looking attentively at this jewel, she asked him whether the cipher was pretty. "I beg your Majesty's pardon, replied Bourlowski, "it is not the ring I am looking at, but the hand which I beseech your permission to kiss;" at the same time raising it to his lips. The flattered Empress thereupon took a very fine diamond ring from the finger of Marie Antoinette, placed a child, and put it on Bourlowski's. The notice of the Empress procured him the attention of the whole court, and the marked kindness of Count Kaunitz. By this time the little man was about 25 inches high, could bear fatigue and lift great weights in proportion to his size, possessed mental energy and accomplishments, and a judgment very sound; understood arithmetic spoke German and French, was ingenious in everything he undertook, lively in his repartees and just in his reasonings.

In the depth of the sea 'he waters are still; the heaviest grief is that which is silence; the purest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is in the smile; the most impressive prayer is the least; and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

## INCENDIARY LANGUAGE.

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Incendiary language is a very dangerous weapon. It is a fire which spreads rapidly and consumes everything it touches. It is a fire which cannot be extinguished by water. It is a fire which is kindled by the tongue and fed by the heart. It is a fire which is kindled by the devil and fed by the world. It is a fire which is kindled by the wicked and fed by the ungodly. It is a fire which is kindled by the ignorant and fed by the foolish. It is a fire which is kindled by the wicked and fed by the ungodly. It is a fire which is kindled by the ignorant and fed by the foolish.

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