

H. A. McPIKE, 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 23, 1869.

NUMBER 34.

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 second Monday of each month, to remain one week.

Aug 13. 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 will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. All work warranted. [Jan. 21, 1869.-d.]

DR. 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., 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 door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.]

DR. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.—Office east end of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls may be made at the office. [my23.1.]

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. Bunn, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House." Ebensburg, Pa. October 17, 1867.-6m.9

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

W. M. LLOYD & CO., BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA. Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made—Always received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. an31.

S. HOEMAKER & OATMAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Offices on High street, immediately east of Huntley's hardware store. [p.8.69.]

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.-tf.

J. B. JOHNSON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria co., Pa. Office opposite the Court House. Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

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.-tf.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colander Row, Centre street. Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Johnstown, Pa. Office on Franklin street, up-stairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store. Jan. 31, 1867.

W. M. SECHLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in rooms recently occupied by Geo. M. Reade, Esq., in Colander 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, Carrollton, Cambria co., Pa. Solicitor and all legal business promptly attended to. Jan 31, 1867.

KOPPELIN, T. W. DICK, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Wm. Kitell, Esq., Colander Row. [oct.22.-tf.]

F. P. TIERNEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colander Row. Jan. 5, 1867.-tf.

JOSEPH McDONALD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on Centre street, opposite Linton's. [Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.]

JOHN FENLON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg Pa.—Office on High street, adjoining his residence. Jan 31, 1867.-tf.

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. j13.

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.

1869. FALL TRADE. 1869.
I am now prepared to offer SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS 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, ENAMELLED AND PLAIN SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS &c. COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSE-FURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Special Anti-Dust HEATING AND COOKING STOVES, EXCELSIOR 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 Gons, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude 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 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; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Seaws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Slutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, *Scissors*, *Hammers*, *Boring Machines*, *Augers*, *Chisels*, *Planes*, *Compasses*, *Squares*, *Piles*, *Raps*, *Anvils*, *Wrenches*, *Hip*, *Panel* and *Cross-Cut Saws*, *Chains* of all kinds, *Shovels*, *Spades*, *Scythes* and *Snaths*, *Rakes*, *Forks*, *Sleigh Bells*, *Shoe Lasts*, *Pops*, *Wax Bristles*, *Clothes Wingers*, *Grind Stones*, *Patent Molasses Gates* and *Measures*, *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 *Castern Pumps* and *Tubing*; *Harness* and *Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; *Carbon Oil* and *Lamp Lamps*, *Fish Oil*, *Lard Oil*, *Lined Oil*, *Lubricating Oil*, *Rosin*, *Tar*, *Glassware*, *Paints*, *Varnishes*, *Turpentine*, *Alcohol*, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES, such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Baking, 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 Cords and Manila Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

33-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.-tf.

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.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "HARLEY STEEL" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Original Poetry.

THE SMITHS.

BY G. L. H., EBENSBURG.

In a sooty shop, just over the way,
Two smiths are working the livelong day.
The one is brawny, the other slim.—
They work from morn till evening dim.

In seasons when their work is through,
They wake the echoes the evening long;
The clank of the anvil is hourly heard,
And the smiths are gay as a singing bird.

And children love the ruddy fire
The smiths must use to heat their fire;
They stand, with wondering look around,
The flaming circle on the ground.

And in his light fair castles old,
In forms of beauty, do unfold;
That please well their youthful gaze,
And tends their nobler thoughts to raise.

With anvil chorus loudly ringing,
The ruddy sparks around them flinging,
The morning sees some work begun,
And evening sees that work all done.

Thus we should all, with one accord,
Every hour and moment heed,
That we may show, in time to come,
Some noble work that we have done.

That all the moments saved may be,
Like gems from some far distant sea;
Then eternity alone shall tell
How each has wrought his mission well.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

Last winter, in one of the London papers, an article appeared suggesting the hypothesis which might account for some of the unexplained phenomena of dreams. The writer recognized as an undoubted fact the frequent communication between the minds of persons far separated from each other; so that simultaneous impressions were made on those minds, not only during sleep but also waking hours. He supposed, then, that there might be a power in nature whereby a brain, intensely excited, might send forth impulses—waves, perhaps—such as should, in an instant, reach another brain, and convey thoughts and images from the first to the second. He suggested that, by a process to which the movements of electricity and magnetism would afford at least distant analogies, minds in sympathy with each other might thus share a common experience. He would in this way explain the many well attested instances in which relatives have been impressed with the fact of the death of some object of love, dying, it may be, thousands of miles away; so that the very moment of disease, they have felt and said that death had taken place.

Reading this article, I was reminded of a narrative that I had heard from an intimate friend of a dream which he had had three years previously, and which two of his friends had also dreamed at the same hour. I therefore asked him to give me, in writing, the substance of what he had told me, and I am sure that none can read it without feeling that it was, indeed, a remarkable dream.

I need only add that my friend is a gentleman and a scholar, of high culture and of most excellent reputation, and in whose veracity I place the most implicit confidence; and that his two friends, spoken of in the following narrative, are persons of unquestioned character and integrity. R. B. C.

MAY, 1869.—DEAR SIR: After many delays, I send you a short account of the dream which excited your interest last summer.

In the fall of 1865—I think it was in the month of November—while I was studying law in the city of New York, I retired to my room about midnight of a cold, blustering evening. I remember distinctly of hearing the clock strike twelve as I lay in bed, watching the smouldering fire, until drowsiness crept over me and I slept. I had hardly lost consciousness when I seemed to hear loud and confused noises, and felt a choking sensation at my throat, as if it were grasped by a strong hand. I awoke, as it seemed, and found myself lying on my back on the cobble stones of a narrow street, writing in the grip of a low browed, thick set man with "unkempt" hair and grizzled beard, who, with one hand at my throat and with the other holding my wrist, threw his weight upon me and held me down. From the first I knew that his desire was to kill me, and my struggles were for life. I recall, distinctly, the sense of horror at first, and then that of furious determination which took possession of me. I did not make a sound, but with a sudden effort threw him half off of me, clutched him frantically by the hair, and in my agony bit furiously at his throat. Over and over we rolled upon the stones. My strength began to give way before the fury of my struggles. I saw that my antagonist felt it and smiled a ghastly smile of triumph.

Presently I saw him reach forth his hand and grasp a bright hatchet. Even in this extremity I noticed that the hatchet was new and apparently unused, with glittering head and white-polished handle. I made one more tremendous grip for life. For a second I held my enemy powerless, and saw, with such a thrill of delight as I cannot forget, the horror-stricken faces of friends within a rod of us, rushing to my rescue. As the foremost of them sprang upon the back of my antagonist he wrenched

ed his wrist away from me, I saw the hatchet flash above my head, and felt instantly a dull blow on my forehead.

I fell back on the ground, a numbness spread from my head over my body, a warm liquid flowed down upon my face and into my mouth, and I remember the taste was of blood, and my "limbs were loosed." Then I thought I was suspended in the air a few feet above my body. I could see myself, as if in a glass, lying on the back, the hatchet sticking in the head, and the ghastliness of death gradually spreading over the face. I noticed especially that the wound made by the hatchet was in the centre of the forehead, at right angles to and divided equally by the line of the hair. I heard the weeping of friends—at first loud, then growing fainter and fading away into silence. A delightful sensation of sweet repose, without a feeling of fatigue—precisely like that which I experienced years ago at Cape May, when beginning to drown—crept over me. I heard exquisite music—the air was full of rare perfume—I sank upon a bed of downy softness—when, with a start, I awoke. The fire still smouldered in the grate; my watch told me I had not been more than half an hour asleep.

Early the next morning I joined an intimate friend, with whom I spent much of my time, to accompany him, as was my daily custom, to the law school. We talked for a moment of various topics, when suddenly he interrupted me with the remark that he had dreamed strangely of me the night before.

"Tell me," I asked, "what was it?" "I fell asleep," he said, "about twelve, and immediately dreamed that I was passing through a narrow street, when I heard noise and cries of murder. Hurrying in the direction of the noise, I saw you lying on your back, fighting with a rough laboring man who held you down. I rushed forward, but as I reached you he struck you on the head with a hatchet and killed you instantly. Many of our friends were there, and we cried bitterly. In a moment I awoke, and so vivid had been the dream that my cheeks were wet with tears."

"What sort of a man was he?" I asked. "A thick set man, in a flannel shirt and rough trousers; his head was uncombed and his beard grizzled and of a few days' growth."

Within a week I was in Burlington, N. J. I called at a friend's house. "My husband," said my friend's wife to me, "had such a horrid dream about you the other night. He dreamed that a man killed you in a street fight. He ran to help you, but before he reached the spot your enemy had killed you with a great club."

"Oh, no," cried her husband across the room, "he killed you with a hatchet."

I may add that these friends of mine were personally unknown to each other. The first one (in New York) dreamed that he was foremost to reach the scene; the other that he was one of the number who followed—both of which points coincided with my own dream.

These are the circumstances as I recall them. I remembered the remark of old Artaphernes, that dreams are often the result of a train of thought started by conversation or reading, or the incidents of waking time, but I could recall nothing, nor could either of my friends cast any circumstance "that ever they had read, or had ever heard by tale or history," in which they could trace the origin of this remarkable dream. Yours,

A HARD STORY.—Here is a California story which is almost incredible: A hired man on a Napa farm was detailed to keep a watch on the cornfield, and not let the black marauders invade the premises, but like many other men in a similar situation, tried to plan a method whereby so much labor would not have to be performed; so he hit upon the plan of soaking some corn in whisky and placing it in the field so that the crows would surely get drunk, and then he thought he would have a sure thing on them and could kill them easily. He had tried to shoot them with a shot gun but crows can smell powder a long way. After soaking some corn over night, he put a bountiful supply in the field early next morning, and in about two or three hours he went to see how things were progressing, and mark you what follows: One of the crows, a little larger than the rest, had gathered up and taken possession of almost all the corn and had built himself a bar out of clods of earth and was retailing the whiskey-soaked corn to the other crows, charging them three grains of sprouted corn for one soaked grain. Our hired man had not the heart to kill the creatures that seemed in their actions like mankind.

TO THE POINT.—A Methodist preacher who was on his way to a camp meeting, happened to think that he had left his horn at home, and, as that is certainly very useful in calling together the lambs of the flock, he stopped at a tin shop on his way for the purpose of purchasing one.

"Will this make a loud noise?" he asked, selecting one that appeared to suit him.

"Oh, yes, a hell of a noise!" said the tinler producing a piece of paper to roll it up in.

"Well, as I want it to blow at a camp meeting, I guess it is not the kind I am looking for," and the person walked dignifiedly away.

WHAT A GIRL CAN DO.

In the year of our Lord 1862, fate found us a student in the Normal University in New York State. In common with about three hundred others, we patiently delved through the mysteries of learning how to teach, in order that we might teach how to learn.

A queer set those three hundred were—and very naturally; for, at that time, only the queer ones ever thought of becoming professional school teachers.—Those who did were either crippled, poor, or, like myself, both too poor and too lazy to think of doing anything else, or have an ambition above the spelling book and the line of the hair. I heard the weeping of friends—at first loud, then growing fainter and fading away into silence. A delightful sensation of sweet repose, without a feeling of fatigue—precisely like that which I experienced years ago at Cape May, when beginning to drown—crept over me. I heard exquisite music—the air was full of rare perfume—I sank upon a bed of downy softness—when, with a start, I awoke. The fire still smouldered in the grate; my watch told me I had not been more than half an hour asleep.

One of the most notable of this class was a young girl named M——. She was a fair mathematician, a torable scholar, a good natured, rather quiet girl. She had no trouble in the lower classes, and it was not until she came to those rhetorical studies where composition is required that she stuck fast and hopelessly. She could not write. Every year she passed through the same examinations, failed exactly in the same place, was not allowed to graduate; and, at the beginning of the next year, took her place where she had commenced the year before, and, with a docile perseverance that was funny to think of, went over, and over, and over the same round of studies with sober, demure and painstaking method.

Her bid fair to be what a great many other girls become—the ordinary wife of an ordinary man. More than once the Faculty shook their heads and declared that M—— would never, they feared, become an earnest teacher. For five years she lived this purposeless, dull and objectless life, and then a change came.

Her parents lived in Bloomington, where her father carried on a furniture store. He was stricken down by disease; and, after a long and lingering illness, died, leaving M——, the oldest girl, her mother, a younger sister, and two younger brothers, all of them dependent upon their sister for a livelihood. People sympathized with her—sympathy is so cheap—and came to the following charitable conclusions:

1st. That she would have a hard time of it.

2d. That the best thing she could do would be to get married.

3d. That if she couldn't do that she might be able to teach school.

And having thus settled her case, they left her to her fate.

Then the girl's nature asserted itself. Instead of selling off the stock which her father left for what she could get, and living on it until something turned up, she hired workmen, put the stock to rights, and sold it at retail. People pitied her—but they bought her goods. People sympathized with her, as it was a dreadful thing for a girl to do what in a boy would have been thought highly commendable.

When her stock ran low, she astonished her friends by going to New York city and buying a larger stock of furniture than any one ever before had the hardihood to bring to Bloomington—and, what is more, she sold it. For the first year the open sympathy and covert sneers of her friends were hard to bear.

The other day we saw her, after seven years of hard work. The same old fashioned, quiet, good-natured manner, the same M——, unpretentious, obliging, demure.

And yet, she owns a store worth \$18,000, in the upper story of which she began her labors, but which is filled from cellar to garret with her goods. She purchased a house some time ago for \$7,000, and can sell it now for \$10,000. She has \$30,000 in real-estate, with a stock worth \$20,000, and all paid up.

This is the work of a girl still young, who in school was looked upon only as possessed of ordinary abilities. The secret was, she had persistence. She is unmarried, and—she is strong-minded; that is, she believes in women owning property, and not being tied down to what is called women's sphere. Who can blame her?

Finally, every word that we have written is true. The only reason we do not give her name in full, is because we do not like to drag her name into public notice without her consent. Residents in Bloomington will know whom we mean, and others who are curious can find out by addressing us personally. We only publish the case because it shows that there is no real bar to a woman's doing business if she has the natural faculty and persistence.

JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS.—A slander iz like a hornet, if you can't kill it dead the first blo, you better not strike at it.

Politeness iz a shrewd way folks haz ov flattering themselves.

I make this distinction between character and reputation—reputation iz what the world thinks ov us, character iz what the world knows ov us.

What a ridiculous farce it iz to be continually on the hunt for peace and quiet. No man ever yet increased his reputation bi contradicting lies.

Anxiety alwus steps on itself. Silence, like darkness, is generally safe.

There iz only two things that I kno ev that a man won't brag ov, one iz loving and tuther iz jealousy.

It takes brains tew make a smart man, but good luck often makes a famous one. Opiouons are like other vegetables, worth just what they will fetch.

I think most men had rather be charged with malice than with making a blunder.

Love cuts up all sorts ov monkey shines; it makes a fool sober and a wize man frisky.

I don't believe in total depravity; every man has something in him to show that God made him.

I suppose that one reason whi the road to ruin iz broad, iz to accommodate the great amount of travel in that direkshun.

I think I had rather hear a man brag about himself, than tew hear him brag all the time ov some one else—for I think I like vanity a lictle better than I do sick-faunsy.

A humbug iz like a bladder, good for nothing till it iz blowed up, and then ain't good for nothing after it iz pricked.

A big nose iz sed tew be a sign of genius—if a man's genius lays in his nose, I would say the sign iz a good one.

Vanity is seldom malitious. A woman (like an echo) will have the last word.

A GREEN SPOT.

The late Noah Winslow was fond of telling the following incident of his memorable life; and he never closed the narrative but with swimming eyes.

"During the financial crisis and crash of 'fifty-seven,' when heavy men were sinking all around us, and banks were tottering, our house became alarmed in view of the condition of its own affairs. The partners—three of us, of whom I was the senior—met in our private office for consultation. Our junior had made a careful inventory of everything—of his bills receivable and bills payable—and his report was, that twenty thousand dollars of ready money, to be held through the pressure, would save us. Without that we must go by the board—the result was inevitable. I went out upon the street, and among my friends; but in vain. The amount of money we needed was not to be had. Men who held gold would not let it go, except on solid security—and the only security we could give was our word and our honor, for the many thousands due us were as nothing in that hour.

"Two whole days I strove and begged, and then returned to the counting house in despair, I sat at my desk, expecting every moment to hear the voice of our junior sounding the terrible words, 'Our paper is protested!'—when a gentleman entered my apartment unannounced. He was of middle age, with a frank, genial face; and though I fancied there was something familiar in his earnest, kindly look, yet I could not locate him, nor call him to my mind in any way.

"Mr. Winslow," he said, taking a seat at the end of my desk, "I hear that you are in need of money."

"The very face of the man inspired confidence, and I told him how I was situated.

"Make me your individual note one year, without interest, for twenty thousand dollars, and I will give you a check payable in gold for that amount."

While I sat gazing upon him in speechless astonishment, he continued—

"You don't remember when you were a member of the Superintendent School Committee of Bradford, I was a boy in the school. My father was dead; my mother was poor; I was but a shabbily clad child, though clean. When one class came out to recite on examination day, you asked the questions. I fancied you would praise and pet the children of rich and fortunate parents, and pass me by. I blundered, and stammered, and quivered with shame. But it was not as I had thought. In the end you passed by all others, and came to me. You laid your hand upon my head, and told me I had done very well; and then you told me I could do better still if I would try. You told me the way to honor and renown was open to all alike—no one had a free pass. All I had to do was to be resolved and push on. That, sir, was the turning point in my life. From that hour my soul has aspired; I have never reached a great good without blessing you in my heart. I have prospered and am wealthy; and I now offer you but a poor return for the soul of wealth you gave to me in that by-gone time."

"I took the check," said Winslow, "and drew the gold; our house was saved.—And where at the end of the year," he added, "do you suppose I found my note?"

"We could not guess.

"In the possession," he told us, with streaming eyes, "of my little orphaned grand-daughter! Oh! hearts like that man's heart are what bring heaven and earth together!"—*New York Ledger.*

BACHELORS AND FLIRTS.—Some old bachelors get after a flirt, and can't travel so fast as she doz, and then conclude awl the female group are hard to ketch, and good for nothing when they are ketchtd.

A flirt is a rough thing to overhaul unless the right dog gets after her, and then they are the easiest of awl to ketch, and make the very best of wives.

When a flirt really falls in love she is powerless as a mown daisy.

Her impudence then changes into modesty, her cunning into fear, her spurs into a halter, her prunning into a cradle.

The best way to ketch a flirt is tew travel the other way from which they are going, or sit down on the ground and whistle some lively tune till the flirts come round. Old bachelors make the flirts, and then flirts get