

**DENTISTRY.**—The undersigned, a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the first MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.

SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

**DR. H. B. MILLER,** DENTIST.  
Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. *See work warranted.* (Jan. 21, 1869-tf.)

**DR. D. W. ZIEGLER,** Surgeon Dentist, will visit Ebensburg on the first 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 block south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. (May 9, 1867-tf.)

**R. 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. (my 23-ft.)

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

**LLOYD & CO.,** Bankers, Ebensburg, Pa. Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest 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. Money received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. ad 31.

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

**A. SHOEMAKER,** GEO. W. OATMAN, SHOEMAKER & OATMAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Offices on High street, immediately east of Huntley's hardware store. (ap 5, '69.)

**D. M'LAUGHLIN,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnston, 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. E. JOHNSON, J. E. SCARLAN,** JOHNSTON & SCARLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria co., Pa. Office opposite the Court House. Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1867-tf.

**JOHN P. LINTON,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnston, Pa.—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin streets, opposite Mansion Hotel, second floor. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnston, Jan. 31, 1867-tf.

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

**L. PERSHING,** ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Johnston, Pa. Office on Franklin street, up-stairs, over John Bentons Hardware Store. Jan. 31, 1867.

**W. M. SECHLER,** ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in rooms recently occupied by Geo. M. Reade, Esq., in Colonnade Row, Centre street. (Aug. 27.)

**GEO. M. READE,** Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. (Aug. 27.)

**JAMES C. EASLY,** ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Jan. 31, 1867.

**A. WOPKIN, T. W. DICK,** JOHNSON, Ebensburg.

**K. OPELIN & DICK,** ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Wm. Kittell, Esq., Colonnade Row. (Oct. 22-tf.)

**F. P. TIERNNEY,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row. Jan. 31, 1867-tf.

**JOSEPH M'DONALD,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on Centre street, opposite Linton's Hotel. (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., dead, on High St., Ebensburg. (13.)

**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 locations in the State. The place is famed throughout the country for its bracing 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 is adapted to the age of the pupil—NO CORP. PUNISHMENT.

TERMS PER SESSION: Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending, &c., \$25.25. NO EXTRAS.

Each child will be provided with four suits of clothing, (the uniform will be gray trimmings with black, zouave pants,) suitable to the different seasons. He must also have six changes of underclothing, six pairs of stockings, four pairs of boots or shoes, a cloak or overcoat, six towels, six table napkins, a table linen, four silver spoons and a gilet, dressing box furnished with combs, etc., valise and postage stamps.

Bulletin informing parents or guardians of the health, proficiency, etc., of their children sent every three months.

The Seminary Year commences on the second Monday of September and closes about the middle of July.

Reference can be made to Rt. Rev. Bishop Donmoe or any of the clergy of the diocese.

For further particulars apply to or address THE SCHOLASTIC, NO. 107 SUPERIOR, A.UG. 5, 1869-tf. Ebensburg, Pa.

**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 Best Brands of Cigars and Tobacco, STORE ON HIGH STREET, Four Doors East of Crawford's Hotel, Ebensburg, Pa.

**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.

OUR TERMS ARE: STRICTLY CASH OR COUNTRY PROMISSORY. CONVEY, NIXON & CO., Ebensburg, Sept. 2, 1868.

**EBENSBURG DRUG AND BOOK STORE.**  
HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

**CIGARS AND TOBACCO.**  
Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap. Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Clippings sold either wholesale or retail.

LEMMON & MURRAY, July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

**FOREIGN SHIPPING AND EXCHANGE OFFICE.**  
WE ARE NOW SELLING EXCHANGE, AT NEW YORK RATES, ON

England,	Ireland,	Scotland,
Wales,	Germany,	Prussia,
Austria,	Bavaria,	Wurtemberg,
Baden,	Hessen,	Saxony,
Hanover,	Belgium,	Switzerland,
Holland,	Norway and France.	

And Tickets to and from any Port in England, Ireland, Scotland, California, Germany, France, Australia, New South Wales or KERR & CO. Altoona, Pa., Jan. 31, 1867.

**Original Poetry.**  
ALL GONE! ALL GONE!  
BY ANTONIO.

Oh! 'tis sweet, the fall of grandness,  
Here along this rippling stream,  
Where the green thoughts sleep to kiss  
The silvery water's gleam.  
Thy bowery shores, Oh! Conemough,  
Enchanting splendor lend—  
The cascades murmuring down the rocks,  
Their heavenly music blend.

Oh! fairer than to my sad heart,  
Where cloud-veiled sorrow lies,  
Thou crown and honor—wretched fame—  
Low, born beneath the skies.  
But yet there is one thing that strikes  
My heart with inward pain:  
We lingered here—we parted here—  
We ne'er shall meet again!

Oh! I have loved!—sweet Heaven tell  
If my love was not true?  
It was; the trembling stars at evening said  
Love could not be untrue.

Why, then, these pangs? why all this grief?  
Alas! heart, thou knowest well  
That she to whom I pledged my love,  
(Can words my anguish tell?)  
Unheeding what her heart had said,  
And choosing to forget,  
Think, oh! think of the hours we spent  
Borne down by vain regret.

Oh! Stella, listen to my words,  
And as thou gazest forth at night,  
While far o'er grot and plain  
The moon sends forth her feeble light,  
And midnight's melancholy pomp  
O'erhangs the dreamy dell,  
Think, oh! think of the hours we spent  
Ere we spoke that word—Farewell!

And when again the Spring shall come,  
And the buds shall reappear,  
And the crystal flowers grow bright again,  
And the crystal brooks run clear:  
When the joyful notes of the robin float  
On the zephyr's once again, [words—  
Think, oh! think of the heart that speaks these  
Think, Stella, or I then.

My soul, fair Star, shall wander  
To those far distant days,  
And linger by those wonted haunts,  
And listen to thy lays.

Thus to thy heart, though lost to me,  
My yearning spirit clings  
But this is vain—be—well I know  
Joy, Peace and Hope—all gone! all gone!  
And darkness comes at last.

**Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.**

**THE DOCTOR'S DRIVE.**  
A TALE OF PROVIDENCE.

Some thirty years ago, there lived on the seaboard of one of the eastern counties of England a surgeon in extensive practice, to whom, borrowing some letters from my own, I shall give the name of Mr. Gray. Of the old school, and living before the introduction of the present plan, by which one sum is set down for medicines and attendance, it was his wont to render his accounts with the particulars all set down to their proper dates, so that the patient might see, if he cared to make the reckoning, how much was due to the physician taken by himself, and how much to the journey taken by the doctor. Nor would many of the patients be disposed to carp at the word so frequently appearing in their documents. They knew that Mr. Gray's daily average of miles traveled was not much under forty; and that a drive of some six miles to the waterside, followed by a row across a ferry, and that succeeded in its turn by a walk of a mile or more on the other side, could scarcely be termed a pleasure trip in all weathers and at all hours. This was no unusual affair, and it was on one of these occasions that the event occurred on which I rest my right of coupling together the two titles that stand at the head of this narrative.

Late one evening came a summons to the sick bed, and immediately the surgeon ordered his horse to be saddled for the journey. However, in a few moments the groom appeared with the news, "You can't ride to-night, sir: the horse is lame." So it turned out to be. No injury could be detected in any part, neither could anything be heard of as having happened to the animal in the course of the day (he was well and sound in the morning); but the fact was clear; riding was out of the question, and the horse "dead lame."

This ascertained, an order was given that another horse be harnessed in the gig, and for the groom to bear his master company. Now the gig was at the wheelwright's patiently waiting for repairs at the hands of a man whose performances did not always keep pace with his promises. The springs had failed and allowed the body to settle down some five or six inches below its proper level, rendering the whole thing far from slightly in appearance, and by no means increasing the comfort and safety of the riders. It was night, however, and nothing would be noticed. So, while Mr. Gray was making ready such things as he considered would be useful, the groom was dispatched to the wheelwright's yard for the chaise. Nothing unusual occurred on the "voyage out,"

The illness was not found to be very serious; there was no occasion for the potent drug or the keenly cutting knife, and after a short delay, the travelers resumed their seats, homeward bound. Again nothing occurred for the first three miles; all nature was hushed in the darkness of the night, when all at once, in the middle of a narrow lane, with trees on each side, master and man might have been heard, had there been any one within earshot, to exclaim together, "I've lost my hat!" A sudden pull-up was the result, and a few moments were enough to show Mr. Gray how the matter was. Tightly stretched across the road was a stout cart-rop at once revealing the whole scheme, and conveying the feeling that there had been but a narrow escape from murder in the gig. Mr. Gray's plans were immediately determined. Opening his penknife, —for he was accustomed to say that he "knew where to put it," and considered it a match for any weapon but a gun; indeed, he carried no other weapon throughout the thirty-five years that he was in practice, and traveled those roads,—he proceeded to search the ditches both ways for the villain, whom he judged to be not far away. The search was without effect, and after climbing both trees and anyting the rope, which he carried home, Mr. Gray at last yielded to the entreaties of the groom, who had hardly ceased to call out, "Never mind the hats, sir: pray, drive home." Another mile brought them to a village, and the parish constable was at once aroused from his bed and informed of what had happened. Mr. Marsh was a most excellent baker; but his experience at a detective policeman was not extensive, and, after hearing all the particulars, he confessed himself quite unable to make any suggestion. But the doctor's thoughts had not been idle, and he requested the constable to arrest the first man who came by in the same direction. To this Mr. Marsh demurred strongly; and it was only after repeated assurances that he should be held harmless of all consequences, that he fell in with the plan, and the three took up their watch. It was true that there was another road besides the one leading to the water; but the doctor shrewdly guessed that the would-be murderer, baffled in his enterprise, would most likely take the direct way to the market town (where he himself resided). In a few hours inquiries would be made, and he could more easily escape notice there than in any of the villages, where every man knew all the rest.

So they waited on some hour or more, when at length footsteps were heard, and a man dressed as a laborer came by. Him the constable arrested, and disregarding his threats of vengeance, drew him into the house, where, on removing his hat, there fell on the table a bundle of linen, which set the doctor's mind at rest.

Mr. Gray was accustomed to speak of the midnight watch in the constable's house as attended with reflections of no pleasant character. What if the wrong man should be arrested? How if the injured party should take proceedings in consequence? Loss of money there would certainly be, in the shape of damages awarded by a jury; while probably to this would be added loss of reputation, carrying with it loss of practice. But the bundle from the hat set all these thoughts at rest, and called forth the exclamation, "All right, Marsh: we have him for felony, if not for murder." His quick eye had noticed a peculiar stain, and in a moment he recognized the linen as a night-dress belonging to a patient in the village beyond, the stain being caused by a lotion supplied by himself for an affection of the throat. This gave the constable courage, and he at once proceeded to complete the searching of his prisoner. The property found was of no great value,—a few halfpence and a little tobacco were not treasonable matters; but a jagged razor and a newly cut heavy bludgeon could not be misunderstood.

Mr. Marsh was now thoroughly alive to the nature of the case, and on the departure of the doctor took an original and effective method of securing his man. The "cage" was out of repair, and could not be trusted with the care of such a villain, who might have in the neighborhood some accomplice as desperate as himself; so the constable handcuffed the prisoner to his kitchen grate, and sat up the rest of the night to keep guard over him.

Morning came, and with it the investigation before the magistrates, when all was speedily and clearly explained. The culprit had crawled up a cross-ditch, overlooked by Mr. Gray in the darkness of the preceding night, and the traces left were of the plainest. The man's boots had been recently mended in a very peculiar manner, and the impression tallied exactly. The rope was identified by a farm's man who had lost it, and had seen the prisoner about the premises the same day.

In short, the chain of evidence was complete, and at the next assizes a verdict of "Guilty of the attempt to murder" was returned by the jury. Robert French, as he gave his name, was accordingly sentenced to transportation for life, and at once confessed the justice of the punishment and the nature of his crime. He had tied the rope for the collector of taxes, who was to pass that way with the money of the district; but, tired of waiting, he had supposed that the official had altered his plan, and he had begun to undo the rope. All at once wheels were heard,

when up went the rope again; the doctor came along, and it fell out as we have seen.

And now for the tale of Providence. Had Mr. Gray been riding, he must have been thrown backwards from his horse; had the gig been in good repair, then the five inches in height would have made all the difference. Instead of a rap on the forehead and the loss of the hat, it would have been for others to tell how the travelers were caught under the chin and flung senseless to the ground; while, in either case, the razor and the bludgeon would soon completed the business.

But the strangest part is still to be told. On the following morning the veterinary surgeon was called in to attend the horse. He could see no trace of injury, and on leading the animal from the stable he pronounced the lameness to have disappeared completely; so the doctor at once resumed his riding, consigning once more the gig to the hands of Mr. Freeman. No wonder, then, that he should speak of Providence in the matter, and when relating the story to eager ears, show how he owed his life to the strange combination of the neglect of a coach-builder and the lameness, for a few hours only, of his horse. Deep, too, was the impression made in the whole neighborhood as the tale flew from place to place. Little excursions would be made to the trees, on which the constable had cut a conspicuous mark; and the country lads, as they drove their horses along the lane, would be heard to remark "That's where the rope was tied."

But now a generation has passed away, and with it the whole of the actors in this scene of real life. The very trees have perished too. They could not be found when the writer, five years ago, visited the well-remembered spot. There was the ditch wherein the man lay hid, afraid to face the surgeon and his penknife; but the two trees with others on each side of the road had vanished from their places.

It was reported that the convict ship was lost in the passage out, and the threat of Robert French, as he passed the house, committed for trial, that he would "be even with the doctor yet," passed away idly, except in the sense that Death has also laid his hand on the two witnesses in the case, for the doctor and his groom both sleep in the old church-yard of the little market town.

Humble is the doctor's leadstone. Reaching the highest honors of his profession, and retiring from practice successful, beloved and regretted, he continued throughout life a simple-minded man,—the same firm believer in the overwatching, overruling Providence that brought him safely through the dangers of that eventful night.

STIMULANT.—George D. Prentice has been a constant drinker for forty years. For ten years he has been a drinker of the lignum-vite order. Here is a temperance lecture by him, worth a score, at least, of the exhortations and misrepresentations by the class of reformers who propose to accomplish their work by force:

There is a time when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep which, apparently, knows no waking; sleeps in its house of clay, and the windows are shut, the doors hung with the invisible cope of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine peckly darkness, and wish clouds where no clouds be. This is a state of sickness, when physis may be thrown to the dogs, for we want none of it. What shall raise the spirits? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses throng all the myriad thronged halls in the house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us, with all his old awakening gladness and the nights overflow with moonlight, love and flowers? Love itself is the greatest stimulant, the most intoxicating of all, and performs these miracles, and is a miracle itself, and is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money-changer we assure you.

Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulant.

Men try to bury the floating dead of their own souls in the wine-cup, but the corpse rises. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses to playing music, and the thoughts galloping, but the first clock runs down sooner, and an unnatural stimulant only leaves the house it filled with the wildest revelry, more silent, more sad, more deserted.

There is only one stimulant that never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a clear sky over every man into which the skylark—happiness—always goes singing.

BOOTBLACKS will be interested in the following announcement, which must be correct because it is in print: By a decision of the Internal Revenue Department, bootblacks are required to use their blacking just as it comes in the box, adding to it nothing whatever. The act of spitting in the box, or mixing the contents and smearing it on the boot with a brush, constitutes a mixer or rectifier of blacking, and renders a manufacturer's license necessary; in addition to which, a five cent stamp must be affixed to each boot. Any bootblack failing to comply with the above rules will be tried by a military commission and shot in the neck.

**JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS.**  
THE DISTRIKT SKOOLMASTER.  
There iz one man in this basement world that iz alwus look upon with mixt pheelings or pity and respect.  
Pity and respect, az a general mixtur, don't mix well.

You will find them both travelling around amongst folks, but not often growing on the same bush.

When they do hug each other, they mean something.

Pitty, without respect, hain't got more oats in it than disgust haz.

I had rather a man would hit me on the side of the bed than tew pity me.

But thare iz one man in this world to whom I alwus take oph mi hat, and remain uncovered until he gits safely by, and that iz the distrikt skoolmaster.

When I meet him, I look upon him az a martyr jist returning from the stake, or on his way thare tew be cooked.

He leads a more lonesum and single life than an old bachelor, and a more anxious one than an old maid.

He iz remembered jist about az long and affectionately az a guide board iz by a traveling pack pedlar.

If he undertakes to make hiz skolars luv him, the chances are he will neglect their larning; and if he don't lick them now and then pretty often, they will soon lick him.

The distrikt skoolmaster hain't got a friend on the flat side of earth. The boys snow-ball him during recess; the girls put water in hiz hair die; and the skol comittee make him work for half the money a bartender gits, and board him around the neighborhood, where they giv him rhy coffee sweetened with molassis, tew drink, and koffish bawls 3 times a day for vittles.

And, with all this abuse, I never heard of a distrikt skoolmaster swearing enny thing louder than—*Condemn it.*

Don't talk tew me about the pastlance or anshunt Job. Job had pretty plenty of biles all over him, no doubt, but they were all on one breed.

Every yung one in a distrikt skol iz a bibe or a difrent breed, and each one needs a difrent kind of poultiss tew git a good head on them.

A distrikt skoolmaster, who duz a square job and takes hiz koffish bawls reverently, iz a better man to day tew hav lying around loose than Solomon would be arrayed in all of hiz glory.

Solomon waz better at writing proverbs and managing a large family, than he would be tew navigate a distrikt skol house.

Enny man who huz kept a distrikt skol for ten years, and boarded around the neighborhood, ought tew be made a mager general, and hav a penshun for the rest of hiz natal days, and a hoss and waggin tew do hiz going around in.

But az a general consequence, a distrikt skoolmaster hain't got any more warm friends than an old blind fox houn haz.

He iz jist about az welkum az a tax gatherer iz.

He iz respekted a good deal az a man iz whom we owe a debt of 50 dollars to and don't mean tew pay.

He goes through life on a back road, az poor az a wood sled, and finally iz missed—but what ever bekums of hiz remains, I kant tell.

Whi iz it that theze men and wimmen, who pasthunly and with crazed brain teach our remorseless brats the tejus meaning of the alphabet, who take the fast welding heat on their destinys, who lay the stepping stones and enkurage them tew mount upwards, who hav dun more hard and mean work than any klass on the futstool, who hav prayed over the reprobate, strengthened the timid, restrained the outrageous, and flattered the imbecile, who hav lived on koffish and wibe coffee, and hain't been heard to swear—whi iz it that they are treated like a vagrant fiddler, danced to for a night, paid oph in the morning and eagerly forgotten.

I had rather burn a coal pit, or keep the flys out of a butcher's shop in the month of August, than meddle with the distrikt skol bizzness.

HEROIC ACT.—A few months ago, an engineer of an express train on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, going west, discovered an engine approaching him at such a rate of speed that he was at once convinced that it was without an engineer. He instantly whistled his brakes down, at the same time sending his fireman back to uncouple his "tender" from the train, while he at the same moment uncoupled his hose and engine, and opening his throttle wide, with his red flag jumped back on his tender. He just looked back and saw his train nearly stopped, and on dashed the two engines toward each other like very demons. He brake up gently on his tender, and finally stopped it, and in breathless silence watched for the collision. The engines came together, throwing each other clear off the track, and smashed all to pieces. He left his tender, and with his flag ran on to meet the express going east. It being two minutes behind time, he had jist time to "flag it," and it was brought to a stop within a few feet of the wrecked engines, and one of those terrible accidents was avoided. For this heroic act the Company presented him with a check for \$1,000.

**A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.**  
The remark is often made that "truth is stranger than fiction," but its application was never more forcibly illustrated, we think, says the New York Evening Mail, of Thursday, than by the brief history of two persons, which culminated yesterday at the Astor House in this city. It runs as follows: About twenty-two years ago Mr. M., a Northern gentleman, married Miss N., of this State. To all appearances it was what the world denominated "a happy marriage." About one year after this union, Mrs. M. presented her husband with a fine boy, whose appearance seemed to be an additional living and breathing bond of affection. The "happy couple" lived together for about ten years, when, by a reverse of circumstances in Mr. M.'s business, over which he had no control, he became quite poor. Passing over details, suffice it to say that a divorce terminating neither party was easily obtained in a court of one of the States, whose loose laws now offer inducements to the discontented to violate the solemn ordinance of marriage with impunity. But this was not a trap sprung by one party without the knowledge of the other. It was a mutual divorce.

Mrs. M. was a healthy, fine looking woman, and in a few years became the wife of a well-to-do gentleman. This was a happy marriage throughout. The second husband died little more than one year ago, leaving the widow a small fortune of about twenty thousand dollars.

During these eight or nine years of life with a second husband, the lady did not forget her first born; nor did the son lose sight of the mother. The affection in both were strong. The boy was the divine magnet which attracted the divorced and widowed mother and the wondering father from his search for business and happiness in distant Costa Rica. At the death of the second husband the son had reached the manly age of twenty. Imagine his feelings as he came to realize the real situation of his father and mother. One a single man! the other a widow! One an unhappy wanderer, still without sufficient worldly goods to make life worth living for; the other the occupant of a husbandless house, with a plentiful larder. Ever present was the thought that one yet lived whom she had sworn before God to "love and cherish." He was the father of her son. The son, who loved his mother loved his father not less. The mother could not gaze into the face of her only born without beholding the image of his father. Time passed. The son brought his divorced father and widowed mother together. They talked over the past. They agreed upon the future. The son was the centre of attraction. He was flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone. The ties of nature were too strong for resistance. Like two drops of quicksilver the two hearts united. Yesterday, in this city, the son had the happiness to celebrate the anniversary of his twenty-first birthday by witnessing the extraordinary scene of the marriage of his own father and mother! This was joy enough for one day. History does not afford the parallel of this true picture.

Mr. and Mrs. M., accompanied by their son and several friends, dined at the Astor House yesterday afternoon, and afterwards left for Boston, on their bridal tour, to enjoy his second and her third "honeymoon." The son, who is a promising, fine-looking young man, is a telegraph operator of excellent abilities, and employed in this city.

After their "honeymoon," Mr. and Mrs. M., with their son, will visit Costa Rica, where the past business experience of Mr. M. in that country, with the little capital of Mrs. M., and the profession of the talented and enterprising son, will undoubtedly prove the foundation for a greater and more permanent fortune. May happiness and prosperity go with them. Reader, is not the truth sometimes stranger than fiction.

Others.—There are folks who can never look at any one else in their own walk of life without some latent reference to themselves. They instantly institute a comparison. And this introduces a disturbing element which makes their estimate of the other person of no value. They are looking on the other person through spectacles strongly tinged with green; perhaps with yellow. If you desire to form a sound and right estimate of any one whose work is the same as yours, or may be regarded as a competitor for the same kind of standing, you must for the time forget yourself altogether. But there are people who have it in them to form an impersonal and unselfish estimate of another. They never think that the other man is six feet high, or seven, as the case may be; but that he is so many inches taller or shorter than they are. They never think the man is a very clever man, or a very stupid man; but that he is not so clever as they are or stupider than they are. Such are the human beings who are disconcerted unless they are recognized as cock of the walk. In selecting their associates they do not want equal companions but humble attendants.

A SENSIBLE young lady says, "The best of all ways to lengthen our days, is to get to bed early and quit wearing stays."