A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

OLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1869.

NUMBER 40.

LTOONA NOT YET IN RUINS WOLFF'S MAMMOTH LOTHING BAZAAK!! STILL RIGHT SIDE UP!

PRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING IN IMMENSE PROFUSION

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

LOTHING! CLOTHING! ENT'S FURNISHING GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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

rmks, Valises, Traveling Bags. Imbrellas &c., &c. TOCK THE LARGEST!

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

LOTHING MADE TO ORDER CALL AND SEE!

CAN SUIT YOU'S GOODS & PRICES.

STORE ON ANNIE STREET, one door north of the Post Office. ou't mistake the place and there will be no istake about you getting good bargains. GODFREY WOLFF. Altoona, April 28, 1869 .- tf.

THOMAS CARLAND, WEGGERALE DEALER IN

ROCERIES & QUEENSWARE, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS.

BACON, FLOUR,

EED AND PROVISIONS.

NO. 126 VIRGINIA STREET,

tween Julia and Caroline. - ALTOUNA

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood d Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationwill be sold from manufacturer's printed ice lists, and all other goods in my line at biladelphia, Baltimore, Ciucinnati and Pitta-rgh current prices. To dealers I present the culiar advantage of saving them all freight d drayage, as they are not required to pay eights from the principal cities and no dray charges are made. Dealers may rest as red that my goods are of the best quality and prices as moderate as city rates. By doing fair, upright business, and by promptly and tisfactorily filling all orders. I hope to merit patronage of retail dealers and others in ambria county and elsewhere. Orders reactfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.
Altoons, July 29, 1869.-tf.

VOOD, MORRELL & CO., WASHINGTON STREET.

ear Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

LEEIGH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS MILLINERY GOODS.

ARDWARE. QUEENSWARE. BOOTS AND SHOES. HATS AND CAPS. IRON AND NAILS ARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS, READY-MADE CLOTHING LASS WARE, YELLOW WARE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE

ROVISIONS and FEED. ALL KINDS. ogether with all manner of Western Produce, ach as FLOUR. BACON, FISH, SALT, ARBON OIL, &c., &c. Wholesale and retail erders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and sost reasonable terms WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

Johnstown, April 28, 1869. 1y. AWSON & BAKER

PRANKLIN STREET. a the Old POST OFFICE BUILDING,

Johnstown, Pa,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

WESTERN PRODUCE:

keep constantly on hand a large supply SYRUPS, MOLASSES, TEAS, Orders solicited from retail dealers, and sat

afaction in goods and prices guaranteed.

Johnstown, April 28, 1869. W M. LLOYD & CO., Drafts on the principal cities and Silver interest at fair rates.

1869. A NEW THING, 1869. And a GOOD THING in EBENSBURG. ROYALTY SUPERCEDED!

The "House of Tudor" Surrendered

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS! New Inducements!

High Street! | Low Prices!

A. G. FRY Has taken possession of the rooms on High Street, (three doers 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 Muslins, Checks, Ginghams, Tickings, Shirtings, Denims, Drills, Jeans, Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinetts, Delaines, Lawns, Prints, &c., &c., and wish to get the full worth of your money.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY Boots and Shoes for Men's, Ladies' and Children's wear, unexcelled in quality and

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, Cheese, 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 at all times you will be supplied at the LOWEST CASH RATES.

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

I design to keep a full line of DRESS GOODS of the most desirable styles and textures, and as I am determined to sell as CHEAP Ad 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 ou want to buy, be sure first to try the store A. G. FRY. Ebensburg, May 27, 1869.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM, JAS. B. ZAHM.

ZAHM & SON,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

ROCTS AND SHOES. HATS AND CAPS. AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES

Usually Kept in a Country Store.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS!

STORE ON MAIN STREET.

Next Door to the Post Office.

EBENSBURG, PA. June 10,1869. OOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!

**BOOTS AND SHOES** For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

Regairing of Boots and Shoes attended COFFEES, FLOUR, BACON, POTATOES, to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

CIGARS GREEN FRUITS, TOBACCO

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a con-

tinuance and increase of the same. JOHN D. THOMAS. Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

LOYD & CO., Bankers,

EBENSBURG, PA. Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and and Gold for sale. Collections made.— other Securities, bought and sold. Interest mand, without interest, or upon time, with in all accessible points in the United States. and a general Banking business transacted. The horse was in desperate gallop, and the to help him, and a bright object caught steps.

The Poet's Department. SOMEBODY'S BOY.

Is somebody's mother thinking That somebody's boy gets "tight," While somebody's boy is drinking

Somewhere or other to-night? Who was that somebody lugging Too heavy a load to-day Of brandy and rum, and hugging The posts on the corner, eh?

Who is that handsome young fellow-The handsomest face we meet-Who comes home so late and so mellow, He scarcely can keep his feet?

Who is that somebody reeling First from the left to the right, With empty pockets, yet feeling As rich as Crossus to-night?

Ah! pavements have grown unsteady: They wave like a wind blown sheet, And have interfered already With somebody's drunken "feat."

And still to the world his drinking. It is neither here nor there; Or somebody's pa, I'm thinking,

Or mother or sister would care. He'll wake to-morrow, it's patent. And he'll come down stairs all right, And look just like he hadn't

Been on a "tare" last night. And somebody's mother and sister, When told that brother gets "tight." Are almost inclined to blister Your cheeks with their hands outright

But somebody's sins are wearing The jewel of life away; And somebody's boy, wayfaring, Will die on the streets some day!

Cales, Sketches, Inecdotes, &c. TERRIFIC WOLF CHASE.

We are sure our readers will peruse the following exciting extract from a volume bat-the death struggle-the rescuescenes imaginable:

"One evening his way home led thro"

a desolate, morassy wood, which stretched

for ten wersts on one side of his little farm

and where the track, deep between accumulations of high snow, gave only just sufficient width for the little horse and sledge. Mart's eves were closed and his senses heavy with weariness, but he soon began to be aware that the animal was quickening its pace unwontedly; again it jerked forward-quicker still-and a low neighing sound of terror effectually roused the drowsy man. He looked in front; all was as usual, a wide, scanty forest, knee deep in a hed of snow : there were pyramids of snow which showed the huge ant-hills of the country-the beavens bright -the earth white-not a living object but the Lorse before him. He looked behind -the scene was just the same-white snow, and leafless trees, and a winding track; but close to the sledge were three dark, gaunt animals, heavily galloping, and another was fast gaining behind .-The jaws of the foremost, with the lowness of the sledge, were within the reach of Mart's shoulder. He cared not for that -he knew it was his horse they wanted first; and saw in an instant that all depended on the animal's courage more than on his own. If the frightened creature could have the nerve to keep steady in the track the chances were much in its favor, for the moment the wolves turned off in order to pass and get ahead of it, the depth of the snow diminished their speed; but should the horse, in its terror, plunge aside and flounder in the snow, Mart knew it would be lost. He leaned forward, called

back with terror, and fell into an evener "Mart shouted violently, but the wolves were either too keen or too many-it made no impression. It was an awful time both for master and horse. Mart kept his hand on the animal, while his eve watched the ferocious brutes, who were often within arm's length. He had a hatchet, which he always carried on these occasions to chop the frozen fish; he felt for it, and grasped it in his hand, but forebore to use it, for the closer the wolves kept at the back of the sledge the less were they seen by the horse. Every minute, howover, one or more of them broke out of the track in the attempt to pass; and altho' they instantly lost footing in the snow, yet the unblinkered eyes of the little animal had caught sight of the dreaded foe, and a plunge forward made Mart turn his eyes with anxiety, to see that it kept straight

the animal cheerfully by its name, and

laid his hand on its back, as he was wont

to do in times of fatigue or difficulty-the

poor beast knew the kind voice and hand

-raised his ears, which were laid flat

in the narrow track. "One of the wolves was more than usually huge and long-limbed, and more than once it had contrived, in spite of the deep snow, to advance nearer abreast of the sledge than any of its companions. Upon this grim creature Mart more especially kept watch, and caught the green light which played from its eyeballs. It turned off again; the snow laid fleeter for a space; the wolf kept its footing; it gained, for their pace is enormous; the little horse's eyes glared round at it. Mart withdrew his hand, wet with the animal's perspira-Moneys received on deposit, payable on de- allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made tion; the wolf was just beyond arm's allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made

wolf just abreast of it, suddenly turned his eye; it was his hatchet lying on the sharp towards it; now was Mart's time. He dealt a tremendous blow; the wolf avoided it, but stumbled in the snow, and in a few moments was yards behind.

"The distance from home was now quickly shortening beneath the horse's hoofs, which continued to carry the sledge the other cowed, and retreated, spilling its at full gallop, till the fear of an overturn became the source of anxiety. Mart was quite aware by this time that these were no common lazy wolves he had to deal with, but sharp, set, determined brutes, to whom man or beast would be alike welcome. They were not the animals to be deterred by the sight of a man's dwelling, bare the gaunt back bone; but the dog's as is usually the case, and there was an own body intercepted any mortal wound. ugly werst of wide open space between the outskirts of the forest and his house, | Poor Karria Pois' case was desperate; which he looked to with real apprehen-

"They were now at the very edge of the wood-the road became evener-the wolves gained on every side-the horse sledge against the stump of a tree-it overturned-was swept away at a tremendous pace, and Mart was left alone in the snow. In a moment a heavy claw had slit the throat and down the front of bis sheepskin-it was well Anno's wrappers lay so thick beneath. He threw off the brute and rose-his hatchet had been jerked out of his hand in the fall-he cast a desperate glance around, but saw it not

"The horse was now almost out of sight, two of the wolves were close to the defenceless man, and the two others, deserting the animal, were bounding back to him. Mart faced the foremost, he could do no more, and in an instant was sur- Let him confront with my wife and seven-

"Here we must leave him, bowever cruel it may seem. Meanwhile the two above the Mississippi Valley, does the Pois was lying before the stove fast asleep. of Niagara. (Applause.) form altogether one of the most thrilling Of a sudden the dog pricked his ears, listened, rose--ran to the door and whined -then, returning to Anno, wagged his tail, ran back, and whining again, scratched at the door. Karria Pois usually gave a signal of Mart's approach, though in not so urgent a way, and Anno opened the door, expecting to see her husband. The dog dashed furiously out, but no sign of Mart appeared. The young wife went out into the piercing air-saw and heard nothing, and was slowly turning in, when a sound caught her ear. So had Mart never approached before. But there was no time for wonder, for the next moment the horse galloped up to the door and stopped. Anno saw instantly that something had happened-the animal was dripping with foam and trembling all over

-the sledge was reversed, and above all, Mart was not there. "Anno was but the girl still; she called quick to her grandmother-the old woman did not answer-she flew into the inner room; Liso was standing motionless with her face turned from the door. There was no light, save from the little snowed-up window; but Anno saw enough to know that she stood in prayer. 'O, Jummat? (God) said the poor girl to herself, 'hear her!' and leaving her undisturbed, she ran again out of the house, gave one look at the trembling horse, and then, all trembling herself, began to retrace the jagged track in which it had

"We must now return to Mart, whom we have left in a frightful position. He knew what it was to put forth his strength in games and wrestling matches, and it was such, as shoulder to shoulder and muscle to muscle, few could withstand. But it was nothing now against the heavy weight, the vice-like teeth, the rending grasp that held him down on every side. For a few seconds the desperate violence of a man to whom life is sweet, and such a death most horrible, shook off the pitiless assailants; but his own blood had dyed the snow, and the sight of it seemed to turn ferocity into fury. The bloodhounds closed again upon him-they pull-

"People say there is no time to think in sudden dangers; they have never known one. There are more thoughts struck from the mind in one moment's collision with sudden and desperate peril than in days of fearless security. The sweets of this earth-the home that lay so nearthe mystery of Heaven, swept over poor Mart's mind; days, even particulars found time to intrude. He thought how Anno and Liso would watch through the night -how his mangled remains would tell all in the morning ; Anno's despair—the village lament ; he thought of all this, and more, and knew himself in the jaws of nungry wolves. Then those foul, lurid eyes glared over him, the tightning of the throat followed, and thinking all was over. Still be struggled to release his armsthe grasp on the throat was suffocating him-his senses realed, when on a sudden dash came another animal, hard breathing, along, threw itself into the midst with one sharp bowl, and fastened upon the chief assailant. The wolves relaxed their fury for an instant; Mart reeled giddily to his feet, and recognized his brave dog. For a second he stood stun-ned and bewildered; when he saw one wolf retreating, and all three attacking going up stairs and one looking up ? The to get a gasket, and when he went up each one a busband get. reach, but he kept his hatchet in readiness. the dauntless Karria Pois. He turned one steps up stairs and the other stares up again he couldn't find Charley. And he

snow, within arm's length of his last struggle. Mart snatched it up, and was now himself again. Blood was dripping from him, but his limbs were uninjured. and furious were the strokes he dealt.

"One wolf soon lay dead at his feet; blood as it went, and held off, skulking round; and now Mart poured his whole fury on that great monster which held Karria Pois in his stiffing grasp as he had done his master. It was no easy task to release the dog. The hatchet rung on the wolf's skull, rattled on bis ribs, and laid and the wolf seemed to feel no other. his legs were all drawn together, protecting the very part he sought to wound, when suddenly be stretched himself out with some fresh agony, and the batchet was buried deep in the wolf's throat. bounded furiously forward, caught the Many more fierce strokes were needed before life was extinct; and, as Mart rose, a hand on his shoulder startled him, and his wife fell into his bosom."

## Speech of Zachariah Spicer.

On the question "Which enjoys the greatest amount of bappiness, the bache lor or the married man?"

Mr. President and Gentlemen, I rise to advocate the cause of the married man And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution-I do Will any gentleman pretend to say I do not? Let him accompany me home. teen small children, and decide.

High as the Rocky Mountains tower

women were as usual expecting him anx- married man tower above that of the iously at home-for Mart was late. Anno bachelor. What was Adam before he was sitting beneath the pinewood candle | became acquainted with Eve ! What but at the spinning wheel. Liso had risen a poor, shiftless, helpless creature? No entitled "Livonian Tales." The chase- from hers, and gone into a smaller cham- more to be compared with his after self the attack of the bungry pack-the com- ber especially devoted to her. Old Karria than a mill-dam to the roaring cataract young ice was making. It was not blow- the cabin, that it may be safely delivered Gentlemen, there was a time. I blush

to say, when I was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you could hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled bard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret-no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Everything was in clutter, and in the words of the poet-'Confusion was monarch of all I surveyed.'

Here lay a pair of dirty pants, there lay a pair of dirty boots, there a dirty play-bill, and there a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder I took refuge at the gaming table and the bar room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise left my lips, when a knock was heard at my door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes.

"Mr. Spicer," says she, "I have washed for you six months, and I havn't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I would like to know what you are going to do about it."

I felt in my pocket book. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough. "Miss Simpkins," said I, "It's no use denying it, I haven't got the stamps, I wish for your sake that I had,"

"Then," said she, promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you." "Stop," said I, "Susan, I will do the best I can for you. Greenbacks I have none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest ?" savs she, looking a little suspicious. "Never more so," savs I.

"Then," says she, "as there seems to

be no prospect of getting my pay any

other way, I guess I'll take up with your We were married in a week; and what's more, we haven't had cause to repent it. No more attics for me, gentlemen. I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor,

miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as plump as a porker. In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor ragged fellow, without a coat to your back or a shoe to your feet; if you want to grow old before your time, and as uncomfortably generally as a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, I advise

you to remain a bachelor. If you want to live decently and respectably get married. I have got ten daughters, gentlemen overwhelming applause) and you may

have your pick. Mr. Spicer sat down amid loud and continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded secured him five sons in law.

A TRAVELER in England observing

man at work and seeing he was taking it remarkably easy, remarked : "My friend, you don't appear to sweat any ?" "Why no, master, six shillings a week ain't sweating wages."

LOST OVERBOARD.

A REAL INCIDENT.

"Larboard watch, shoo-o-y!" roared down the scuttle, in the glad, impatient tones of men eager to be relieved-to exchange places with us who had slept away the last four hours with that blissful abandon that characterizes seamen when off duty. "Let them look out that have the watch!" is his motto.

A single tin hanging-lamp, on short allowance of oil, swayed and flickered, obedient to the violent motion of the ship. Just enough light was afforded by it to make "darkness visible" in the little, dingy, triangular den called, by courtes, the

"How's the weather, boys?" was asked by two or three sleepy voices.

"The gale's breaking up now," was answered, apparently from a huge, shapeless bundle of pea-jackets, surrounded by a dripping "souwester." "It comes in squalls, with longer lulls. But it's been an ugly night."

It had, indeed, and it was not over yet. For it was only four o'clock in the morning, of an Antarctic winter, and wanted three hours to daylight. The gale roared down the scuttle as the slide was pushed open, and the crest of a sea dashed its salt spray into the little opening, rattling down into our dormitery.

All above was cold, wet, dark and cheerless. But out we must come, in response to the call. In my own case there was special need of dispatch, for it was my turn-out trick at the wheel. What seaman but can recall to mind a dread of the "graveyard trick," as it is termedthe first two hours in the morning watch, when it seems impossible to keep one's eyelids propped up, and the senses are off wool-gathering at the first break in the days, rose clear. Our tender-hearted old perpetual motion of the body?

did not lock up to investigate the cause. bly see some trace of the lost lad. It was no affair of mine.

"Full and by" were the simple words of instruction which I received and repeated, as I took the spokes of the wheel .-There was really nothing to do but hold dismal hours of darkness on "Mount Misery," as we were accustomed to call the poop, or raised quarter-deck.

I heard the mate mustering his watch. and collecting them aft about the mainmast, for their own safety from the combing seas, as well as to have them all under his eye in case of emergency. I heard him call the two youngsters, Charley and Dan by name, and give them some order, but I knew not what. All this time I my perch and hidden by the break of the quarter-deck. But a few minutes later I heard a voice high up aloft, I glanced upward, but could distinguish nothing in the intense darkness. I made out the words, "Go down and get a gasket!" and knew then that they must be securing some sail that had partially worked adrift. I did not envy them any pleasure which they might find in doing it, as I thought of the pitchy darkness and the cold biting horting very earnestly and calling upon blast, with the crust of ice making on the the regular course of a sailor's duty, and might have fallen to myself had I not been more into my jacket and relapsed into a half torpid state.

A sound as of the fall of a heavy body on the water came up from close under the lee-quarter. "More black-fish breaching," said I to myself, for we had seen them several times during the previous day, very near the ship. I gave the subject no further thought-I did not even look about me, knowing that I could see nothing, dark as it was. I had nearly forgotten the circumstance, when I heard the words, "He isn't there!" in a voice that seemed to quiver with astonishment and fear, rather than with cold. Then the mate calling "Charley!" and the name taken and repeated by others, here and again coming near to me, A heavy footstep approached over the wet deck, and

"M-," said he, "have you seen anything of the boy Charley?" "No, sir," I answered; "I've seen no

one since I relieved the wheel." "Then the poor boy is lost!" He THE editor of the Eutaw Whig, having spoke, as it were, with a choking lump in amples as shall "tell;" such examples offered a copy of his paper one year for a his throat. I made no reply, and, clear- that another, wasting time in idle sport, good yard dog, has been offered an eigh- ing the impediment, he went on: "I sent forlorn unmarried brother, seeing, shall teen inch dog for six months' subscription, him and Dan aloft to secure the main take heart and court. Let us, then, be What is the difference between a man slatting out in the gale. Dan came down set; still contriving, still pursuing, and isn't to be found about docks or below."

"He's gone !" I gasped, pointing with my hand into the blackness astern. A sudden thought had flashed upon me, and a cold shudder went to my very heart as I recalled that spanking sound on the water, close under our lee. No one had heard it but myself. I possessed the one link missing in the chain of evidence to bar out the last hope that he might be still alive. The mate's step receded again into the darkness as soon as he had heard my statement, and I was left to indulge my own sad reflections,

Poor Charley! he had belonged to the ship only a few weeks, having joined us at Coquimbo, Chile, where he had been landed, sick, from another ship, some months before. He had fully recovered his vigor, and came on board in high spirits at the thought of returning to his home and friends. A bright, intelligent youth, active and willing, he had rapidly won his way to our hearts, and stood high

in the esteem of his shipmates. It was not difficult to conjecture how he had met his fate. Lumbered with heavy clothing and stiff boots, and his hands benumbed with cold, he had, by the violent motion of the ship, been thrown from his dangerous footing on the "eyes of the rigging," for the ship had no crosstrees. Neatness and snugness of rig are. of course, considerations of much greater importance than the lives of a seaman or

two in the course of a long voyage. He had passed out from among us in such a way that we had not even the melancholy satisfaction of making an effort, however vain, to save him. While we yet called his name, clinging to the hope of his safety, the cold, angry sea had closed over his head, and was rolling on

With daylight the gale abated, and the sun, which had been obscured for several captain, with an unwonted tear sparkling I struggled aft, feeling my way along on his bronzed cheek, orders the boy's the slippery rail and deck, where the chest to be locked up and brought aft into ing very hard at the moment, for the great- to his parents. He questions us who est force of the gale was spent. But knew him best, and learns many things there was a tremendous sea running, such about Charley which he would never have as seems almost peculiar to the region of known or thought of had they finished Cape Horn, and the pitching and strain- that voyage together and parted company ing of our stout ship, laden deeply with at the port of destination. And all this copper, were frightful. I was sensible of time he is gazing absently round upon the a sound of slatting canvass overboard, but sea, as if he still thought be might possi-

The order to "make sail," usually so inspiring, is given in a subdued tone and with seeming reluctance to leave the spot. But, with the excitement of active duty, our sad feelings are soon forgotten. Sheet it firmly, for the ship was lying to under after sheet of canvass is spread to the her storm staysails, with the lee clew of favoring breeze. "Homeward!" is the the maintopsail "goose-winged." Setting magic word that makes every heart glad; my head into my jacket collar till it was the storm beaten rock of Diego Ramirez almost merged in the line of my shoulders, is sighted, passed, and fades into the horwith only my eyes and nose visible to any izon-line astern, and before the close of outsider, I prepared to wear away two long the day we are more than a hundred miles distant from the place where our young W. H. M. shipmate went down. - Western World.

> SAUCE FOR GOOSE AND GANDER .-The following Dover story is from the

American Union : When - was agent of the factories at Dover, a strict rule was adopted regarding late comers; the great gates were closed as the return bell ceased to could see no one, as they were all below ring, and the delinquents compelled to go through the counting-room passage, when a quarter day's time was deducted for their tardiness. Some of the late ones lived so far away that it was almost impossible to get back in time, and therefore

they suffered. The superintendent was a pious man. and was wont to exhort in the meetings. nightly held, where the factory people attended. On one occasion he was exhis hearers to improve their time.rigging and sails. But then, it was all in "Come," said he, "at once; come while there is opportunity for salvation; come before the great and awful gates are closed at the wheel. So I settled myself once against you. O, my friends, what will you do when those gates are closed?" "Go through the counting-room passage!" cried one from the rear. It was too much, All gravity was lost, and the appeal was

A MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE."-Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream," for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem. Life is real, life is earnest, single blessedness a fib; "Man thou art, to man returnest," has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end or way, but to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day. Life is long and youth is fleeting, and our there, away forward on the bow, and heart, though light and gay, still like pleasant drums are beating wedding marches all the way. In the world's the blanched face of the officer appeared broad field of battle, in the bivouse of life, at my side in the glaring light of the bin- be not like dumb driven cattle-be a beroine-a wife. Trust no future, howe'er pleasant, let the dead past bury its dead ! act, act in the living present, heart within and hope shead! Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well. and departing leave behind us such exroyal, as it had worked adrift and was up and doing, with a heart on triumph

LAME CONCLUBION-A sore foot.