Cambria Freeman.

H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher. HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. Terms, $2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 3. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1869. NUMBER 43.

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 corporal punishment.

TERMS PER SESSION:

Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending, &c., $225.
NO EXTRAS.

Each child will be required to be provided with four suits of clothing, (the uniform will be gray trimmed with black, zouave pants,) suitable to the different seasons. He must also have 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 knife and fork, silver spoon and goblet, dressing box furnished with combs, etc., valise and postage stamps.

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

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

References can be made to Rt. Rev. Bishop Domenec or any of the clergy of the diocese.

For further particulars apply to or address
MOTHER SUPERIOR,
Aug. 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 our work in our line in the most satisfactory manner, and knowing that we can do work at prices as low as those 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 ON COUNTRY PRODUCE.

CONVERY, VINROE & CO.
Ebensburg, Sept. 2, 1868.

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE
—AT—
BUCK'S MILLS, Alleghany Township.

The subscriber would respectfully announce to his friends and the public in general that he has just opened at Buck's Mills a large and superb stock of seasonable merchandise, consisting of all kinds of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, FURNITURE, HARDWARE, and all other articles usually kept in a country store.

Having paid cash for my goods I am determined to dispose of them either for cash, lumber or country produce at as low prices as the goods can be bought from any dealer in the county. A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

WM. J. BUCK.
Buck's Mills, April 22, 1869.-tf.

A WORD FROM JOHNSTOWN!
JOHN J. MURPHY & CO.,

have constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of seasonable

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Groceries,

and a general variety of NOTIONS, &c.—Their stock consists of almost every article usually kept in a retail store, all of which have been selected with care and are offered at prices which cannot fail to prove satisfactory. Call and examine for yourselves.

Feb. 28, 1867.-tf. $8

W. M. LLOYD & CO.,
BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made.—Moneys received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. an31.

LLOYD & CO., Bankers,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

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, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's 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.—Odd 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 Cone, 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, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Purers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, 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., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks. Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed 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, Hominy, 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 Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

House Spouting made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount 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 "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

The Poet's Department.

AN OLD LOCAL LYRIC.

We are indebted to Mr. W. L. AKERS, of Johnstown, for the following poem, which was written for and published in the Ebensburg *Sky*, a paper printed in this place upwards of forty years ago. We are unable to give the date of its publication, as it was copied by Mr. AKERS from a scrap book in his possession, into which it was pasted without any record being made of the time of its appearance. It is a production of no little poetic merit, and for that as well as for its local character we have no doubt it will be appreciated by our readers:

WRITTEN ON CROSSING THE ALLEGENY MOUNTAIN.
By Ronald Oliris.

The distant whistle of the mountain bird
In trembling accents vibrates on the air,
The wary fox with muffled step unheard,
The weary sun, faint glimmering in the west,
Wakes night-born beasts to prowl and lulls mankind to rest.

I wander still in sober, pensive mood,
While dun clouds thicken round the atmosphere,
And not a sound disturbs the moss-grown wood,
Save where the small birds chant their vespers near,
Some fountain gurgling from the mountain side
Or wild winds roar far off in solitary pride.

In these rude haunts, so long tradition tells,
While yet the Indian chased the timid game,
And built his wigwam in these woody dells,
A friendless, joyless, way-worn stranger came,
Whose brow, the index of a lofty soul,
Was scathened, as he had tasted sorrow's harsh-drugged bowl.

"Sons of the forest!" thus the youth bespoke—
The painted chiefs in council ranged around—
"Heard ye the thunder-peal last night that broke
And with dark ruin shook your sacred ground?
Saw ye the wailing spirit of the storm
That on your fathers' graves low couched his haggard form?

'The savage, bribed by yonder Frenchman's pelf,
Lurks near your home with murderous intent;
E'en now hides him as some blighting elf
Or hell-born hag your evil god has sent
With dismal sounds to fright your game away,
And then with famine sweep you from the face of day.

"Where yonder pensile clouds, ill boding, brood
O'er smouldring ruins but three suns ago,
My father's peaceful habitation stood
Beneath the deep wood, as yourselves do know;
For when we'd gathered in the year's increase,
The red-men there, oft smoked the calumet of peace.

"But, ah! the northern horde of serpents came,
Like night fiends or the demons of the blast,
With direful yell and all-consuming flame,
Our well-built wigwams to the earth they cast;
Now where yon pine peers o'er each neighboring tree,
My sire, my friend, they drag in full captivity.

"By dread Manitto!—by the burnished sky!
By your bright hunting grounds that shine afar!
I tell ye, red men, ye shall surely die
By that foul clan, unless you give them war.
No more! when murdered, your best, boldest chief,
His death-song shall disgrace with woman-hearted grief."

Here ceased the youth—a low, hoarse murmur rose,
Like mountain panther's rage-obstructed growl;
More fierce, more loud, more unrestrined it grows,
Till mingling in one vengeance-telling howl.
Those voices echo through each glade and dell,
Like tortured Furies' screams loud pealed from deepest hell.

Short council take the natives of the wood;
For nature's sons brook not the long delay;
They eye their leader, armed in sullen mood
With axe and war-club for the coming pray;
Now where the stranger points stilly creep
That e'en the timid hares along their path did sleep.

But, hark! strange sounds swell on the passing gale
Of hellish orgies and unearthly rites;
Now rise at distant from the pine clad vale,
Whose bosom, rife with spirit-freezing sights,
Beholds the captive for the flames prepared,
A sacrifice their dreadful god had often shared.

O! who of all that weary, ill-starred train,
Her limbs already bound to yonder tree,
Awaits a death of long-protracted pain;
'Mid deaf'ning yells and moving mockery?
It is, alas! ye heavens in blackness hide
From that foul sight—'tis she, the stranger's bride.

Torn like a spring flower from its native shade,
The youthful maiden wilted soon away,
As forest flowerets with'ring, wasting, fade,
Exposed at noontide to the blaze of day;
And for her weakness those grim hounds of hate
Doom her light form a victim to the power they hate.

With down-cast look, with wild disheveled hair,
Her spirit shrinking at the prospect dread;
Amazed, distressed, her snow-white bosom bare,
Now flushed with modesty, now pale with fear;
But for those impious fetters she had been
Mistaken for some Sylph, or air-born wood-land queen.

Faint, yet resigned, does young Zelinda view
The fuze preparing for the fatal pyre;
She recks not for the murder-dealing yew,
The stone-edged arrow or slow rising fire:
One only thought her fluttering soul employs—
Alberto, reft of her, sole center of his joys.

That sound!—no 'twas the waking breeze that stirred
The dancing leaves upon the aspen tree,
Or tiny whirring of the humming bird,
Responsive to the dull note of the bee.
Their fear thus calmed, the viper-hearted clan
With wanton archery, their fiend-like sports began.

Now bends the bow to many a brawny arm—
Wing'd shafts fly swiftly from the twanging string—
The missiles, destined but to fright not harm
The damsel, thick athwart the ether sing.
E'en now light ringlets of her ebon hair,
Cleft by the swift-thrown flint, float loose upon the air.

Still ply your merriment, ye ruthless clan!
Ye know not for each silken braid that flies
Your distant tribe shall wail one foe of man
With savage woe and unavailing cries;
But one brief moment, and ye shall be given
To famished wolves that, prowling, snuff the breeze at even.

Thus murmer'd low the stranger, as he viewed
Their brutal mirth and fiend-surpassing glee;
That lovely face with fear's chill sweat bedewed
The dart that o'er it trembles in the tree;
When at his back the short, death-telling sound,
The murderous flash and fierce-rung war cry rose around.

The shriek, the look of vengeance and of woe,
Soon ended in the hopeless gasp for breath;
The purple current flow'd more still and slow
As those grim warriors faded into death;
And still each face retained the fearful scowl
In death more dread than demons, as in life more foul.

So the gaunt wolf purloins the shepherd's care,
So gorged with blood, endeavors to depart
With moping pace to gain his mountain lair;
And when he feels the death-shot pierce his heart,
In sullen rage he sinks upon the plain;
And, grinning, grinds the fangs he ne'er shall use again.

But who shall tell the meeting of that pair?
O! who describe that luxury of feeling?
Like hope, fresh blossom'd on the plant despair,
More bright, from contrast, on the spirit stealing,
As mermaid songs o'er ocean surges rise,
Or sunlight sweetly gleams through tempest-blackened skies.

He who in dreams has seen the friends he loved—
Friends o'er whose graves the night winds have sighed—
And with them oft in fancy's realms has roved
Where flowers perrennial grace some river side,
Alone can know the ecstacy that rose
In those young hearts, escaped from dire impending woes.

A RICH STORY.—The "Pot," a noted whirlpool in the Tennessee river, strong enough at all times to engulf a canoe, producing cross currents which made navigation dangerous even for steamboats at high water, and often destroying large vessels in time of flood, has ceased to exist. The plan of improvement was to cut down a point of land, that projected into the river, and thus cause a deflection of the current so that the water now has a free passage. Many amusing stories are told about this "Pot" by those living on the banks of the river, in Marion county. One dark night a flatboatman from Jefferson county was floating down the river when he came to a log cabin on the bank, from which proceeded the sounds of music and dancing. Tying up his boat, he joined the merry party, drank a few horns of whisky, and started on his journey. Having floated about fifteen minutes, he passed what he supposed to be another cabin, where a similar frolic was in progress. The third party he encountered he took another social glass with, and then continued his journey, passing a log cabin every half mile, from which the sounds of music were issuing. The scene in the morning, when he saw a man come from a cabin to the river to wash himself, remarked the liveliness of the country, and was told that instead of having made thirty miles he had been "swinging round the circle" of the "Pot," was very amusing.

AS AN evidence of the coldness of the weather in Laramie, Wyoming, a paper at that place says: "An estimable young lady of this town got choked two days ago, while drinking a glass of water, by a piece of ice sticking in her throat, where it still remains. A council of eminent physicians decided that nothing could be done to remove the obstruction before next spring."

Tales, Sketches, Incedotes, &c.

BOSTON AND ITS SUBURBS.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

Boston is situated in New England, near the Great Organ. It is called Boston because some one gave it that name a good many whiles ago. Originally, the noble and high-minded red man occupied this sacred soil, and when he wasn't hunting buffalo in Chelsea, he lolled in majestic style under the great elm, and with a pensive air waited for the fountain to squirt, while the pure-minded and virtuous squaws, in their war-hoop skirts, reclined near the Beacon Street mall, looking at the fashion-plates in Harper's Bazaar. But now, alas, all, all is changed. Instead of this rural simplicity, we find busy men haunting the busy haunts of men, and mammoth walls of brick rear their haughty fronts,—also their haughty rears.

Boston is not so large as New York, but the inhabitants enjoy themselves in their primitive way, and my wife says it is getting to be quite a cityfied place. To be sure we haven't got such men to send to Congress as they have in New York, but we've got some practising in Charlestown State Prison, and at private rehearsals on North Street every night. Our boys swear and smoke cigars before they are twelve, and our girls parade up and down the streets with a bright-colored ribbon and a Japan switch; and I guess in course of time we shan't be so far behind New York, after all.

There are a great many things to enjoy in Boston—such as Boston crackers, the Ether monument, Gilson's beans, the Coliseum, horse-car conductors, Ottawa beer, dry goods clerks, the frog pond, the black Marias, and Deacon Foster's benefit.—Then there are Boston oysters, which are very nice and command a very high price in New York—the same as New York oysters do in Boston.

The amusements in Boston are varied and harmless. The principal places of resort are the Free Baths, Scollay's Building, Old Women's Home, Tremont Row, Smokers' Retreat, Free Lunch, Warren's benefit, and the Oriental Tea Store. Then there's Bunker Hill Monument, which you can climb to the top of if you want to, and see a good many things. Among other things, you can see what a fool you were to climb up—very plainly with the naked eye. To a person of a relicsome, airy disposition, fond of light amusement, there are three very attractive cemeteries, viz: Mount Auburn, Forest Hills, and the cemetery called Chelsea.

There are a great many hotels in Boston. Some are conducted on the Ethiopian plan of being the waiter, and receiving a check for half you eat; and others on the Yankee plan of paying for three square meals a day, whether or no. Mr. Tremom, who keeps a hotel near the graveyard in Tremont street, is a very good sort of a man to stop with. His beans are very tranquil, and his picked-up dinners decidedly relishing. I would I could say as much for the "Rollicking Tadpole," the Slunkville hotel, but truth forbids. The only recommendation this house has is in regard to its hash, which is always served up with the hairs on a separate plate, with a little label stating where they are from, and then you can eat them or not, as you see fit. It was at one time darkly hinted, however, that the superior beef tea for which this house was so celebrated was made from the toothpicks which the boarders left lying beside their plates, but you needn't say that this came from me. I was told it in confidence, but of course I told my wife, as I don't think a man ought to keep anything from his wife. She told thirty or forty of her confidential friends, but they said they'd never hisp a livin' word of it for the world. The proprietor of the "Rollicking Tadpole" owes mylson in-law for whitewashing his pig pen, and it this should leak out he never would get a red cent.

But I wonder
Why I wander?

Take it all in all, I like Boston. Bill Slimkuss, a friend of mine who has gone West, don't like Boston. He says it's a close-fisted, bigoted concern. You probably know Bill. Most every body does. The boarding house keepers all remember him, and he is at present very popular with the tailors. They all want to see him. Anybody who had money to lend would scarcely pass Bill by. He used to visit all his friends on Saturday night, and ask them, with the most rigid impartiality, if they "had anything over." He watched with me one night when I wasn't expected to live, and as I awoke from a feverish slumber I was deeply touched to hear Bill softly weeping by my bedside. "Whyfore sobbeth thou, sweet William?" I unto him did quoth. "Why these weeps?" "O, Mr. Skinner," said he, "the doctor says you can't live, and if you could only leave some little memento of these last hours; a fifty-cent currency, dear Uncle Moses, or even a quarter, would go far toward reconciling me to this chastening of Providence."

Bill finally got so far in debt that he was advised by a friend of his, a lawyer, to seek his fortune in the Great West. And he is to-day a flourishing outcast in Chicago, and owns swell-front blocks. He says he has had a rooted prejudice against Boston ever since a policeman bought a ticket for him and put him aboard the train.

"William was not consistent," you will say; and in saying this you remind me of old Parson Slowboy, of Slunkville, who was hardly an emblem of consistency himself. He had a son who was a grocer, and he used to read his advertisements from the pulpit. I have heard him give notice of a funeral, a wedding, and a baptizing, then he would deliver a touching eulogy on the immense advantages to be derived from using the new patent clothes-pin, for which his son John was sole agent, after which he would read a hymn, and request the congregation to join in the singing. "But before you begin," said he, "I wish to call your attention to those large and beautifully-formed herring you may have noticed in my son's back shop. It may not be generally known that those herring were imported expressly for Beacon Street, Boston, and the proprietor said to my son John, 'Remember, Mr. Slowboy, I let you have these herring only on one condition: be sure you sell them to a refined and educated community.'" And so he would run on.

But I will return to Boston, and give you a little advice relative to suburban resorts. To those of you who contemplate matrimony, Sommerville offers food for reflection. The Lunatic Asylum here is very well conducted, and in time you might get over your hallucination. If it is a second wife, jump off Long Wharf. The water here is deep and quiet. If any of you have lost a friend, and feel that this world is a dreary waste, and that you do not want to live, retire to Chelsea, and you won't have any occasion to alter your mind. If any friend of yours is missing, don't give him up for dead till you have thoroughly searched Salem. A great many men who are tired of life's turmoil flee into the outskirts of civilization, and die unheralded and unknown.

In conclusion, let me advise you not to run in debt, without you are sure you can borrow money enough to square yourself.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

A correspondent of the New York *Republic*, writing from the "North Woods," tells the following story:

At the foot of the Lower Cedar, about fifty yards from the shore, is a small and low, rocky island, not more than thirty feet in diameter, having a few shrubs growing upon it, with a single scrubby spruce and a young mountain ash in the center, neither of which is twelve feet in height.

It was January.

John left his home, some eighteen miles away, taking a bag of provisions and a few spring traps, to be absent a week or more, in pursuit of mink and marten. It was an open season. Little snow was upon the ground, and all the lakes were unfrozen. John made his way alone to the Lower Cedar lake, deposited his provision bag in the log shanty, and taking his boat and traps, rowed over to the little island which has just been described. Running the boat up on the rocks, he stepped out with a trap, and went to the opposite side of the island, a distance not exceeding twenty-five feet, carefully set his trap and returned to the landing.

What was his dismay to find his boat caught lightly upon a low rock about two rods from the island.

Here was a serious predicament for the incautious trapper. There was not a tree nor a branch by which he could reach the boat. There were no withs nor bark which, being tied together and attached to a stone, could be thrown into the boat. He had never learned to swim a stroke. Between him and the rock on which his boat was stranded were the waters, dark, cold, and ten feet deep. What was to be done?

John was an iron-hearted man, but while deliberating in much agitation, had the added horror in seeing the boat swayed first by the wind, then grating harshly upon the rock, at last disengaged, and drifted slowly out into the middle of the lake. The case now seemed absolutely hopeless.

As the hunters and trappers frequently go forth alone in the winter, and are absent several weeks, his stay would attract no attention at the settlement. No human dwelling was nearer than sixteen miles. Confronting, philosophically, therefore, his alarming situation, he secured the island in search of fuel, which resulted in his finding a small quantity of a substance resembling peat. He now began the construction of a kind of earthwork, in semi-circular form, for a protection against the wind. Gathering enough of the peat to keep his hands and feet from suffering, as early darkness drew on he wrapped himself in his coat as closely as possible, and lay down for the night. Long, dreary, dreadful were those hours, relieved by occasional snatches of sleep. Morning came, but it was barely welcome. It only revealed his desperate condition and brought no intimation of relief.

The sun arose, climbed the sky, sank to his setting; no food, no fire, lest he should exhaust his stock of fuel; no sight or sound of hope. Night settled all its shadows upon his heart. Hungry, faint and wretched, he lighted his meagre fire and laid him down. That night he slept from sheer exhaustion. Again the morning; the live-long day, the sinking sun, the blank shadows, the famishing body, the howling wolves, the thoughts of horror, the vision of inevitable death! Thus dragged the hours till the sun arose. And thus, with fast failing powers, half bewildered mind, he lived, or rather was dying, through four days and five nights. During the fifth night the wind changed to the north, with bitter, freezing cold.

Now, thought the trapper, the end has come. Still, pitiless frosts fell from the crystal heavens. He had no hope of seeing the morning light. But what she foretooled was to be his destruction was God's wondrous provision for his salvation. The lake froze over, and on lifting his eyes in the morning, a new hope struggled with the sunbeams in his despairing soul. Stiffened, emaciated and unable to stand, he thought "life is dear, and home is sweet. I can but die if I venture forth. To linger here another day is certain death. I will try the ice."

Crawling forth from his damp lurking place to the edge of the lake, he cautiously felt his way out upon the thin, transparent ice. As well from inability to stand as from a consideration of prudence, he crept on hands and knees over the treacherous surface. It bore his outspread weight. Slowly he moved, with trembling advance, for long seams shot from beneath him and clicked like the report of a pistol to the opposite shore. Once the faithless floor gave way at his knees and the chilling water came half way over him; but with the energy of a dying man, he sprang upon the unbroken surface, and with shivering fear again moved on. Again he broke through the ice! again he saved himself with desperate strength. But at length—joy unspeakable, and that almost overcame his exhausted nature—he drew himself upon the solid shore!

Resting a while from his superhuman exertions, and now, with hope and hour rising like twin stars in the East, he made his way slowly to the cabin where his stock of provisions had been left. There were bread and dried venison, but he could not eat. Nature had borne the famine too long. He laid down and was almost instantly buried in slumber, from which he did not wake until the shades of evening were drawing on. Then he found himself able to take refreshments, after which he lay down and slept until broad daylight, rose and ate again, and in its strength felt his precarious way towards his home, which at eventide he reached, emaciated almost beyond recognition, more nearly dead than alive, but restored at last from the jaws of an unmarked grave, saved from the vulture and the wolf, and rejoicing in the bosom of wife and children about his own fireside.

THAT was an unfortunate yawn which spoiled the pleasure of a party of young men on Lake Michigan last week. They sailed into a beautiful little cove and having laid out a sumptuous repast, were sitting down to enjoy it, when Mr. S., the wit of the party, leaned back with wide-stretched jaws to enjoy a tremendous gape, when snap went his jaw, having sprung out of joint with his mouth open to the widest extent. He tried in vain to close his jaw, looking wildly around upon his friends, who mistook his open mouth and agonized appearance for a kind of a joke. It was some time before his inarticulate ejaculations could be understood, the party meanwhile roaring with laughter at the appearance of S. When, finally, they became aware of the truth, their visions of a pleasant day vanished, they hastily bundled their traps and afflicted brother into the boat, took to their oars, and pulled twelve long miles to Munising. S., in the meantime, sat in the stern sheets steering the boat, with distorted jaws, and the strong south wind blowing so freshly into his mouth as to make it necessary to stuff in a handkerchief to keep from being suffocated. Arriving at Munising a doctor was procured, and, with the help of several men, the unlucky jaw was put in place.

AN audience was recently assembled in one of the churches of Hagerstown, Md., to witness a ceremony that binds two willing hearts. The loving couple had presented themselves at the altar and the officiating divine had proceeded with the ceremony until the point was reached where notice is given that: "If any man can show just cause why they may not be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter hold his peace." At this interesting juncture an eccentric individual arose and put in his protest. A breathless silence pervaded the whole assemblage—the minister hesitated—the couple held their breath in awful suspense. At length the minister demanded the grounds of objection and received for answer: "He doesn't bind well in harvest." Among all the audience there was nary a straight face. The minister couldn't see the validity of the objection, and of course finished the ceremony.

MR. GOODHEART, the philanthropist, who visits and comforts persons in the penitentiaries, lately condoled with a convict in Massachusetts on the ground that, considering his crime, his sentence was excessive. "Oh, don't mind that," replied the prisoner, "everything has gone up since the war."

AN eminent English physician asserts positively that olive oil, taken internally, will cure the gout.