

Cambria Freeman

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

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The Cambria Freeman

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DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully announces that he has opened an office in the town of Ebensburg, Pa., at the residence of Mrs. S. M. Belford, D. D. S., on Main street, which place he will visit on the first Monday of each month, to remain one week.

SAM'L BELFORD D. D. S.

R. H. B. MILLER, DENTIST.

Operative and Mechanical DENTIST.

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will be the railroad fare deducted from their bills. No work warranted. (Jan. 21, 1869-tf.)

W. D. W. ZIEGLER, Surgeon Dentist.

Will visit Ebensburg professionally on the SECOND Monday of each month, and remain one week, during which time he will be found at the Mountain House.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrate Oxide, or Laughing Gas.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., Surgeon and Physician to the citizens of Carrollton, Pa. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Calls can be made at his residence, one mile south of A. Hang's tin and hardware shop. (May 9, 1867.)

J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. OATMAN, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, &c. Store on Main street, opposite Mountain House. (Ebensburg, Pa. October 17, 1867-6m.)

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

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Deals in Securities, bought and sold. Interest on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States. A general banking business transacted.

D. M'LAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, 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.)

JOHN P. LINTON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in building on corner of Main and Locust streets, opposite Mountain House. Entrance on Franklin street. (Johnston, Jan. 31, 1867-tf.)

L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Franklin street, upstairs, over John Benton's hardware store. (Jan. 31, 1867.)

T. W. DICK, Ebensburg.

OPELIN & DICK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with W. M. Hall, Esq., Colorado Row. (Oct. 22-tf.)

GEORGE W. OATMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Offices on Main street, immediately east of Huntley's hardware store. (Apr. 8, '69.)

F. P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colorado Row. (Jan. 6, 1867-tf.)

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And a GOOD THING in EBENSBURG.

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High Street! Low Prices!

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On 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 AS THE CHEAPEST, I respectfully solicit a call from all the ladies, and especially from those who have been in the habit of visiting other places to make their purchases. Whatever you want to buy, be sure first to try the store of A. G. FRY. Ebensburg, May 27, 1869.

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 fitting 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 PRODUCE. CONVEYER, VINKRO & CO. Ebensburg, Sept. 2, 1868.

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

ZAHM & SON,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, 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, June 10, 1869. EBENSBURG, P. A.

"IT'S ONLY A DROP."

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger, but by sorrow. The old man had continued long, though it was not better. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had affectionately within his own, said, "It isn't for my own sake Ellen, though the Lord knows I shall be lonesome enough, the long winter nights and long summer days without your wise sayings and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then, in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud as peacocks by calling us her blossoms of beauty, and her heart's blood, and her king and queen."

"God and the blessed Virgin make her bed in heaven now, and for evermore, amen," said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads, and repeating an "Ave." "Ah, Mike," she added, "that was the mother and the father too, full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen; but that's not what I'm after now, as ye well know; you blushing little rogue of the world; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though its lonesome I'll be on my own hearth-stone, with no one to keep me company but the old black cat that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur!"

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "leave off; you're just like all the men, pretending to be one thing when they mean another; there's a dale of deceit about them—all every one of them—and so my mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the color to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to your warm heart, than would be convenient, just by the mention of one Mary—Mary! what a purty name Mary it is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the old rhyme—

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary? Well I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm sure she is anything but that to you, any way, brother Mike. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail, it isn't many there's in it; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting; leave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed poor old Pusheen," she continued addressing the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says to you; he has no notion of making you either head or tail to the house, not he; he won't let you be without a mistress; give you yer sup of milk or your bit of sop; he won't let you be lonesome my poor puss; he's glad enough to swap an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a secret, avoynoon, don't tell it to any one."

"Anything for your happiness," replied the brother, somewhat sulkily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you keep on to me; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen, and you know he has."

"How spiteful you said that," replied Ellen; "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself."

"You'd not let a word go against him," said Michael.

"No," she said, "I will never let it be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael not very good-naturedly.

"No," she answered, "before. I think a girl's chance is not worth much who trusts to after-marriage reformation. I won't. Didn't I reform you Mike, of the shocking bad habit you had of putting everything off to the last? and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than yours, Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by your own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door cheek, or smoking your pipe, or sleeping over the fire; look at the money you get from the Agricultural Society."

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous hearted Mike; "I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it."

"You never shall," she answered; "I've laid it every penny out, so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as are not to be had in the parish—white tablecloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch, everything good, and plenty of it."

"My own dear, generous sister," exclaimed the young man.

"I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and her too. She's a good colleen, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to 'era another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I

said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off your handsome face. And hush!—whist! I will ye! there's the sound of Larry's footsteps in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike."

She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good humored face entered with the salutation of "God save all here." He popped his head in first, and after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was, for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank and manly, and fearless looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well-feigned astonishment and exclaimed, "O Larry is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night?—ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper after your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet and your mother'll be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the country, the walk across that moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder you haven't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that bates the world for desaving. Sure she heard yer step when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart, Larry, let her deny it; she'll twist you and turn you about so that you won't know whether it's on your head or heels ye're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straight-forward question whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed. And immediately after, the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe, and "well-to-do" in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more" when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whiskey bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all man-kind, that she was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved like all my fair countrywomen, well, she loved, I am sorry to say, unlike the generality of my fair countrywomen, wisely, and reminded her lover that she had been intimated at the last fair at Rathcoolin.

"Dear Ellen!" he exclaimed, "it was only a drop, the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknownst, quite against my will."

"Who poured it down your throat, Larry?"

"Myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three month's penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after—"

"Oh, Ellen!" interrupted her lover.

"It's no use oh Ellening me," she answered quickly; "I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women!" said her brother. "There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"It's very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a table spoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that, Larry, why do you take the table spoonful?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the temptation, and the overcoming of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I know you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think anything that does lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied, archly, "if I was a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession."

"But, Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright earnest you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, the least taste in life. I took it at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are, Why, Lent'll be on us in no

time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking."

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not you talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself to your own habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because the least taste in life makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whisky, if that will please ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think your oath is out—no?"

"I'll swear anything you please."

"I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man's taking an oath he is anxious of having a chance of breaking. I want your reasons to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even the least drop in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I will give it up altogether."

"I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you don't trust yourself."

"Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, yer such a reasoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not many marriage dues his Reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me, Larry, and believe, that though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his own good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton.—Stacy was, as I have said, very old entirely, withered and white-headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the streams and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with, and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at their side ways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scream, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-reared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them, for she'd say to her shoe, and tell them so, too, if they'd call her anything but Lady Stacy, which the rate gentry of the place all humored her in; but the upstarts, who think that every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses at they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it."

"One day Mike had gone home before me, and coming down the back bohren, who should I see moving along but Lady Stacy; and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon's (the dog man's) hound in full cry, and saw him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened, but I darted to her side, and with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her."

"Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy, herself, laid about with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I beat the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't like much bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor, I thought a drop of whiskey would revive her, and accordingly, I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it to the ground."

"Do you want to poison me," she shouted, "after saving my life? When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large gray eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature."

* Tax gatherers were so called sometime ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.

† In the house.

"Ellen," she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, 'I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young, but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink—whisky! My father was in debt; to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words, the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, can do so. He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them; he grew not to have means to find them and their poor parent mother the proper necessities of life, yet he found the means to be wicked. They got in at last, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a-foot, and we were crying round the death-bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten-gallon cask of whisky on the table in the parlor, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter fanned in one hand, and the black-jack streaming with whisky in the other; and amid the fumes of hot-punch that flowed the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing the devil, lived like a king, and would die like a king!"

"And your poor mother?" I asked.

"Thank God she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man, either, when the whisky had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have whiskey as their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the mother takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard made laws."

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat old Stacy's words," said Ellen; "you see I never forgot them. You might think," she continued, "that I had had warning enough to keep me from having anything to say to those who were too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but somehow Edward Lambert got around me with his sweet words, and I was lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which had made me shed no tear over my father's grave. Think of that, young girl: the drink doesn't make a man a beast at first, but it will do so before it's done with him—it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much as such and such a time, and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, maybe; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave, when, maybe, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Any way, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment; he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think maybe I might have done better; but God defend me, the last was hard to bear. Oh, boys!" said Ellen. "If you had only heard her when she said that, and seen her face—poor old Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whisky."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike; "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father, proved the effect of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act."

"I had one child," said Stacy, "one, a darling, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome—never knew any so good. She was almost three years old, and he was fond of her—he said he was, but it's a queer fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Ladyday, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would, he almost swore he would, but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if

I had, maybe it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the cradle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so, leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darling was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the doctor said, though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood, a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light glow coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick; blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to that, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But, Ellen—Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder!"

"Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropped the candle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor, not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with what had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him and his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot, coming from its lips then. I could not kiss it in death; there was nothing left of my child to kiss—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownbarry with that burden at my heart."

"But her husband, her husband?" inquired Larry, in accents of horror; "what become of him?—did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbors, and lived long after, but only to be a poor, heart-broken man, for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. 'And now, Ellen Murphy,' she added, 'when the end was come, do ye wonder I threw from your hand as poison the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have told you what tears my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you, who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and, indeed, it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guards on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend, that would destroy him soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your lover, and don't trust to promises; try them, prove them all, before you marry."

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry, "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, bear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that; for, Nell, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time; name it; I'll stand the trial."

And I am happy to say, for the honor and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whisky from that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till after Easter. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Women could do a great deal to prove that "the least taste in life" is a great taste too much!—that "ONLY A DROP" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

ANOTHER NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

—A singular financial transaction occurred in one of the dock offices a day or two since. By some means or other it happened that the office boy owed the clerks three cents, the clerk owed the cashier two cents, and the cashier owed the office boy two cents.—One day last week the office boy, having a cent in his pocket, concluded to diminish his debt, and therefore handed the nickel over to the clerk, who, in turn, paid half of his debt by giving the coin to the cashier. The latter handed the cent back to the office boy, remarking, "Now I only owe you one cent." The office boy again passed the cent to the clerk, who passed it to the cashier, who passed it back to the office boy, and the latter squared all accounts by paying it to the clerk. Thus it may be seen how great is the benefit to be derived from a single cent if only expended judiciously.—Buffalo Express.