

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

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1870. NUMBER 12

NEW THING, 1870.
A GOOD THING IN EBENSBURG.
ROYALTY SUPERCEDED!
House of Tudor! Surrendered to the Small Fry!
STORE! NEW GOODS!
New Inducements!
High Street! Low Prices!
A. G. FRY
taken possession of the ground on High Street, (three doors from Centre Street), recently occupied by R. H. Tudor, in which he has just introduced a mammoth assortment of
RY & DRESS GOODS,
Groceries, Hardware, &c.
of every thing and much more than produce in this "rock of timber" has ever pretended to keep, and every article of which will be sold at a price that will be
VERY CHEAP FOR CASH!
DEALER KEEPS BETTER GOODS!
WATER KEEPS MORE GOODS!
NO DEALER SELLS CHEAPER!
NO DEALER SELLS MORE!
TRY! TRY! TRY! TRY!
Buy from Fry!
IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Dress Goods at the fairest prices.
IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Clothes, Shirts, Neckties, Shirts, Suits, Hats, Caps, Cuffs, Collars, Buttons, Trunks, Cases, Cigar Cases, Pipes, &c., &c., and wish to get the full worth of your money.
IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Flour, Meal, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, and all the household necessities at the lowest prices.
IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Shirts, Shirts, Neckties, Shirts, Suits, Hats, Caps, Cuffs, Collars, Buttons, Trunks, Cases, Cigar Cases, Pipes, &c., &c., and wish to get the full worth of your money.
IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Flour, Meal, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, and all the household necessities at the lowest prices.
IF YOU WANT TO BUY
Shirts, Shirts, Neckties, Shirts, Suits, Hats, Caps, Cuffs, Collars, Buttons, Trunks, Cases, Cigar Cases, Pipes, &c., &c., and wish to get the full worth of your money.

REAL ESTATE SAVINGS BANK,
No. 63 Fourth Avenue,
Adjoining new Merchants' and Manufacturers' National Bank.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1862.
ISAAC JONES, President.
W. H. SMITH, Vice President.
S. S. CARRIER, Secy. and Treas.
B. C. PARKE, Accountant.
E. B. TODD, Solicitor.
STATEMENT OF OCTOBER 30, 1869.
ASSETS.
Bonds and Mortgages, being first liens on Real Estate, \$509,957 04
U. S. 1861 Bonds, at par, 25,000 00
U. S. 10 41 Bonds, at par, 25,000 00
Real Estate, 7,221 47
Office Furniture, 418 60
Cash, 51,400 32
Total, \$617,496 39
LIABILITIES.
Amount due Depositors, \$559,103 71
Interest, 14,627 79
Contingent Fund, 43,764 89
Total, \$617,496 39
INTEREST ALLOWED on Deposits, at SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM, payable to Depositors in May and November, which, if not drawn, will be added to the principal, and compound.
Open for Deposit from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., daily; also on Saturday Evenings, from 6 to 9 o'clock.
Money loaned on Bond and Mortgage only. Slips for the use of depositors who cannot visit the city, and copies of Charter and By-laws furnished by mail.
S. S. CARRIER,
Secretary and Treasurer,
No. 63 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.,
November 25, 1869. Sm.
5-20'S AND 1881'S
BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED
ON MOST LIBERAL TERMS.
COUPONS CASHED,
PACIFIC R. R. BONDS
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD
ON COMMISSION ONLY.
Accounts Receiv'd and Interest Allow'd
ON DAILY BALANCES.
SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.
DEHAVEN & BRO.
No. 40 South THIRD Street
PHILADELPHIA.
"Poor women are on every side, and orphans cry for bread, because husbands and fathers have died and died uninsured."
AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA.
Organized 1850.
ALEX. WHILDEN, Pres. JOHN S. WILSON, Secy.
All policies non-forfeitable. All policies are payable at death or 99 years of age.
Economy in management. CARE in the selection of risks. PROMPTNESS in the payment of death claims, and SECURITY in the investment of its immense funds, are rigidly adhered to and have ALWAYS characterized this Company.
J. FRANK CONDON,
Special Agent.
Nov. 11, 1869. 1r.
AN ORDINANCE TO PREVENT RIDING AND DRIVING ON THE PAVEMENTS AND SIDEWALKS IN THE BOROUGH OF EBENSBURG.
Be it enacted and ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Ebensburg, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by authority of the same, That from and after the publication of this Ordinance, no person will be permitted to ride, lead or drive any horse or mule, or ox or ass, or any other animal, or any person or persons driving or running any wagon or wheeled carriage, sled or sleigh, or on or across said curbing or pavement shall be subject to a fine of TWO DOLLARS for each and every such offence. The fine in all cases provided for in this Ordinance shall be recovered on the information of any citizen or borough officer—all fines so collected to be applied for the use of the Borough. Provided, That the provisions of this ordinance shall not apply to persons leading or driving across pavements to have access to their stables or lots.
S. W. DAVIS, Burgess.
Attest—S. H. DAVIS, Clerk. [mar. 28-3.]
IN COMMON PLEAS OF CAMBERIA COUNTY.—COMMONWEALTH vs. WILLIAM LAVERTY AND JAMES LAVERTY.—No. 93. Jura Juris, 1869.—Fi. Fa. And now 19th March, 1870, on motion of Gen. M. D. Condit, Esq., Jos. McDonald appointed an Auditor to report distribution of the instalments of rent arising in the case to and among the lien creditors according to their priority of lien. By the Court.
In pursuance of the above appointment, the Auditor named will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on Thursday, 21st April, 1870, at one o'clock P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.
JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, March 31, 1870. 3d.

The Poet's Department.
SUPPOSE.
Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head:
Could you make it whole by crying
'Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad it was Dolly's
And not your head that broke?
Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there's none without?
Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?
Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say "it isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?
Suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?
Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.
FUNERAL SECRETS.
Our ride with the undertaker came about in this wise: The undertaker undertook to undertake a friend of ours, and as he was going up town in a carriage on a preliminary visit to Greenwood, he offered to take us along as far as our office—which was as far as we should care to go with him or any other undertaker in the direction he was bound—and we accepted the offer. We had hardly got under way, when the undertaker pointed to an elegant brown stone mansion, and remarked:
"You see that house there? Well, I had the neatest job in that house you ever saw. They were twins—girls—thirteen years old—lovely; died of scarlet fever; both expired at the same moment; sentimental case—born together and died together; impressive lesson—very. The parents were inconsolable and rich. Left the whole thing to me; no limit on expense; that's the sort. I did my best; got up original designs; great chance, you see—twins, both in one coffin; united in life and united in death; sentiment grief; lots of 'tin'; and my taste and experience. It was grand; handsome spectacle; handsome profits; handsome thing all around."
By this time we had turned into Sixth avenue, and the undertaker, pointing to a corner grocery of large dimensions said:
"The man who keeps that grocery has a good notion of a funeral. It was seven years ago, and his only daughter. She was eighteen; was engaged to be married; lover in the city government, and the father expected a contract. But the girl's death upset everything, pickings and stealings included. It was a terrible blow, and the funeral was acording; no expense spared; fire company out in full force; big thing."
Here the undertaker bowed to a fat man who passed us in a buggy, and then said, by way of explanation:
"I buried his wife four months ago.—Have been friends ever since."
A few moments afterwards we struck into Broadway, where it crosses the Sixth avenue, and as we passed Twenty-ninth street the undertaker pointed to that thoroughfare on the east, and said:
"I once had a big thing over there.—Rich couple; hated one another; man died; wife wanted to make a big show of grief; made over \$2,000 clean cash on the job. But the man was handsomely buried; he couldn't have asked for anything better if he'd known what was going on. True affection and real heart grief are good for our profession; but, after all, there's nothing like rich people that hate one another, for an undertaker."
"How so?" we asked.
"Why, it stands to reason and human nature. Here's a couple that hate lots of money and misery. They wish one another dead, and all at once one of 'em goes. The other's kind a frightened, and wants to show grief, and having no grief to show, falls back on nothing but show, and depends on the undertaker to bring out the emblems of sorrow in stunning style. Don't you see?"
We pretended not to see, affected to disbelieve that such things ever occur in real life, whereas the undertaker waxed warm, and exclaimed:
"But I tell you such cases are common. Here, driver, turn down Fifth avenue.—Come now, I'll show you where one of those very cases did occur. You see that house there, just out of the avenue, in Twenty-second street? Well, not many years ago a rich man lived and died there. He and his wife hated each other like poison. She had a lover. That always makes matters worse for the family, but

better for the undertaker. You see, the more a woman's glad her husband's dead, the more she'll pretend to be sorry, and the more money she'll spend. When that lady's husband died there were bad whippers around, but she smothered 'em all under the mourning gear of the funeral. It was immense! I made—well, no matter. It won't do to be too particular in these things. Evil communications corrupt good manners, you know! Ha, ha, ha!"
"How do things go," we asked, "when a wife dies, leaving an inconsolable husband with an outside sweetheart, to mourn her loss?"
"That depends a good deal on the man. Some men are such brutes, so coarse and gross, that they have no sentiment, nor any sense of propriety either. Such men are bad for us. They tumble their wives into the grave without regard to appearances. But if the husband is sentimental, or scary, or a hypocrite, he comes down handsomely to death, and gives his wife a gorgeous burial. I've sometimes thought that the presence of the sweetheart at the funeral helps things along, as the husband would naturally want to see how handsomely she'd be buried when her turn came; but that may be merely my fancy. But, anyhow," said the undertaker, with solemn emphasis, "I tell you, there's wickedness in this town!"
"How do you like to bury a public man—say an alderman?" we asked.
"Oh, that's low!" answered the undertaker, in tones of disgust. "Still," he added, "if you know your man, and the city government takes hold to 'pay decent respect to the memory of the distinguished deceased,' and all that, you can sometimes make a pretty good thing out of it. But, as a general thing, the city fellows grab everything, and don't leave an outsider even a nickel show."
"And what do you mean by a 'nickel show'?"
"I mean that they don't leave a fellow even a nickel to show for his share of the damages."
"Ah, I see. But between you and me, now, how would you like to have the burying of Tweed, or Sweeney, or Oakley Hall, or all of them together?"
"Oh, wouldn't I like it! When them fellows die, there'll be high times in the city treasury.—There'll be no end to committees of appropriations; but their final burial will be a cheap thing for the city in the end, no matter what it costs. I should like to be in that pool. Have you any influence with the ring? If you have any—you understand? I'm liberal in these matters, and always stand by my friends till I bury them."
We disclaimed having any influence with the ring, as the garrulous undertaker set us down in Printing House square, opposite the Sun building, and went his way to Greenwood. As we walked to our office it occurred to us, as it will doubtless occur to many of our readers, that undertakers, as well as graves, have secrets in their keeping, and also that an undertaker does not keep a secret anything like so well as a grave does.—N. Y. Sun.
ONE OF "OLD ABE'S" STORIES NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT.—We are indebted to a friend for a story of Lincoln's which we have never before seen in print. It was told to him by Mr. Davis, of Hillsboro, Ill., who served with Lincoln in the Legislature of that State. On one occasion "Old Abe" came into his room, and was "reminded of a story"; to the following purport:
He was called to an out-of-the-way place to attend to some legal business in the midst of a terribly cold winter. His client was an old Kentucky hunter who kept a number of dogs. The hunter met him very cordially, but remarked that he was sorry he could give him no better accommodations, as his house was a one story log hut. After supper, Lincoln was put to bed in the loft, where he could distinguish everything going on below. About midnight an enormous hound began to howl, and pretty soon Lincoln heard the wife's voice, saying "get up, Dick, and stop that dog's noise; he'll wake up Mr. Lincoln." The old man turned uneasily in bed and muttered incoherently, "Oh, shut up, Peg; Lincoln can sleep's well as we can." Soon the dog howled again, and the woman repeated her request, attending it with some lively punches until the old man was worried into rising, though very regretfully. He went into the yard with no clothing on except his shirt, and was gone some time. Peggy's curiosity was aroused to know the cause of his absence and finally, after many preliminary moves and exclamations, she rose herself, and stepped out of the house in the same undressed condition. Lincoln peeped through between the logs, and saw the old man holding the hound by the ears. He was hailed by the loving spouse with, "Why, what in goodness gracious sake are you doing?" The hunter's response was short and direct: "I'm holding this d-d dog till he freezes to death, so that he won't keep Lincoln awake any longer."
Peggy's "He smole a ghastly smile," and "Many a wink he wunk," have been imitated by a minstrel wit, who said, "You sneezed a sneeze and I said I sneeze 't."

A PERILIOUS RIDE.
I was camping one day last spring at the well known spot on the Raquette River, Setting-pole Rapids, N. Y. After a good breakfast had been disposed of, with an angler's appetite, I lit my pipe with a feeling of gratitude that I was another season permitted to come and enjoy my favorite fly fishing. I took my rod and strolled down to the rocks in front of the camp. My companions had stretched themselves on the ground to read and smoke. Guides were engaged in consuming their usual quantum of trout and pork. Forest and river were very quiet, except the rushing of the water over the rocks. The great city I had left a few days before seemed a long way off, with its noise, confusion and cares hardly real, so little it intruded on my contentedness of mind. I commenced throwing my flies as much from habit as from interest in the sport, and soon fell into a mood of dreaming of those who had encamped with me in the same place years before. I did not take many fish, possibly owing to my indifference, and thought best to move down stream a few rods to a jam of saw-logs left stranded by the late spring drive.—They seem peculiarly firm in their hold on the rocks, as though likely to stay there until the next year's high water. I stepped on one of the largest, which though denuded of bark, and made somewhat slippery by occasional spring dashing over it, looked safe enough to stand on, if there was only one rod to fall into the boiling rapids that rushed swiftly past. Being accustomed in my fishing experience, like the wicked, to 'stand on slippery places,' I poised myself for a cast.
The first few casts failed to get a rise, and I resumed my dreaming as before.—I was suddenly awake by the rise of a monster lake trout weighing 28 pounds; I started with astonishment to see so large a fish take my fly; and in bracing myself to strike the hook firmly into his mouth, I started the log on which I stood from its fastening, and seated myself with more promptness than grace. As with Mather Hamlet's guests, it was no time to consider the order of going. Away we dashed down the dangerous rapids at a 2-17 gait, the trout taking the lead and holding hard on the mouth. It was certainly a game, but fearful team to sit back and drive over so rough a course. I shouted to my companions as soon as the fright of running the rapids was passed, but my voice was either drowned by the louder noise of the water, or else they were asleep. Still on we went. I remember as though seen yesterday, though not seen for years, Fish-Hawk Rapids and the Piercefield Falls towards which I was rapidly approaching. Ah, would those lazy fellows in camp never miss me, and come to my rescue? I soon gave up all hope of escape in that direction; if I was missed from the rock they would think that I had become tired of fishing and strolled into the forest, where I was too old a woodsman to be lost. On we went, the trees seeming to fly past me as we entered Fish-Hawk Rapids, passing them as those above, without being unseated. Though my hair was on end, and large drops of perspiration stood on my face, I could not help thinking of the comical figure I presented with no one but the birds to enjoy it; I who had killed so many trout, as if to revenge their death, was at last to be drawn to destruction by one of the number.
I thought of all the mad races I ever experienced or read of—John Gilpin, Mazerpa tied to the wild horse on the plains of Tartary; my own boyhood rides on untamed colts, whose natures seemed akin to the ocean by the side of which they were pastured; I thought of a ride I once took on a locomotive through the Allegheny Mountains, where the road bed could not be seen, but the wheels seemed only to cling to the sides of the mountains. But I had no time for things so remote. The roar of the great fall was already in my ear. I would have broken my line, and by letting the fish escape slackened the speed to the current of the stream, which seemed very swift when death is at the foot of a high fall which is so very near, but the line had become fastened to a knot on the log beyond my reach, in such a manner that I could not detach it.
On we plunged, entering the swift water above the falls, the spray dashing in my face; I gave myself up for lost. I thought over some prayers as we were about to take the last fearful plunge over the brink; the trout dashed madly to the left, drawing the log into a quiet eddy, and as it swung round, it lodged on a rock. I was saved! In an instant I cleared the line, leaped on shore, landed the fish after a half hour's struggle. My guide, when he came to the shore to call me to dinner, noticed the jam of logs was missing, as well as myself, quickly divined the cause of my absence. "The Flying Fish" sprang over the waters as never boat did before. As I sat on the shore among the trees, I saw the old man coming long before he saw me. His hat was off; his long hair flying in the wind, I shouted, and he came where I sat, holding up the fish, which reached above my head. His first exclamation, apparently forgetful of how I got there, when he saw me safe, was: "That's an almighty big trout, but I speared a bigger one in Fish Creek last fall!"
If any one should doubt my story (why should they?) they still can see the log on the Raquette, or ask Cort. SALMO.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.
If you go to call on a young lady and she crochets diligently all the evening, and only says "yes" and "no," you can go away about nine or a quarter past without breaking any of the rules of etiquette.
Don't make a business of courting anybody very extensively, without you want to go in for keeps, and by all means avoid Sunday evenings. There is something in the Sunday evening air decidedly spoony, and it is just as natural for fellows and girls to get together and court Sunday evening as it is for a hen to set. Many a promising youth, in the full vigor of manhood, has been dragged into premature matrimonial decay by an innocent Sunday evening call.
If you are invited to a "sociable" or fair, make yourself sick by smoking your big brother's pipe and stay at home, and when you are called upon to suffer, do it with alacrity, and think how happy you are compared to the miserable victims who are despoiled into attending.
Don't court but one girl at a time.—The most harrowing sight I know of to a sensitive mind is to see a young man full of christian fortitude and a noble ambition, trying to court two girls at once.
Don't diffid into matrimony unless you want to get wretched; and don't marry a poor girl unless she has money.
If you are calling on a young lady, and the old folks go out of the room about nine o'clock with a solemn air, you can make up your mind there's a conspiracy afoot. Don't show any symptoms of fear, but tell the young lady you were sitting up last night with a friend of yours who had the small-pox, and you think you'll go home and get a little sleep.
Don't imagine it looks smart to loaf around billiard halls, smoke cheap cigars at a high price, and swallow slops at twenty cents a glass. It would show more talent on your part to retire into the nearest graveyard and study last year's almanac. And don't imagine you are a hardened bummer just because your father lets you carry a night key. Some young men will go to a band concert on the common, smoke a cinnamon cigar, and go home thoroughly convinced that they have made a heavy night of it, and ought to be looked after.
If you ask a young lady to marry you and she says she would rather be excused, don't excuse her.
Don't marry for money. If you are engaged to a young lady who has a fortune, tell her that you won't marry her unless she gives it all away to the poor, and goes to making vests. Money is sure to bring unappiness.
If you are engaged to a young lady, don't make a great many presents unless it's a pretty sure thing, for if anything happens, she is sure to return your presents. A friend of mine lately received by express three pair of decayed corsets, a lot of initial note paper, a faded haquet, a faded cuff, a pair of odd gloves, and a broken heart, and he is now looking for another girl of the same size.
Please don't get married in church and have it described in half a column of daily news. It is the cheapest sort of notoriety.
See if you can't get courting without tumbling your shirt bosom. If courting is a criminal offence, I have seen evidence on a young man's shirt bosom to hang him.
Remember that ignorance and conceit go hand in hand, and that "cheek" and impudence are twin brothers.
Young men now a days are hardly worth bringing up, and, as near as I can find out, they seem to be governed by about the following rules:
It is better to receive a small salary and be constantly in debt than to earn a large salary by doing something that isn't genteel.
It is more blessed to invite yourself to dinner with a friend, than running the risk of having to invite him.
If he asks me to stop over night with him and take breakfast, it is my duty to stop several nights and eat several breakfasts to show him that I appreciate his kindness.
One old friend whom you can borrow money of is worth a dozen new ones who are doubtful.
A HARD CASE.—An elderly gentleman of unimpaired veracity, though by the way somewhat addicted to story telling, relates the following:
During the early days of this town, before cars came into vogue, he was accustomed to haul his wood by the aid of an old black mare he kept in his service. Now the old mare's harness consisted of a breast plate and traces, made of the untanned hide of an ox. At the close of a rainy day, he went to his wood lot, for the purpose of procuring a log of wood.—After having cut a log which he judged might be a smart load for his beast, he fastened her to one end, with her head homeward, and gave her the rein. The old mare continued her course till she arrived at the door, when, to his surprise he discovered, that owing to the great extensibility of the traces, they had stretched the whole distance without breaking or removing the load an inch. Throwing down his axe he went to the beast, and removing the harness from her, threw the breast plate over a post that stood near the door, and went to bed. Upon rising next morning he found that the head of the wooden ax had so operated upon the contractibility of the traces as to bring the wood up to the door ready for hewing and splitting.

Josh Billings on Courting.
I don't know if I have any business to say a word on this subject, as forty or more years have run and gone since I've had any experience as a lover; but dooty urges me to warn the youth and I obey.
I don't suppose the immortal guse that wunt saved Romp from destruction had any idea of the importance of her kable at that hour; still she kulked, and her name is handed down in history.
I haven't any more ideas than that case that my words will be "ehny after," especially to that portion of the human race called lovers.
Wim might as well try to stop a locomotive under full bed way by presentin his kate, tals in the kowkeshier as to endeavor to make a pare of banited lovers before they ain't rite.
Courtin' like sailin' is delighful bizness, where you hev an open sea, the wind in yer favor, and you are boult' don't tord the port or matrimony 75 five note in yer hat.
In courtin', however, there is somethin' wunt storms to weather than even sailors ever dreamt of; had winds and heavy seas in the shape of stern parents; hid'n rocks and reefs in the form of other lovers, with some chance of being dry out a lee shore by the gal herself. Yet under ordinary circumstances a lover will in du kots of him "fitch port," if he is continually on his guard against dangers with one 'ole to the starboard and the other on his big kumpass.
A grate menny lovers being wrong; they think that if they wunt get pintoed for the girl's hart, it is enuff; so they list up anker, crowd on sale, and the fast they kno they are into the breakers, or way out to see under jury mist's, with the konsolin' reflectshun that the cruise is up.
If the girl is an orphan, and willin, or if she is ov' age, with twenty 5 thousand in her own rite, it is safe, comparatively, to run alongside and grapple her at wuntce.
But unless you hev made up yer mind to support yourself, partly, at least, never undertake this mode of attack onto less than the abun sum.
I hev cum to the konsolusjon, after 75-nine years of careful study, that it is better to run away with a twenty-five thousand gal than to try to live on luv and a stern parent's kusses exclusively.
To be successful in courtin', then, the lover must turn to navigate his bark into the gal's; and let me tell you, sibilin youth, you hev got to "crum up" on navigation to do this.
After a luvver wuntce gits over these obstructions into smooth water and fair winds, he can sail into married life like a streak of litem' down a chestnut tree.
Don't O mellow youth, fall in luv with the paint and the gilt on the outside of your prize, but lern whether she is seaworthy, and if she is, get her papers, sign the bill of ladeu, and launch out into life, a happy cuss.
Adieu!
TWO CURIOUS NEEDLES.—The King of Prussia recently visited a needle manufactory in his kingdom in order to see what machinery, combined with the human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superior needles, thousands of which together did not weigh half an ounce, and marveling how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see that in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is, the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in these needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile. The man placed it at once under the boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished King.
The second curious needle is in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Bielefeld, and represents the column of Trojan in miniature. The well known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalizes Trojan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened. It contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.
A PLUCKY CONVERT.—So rapid is their way of doing things in Chicago that, when a man makes up his mind to reform (rather a tough job), it becomes important to fix him promptly. It is therefore necessary, at times, to cut a hole in the ice to perform the solemn ceremony of baptism. On one of these occasions a convert, who had felt the necessity of that rite, was immersed, and on coming out was asked by the minister, "How do you feel now, brother?" "Better," was the reply, "put me in again." The request was complied with, and after the second dip, the question was repeated, "How do you feel now?" "Better, better!" was the response in a solemn tone of voice.—"We don't want you to go to prison now!"
Such is the plucky spirit of the Chicago convert!