

A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1870.

NUMBER 20.

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

**H. B. MILLER, DENTIST.**—Office removed to Virginia street, opposite Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria or elsewhere who get work done by me will be pleased to find that the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will be refunded from the railroad fare deducted from their bills. **WARRANTED.** [Jan. 21, 1869.-]f.

**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 Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas.

**W. W. JAMISON, M. D.,** Lecturer, Cambria Co., Pa., offers his professional services to such of the citizens of the above place and vicinity as may desire medical aid. [April 21, 1870.-]f.

**JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,** offers his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrollton and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one mile south of A. Haug's tin and hardware. [May 9, 1867.-]f.

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

**LOYD & CO., Bankers,** EBENSBURG, PA. Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and the Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a general banking business transacted.

**M. LLOYD & CO.,** BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA. Dealers in the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made—always received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. an31.

**D. M'LAUGHLIN,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, 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.-]f.

**JOHN P. LINTON,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin streets, opposite Mansion House, second door. Entrance on Franklin street. [Johnstown, Jan. 31, 1867.-]f.

**L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY AT LAW,** Johnstown, Pa. Office on Franklin street, upstairs, over John Benton's hardware store. [Jan. 31, 1867.-]f.

**W. EASLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW,** Office No. 108 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa., two doors North of Frazier's Drug Store. Will attend promptly to all manner of business that may be entrusted to him.

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DO YOU HEAR THAT, FIREMEN?  
AND ARE YOU PREPARED TO  
**OBEY THE SUMMONS!**

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FOR MEN AND BOYS.

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WHOLESALE DEALER IN  
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FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,  
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All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freight from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. **THOMAS CARLAND,**  
Altoona, July 29, 1869.-1f.

**WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,**  
WASHINGTON STREET,  
Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,**  
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QUEENSWARE,  
BOOTS AND SHOES,  
HATS AND CAPS,  
IRON AND NAILS,  
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,  
READY-MADE CLOTHING,  
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WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,  
PROVISIONS AND FEED, ALL KINDS,  
Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.  
Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.  
**WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,**  
Johnstown, April 28, 1869. 1y.

**ANDREW MOSES,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**  
Suffes's BUILDING, CLINTON ST., JOHNSTOWN.

Has just received his fall and winter stock of fine French, London and American CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, and a full assortment of Gent's FURNISHING GOODS.  
Mr. Moses has been for eight years cutter at Wood, Morrell & Co.'s establishment, and now desires to inform his friends and the public generally that he has commenced business in Suffes's building, on Clinton street, with a stock of goods adapted to the fall and winter, which he is prepared to make up in the latest styles and at moderate prices for cash, hoping by attention to business to merit a share of public patronage, and maintain that success which he has heretofore attained that success which he believes that MONEY CAN BE SAVED BY BUYING FOR CASH from  
**GEO. HUNTLEY,**  
Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1870.-1f.

**THE POET'S DEPARTMENT.**  
**OVER THE BARS.**  
'Twas milking time, and the cows came up  
From the meadows sweet with clover,  
And stood in the lane, while pretty Jané  
Had a quiet chat with the drover—  
Such a quiet chat that it scarcely seemed  
That a single word was spoken;  
While a magic spell with the night dew fell,  
And the rhythm of song was unbroken.

The cattle stood at the lovers' side,  
Without any show of vexation,  
As though impressed that a five-bar rest  
Was a part of their restoration.  
And as Jané listened to notes that came  
Right under the bars and over,  
Her heart took wing, like a silly thing,  
And nestled up close to the drover.

She heard him say that his home was poor,  
That he had nothing but love to give her;  
And she smiled content, as though Love had  
Spent  
Every arrow he had in his quiver;  
She smiled content, while the evening air  
With voices of birds was ringing,  
And her lips confessed that a lovely nest  
Should never prevent her singing.

So over the bars the lovers lean,  
In the joy of their sweet communion,  
And their looks declare that poverty ne'er  
Shall be a bar to their union.  
O, sweetest music, go thread your rhymes  
Now under the bars and over!  
Where pretty Jané, in the fragrant lane,  
Bewitched the heart of the drover.

**Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.**  
**THE STORY OF THE GOOD LITTLE BOY WHO DID NOT PROSPER.**  
BY MARK TWAIN.

Once there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivens. He always obeyed his parents, no matter how absurd and unreasonable their demands were; and he always learned his book, and never was late at Sabbath school. He would not play hookey, even when his sober playmate told him it was the most profitable thing he could do. None of the other boys could make that boy out, he acted so strangely. He wouldn't lie, no matter how convenient it was. He just said it was wrong to lie, and that was sufficient for him. And he was so honest that he was simply ridiculous. The curious ways that Jacob had surpassed everything. He wouldn't play marbles on Sunday, he wouldn't rob birds' nests, he wouldn't give hot pennies to organ grinders' monkeys; he didn't seem to take any interest in any kind of rational amusement. So the other boys used to try to reason it out and come to an understanding of him, but they couldn't arrive at any satisfactory conclusion; as I said before, they could only figure out a sort of vague idea that he was "afflicted" and so they took him under their protection, and never allowed any harm to come to him.

This good little boy read all the Sunday school books; they were his greatest delight. This was the whole secret of it. He believed in the good little boys they put in the Sunday school books; he had every confidence in them. He longed to come across one of them alive, once; but he never did. They all died before his time, may be. Whenever he read about a particularly good one, he turned over quickly to the end to see what became of him, because he wanted to travel thousands of miles and gaze on him; but it wasn't any use; that good little boy always died in the last chapter, and there was a picture of the funeral, with all his relations and the Sunday school children standing around the grave in pantaloons that were too short, and bonnets that were too large, and everybody crying into handkerchiefs that had as much as a yard and a half of stuff in them. He was always headed off in this way. He never could see one of those good little boys, on account of his always dying in the last chapter.

Jacob had a noble ambition to be put in a Sunday school book. He wanted to be put in, with pictures representing him gloriously declining to lie to his mother, and she weeping for joy about it; and pictures representing him standing on the door step giving a penny to a poor beggar woman with six children, and telling her to spend it freely, but not to be extravagant, because extravagance is a sin, and pictures of him magnanimously refusing to tell on the bad boy who always lay in wait for him around the corner, as he came from school, and welcomed him over the head with a lath, and chafed him home, saying, "Hi! hi!" as he proceeded. That was the ambition of young Jacob Blivens. He wished to be put in a Sunday school book. It made him feel a little uncomfortable sometimes when he reflected that the good little boys always died. He loved to live, you know, and this was the most unpleasant feature about being a Sunday school book boy. He knew it was not healthy to be good. He knew it was more fatal than consumption to be so supernaturally good as the boys in the books were; he knew that none of them had ever been able to stand it long, and it pained him to think that if they put him in a book he wouldn't ever see it or even if they did get the book out before he died it wouldn't be popular without any picture of his funeral in the back part of it. It couldn't be much of a Sunday school book that couldn't tell about the advice he gave to the community when he was dying. So, at last, of course, he had to make up his mind to do the best he could under the circumstances—to live

right, and hang on as long as he could, and have his dying speech all ready when his time came.

But, somehow nothing ever went right with this good little boy; nothing ever turned out with him the way it turned out with the good little boys in the books. They always had a good time, and the bad boys had the broken legs; but in this case there was a screw loose somewhere, and it all happened just the other way. When he found Jim Blake stealing apples, and went under the tree to read to him about the bad little boy who fell out of a neighbor's apple tree, and broke his arm, Jim fell out of the tree too, but he fell on him and broke his arm, and Jim wasn't hurt at all. Jacob couldn't understand that. There wasn't anything in the books like it.

And once, when some bad boys pushed a blind man over in the mud, and Jacob ran to help him up and receive his blessing, the blind man did not give him any blessing at all, but whacked him over the head with his stick and said he would like to catch him showing him again and then pretending to help him up. This was not in accordance with any of the books. Jacob looked them all over to see.

One thing that Jacob wanted to do was to find a lame dog that hadn't any place to stay, and was hungry and persecuted, and bring him home, and pet him and have the dog's imperishable gratitude. And at last he found one, and was happy; and he brought him home and fed him, but when he was going to pet him, the dog flew at him and tore all the clothes off him except those that were in front, and made a spectacle of him that was astonishing. He examined authorities, but he could not understand the matter. It was of the same breed of dogs that was in the books, but it acted very differently. Whatever this boy did, he got into trouble. The very things the boys in the books got rewarded for turned out to be about the most unprofitable things he could invest in.

Once when he was on his way to Sunday school he saw some bad boys starting off pleasuring in a sail boat. He was filled with consternation, because he knew from his reading that boys who went sailing on Sunday invariably got drowned. So he ran out on a raft to warn them, but a log turned with him and slid him into the river. A man got him out pretty soon, and the doctor pumped the water out of him and gave him a fresh start with his bellows, but he caught cold and lay sick about nine weeks. But the most unaccountable thing about it was that the bad boys in the boat had a good time all day, and then reached home alive and well, in the most surprising manner. Jacob Blivens said there was nothing like these things in the books. He was perfectly dumbfounded.

When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying, anyhow. He knew that so far his experiences would not do to go in a book, but he hadn't yet reached the allotted term of life for good little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet, if he could hold on until the time was fully up. If everything else failed, he had his dying speech to fall back on.

He examined his authorities, and now found that it was time to go to sea as a cabin boy. He called on a ship captain and made his application, and when the captain asked for his recommendation he proudly drew out a tract and pointed to the words; "To Jacob Blivens, from his affectionate teacher." But the captain was a coarse, vulgar man, and he said, "Oh, that be blowed; that wasn't any proof that he knew how to wash dishes or handle a slush bucket, and he guessed he didn't want him." This was altogether the most extraordinary thing that had ever happened to Jacob in all his life. A compliment from a teacher, on a tract, had never failed to move the tenderest emotions of ship captains and open the way to all offices of honor and profit in their gift—it never had in any book that ever he had read. He could hardly believe his senses.

This boy always had a hard time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities with him. At last, one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he found a lot of them in an old iron foundry fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs, which they had tied together in long procession, and were going to ornament them with empty nitro-glycerine cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans—for he never minded grease when duty was before him—and he took hold of the foremost dog by the collar, and turned his reproving eyes upon wicked Tom Jones. But just at that moment Alderman McWeller, full of wrath, stepped in. All the bad boys ran away; but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocence, and began one of those stately little Sunday school speeches, which always commence with "Oh, sir!" in dead opposition to the fact that no boy, good or bad, ever starts a remark with "Oh, sir!" But the Alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear, and turned him around, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hand; and in an instant that good little boy shot out through the roof and soared away toward the sun, with the fragments of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail of a kite,

And there wasn't a sign of that Alderman or that old iron foundry left on the face of the earth; and as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble fixing it up, unless he made it to the birds; because, although the bulk of him came down all right in a tree-top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apportioned around four townships, and so they had to hold five inquests on him to find out whether he was dead or not, and how it occurred. You never saw a boy scattered so.

Thus perished the little boy who did the best he could, but didn't come out according to the books. Every boy who did as he did prospered except him. His case is truly remarkable. It will probably never be accounted for.—The Galaxy.

**A NIGHT WITH A BEAR.**  
BY AN ARTIST.

I have met with many perilous adventures in my career, but the one which perhaps dwells most forcibly on my mind, occurred to me on an occasion when I was benighted in one of the vast forests near Mount Washington and the Commonwealth River. Looking about me in the dark for a place of shelter, where I could lie down, I espied close beside me what appeared to be a small log cabin. Glad of a shelter made by hands, I hastened towards it, and pushing it open, I entered, and found myself in a gloom as black as the blackest night.

Glad of a shelter for my weary head, I threw myself upon the earth, and in a little time was unconscious of all that was passing around me; the last thing I remembered being the sighing of the wind through the branches of the trees, and the rush of the swollen river. How long I slept, I know not; but I awoke with a start, and a vivid sense of danger impending over me. I did not rise to my feet, but lay motionless as though some great weight was upon me which chained me down. The wind had risen, and the branches of the trees swayed and creaked above my head, and mingled with the music of the falling water. Through the door, which I had left partially ajar, I could see a glimmer of light, and knew thereby that the moon had risen above the mountains.

Suddenly I gave a start. My heart seemed to stand still, and my hair crept with terror on my head, while I felt a chill like ice pervading my entire being. My head was lying close to the wall on one side of the cabin; and just outside the logs I heard the deep, hoarse growl of some wild animal. I lay as still as death. The sound was again repeated, this time coupled with another. The beast was digging in the ground close to my head; and from the sound of the busy claws in the earth, I knew that it had nearly worked its way beneath the bottom log of the cabin. With a shudder in which I seemed almost to feel the claws upon my skull, I sprang to my feet, and bounded to the opposite side of the cabin. A ceasing of the mewing operations on the part of the brute, and a deep growl, told me that my motions were known, and that they were disliked by my unwelcome companion.

My situation was most unwelcome one. Besieged in that narrow place by either a bear or a panther, with no weapons of defence, and the brute at any time liable to force an entrance, I hardly knew which way to turn, or what to do to ensure my safety. The brute left the place where it had been at work, and followed round, outside, to the spot where I stood, giving utterance to another of its furious growls which seemed to me ominous of the fate it meant for me. I glanced towards the door, and saw to my dismay, that it stood slightly ajar, and that there was nothing to prevent the brute from entering the moment it should discover the aperture.

Forgetting that the brute had followed without my motion inside, I sprang towards the door with the intention of closing it. I threw myself against it, but to my dismay, found that it would close no further. Either the door or logs, or both, had warped out of place, or else it had never shut tightly as it should have done. I heard the hurried tread of the brute outside, and knew that in a moment it would be at the door, and I completely at its mercy. Hurriedly I looked about for a place of refuge, and by the faint rays of the moon which streamed in through the crevices of the upper logs, I saw a pole stretched across upon which the former occupants of the cabin had hung such things as they desired to have out of their way.

I desired to be out of the way now, and springing with all my strength, I caught upon the pole and drew myself up into the roof of the cabin; but hardly had I done so, when the door was dashed wide open, letting in a flood of moonlight and a huge bear at the same moment!

The bear saw me in an instant, and rearing upon his haunches, regarded me with much solemnity for a few moments, while I was engaged in drawing up my legs as far as possible out of its reach, in case Bruin meditated an attack upon them. For the space of about two minutes the brute sat there motionless, with its little eyes glowing like coals of fire; and then it gave a mighty spring towards the roof upon which I was perched, but missed its aim, and dashed itself against the opposite

side of the cabin. A cry of horror burst from my lips, and echoed wildly in the forest without. My heart stood still with fear, for I doubted not that the next time the brute leaped it would be successful, and I should be completely at its mercy.

It turned again with a fierce growl of disappointment, and prepared for another spring. I crowded myself up into the low roof as far as possible, and waited for its coming. With a mighty spring the brute came on, and this time it was more successful than before. It caught one of its huge paws upon the pole upon which I rested, and in a moment it snatched it twain, letting both of us down together. I gave myself up for lost, as well I might without the slightest weapon of defence against the monster. Already I seemed to feel its teeth and claws in my flesh, and I closed my eyes as I thought forever on the scenes of this world. The huge monster stood over me, and I could feel its hot breath upon my face. One paw was laid upon my breast, and each moment I expected to feel its teeth in my throat.

Suddenly there was a tramp of hurried feet outside, and the sound of human voices. With a wild hope that I might yet be saved, I shouted for help at the top of my voice. An answer came back close at hand. The brute heard it, and sprang over me out through the doorway. The next moment there was the report of a rifle followed by a howl of pain, and then the form of a man sprang into the cabin.

"Who is here?" he cried, as he felt about in the darkness.  
I staggered to my feet, not yet recovered from the effect of my sudden descent from the loft, and answered him. Then we went into the moonlight, and saw the bear lying there, struggling in the agonies of death, with another man standing over him.

They proved to be fishermen spending the night in the forest; and as daylight broke, they readily conducted me through the woods to the hotel, under whose hospitable shelter I was glad to find myself at last.

**ARRAIGNED FOR FORGERY.**  
There lived in the city of P——, in the State of Pennsylvania, a gentleman on the shady side of sixty, who had by industry and economy, amassed a large competence, sustaining in all the work of life a character above suspicion. He was the head of a fine family, and noted for his eccentricities and his peculiar style of dress. He was stoop shouldered, limped a little, and for about ten years previous to the scene about to be narrated, wore a coat that had turned red with age.

It was the middle of the afternoon of a cloudy, dismal day in March, when an old man entered one of the banks in the city named, and presented a check for payment. The cashier took it and paid over to the man \$30,000, and he descended the steps to the street.

In less than five minutes after he had left, the check was discovered to be a forgery. The proper authorities were immediately notified by the cashier, who gave them a description of the person, and rigid search was immediately commenced. In about half an hour afterward, an officer entered the bank with a man answering the description, and presenting him to the cashier, asked him if that was the man.

"That is the man; I cannot be mistaken," he replied. He eyed him a little closer, being near sighted and throwing up his hand, he exclaimed:  
"Mr. Rawlins (the gentleman alluded to in the opening of the narrative,) can it be possible that you have committed this forgery?"

The old man protested his innocence, but of no avail; for he was led away to prison to await the sitting of the court.

His friends wished to go his bail, but he obstinately refused to accept release, and he lay in jail three months.

The day of trial came on, and, although defended by the best legal talent, the evidence against him was conclusive, and he was convicted.

It was sentence day. The court room was filled with spectators, and the friends and relatives of the prisoner. It was a sorrowful scene, and among the participants was the wife and two lovely daughters of Mr. Rawlins, their beautiful faces swollen with weeping over the sad fate of their father. One by one the prisoners descended from the box and received their sentences.

Rawlins was next in turn. There is an awful silence for some moments when the Judge, in a choking, trembling voice, for he was an intimate friend of the condemned man, said:  
"Mr. Rawlins!"  
He arose and took a stand before the Judge.

The Judge proceeded:  
"Have you or any one in the room a reason why the sentence of the law should not be passed against you?"

Here a terrible silence ensued, almost paralyzing the hearts of many anxious friends; when, all at once a prisoner in the box—a young man—arose and said, "I have."  
"Your reason," said the Judge.  
"Because he is not guilty. I will explain."

What a mountain's weight of sorrow was lifted from the hearts of some by the proclamation of these words *not guilty*! "Proceed! Proceed!" cried a hundred voices.

"I will. If you will send some reliable man—an officer or two—with me to a certain point on the main highway leading out of the city, under a flat stone of peculiar shape, you will find \$10,000 of the money; the balance I have lost at faro."

They started, followed by a crowd.—In an hour—an hour of anxiety and excitement—they returned, and produced the money in court.

"Now," said the prisoner, "send to room No. 15, at the Linden House, on A—— street, and you will find a hair trunk, which you will bring to me."

In due time the trunk was brought into court, and at the previous secret request of the Judge, through the Sheriff, he and the trunk were placed in one ante-room and Mr. Rawlins in another.

In a few minutes he or Rawlins, no one knew which it was, took his place in the box, and the Judge ordered the Sheriff to summon the Cashier, which he did.

He now came in.  
"Are you the Cashier of the bank to which that check was forged for \$30,000?"  
"I am, sir."

"Before passing sentence upon this man I would have you look at him and tell the court if he is the man," said the Judge.

"He is the man. I cannot be mistaken, although I am sorry to say it."

Here the prisoner suddenly twitched the whiskers from his face, threw off his hat and coat, and stood in his shirt sleeves a mere boy. The Cashier swooned, fell on the floor, and was carried out of the court room.

"I am the man," said the prisoner, "who did the forging of that check. I came from England a few months ago, determined to make a raise. I knew the man would be looked at and not the check. How well I did it you all know; but I could not see an innocent man suffering for a crime that I had committed."

Rawlins was discharged and borne off triumphantly on the shoulders of his friends, and in consideration of the honesty of heart of the young man, the Governor commuted his sentence from twenty to two years—he having been convicted on another charge.

A **SMALL** little boy in Pittsburgh went to the circus the other day, and amused himself by throwing stones at the elephant while he was drinking. When he got through the boy tried to propitiate him by offering him a piece of gingerbread.—Before accepting the cake the elephant emptied over the boy about sixty-four gallons of water, beer measure, and then slung him into the third tier to dry off.—This boy is very indifferent about circuses now. He says he believes he doesn't care for them as much as he used to.

A **TRADER** who has been annoyed by the congregation of loafers in front of his store in the evening, has adopted an effective remedy for the nuisance. He sprinkles red pepper on the walk near the windows, and when the "audacious" assembles and begins to "shuffle around," the fine dust of the pepper arises, and the crowd soon sneezes themselves around the corner.

How to write right is thus exemplified: Write we know is right, when we see it written right; but when we see it written wrong, we know 'tis not then written right; for, written, to have it written right, must not be written right nor right, nor yet should it be written rite, but write—for so 'tis written right.

A **DANBURY** (Connecticut) fisherman, who had last week baited his hook with a small frog, and after conversing with a companion a few minutes, found that his lively bait had swam ashore, and was sitting quietly on a rock by his side, wound up his line and went home.

**VALUABLE MAN.**—The editor of the *Tioga Advertiser* says: "Mr. C. I. Bennett laid a large hen's egg on our table measuring in circumference eight inches one way, and six the other." Gay chicken, that Bennett. What a handy man he would be to have about a house!

An intelligent youth, recently engaged in one of the commercial offices in Oswego, made out a shipping bill for "fourty" barrels of flour. His employer called his attention to an error in the spelling of forty. "Sure enough," replied the promising clerk, "I left out the g."

**ELIGIBLE** young bachelor—making call—"Well, Master Fred, you don't know who I am."  
Too candid young hopeful—"Oh, but I do, though! You're the chap that ma says would make such a good catch for Mary."

A **VAGABOND**, seeing the motto, "Opportunity makes the thief," said: "Not always; I found a big anchor and chain-cable on the pavement the other night, and didn't touch it, and there was nobody about, neither."

An exchange says: "Trying to do business without advertising is like winking through a pair of green goggles. You may know that you are doing it, but nobody else does."