

The Cambria Freeman... EVERY THURSDAY MORNING...

RATES OF ADVERTISING... 12 lines, one insertion, \$1 00...

WOOD, MORRELL & CO., WASHINGTON STREET, PA. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods...

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ZAHM & SON, DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, IRON AND NAILS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, LASS WARE, YELLOW WARE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE, PROVISIONS AND FEED, ALL KINDS, DEALER with all manner of Western Produce...

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SAVE MONEY! BY PATRONIZING M. L. OATMAN & CO., CHEAP CASH DEALERS IN ALL KINDS DRY GOODS, LADIES' DRESS GOODS, Ready-Made CLOTHING, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETTS, JEANS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, And a Fresh and Complete Stock of CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES...

DOUBLE EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, BACON, SALT, FISH, FRESH VEGETABLES, DRIED & CAN'D FRUITS, SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, CHEESE, &c.

Best Brands of Cigars and Tobacco, STORE ON HIGH STREET, Four Doors East of Crawford's Hotel, Ebensburg, Pa.

DO YOU HEAR THAT, FIREMEN? AND ARE YOU PREPARED TO OBEY THE SUMMONS! This you are not, unless you have been to Wolf's Clothing Store...

WOLF'S CLOTHING STORE, FIREMAN'S COATS, NO FIT, NO CHARGE! Mr. WOLF has just returned from the East, and his READY MADE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT now contains the largest assortment...

EVER DISPLAYED IN ALTOONA. OVERCOATS, from the lowest priced Cassimere to the finest Beaver—all sizes. Full Suits of Clothing at from \$9 to \$30. Pants from \$1.50 to \$9. Vests from 75 cents to \$5. Also, a general variety of NOTIONS & FURNISHING GOODS, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, UMBRELLAS, SATCHELS, TRUNKS, &c.

DRUG AND BOOK STORE, HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Lion's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rubarb, Pure Spices, &c. CIGARS AND TOBACCO, Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap. Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

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The Poet's Department.

IF WE WOULD. If we would but check the speaker When he soils a neighbor's fame; If we would but help the erring, Ere we utter words of blame; If we would, how many might we Turn from paths of sin and shame.

There are seeds of mighty good; Still, we shrink from souls appealing, With a timid "If we would." But God, who judgeth all things, Knows the truth is, "If we would."

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c. IN A TRANCE.

A MAN ABOUT TO BE BURIED ALIVE—THE FALL OF THE COFFIN LID AWAKENS HIM. The Detroit Free Press publishes quite a lengthy account about a man named Hart, who was recently awakened from a trance at Great Barrington, Mass. On the 19th ult., says the Press, "Hart sat with his family and some neighbors on the veranda of his residence, conversing together at times, and again listening to the voice of a young lady who was singing and playing upon an accordion. Gradually, as the young lady sang, a curious feeling came over him as he sat in a rocking chair, with his limbs stretched at length over a stool. He describes the feeling to have been like the strange numbness that is felt when a member of the body 'gets asleep,' which all of us have experienced, only the feeling seemed to start first around the heart, spreading thence all over the body. There was no pain, no alarm, but the sensation was rather agreeable, as it seemed to modify all the sharp notes of the song, every word of which could be distinctly heard by Hart. After the song he heard the words of admiration expressed, and was about to make an effort to shake off the stupor, when the white column of the veranda just in front of him grew dimmer and dimmer, until it faded away in the mist, and then the man's eyelids fell, and he thought to himself that he was going to sleep. Instead, he commenced to think more rapidly than he did before, and to feel that he ought to start right up; the forewell words of a woman who took her leave.

As she went, the group arose to go into the house, Mrs. Hart approaching her husband with a "Come, John, let's go in." He could not move; his whole body felt as if asleep, and no exertion of strength or will could stir a finger. Seeing that he did not move, the wife laid her hand on his shoulder, shook him lightly and repeated: "Come, John, we are going to bed." He tried to move, realizing that he felt tried, but he was like a stone, only feeling that he lived, and that he knew all that was transpiring around him. "John's really gone off into a nap," said the wife to the others who stood near, at the same time shaking him, and then she playfully seized the chair by the back and pulled it part way over, thinking that the fear of the fall would wake him. As the chair tipped, Hart's body fell over the arm to one side, falling as would a bag of sand, his head striking heavily against Bently, his brother-in-law, who had approached. The group became alarmed, feeling of his heart, dashing water into his face, and Mrs. Hart commenced crying, saying that she believed John was dead. They picked him up, carried him into the bedroom, where his clothing were quickly removed. Hart heard every word, knew just what they did, but every feeling except that in his brain was benumbed, and he could not even tell when his garments were taken off, so numb and unfeeling was his flesh. While his wife and sister were getting blankets, liquor and the like, Bently ran to the gate and sent a boy for the doctor, and Hart, through the open window, distinctly heard the words, "Tell him not to lose a single minute." The women were both weeping and lamenting, the wife reproaching herself for fancied carelessness, and Bently tried to cheer her up, saying that it was a fit of some kind, which the doctor would easily throw off. Hart did not care much, feeling to himself that it would all turn out a funny joke that they could laugh over; nor was he frightened when the doctor, after feeling his pulse, his heart, and trying in vain to open his fast closed mouth, told Bently that the man was dead of heart disease. And that no doctor on earth could raise him. Perhaps all of us have heard the wails and sobs that are uttered around the couch of the dead and dying, and have ourselves felt the cutting grief that comes of seeing the light of life fade out of the body and soul of a dear friend, and there

is no need to tell of the scene around this bed, after a time, Bently went away, and when he came back, Hart realized that a man came with him to measure "the corpse" for the coffin. Soon after several men came in, "the body" was removed to the parlor, a table was drawn out, and a board brought in, and the living-dead was washed and wrapped in a sheet. To show how active the mind was in the dead body, Hart stated that when the table was drawn out, one of the castors caught and tore a hole in the carpet, the sound and the result particularly impressing itself on his mind. After the body was laid out Mrs. Bently came in, and there was whispering and talk about a shroud, and other ladies came, and it was finally decided to enshroud the corpse in a suit of black, a new one; and the very suit that the man had on as he related these facts. The men put the clothing on the corpse, lifted it this way and that, and a scar on one of the arms was noticed and spoken of.

And then there was a change in the feelings of the man. He knew that he was laid out, that his coffin was making, that the windows had been opened and two men were "watching," talking in low tones over the sudden demise, and one of them related a similar incident that he had heard of. The brain began to numb, the voices died away to a murmur, the sounds from the street became fainter, and the dead man felt as if swinging in the air, and at last he remembered nothing more. There was no dream, no more feeling or thinking. Did you ever wake up quietly of your own accord, and yet lie still, your eyes open and seeing, but your resting place so agreeable that you did not care to move, and desired to remain so, without any harsh noise breaking the spell? Well, Hart awoke just in this way. There was no sudden shock, no warning voice; but the eyes opened, the flesh resumed its feeling, the brain worked, and the man, resting on his back, on his "dead board," knew not but that he was in bed, and that his awakening was as usual. He missed his wife and thought to himself that she had crept softly out to let him have a morning nap. He heard a cow-bell tinkle, heard boys shouting, heard sounds about the house, and thought how curious it all was, as he believed it was not yet light, owing to the cloth over his face, which shut out the light, but its presence and dampness had not yet been realized. As he lay there just struggling out of his stupor, Hart heard slow and heavy steps approaching; they came through the hall, through the dining-room, into the parlor, close up to him, and there was an exclamation and a fall, and the dead man sat up on his board. It was the accidental fall of his coffin lid which had started him up.

Don Pratt and the Postmaster. I had been at Lake George some two weeks without getting any mail matter, although I had sent over almost every day. Wearied out at last, I went myself. I found a little, sandy-haired, heavy jawed, full-stomached man pecking away at an old boot on a cobbler's bench. I asked this industrious son of St. Crispin for the postmaster.

"I'm him," responded the shoemaker. He might be a Sam or a Jim, but I looked incredulous upon the fact asserted or referred to, of Postmaster. He continued to drive in the pegs, whistling, as shoemakers are wont to whistle, in a waxy way, a tune that, when accompanied by the proper words, refer to some eccentricity of the weasel when popping, whatever that may be. I looked at this vegetable production with curly hair and reddish cheeks, as he pegged and popped, and finding that he intended taking no further notice of me, I mildly suggested that if he were the postmaster I would be pleased to get my papers and letters.

"What's your name?" he asked, suspending the whistled popping of the weasel, but going on with his expiring work. I responded by giving the cognomen, and was told, briefly, in words, to wit: "Ain't nothing for you," and then he took up the extraordinary weasel. I remonstrated, and asserted that there must be some mistake.

"Well," he said, "go look for yourself. There's the 's'." I did as directed, and found eighteen letters and a pile of newspapers. "What the devil do you mean by saying I had no mail?" "Is that your name?" he asked, coolly. "Certainly it is." "Well, I thought it was Daniel Pratt."

I was rapidly resolving into an indignation meeting, with divers resolutions, and a strong tendency to punch somebody's head. "You thought that name Daniel Pratt, did you? Well, it strikes me that it would be well for you to learn reading and writing before playing the devil in a post office."

"Well, stranger," he responded, suspending both music and work, "if I had such an outlandish name as your'n I'd go back and be a baby, so as to be christened over, I would."—Cor. Cin. Commercial.

AS ONE of the results of the fifteenth amendment, the Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Davis, has the fever "bug."

PURSUED BY FIRE. A RACE FOR LIFE.

The country around Ottawa, Canada, was lately the scene of one of the most terrible and destructive conflagrations on record. For several days the flames raged and roared, sweeping over vast sections of land and consuming houses, cattle, and all kinds of property in their irresistible course. A correspondent who traveled through the burned region a few days after the fires ceased, gives a heart-rending account of the desolation visible on every side. The flames spread and sped with such fearful rapidity that many families barely escaped with their lives. We quote an account of how a brave woman saved herself and several others:

Driving on we were soon almost overpowered by the stench from the carcasses of cattle which had perished in the flames, their white bones standing out in bold relief against the blackened ground. Little mounds by the roadside marked where other carcasses had been buried. And now we came to another scene of desolation, where there had been, but a few days before, a comfortable and happy home. Leaving the road we drove into a field toward two white tents, a few hundred yards distant. On our right were the cellar walls on which a snug farm house had stood; and the remains of a neat little garden, where flowers had bloomed and fruit trees blossomed and borne fruit. We halted near the smaller of the two tents, and out of the larger one came the farmer's wife, a nice looking woman with a pleasant voice, and with a rosy little four year old girl clinging to her skirts. It was a sad story she had to tell. The night of the 17th ult. the house, barn, outbuildings, and wood-pile were fired, as it seemed simultaneously, and in many places. From the house a few articles of clothing and two feather beds, and from the barn a road wagon and horse were saved, and that was all. The barn contained two years' crop of hay and grain, the last load of grain having been hauled in that evening and left upon the cart. Ninety cords of wood ready for market were consumed. Of eight cows two were burned to death, and four so badly injured that they must be allowed to go dry, leaving but two to furnish milk for the family. Nineteen sheep perished together, and were found in a dreadful heap the next morning. Two porkers shared a similar fate. The money value of marketable produce alone destroyed here exceeds \$1,000. The scene was described as a terrible one. Fire rained down from overhead, and forked tongues shot hither and thither. The stumps in the fields were all ablaze and the ground strewn with burning fragments. "We knew not what to do or which way to turn," said the poor woman.

Finally, she harnessed the horse to the wagon, (which had but a single seat), and placing in it her uncle and aunt, an aged couple, three of her own children, and the few clothes and beds saved from the house, she started to seek the shelter of her mother's house, a mile or more away. She had not gone far before five more children were added to her load, and to make room for them this brave woman stooped under the step at the side of the wagon and drove the horse down the valley, with the fire racing and roaring on either side, and sometimes close upon her. Indeed, the cotton dress she wore was burned off her, as well as the hair from her head. The clothes and bedding in the wagon took fire and had to be thrown out. Then, as the fires closed in and the smoke grew denser, death came to the old man, as told in a former letter. Twice he fell into the road and was lifted into the wagon again, but the third time he was unavoidably left to his fate. Not a dozen rods from where the old man perished the wagon was halted by the roadside. To go further was impossible. To remain seemed like tempting death; but still there was no hope. The children and the old woman were placed under the wagon, and an attempt was made to shut out the flames by hanging up sheets and blankets. The horse, which was one of the farmer's wife had been in the habit of driving, seemed to understand the situation, and stood perfectly still, though the fire burned the hair from his body, and the roaring of the wind and the flames was enough to strike terror into the heart of the boldest. The faithful animal turned his head now and then, as though to see if the party were safe, but never moved an inch. Had he ran, or even gone a few yards farther on, nine lives more would have been added to the death-roll. The children escaped with but slight injuries from the fact that they were dressed in woolen clothing. They uttered neither moan nor cry," save that the youngest, a four-year-old girl, would sometimes say, as the sparks fell upon her, "I am burning up." The old lady was badly burned from having on a cotton dress, and her recovery is considered doubtful. The party remained some six hours in this painful position, when, daylight appearing, and the fire having somewhat subsided, they were enabled to reach a place of shelter. It was learned later that the mother's house had been burned before the daughter left her own house.

Having told us her story, which I have briefly jotted down, the farmer's wife said: "Won't you all get out and have some dinner!" She wouldn't take "no" for an answer, and was urging us to

accept her proffered hospitality, when her husband, a tall, bearded, good-looking man, stepped up, and, after being introduced, turned to his wife and said:—"Martha, can't you get these people a cup of tea and a bite of something?" And then we had to resist the importunities of both. They tendered their hospitality in such a hearty, open manner, that I, for one, felt somewhat ashamed. Here was I, riding about, spying out the misfortunes of these people, and feeling as if I ought to open my purse-strings for their relief, and they offering to share with me their little store saved from the flames. Hereafter, when I hear the hospitality of other sections vaunted, I shall certainly have something to say of Canadian hospitality, as shown in the "burnt district" around Ottawa in August, 1870.

Curious Natural Phenomenon. Mr. Thomas Waring gives in the Meteorological Magazine the following description of a recent mirage of unusual splendor in the British Channel:—"The party on board my yacht Hadassah, on her passage from Alderney to Guernsey, witnessed a phenomenon so striking, and in these latitudes so rare, that I am tempted to send you a short account of it. The wind was light, from E. N. E., the sky cloudless, the sun very hot, and the barometer steady at 30.21. There had been some signs of a fog in the morning, but they had disappeared. At about 3:30 in the afternoon we observed over the small island of Herm a peculiar hazy reflection, which became more defined, until it presented an exact inverted image of the land beneath. A similar effect was soon visible round the whole horizon. The Islands Alderney, Guernsey, Jersey, Sark and Herm seemed raised to more than twice their height; sharp-pointed, out-lying rocks were capped with inverted images of themselves, apparently balanced upon them, point to point, like enormous rocking stones. The Orcaz rocks, of which we had previously lost sight, were now to be seen with startling clearness in the air. The Casquets with its three lighthouses, presented a most curious appearance. The lighthouses were drawn out into colossal pillars, of whose summit rested a huge mass of rock, clearer in the outline than the real island beneath. Ships were seen sailing keel upward through the air, every sail and spar distinct, and in some cases the images were reduplicated. Several of the vessels thus reflected were below the horizon, and invisible to us. The northern end of Guernsey, where the land runs low, was twice reflected in the air so distinctly that even those who were familiar with the island found it hard to recognize it. We seemed to be looking at some half-merged country, where countless still lagoons were divided from each other by narrow strips of land. As we neared Guernsey, the picture became less distinct, but meanwhile the mirage was becoming more wonderful still over Alderney. Here the deep marked cliffs were magnified to an apparent height of many hundred feet, and no scene painter devising a grand transformation scene ever dreamt of more fascinating groups of basaltic columns, grottoes and rock arches, with the tide flowing beneath, than was exhibited by the island, and the isolated stacks around it. Having remained visible for more than three hours, the panorama of wonders gradually faded away, and by seven o'clock the horizon was clear, save where a dark line or cloud or mist hung low in the northeast. I may add, for the information of weather prophets, that this unusual state of the atmosphere was not the forerunner of high wind or any change in the weather.

INSTANCES OF GREAT HUMAN STRENGTH.—The heralds or porters of Lake Van, in Asia Minor, are the strongest men known. They came to Smyrna to do the portering, and have a hereditary claim to the business. There is a man living in Calhoun county, Miss., who is supposed to be the strongest man in the State, if not in the entire South. He is thirty-five years of age, and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He has been known to carry three bars of railroad iron, when it takes from three to five ordinary men to carry one. He can take a cask containing forty gallons of whiskey or water (the former is preferred, we presume), and raise it from the ground and drink out of the bung-hole with as much ease as others could out of a common pitcher; and he has frequently taken a barrel of flour under each arm, and balancing a sack of salt on his head carried them for several hundred yards with apparently but little effort. He offers to bet that he can lift thirteen hundred pounds.

HOW HE FIXED THEM.—Zaddock Pratt, the millionaire tanner of Prattsville, Green county, N. Y., has a hearty contempt for stuck-up people. Learning one evening that some young men in his employ were excluded from a ball-room because of their occupation, he repaired forthwith to the hotel where the ball was in progress, procured an axe, and with his own hands cut down the staircase leading to the hall. Telling the dancers to stay there and enjoy their exclusiveness as long as they choose, he turned to the landlord and told him to employ a carpenter after the hall was over to rebuild the staircase, and bring a bill of the expense to him.

Polish soldiers should always charge the needle gun. The needle is always in the Pole.

The war is over in Europe. If not, where is it?

Advice to Young Ladies.

Now, ladies I will preach you just a little sermon, about an-inch long. I don't often preach, but in this case nothing but a sermon will do. Firstly—You are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful in God's creation. In the continental galleries I always saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion; the gazers were just as likely to be women as men; it was because of the wondrous beauty of a woman's body.

Now stand with me at my office window and see a lady pass. There goes one! Now isn't that a pretty looking object? A big hump; three big lumps; a wilderness of crimps and frills; a hauling-up of the dress here and there; an enormous, hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on the top of the head, surmounted by a little flat, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, etc., etc. The shop windows tell us, all day long, of the padding, whalebones and steel springs which occupy most of the space within that outside ring.

In the name of the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask, how is a man to fall in love with such a piece of compound, doubled and twisted, touch-me-not artificiality, as you see in that wriggling curiosity?

Secondly—With that wasp waist, squeezing your lungs, stomach, liver and vital organs, into one-half their natural size, and with that long tail dragging on the ground, how can any man of sense, who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work, take such a partner? He must be desperate, indeed, to unite himself for life with such a fettered, half-breathing ornament!

Thirdly—Your bad dress and lack of exercise leads to bad health; and men wisely fear that instead of a helpmate they would get an invalid to take care of. This bad health in you—just as in men—makes the mind as well as the body fuddled and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism? I know you giggle freely and use big adjectives, such as "splendid," "awful," but then this don't deceive us; we see through it all. You are superficially affected, silly; you have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to men. Why, you have become so childish and weak-minded that you refuse to wear decent names even, and insist upon baby names. Instead of Helen, Margaret and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie and Lizzie. When your brothers were babies you called them Dobby, Dickey and Johnny; but when they grow up to manhood, no more of that silly nonsense if you please. But I know a woman of twenty-five years, and she is as big as both of my grandmothers put together, and her real name is Catharine, and though her brain is big enough to conduct the affairs of State, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim once in four minutes, "Don't you see you are real mean."

How can a man propose a life partnership to such a silly goose? My dear girls, you must, if you would get husbands, and decent ones, dress in plain, neat, becoming garments, and talk like sensible, earnest sisters.

You say that the most sensible men are crazy after these butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally a man of success may marry a weak, silly woman; but to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible men marry women without sense, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible wives. I grant you that in company they are very likely to chat and toy with these over-dressed and forward creatures; but they don't ask them to go to the altar with them.

Fourthly—Among the young men in the matrimonial market, only a very small number are independently rich, and in America such rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future, is very large. These are worth having. But such, will not, dare not, ask you to join them, they see you so idle, silly, and gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength, that your life is real, that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry, then marriage will become the rule, and not as now, the exception.

A PARTY of respectable Chicago ladies have formed a society for reclaiming young men, and they go about the streets at night and pick up young men who show signs of dissipation, invite them to their houses, and treat them to ice cream, chicken-salad, etc., and then let them go home sober. Half the young men in town lie around the street nights, to be taken in. One whole engine company went to one of the ladies' houses and asked to be reclaimed.

Polish soldiers should always charge the needle gun. The needle is always in the Pole.

The war is over in Europe. If not, where is it?