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M. LLOYD & CO., and Gold for sale. Collections made .-Moneys received on deposit, psyable on de-

interest at fair rates.

### EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1870. The Poet's Department.

NEVER GIVE UP!

Never give up! though the grape-shot may Or the full thunder cloud over you burst; Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle Little shall harm you, though doing their

Never give up! it is wiser and better Always to hope than once to despair! Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,

And break the dark spell of tyrannical care. Never give up I there are chances and changes, Helping the hopeful a hundred to one; And, through the chaos High wisdom arranges Ever success—if you'll only hope on.

Never give up! for the wisest is boldest, Knowing that Providence mingles the cup And, of all maxims, the best as the oldest, Is the true watchword of-Never give up! Never give up! though the grape-shot may

Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst ; Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle Little shall harm you, though doing their

Never give up ! if adversity presses. Providence wisely has mingled the cup; Is the stout watchward of-Never give up !

# MIKE DONOVAN'S LOOKING-GLASS.

hungry and the helpless.

mel pedlar, that began with-

"Ch weary's on money-oh weary's on wealth. our health."

little Mike trudged merrily over the broad heath and up the mountain side after his cattle, caring no more for his scanty garments and his naked feet than a bird does when he sits on a wet branch and sings.

cap set, and he said as he put the price of

didn't a famous poet say-'An honest man's the neb!est work of God.' Mike drank up more than the butter milk just then, for his mind drank in that say-

It was a good wish, and it came to pass. Not by merely wishing though, as I have known some foolish maidens think when they have gone to what they call wishing wells, and came back no wiser

than they went. Mike strove to be honest; to do his duty by Larry Owen's cattle, and to be steady as well as ready.

His friend, the old pedlar, died. Mike

By and by, when Mike was about fif-BANKERS, ALTOONA. PA. taking a blessing, and a good character. Drafts on the principal cities and Silver Mike bought a little stock of haberdash-

mand, without interest, or upon time, with some lovely springs in different parts of interest at fair rates.

took up, in a small way, the trade of his old friend, the pedlar. It was hard work to make a crust. But Mike did not mind hard work. One thing he resolved, if he lived on sea-weed, he would pay his way. By degrees he increased his stock, and was so punctual and civil, that the warehouses he dealt with let

One morning, he came to pay £2, and

Then being at a populous village, he began

to open and look over his stock. Lo ! and

behold there was the three hundred

pounds. Mike had never seen more than

mightily how in the world the money got

"never. God helping me, never!"

at once restored the money.

more than one good reflection. Was it

filled with other folks' money. Knavery

may serve a turn, but honesty is the best

Unconscious Heroism.-One dark

what to do, a large woman suddenly de-

scended upon him, seized him by the

throat, forced him down through the ball,

and pushed him into the street before he

stay in the house in that condition."

"Hallo, I'll take one."

triend the pedlar's words-

he managed to have a full pack, and to drive a smart trade.

And the best counsel, in all your distresses,

## Cales, Shetches, Anecdotes, &c.

Mike Donovan was what I have sometimes heard my Irish friends call "a broth of a boy;" which I suppose means a was Mike Conovan's character. When Mike began the world be had, as most people would say, everything against him, for he was a little orphan lad, indebted for the bite and the sop to the village people, who had known his father and mothwere always ready to bring a blessing on but Mike's love for honesty, like a good and see me again."

was so active that he would be sure to be ble about it. And yet I didn't steal it, Mr. Girard. Accordingly he settled up doing mischief rather than nothing at all. I don't know how it came into my pack. his affairs at the office, and in a few days So it was a capital thing for him that Why should I throw up such luck?" engaged with Mr. Girard's cooper to learn Larry Owen's cows had a bit of straying, Somehow he thought of the little mount the trade. During a long period he kept and needed some one to watch them, and maybe tramp after them. Singing a little song which he had learned from a Clon-

Every body's heart warmed to the boy. That is, you know, everybody that had a heart worth speaking about. In particular that same old pedlar, who taught Mike the song Some of this man's sayings took firm hold of the boy's mind. Once Mike was taking a drink of butter milk at a cottage door, when the pedlar was selling to the mistress a little slip of looking-glass to show her how her Sunday it in his pocket: "Now, ma'am, let me tell you that it is in the power of you and your good man, both of ye, to see the finest eight in the world every day of your lives." "How so ?" says she "Why, ma'am, if you can both say when you look in that glass I see an honest face ! Sure,

on blazing summer days, Mike dearly the mountain-side, was a clear, bright glass, and given him as we have seen, spring, of the purest water. Often and often the boy went there and dipped in his face, took a drink and a cooler at the same time, and he would shake off the sparkling instead of being ashamed to see his face. drops from his shining cheeks, and cluster- he could remember without a blush, his ing bair, as the sky-lark scatters the dew from its fluttering wings, Looking into his clear, deep well; Mike could see his face, and the pedlar's words came to his mind about an honest face; and the wish grew strong in his heart (as many a year after he would tell those he loved) that whatever his lot in life might be, he might be honest and true, and never ashamed to see his own face in that pool-God's hillside

never saw him after that time when he gave the elegant speech on the lookingglass, which, of course, made Mike remember the saying all the more, for a Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and grateful heart never forgets the last words

> teen, and had saved up four shillings, he began to think of bettering himself. So he left Larry Owen's service, giving and ery, and set out to sell it in remote vil-

> > the wagon,

Dreams. Stephen Girard was one of the most

remarkable men who ever lived. Philadelphia, the city where he amassed his great fortune in business, was the recipient of his munificent bounty at his death, and his name and memory are well pres served in the Girard College, Girard Row, him have a better stock on credit. He Girard Avenue, Girard Bank, Girard now worked harder than ever, and soon Insurance Company, Girard House, etc. At Girard College, where the support and education of some five hundred orphan and half-orphan boys are provided for, to have a fresh stock. A young man in there is a marble statue of Mr. Girard, the wholesale shop had just been to the which represents him with exact fidelity bank to fetch £300. Seeing Mike in to his appearance in life. He was of haste to be served, the shopman laid down short stature, a benevolent smile, and had his money on the counter, and forgot it. a shrewd face. He wore a large, peculiar When Mike's parcel was packed, the coat, and his hair was tied in a queue .-notes somehow got rolled up with his His whole life was marked by eccentricigoods Away went Mike at his smartest ties, which in no particultar were more pace with his pack on his back, and never observable than in his occasional acts of

stopped till he had gone twenty miles. benevolence. In his office was a young man as clerk, who attended to his doties very intelligently and faithfully. This had attracted the attention of Mr. Girard, for nothing two or three one pound notes in his lifeescaped him. One morning he came into time. He rubbed his eyes, and wondered the office, and calling the clerk, remarked : "Young man, I dreamed of you last there. "I'm in luck!" said he, "I needn't night."

suffer the hunger, or the toil any more : "Dreamed of me," returned the clerk, carrying this weary pack for miles and in surprise.

miles, in all weathers, and sure there's a "Yes; I saw a form, and heard a voice, power of bad weather. It's mostly hot, The form was your own, and the voice or cold, or wet, that I am-year in and said: 'This young man is your best clerk, year out. I can now go to America. but he should be a cooper. Merchants kind-hearted, good-tempered, healthy, There's a ship sails to-morrow morning fail, but coopers are always sure of a livstrong, honest lad. At all events, that from Waterford. I'll go in her and boy me ing by their trade,' So you must leave a farm out yonder, and make myself com- me and learn to be a first-rate cooper. I fortable." With these words, which I never go contrary to my dreams. They call the devil's whisper in his ear, poor often teach me how to proceed. I trust Mike went to bed. He could not sleep in them as I do my own judgement, and

-there he lay hot and tossing. Ah, how I obey them conscientiously. Go and different from the sound sweet sleep of get a place to learn the trade of a cooper, er, and who, though poor themselves, honesty. It was a strong terrotation; and when you can make a barrel come their frugal meal, by sharing it with the angel, did battle with the evil one. "The The clerk was, of course, greatly asmoney is not mine," sounded in the depths | tonished. But he had no fear of toil But little merry, bare-footed Mike was of his soul "To take it is to rob. Some knew that he would lose nothing, in any soon able to work a bit for himself. He one, may be, is, even now, in bitter trou event, by falling in with the directions of

tain spring, and "Shall I be ashamed to steadily at work, and made availant pro-

look myself in the face ?" said he- gress, Meanwhile Mr. Girard had not forgot-Up he got and away-twenty miles ten him. He often saw the young man honest tramp. Foot-sore, yet light of in his overalls at work on the wharven, heart, he entered the store. "Why, Mike, and he always spoke encouragingly to what brings you here again, so soon? I him. He had not made up his mind as thought you had made all your market to what he would do for hiur, but he was resterday," said the owner as he looked greatly pleased at the successful carrying at him. "True, sir, but I am come to out of his dream. On one occasion as ask, did you lose some money yesterday?" he came from the wharf he muttered:

Yes, the poor young man was suffering "My young cooper is doing well. He bitterly for his carelessness. He was that is a man, every inch of him I must give day to have been examined about the him a belping hand." matter. If he had been proved guilty, he A few nights subsequently the good

would certainly have lost his place and old man was sleeping camly in his humhis character. Mike opened his pack and ble-looking apartment. His real wealth did not show itself in anything about him. Was that all Mike's history? No-The furhiture was old-tashioned, and all the owner of the shop was so pleased, the surroundings were strictly after the that he offered, if Mike new any town in plain taste of the owner. As he slumhis walk where a shop in his trade was bered his countenance was calm, and wanted, to put Mike into i', and stock t without the trace of a single care. At on credit for him. There was a place times a slight smile flitted over his face, Mike knew of where there was a good and he seemed to be in a pleasant dream. opening. With all speed a house was His slumbers continued for a considerable taken, a shop opened, and Mike was es- time, when he suddenly awoke. He

tablished. The blessing was on him and rubbed his eyes and then spoke. he prospered. He paid for his stock, his "Ah, ha!" he said, "I've had a dream trade increased, he made money-and again about my young cooper. I thought what was the best of all, made it howstly. that I'd hear something about him again. There came a time when Mike could buy There is a good spirit looking after his a farm, not in America, but in his native | we lfare, surely. 'When he finishes his land. In the Encumbered Estates Court apprenticeship, and is a good cooper, give there was the very land to be sold on him twenty thousand dollars to start in Now there was a sweet, cool spot that, which he had worked as a berd boy, and business,' whispered the voice in my ear. where the clear bright well was that had Of course I will. He is worthy of enloved Rising among flags in a nook on in former days served Mike as a looking- couragement. The money will go into good hands. Of course I'll give it to him, but in my own way. Ha, ha; not a joy that when he called it his own, I've a plan for that."

and looked into its clear depths once more. Soon the old man dropped into slumber again. He had the same calm countenance, and the same serene smile. His life was devoid of all evil, and his dreams were of good deeds in store for the future. "An honest man's the noblest work of God!" Time passed on. One day the young Thy purse had better be empty than

man came into Mr. Girard's office. He was in the garb of a mechanic, and he looked healthful and sinewy from manual "Good day, Mr. Girard," he said, as

the old gentleman turned to him with a night, not long ago, a burglar entered warm greeting. "I have come to tell you a private house on Sixth avenue. On that I am a good cooper now. I've served ascending one flight of stairs he observed my entire time " a light in a chamber, and while hesitating "Can you make a good barrel?"

"As good as any cooper in Philadel-"Make me twenty, and bring them here yourself"

had time to think. "Heroic repulse of The young man went off, and in an a burglar by a woman," was the way hour was hard at work at the barrels .the story appeared in the papers next day. He was really a superior workman, and But when friends called and congratulated when the twenty barrels were completed her upon her courage, she exclaimed, "Goodness gracious! I didn't know he they were the admiration of all in the was a burglar. If I had, I should have shop. When they had been placed in been frightened half to death. I thought Mr. Girard's store he examined every one it was my husband, came home drunk of them with the closest scrutiny. He again, and I was determined he shouldn't looked at the staves, the hoops, the heads, the shape, the cutting, and the driving, and in the end remarked to the young JOHN PHOENIX once hailed a German cooper, who was anxiously waiting for

who was driving a baker's wagon on his verdict: Montgomery street, San Francisco, with "They are good barrels. I never saw better. You have learned your trade, "Vat you take?" said Teuton, pulling and done your part faithfully, Come "A baked eagle," said Phoenix, into the counting-room, and I'll now do

pointing to "Eagle Bakery," painted on mine." The couple went into the office. The bere," said he.

Mr. Girard took down his check-book, and wrote a check. This he cut out, and then, turning to the young man, said: "My young friend, listen to me. Your spirit whispered into my ear to give you

check he prepared.

"Now," he continued, "you have the chant, if you see fit. Should disaster overtake you go to your trade again." The young man broke forth in a tor-

stopped him, saying: "You lose interest on your money while you talk. I have fulfilled my

dreams, and done justice to you. Good

Here this strange interview ended -The young man went away with the leepest gratitude in his heart, and a resolution to make a name in business worthy of the respect of his generous benefactor. He subsequently became one of first merchants of Philadelphia. This incident is one of the most singular in the history of Mr. Girard, and no less in the annals of dreams .- N 1'. Weekly.

A PEOPLE ON STILTS -The pictures of of their lives on stilts. The first time is a curious emotion in the mind, as of a strange prodigy. Dressed in sheepskins, worn by time, knitting stockings or spinning thread, they gravely pass over the reeds and forz-the spectator buried, as it were, in the bushes; they lifted nearer the sky, on the verge of the horizon The long stick, which they handle with so much address, serving as a balancing pole or a support for the arm, contributes to the strangeness of their appearance; they look like gigantic crickets, preparing to spring. In the lands, not only the shepherds, but every one, uses this style of locomotion : the children have no fear, and the women, who are invariably dressed in black, resemble large ravens perched on dead branches.

The origin of stilts is unknown, but it s probable they were not in use before the middle ages, as authors make no mention of them. In the patois of the country they are called change, which would seem to fix their origin in the period of the rule of the English, deriving it from our word | Paris or Berlin. These dispatches have shank; probably some inventive English mind gave them this servicable mode of progression. Perched on these borrowed legs the shepherd watches over his charge, concealed in the brushwood, crosses oninjured the marshes and quicksands, fears n t to be torn by thorns or dry twigs, and can at any time double the speed at which he ordinarily walks. Whether it has any effect on the character cannot be denied; but certain it is that these people are distinguished by their wild, savage nature. They have a horror for strangers and when they perceive a traveler coming toward them, they hasten to flee into concealment. - Chambers Journal.

WHAT CAN THE GIRLS Do !- Thereare many noble examples of what girls often perform, when poverty holds its meagre mantle over them, of which the following is an instance:

A Cincinnati press states that three years ago a poor orphan girl applied and was admitted to set type for that paper. She worked two years, during which time she carned, besides her board, about \$200; and, availing herself of the privileges which the printing office afforded, acquiring a good education. She is now associate editress of a popular paper, and is engaged to be married to one of the smartest lawyers in Ohio Such a girl is bound to shine and eclipse tens of thousands who are educated in the lap of loxury, and taught all the "accomplishments' of the boarding school. Such a wife will be a jewel to her husband, an ornament to society, and an honor to her

An editor who was evidently insane, or had a strong and vivid imagination, recently got off the following appropriate

sex and her country.

I had a dream the other night, When everything was still; I dreamed each advertiser Came up and paid his bill. Each wore a look of honesty

And smiles were around each eye,

Saying, "How is this for high ?" -"How many are there ov ye's down there?" shouted an Irish overscer to some men in a coal pit. "Five." was the answer Well, then, the half ov ye's to come up

As they landed out the stamps,

lages, and at lonely farm houses. He Mr. Stephen Girard's Wonderful old man's face was beaming with pleasure | THE CARPENTER - Besides being very and satisfaction, and the young man's much useful, we might say an indispensiwas flushed and pale by turns from the ble man, in this community we look upon peculiar circumstances of the moment .- the carpenter as a soother and peacemaker, for after the architect has formed ofitimes wicked designs upon your house, and puzzled you with the Corinthian, the Ionic, the Doric, proto-Doric and hunkifidelity, promptness, and energy early at- Dorie; bewildered you among porticos tracted my attention. Then I had the and columns, and foliated capitals, and dream about you that I mentioned to you entablatures, and architraves, and flutes a long time ago. You acted with alacrity and cornices, and palisters, and facades, upon the suggestion made in consequence and exasperated you with his spandrils of that dream, and to-day you stand be- and traceries, and cinque centes, and corfore me skilled in a trade. I have dream | bels, and trefoils, and pendentives, and ed of you in the meantime. A good other architechnicalities you don't know anything at all about, the carpenter steps twenty thousand dollars You have in and puts your house in a good frame made for me twenty superior barrels, for makes everything plane, as it were, with which I will now pay you one thousand the addition, perhaps, of his square, chalkdollars each, making twenty thousand in line and scratch-awl, adze, saw and a few other trifling articles from his tool chest, Mr. Girard at this juncture placed in Without the carpenter to plan and put the hand of the agitated young man the together, your house would be in no frame to receive the joiner and the paper-hanger, and various other representatives of the capital to commence business as a mera mechanic arts, who are dependent upon his movements. So you see the important position he fills.

> Although nothing but a mechanic, yet rent of thanks, but Mr. Girard abruptly the carpenter is admitted into our very best houses, and is often consulted regarding their arrangements. The rich and proud, who live in "stuck-up" houses. have to get the earpenter to stick 'em up. The carpenter gets up a great many stories on such people. We have known him to get up five stories and a Mansard root.

Carpenters have a knack of accomplating. There is a Carpenter's Shavings Bank back of nearly every carpenter shop, where they deposit their shavings. The poor are often allowed to draw on that bank (if they don't draw off a wagon load) and no interest charged. Little shavers are not considered of much account among carpenters, as this is a profession in which a workman is known by his shavings.

Rosa Bonheur lave made us well acquain The carpenter is charitably disposed ted with the singular habits which the toward his fellows. He is not looking have adopted of passing the greater part there is usually a beam, or at least a scantling in his own eye, or if by chance that a group of these people are seen there he should discover the mote, he would simply remark, "So mote it be

Several distinguished men began their career as carpenters. There was the "Carpenter of Rouen." We don't know how he happened to be in ruin, but think it was through drink. Then there is Mr. Carpenter, of the celebrated and well known firm of Carpenter & Joiner, whose joint transactions are carried on all over the world; and there is Matt Carpenter, Senator from Wisconsin, who don't frame

buildings, but who helps to frame laws. Carpenters are a bard-working, industrious set of men, and probably do more than any other class, unless we except the bricklayers, to build up a city. Don's carp at the carpenter.

WONDERS OF THE TELEGRAPH -The

press dispatches from Europe to New York, during the last four weeks, nittenbered about one hundred thousand words. New York has been better posted on the issue of the war each day than London, nearly all been sent by a single cable, full one-third of the whole to a single daily paper, and with marvelous rapidity and accuracy. Familiar as we are with the work of the telepraph, it has been a marvel to us. To hundreds of thousands of minds the whole work is and has been a deep enigma. Here is a man sitting in a dark room at Heart's Content. The ocean cable terminates here. A fine wire attached thereto is made to surround two small cores of soft iron. As the electric wave, produced by a few pieces of copperand zine at Valentia, passes through t e wires, these cores become magnetic enough to move the slightest object. A lookingglass half an inch in diameter, is fixed on a bar of iron one-tenth of an inch square and half an inch long. On this tiny glass a lamp is made to glare so that its light is reflected on a tablet on the wall. The language of the cable is denoted by the shifting of this reflected light from side to side. Letter by letter is thus expressed in this fitting idiom in utter silence on the wall. There is no record made by the machine except as the patient watcher calls out to a comrade the translated flashes as they come, and which he records It seems a miraele of patience. There is something of awe creeps over us. as we see the evidence of a human touch 3,000 miles away swaving that line of light. By such a delicate process as this, and after being repeated from line to line, five times before its ultimate cupy is in New York, have the late great battles been recorded in our daily papers with great particularity and sent throughout the Union. Nothing like it has ever before been accomplished. The enterprise of the New York press, of a single press in New York, has eclipsed that of the

A FEW DATS since a school master was teaching a six-years old boy the alphabet, and found that the little fellow staggered when he came to "I." "What is that letter, Johnny ?" said the pedagogue. "Don't know," squeaked the urchin. "Yes you do," put in the teacher. "What have I got on either side of my nose. Johnny ?" "Poddy bloseoms ; so father says." rejuited the pupil, and took his seat instanter.

wealthiest and ablest presses in Europe.

It is characteristic of the nation to do its

work grandly and well. - Journal of the