



A. M. PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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NUMBER 41.

**DENTISTRY.**—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on Monday of each month, to re-examine the teeth.

SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

**H. B. MILLER,** Attorney at Law, Altoona, Pa., has removed to Virginia street, opposite the Methodist church. Persons from Cambridge or elsewhere who get work done by me will be charged Ten Dollars and upwards, will be returned free of cost to their bills.

W. W. ZIEGLER, Surgeon Dentist, will visit Ebensburg on the second Monday of each month, and remain in the town at the Mountain House.

**JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,** Surgeon and Physician, has removed to Virginia street, opposite the Methodist church. Persons from Cambridge or elsewhere who get work done by me will be charged Ten Dollars and upwards, will be returned free of cost to their bills.

**J. LLOYD,** successor to R. S. Ross, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, Pa. Tel. 17, 18, 19, 20.

**W. W. JAMISON, M. D.,** Lecturer, Cambria Co. Pa., has removed to Virginia street, opposite the Methodist church. Persons from Cambridge or elsewhere who get work done by me will be charged Ten Dollars and upwards, will be returned free of cost to their bills.

**H. BLANK, M. D.,** tender his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office on High street, opposite the Methodist church. East of the old bank building.

**LLOYD & CO.,** Bankers, Ebensburg, Pa., Silver, Government Loans, and Securities, bought and sold. Interest on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accounts in the United States.

**M. LLOYD & CO.,** Bankers, Altoona, Pa., on the principal cities and Silver Gold for sale. Collections made, and received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with the best of rates.

**D. McLAUGHLIN,** Attorney at Law, Altoona, Pa., has removed to the Exchange building, on the corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up the stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

**JOHN P. LINTON,** Attorney at Law, Altoona, Pa., has removed to the Exchange building, on the corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up the stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

**L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,** Altoona, Pa. Office on Franklin street, opposite the Court House.

**W. EASLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW,** Office No. 106 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. Two doors north of Frazer's Drug Store. Will attend promptly to all manner of business that may be entrusted to him.

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**1870. Fall Trade. 1870.**  
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Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

**FRANCIS W. HAY,** Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

**GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!**  
TO CASH BUYERS!  
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**FAMILY GROCERIES,** such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers; Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Store, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manila Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

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The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEEP" COOK & FRYER, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Store ever introduced to the public.

**A MAN WITH TWENTY WIVES.**  
A MORMON ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.—THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE.

The morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule train, dawned beautifully. Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule train for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived—the high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlit prairie your faces will come to me in my dreams and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Mollie, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your—your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not dearests?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will!"

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he said, "that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away!"

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and drove sadly away. But he had not gone far when the trace of the off hand mule became unlatched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refractory animal, snorted wildly and kicked Reginald frantically in the stomach. He arose with difficulty and tottered feebly toward his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark, "Dear mother, I've come home to die!"

"So I see," she said, "where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying:

"Oh, my son—my son!—only tell me where the mules are, and then you may die if you want to."

In vain—in vain! Reginald had passed on.

CHAPTER II.—FUNERAL TRATTINGS.

The mules were never found.

Reginald's heart-broken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival, she indiscreetly sent a boy to burst the news, gently, to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them, in a hoarse whisper, that their "old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed. "He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily. "And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, "he thought considerable of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did!"

"I say he didn't!"

"He did!"

"He didn't!"

"Don't look at me with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at me!"

"Sisters," said the black haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemly wrangling. I, as his first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave."

"No you won't," said Susan. "I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It's my business to strew."

"You shan't—so there!" said Henrietta. "You bet I will," said Susan with a tearful cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsy, "I ain't on the strew, much, but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession."

"Not if I've been introduced to myself, you won't," said the golden haired Nelly, "that's my position. You bet your bonnet strings it is!"

"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know on the day of the funeral; and how many pocket-handkerchers will it take to go round! Betsy, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you!"

"I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetrates a sob on my handkercher!" said Nelly.

"Dear daughters-in-law," said Reginald's mother, "how unseemly is this anger. Mules is five hundred dollars a span and every identical mule my poor boy had has been gobbled up by the red man. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the door yard that he was on the die, but had I only think to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took its flight, it would have been four thousand dollars in your pockets. You have never felt a parent's feelings."

"It's an oversight," sobbed Maria, "Do not blame us."

CHAPTER III.—DUST TO DUST.

The funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother, the wives walked to the grave twenty abreast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

That night the twenty wives with heavy hearts sought their twenty respective couches.

In another house not many leagues from the house of mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately.

"He died," she cried, "he died without signifying, in any respect, where them mules went to!"

CHAPTER IV.—MARRIED AGAIN.

Two years elapsed between the third and fourth chapters. A manly Mormon one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select assortment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although for that matter the sun has a right to 'set' where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," returned Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madame," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I've seen part of you before. And although I've had twenty-five wives, whom I respect and care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine! be mine!" he enthusiastically cried, "and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—"

"Twenty one souls with a single thought, Twenty one hearts that beats as one."

They were united—they were.—Trinidad (Colorado) Enterprise.

A FRIGHTFUL STRUGGLE.

When at last the boat settled down, the Syrian plunged into the stream, and keeping his head well above it, struck out for the shore at a point where he saw it shelved down to the water's edge, fringed with long rushes. Strong as the current was he breasted it successfully, and was reaching shoal water—with a heart full of good resolves and thankfulness for his preservation and rebounding from his late despair—when suddenly he saw to his surprise a dark object resembling an old log, floating on the muddy bank toward him. As there was no current from the shore this struck him as strange; but his surprise was changed into horror when the object approached nearer, disclosing to his gaze, under the bright moonlight, the scaly back and unsuspicious bulk of the crocodile!—most dreadful of all the tenants of that stinky flood, though but rarely seen so low down the river. As the monster moved through the vast profligate power of its short fore arms and muscular tail—lashing the river into foam as it forged upward—Daoud could distinguish his sharp snout elevated above the flood, and the small, glittering, serpent-like eyes fixed on its destined prey. Each second brought the fell monster nearer the man; while the huge jaws would occasionally open, displaying the sharp, double row of glistening teeth which armed them; then shut again with a snap like the music of castles resounding through the stillness. Imminent and deadly was the peril, as Daoud well knew; but he lost no heart nor hope.

His nerves, steeled to danger in its most fearful shape during his recent trials, did not fail him now. He felt a deadly sickness at heart, for an instant, at the new and hideous form of peril, thus suddenly confronting him at the very moment of his fancied escape from all his danger; just as he was making his good resolves for a tranquil future. Never before had he encountered the dread monster; but he knew its nature and its habits well, for he had often heard Arabs of the Upper Nile tell of their encounters with and victories over it, and he therefore understood which way the path of safety lay. He allowed the greedy monster to approach within two lengths of him—simply floating himself on the surface of the water, with a wary eye fixed on the movements of his adversary. Flight he knew would be speedy and certain death. He waited till he could see the very twinkle of its hungry eye—then dived down into the flood, his dagger bare in his right hand. That moment the huge bulk of the crocodile seemed convulsed with a sudden pang as it abruptly twisted itself round, lashing the water into foam with its terrible tail, and snapping its jaws together, while its snaky eye emitted sparks of fire. Then it silently sunk under the water, too, and the moonlight shone on the rippling river, showing no form of man or reptile on its agitated surface. But the water where the reptile had sunk was discolored with a dark red stain, which showed that the Syrian's dagger had found a vulnerable spot. He had dived beneath the scaly armor which protected it from above and had struck an upward blow. Next moment the man rose again to the surface,

twenty yards further down stream, and struck out vigorously for the shore; but the current seized him and bore him still further down. And on it floated in pursuit his wounded, but not disabled enemy—fiercer and more savage from its injury, and displaying now those vast energies hidden under its cumbersome, mail-clad carcass. Twice, when on the very eve of being seized and crushed between those mighty jaws which snapped vainly together like the huge protuberances of some feudal castle, did the Syrian narrowly escape destruction by suddenly diving down. And thrice did he stab with his keen poisoned into the unprotected flesh of his foe, under his forearm; while deeper grew the tinge of the waters, as the great vital energies of the amphium still sustained it under the deep wounds of its desperate antagonist—whose human intellect, when backed by courage, was destined to conquer brute force—even in a conflict apparently as unequal as this—for, after the third plunge, the huge, scaly bulk seemed to float almost helplessly upon the water, with the life-tide rapidly ebbing from the ghastly wounds, and the dim eye shone no more with hate, but had an almost human expression of agony and despair lurking in its filmy and glaring orbs. The crocodile was well nigh struggling in its death throes and the mighty frame seemed contracted and convulsed with the near approach of the final spasm. The man was no where to be seen. Just then, panting, worn, exhausted, but still un wounded, Daoud, the dagger in his right hand, rose to the surface, but unhappily within a yard of the almost vanquished monster. The scaly thing saw him, and with a mighty effort of expiring energy, struck out wildly with his powerful tail. It fell like a flail on the head of the Syrian, stretching him senseless and powerless beside his enemy. The next moment the dying crocodile twisted his body around, opened his mighty jaw with a final and convulsive effort—and, when they closed again, within was the writhing body of the Syrian, caught as in some huge trap, which crushed bone, muscle, sinew and flesh into one indistinguishable mass. And locked tight in the death spasm, those jaws never unclosed again. But the scaly bulk of the crocodile, bearing in its dead jaws the corpse of its destroyer, floated down the current of the Nile, under the still moonlight, to the open sea, which was to retain the relics of both until the hour shall come when that sea shall give up its dead.—Egyptian Sketches.

FUNERAL RITES IN GREENLAND.

There are some very curious funeral rites in Greenland, where, on its becoming evident to the friends and relations of an Esquimaux that, either from sickness or old age, he is in a very bad way, a solemn convale is assembled and a long consultation held, in which it is debated pro and con, whether the sick man can recover. Should it be decided against him the fiat is announced by a deputation as a fact in which the sick man is bound to acquiesce. No extravagant demonstration of grief accompanies this avowal, for it seems to be regarded by all parties as an inevitable law of nature that the man must die, and they therefore accept it philosophically. Soon after the decision is made known to the patient he is borne to the door of his house by his friends, a bow and arrow placed in his hands, and with such strength as is left to him he shoots; and as the arrow leaves the bow-strings to sever his connection with the things of this life—for on the spot on which the arrow falls the grave of the living man (officially regarded as dead) is at once made; and, sewed up in his 'kakak,' with his weapons beside him, he is deposited therein without further loss of time. The last scene in the life of an Esquimaux would make a fine picture; the cluster of snow-bush standing like pigmies amidst the huge masses of blue black ice; around the clear piercing air, illuminated only by the wavering flashes of the aurora borealis, in the fore-ground the group of far-clad figures clustering round, supporting the fainting form of one whom they are instructing in this last voluntary act, which sever his ties to this earth forever.

A THRILLING TALE.—The Warren County Republican publishes verbatim the following local item, which shows the courage of the male sex in that region:

Sept. 21, 1870. —, of this village, recently went to a picnic and was married for fun, but when he returned to his boarding place the pastor, who married them, gave him a surfeit and then he tried to coax his wife to let it go as a joke but much to his surprise his wife tried to make him stick to the bargain. But he winced, begged and teased till at last she let it go as a joke! oh what joy the man had when she said she would turn it off as a joke he cried so long that it made his eyes red and hers to! the lady he married was a city lady.

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.—A girl of the period gave a supper to a few gentlemen the other evening. Her mamma was present. One of the gentlemen was telling a story; he stopped on a sudden, and said: "I beg your pardon, the conclusion is scarcely fit for ladies' ears—" "You bear, mamma," said the girl of the period; "leave the room a minute; you can come in again by-and-by." Mother complied with the request of course.

THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

A TRIESTORY.

The little village of E— was one of the many mining towns in the interior of California, and in this little village dwelt Dr. Hammond and his family. They were noted for their kind hospitality and for the interest they took in the general affairs of the village.

So it very often happened that their only daughter, Artie, was the belle of the social parties. At these it was that she repeatedly met a young man by the name of Charles Bay, and his fancy for Miss Artie's face, blue eyes, and dark brown curls, kept him constantly by her side.

But what I was going to tell you was this—that the doctor had made up his mind to spend the summer at Lake Tahoe, so he could have a fine time hunting and fishing during the heated term, and, as a matter of course, he wanted to take his family with him, for he could not think of leaving them down there in the terrible heat of the summer.

Now, Artie did not like this idea at all; so, after having a good cry about it, she came into the parlor where Mrs. Hammond was seated, and said:

"Now, mamma, this is too bad; just to think of us going away off into the mountains, where we can't see anything but Indians and sage brush. I shall die, mamma, I know I shall, if you take me away off up there!"

"Die? No danger, my dear," said Mrs. Hammond, gently; "and to tell the truth, Artie, I shall be glad to get you off up there, where you can't do so much running around. I am about sick of this going all the time."

"Well, I'm not," said Miss Artie, with an independent toss of her pretty head, as she went off to the window. She had not stood there very long before she saw some one coming up the little lane which led to the house. Then she turned to her mother, and said:

"Oh, mamma, Charles Bay is coming here."

"Yes, just as I expected; you can't think of anything but Charles Bay now," replied Mrs. Hammond, as she left the room.

She soon heard Artie and Charles talking very low together; so she began to wonder what they were saying, and finally she went to the door to listen. She heard Charles say:

"Yes, darling, I will come with the buggy just at dark to-morrow, so we can go and get married right away. Your folks won't think of such a thing until it is too late."

"But, Charles, suppose papa won't forgive us!" queried Artie.

"Oh, there's no danger but what he will. So you'll go, won't you, Artie?—Only think what a weary, lonesome life mine will be without you, darling."

As Artie looked up into a pair of very loving hazel eyes, she smilingly said:

"Yes, Charles."

"Then, good night, darling, and by this time to-morrow night you'll be my own darling little wife."

Saying this, Charles kissed her and departed.

Now, as Mrs. Hammond had been listening all the time, she of course had heard all that Charles said. So she said to herself, ironically, "Your dear little wife by this time to-morrow night. Oh, well, we see about that."

But when Artie came in her mother was sitting at the table sewing. Looking up at her daughter, she asked:

"Well, Artie, has Charles gone so soon?"

"Yes, mamma," was her only reply, as she glided from the room.

The next day passed off at last, and just at dark a buggy drove up to the front gate.

"Now," thought Mrs. Hammond, "I'll show them a trick that's worth two of that."

So she put on Artie's cloak and hat, and ran down to the gate. A gentleman very gallantly helped her into the buggy, but never spoke a word.

"Well," thought she, "he's afraid to speak for fear Artie's father and mother will hear him. Ahem!"

So away they went, and Mrs. Hammond sat there thinking what a nice trick she had played on Artie by running off with Charles. Then she began to wonder if this was the way he treated Artie when they went out riding; and next what would the Doctor say? But what puzzled her most was that they were going in an opposite direction from what she expected. So at last she said:

"Well, Charles, hadn't we better go home?"

Imagine her surprise to hear the Doctor's voice answer:

"What! Maggie, is this you? What in the name of all that's good, bad, and indifferent are you doing here?"

"Oh, Doctor, I thought it was Charles."

"Well, I'd like to know where you were going with Charles at this time of night?"

"Indeed! and I'd like to know whom you thought you had in here, if not me?" answered Mrs. Hammond.

"Oh, I thought it was Artie!"

"And what in the world ever put such a notion into your head as to take Artie out at this time of night?"

"Well, the fact of it is, Maggie, as I sat on the porch last evening, I overheard Charles and Artie talking about running off to get married, so I thought I'd just save Charles the trouble and take Artie out for a ride. I began to think that she was keeping very still."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Hammond, "that is just what I heard, and my object in going with Charles was the same as yours in taking Artie off."

"We are a couple of pretty fools to be eloping in this way; but here we are at home again."

Saying this, the Doctor helped his wife out of the buggy, and then went into the house. One glance into the empty rooms convinced them that Artie was gone, and they could easily guess where. So they made up their minds to make the best of it, and wait for the runaways to come home.

The next morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bay came home to implore forgiveness for running off to get married, they could not understand the mischievous twinkle in Dr. Hammond's eyes, as he readily forgave them and said:

"Certainly, children; I ran off with your mother once, and didn't know it."

Charles and Artie looked from one to the other, and asked:

"How? When? Where?"

The Doctor only laughed and shook his head, as though the story was too good to tell, and that was all they could ever get out of him.

A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.—Exploits of a Drunken Engineer.—The Tallahassee Sentinel relates the following incident:

The engineer of the freight train on the Jacksonville, Pensacola and Mobile railroad going west on Wednesday morning last—a man named Drew—was so much under the influence of liquor by the time he reached Baldwin that the conductor, Mr. Tutin, did not consider it safe to allow him to proceed further, and therefore procured the services of another engineer, Drew, however, remaining on the engine.

When the train arrived at Sanderson the acting engineer left the engine for some purpose, when Drew, still drunk, got loose from the train and put out with the engine at lightning speed, leaving the engineer, fireman, conductor and all behind. As he neared Lake City, the section hands working on the road scattered pell-mell into the woods, frightened out of their wits at the tremendous speed the engine was running. The agent at Lake City, when asked about it, said the engine was running about one hundred miles an hour, and there was a man aboard, but he was certainly crazy.

Further west a gentleman saw the engine pass, but could discover no one on her, and said he was very much alarmed, but presently he saw a hand go up, and then he knew there was some kind of a human on board. Drew thundered along at this maniac speed until he reached Ellaville, where he came near colliding with an eastward bound train.

The master machinist, Mr. Kennedy, happened to be here, and, ejecting the maniac engineer from the engine, took charge of it himself.

Fortunately for Mr. Tutin, he found another engine at Sanderson, with which he came through to Ellaville. At or near Ellaville the body of a man was discovered lying on the track, but too late to prevent the train from passing over it and crushing it to pieces. The body proved to be that of Mr. Brauner, who, when last seen, was wending his way homeward with a sack of flour on his shoulder. The front of Drew's engine is said to have been covered with flour, and it is thought he must have run over Brauner; but how the body got back on the track in the position it was when run over the second time, is a mystery not yet solved. Drew was promptly discharged by the officials here and has left for parts to us unknown.

WHY IS FOOD REQUIRED?—The question seems almost absurd, so familiar is the fact; and yet the answer to it involves one of the grandest chapters in the history of science. In its simplest form it may be given in three words—it is fuel. We require food frequently for just the same reason that a fire requires coals frequently, and a lamp oil—because we are burning away. Strange as it may appear, it is a most certain fact—The air that we breathe into our lungs consumes oxygen, and this oxygen combines with or burns the muscles or other organs of our bodies just as it does the coals in a fire. The heat produced in a man's body in the course of a day is considerable in quantity, though not very intense in quality. Taking the average, it is enough to raise five and a half gallons of water from freezing point to boiling point, and this is about the heat that would be given off during the burning of a pound of coals. All this heat comes from the slow wastering burning of the substance of the body, so that it is evident that if we did not make up in this constant loss by eating food, our organs would soon be wasted away and consumed. A moment's thought will show how closely this agrees with well known facts. Why does an animal become so thin during the slow and painful process of starvation? Clearly because the slow fire in the body is not fed with the fuel of food.

SECURE THE LEAVES.—The woods are now full of leaves. Indeed they appear to be more abundant than ever, but farmers do not value them as highly as we think they should. For barnyards, especially, they are profitable to haul in. They are obtainable, too, when there is but little pressing work on hand. Gathered up in