Cambria Freeman.

A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, $2 per year in advance

VOLUME 5. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1871. NUMBER 10.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

DO YOU HEAR THAT, FIREMEN?

ARE YOU PREPARED TO

OBEY THE SUMMONS!

Unless you are not, unless you have been to

Wolff's Clothing Store,

and have bought one of those superb

FIREMAN'S COATS,

to keep you warm and dry. WOLFF makes them at from $18 to $20, and any other garment you want you can have made to order at reasonable rates.

NO FIT, NO CHARGE!

Mr. WOLFF has just returned from the East and his READY MADE

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

contains the largest assortment, the most stylish assortment, and altogether the most pleasing assortment of

REASONABLE GARMENTS

FOR MEN AND BOYS,

EVER DISPLAYED IN ALTOONA.

OVERCOATS, from the lowest priced sackcoat 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 $3. Also, a general variety of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, UMBRELLAS, SATCHELS, TRUNKS, &c.

In the LADIES' DEPARTMENT will be found a full stock of FURS, from the low-priced Coney to the finest Mink and Sable.

GODFREY WOLFF,

Corner door to the Post Office, Altoona, Pa

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

CHINA, GLASSWARE AND QUEENSWARE.

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

SALT, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

SEED AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

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 familiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights 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 a share of 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.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HEATING AND COOK STOVES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

and GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING

and all other work in his line.

Virginia Street, near Caroline Street

ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced, to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT.

COOKING STOVES, HEATING STOVES.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having recently taken possession of the new, enlarged and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is now more prepared than ever to manufacture all kinds of TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE, all of which will be furnished to dealers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and assorted assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to. All work done by me will be done right and on the fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance of the large share of patronage so liberally bestowed upon me in the past is respectfully solicited, no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

GEO. W. OATMAN & CO., ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. The collection of notes and bills, whether due or past due, will receive prompt attention.

TOWN and COUNTRY PROPERTY

AT PRIVATE SALE.

1. A LOT OF GROUND in Mooretown, with good Plank House and Outbuildings. Cellar under the entire house. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms.

2. ONE LOT OF GROUND in Mooretown, 66 feet front on Main street and 200 feet deep. A choice selection of Fruit Trees on this Lot. It is a most desirable location for building.

3. A LARGE TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE on Lot adjoining the above; finely finished and with all conveniences. Good outbuildings and an abundance of fruit trees.

4. A TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE in East Ward of Ebensburg. Cellar kitchen, well and cistern water. Good outbuildings and office on same Lot. All in good repair. Located on Main street. Rents for $180.

5. A LARGE TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE in the West Ward, suitable for two families.—Lot 33 feet front on Main street and 254 feet deep. Could be divided. Rents for $150.

6. A TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE in West Ward, suitable for two families. Lot 66 feet front on Main street and 100 feet deep. A desirable property.

7. BUILDING LOTS in West Ward, Ebensb'g.

8. PASTURE LOTS, of about 6 acres each, one mile from town.

9. TIMBER, suitable for cord wood, on LOTS of 6 or 8 acres each, one mile from town.

10. SIXTY ACRES HEMLOCK TIMBER LAND. Will cut 1,000,000 feet lumber. One and a half miles from Ebensburg.

11. A FARM OF 100 ACRES, convenient to Ebensburg; mostly cleared and in good order. Will be sold separately or with No. 10.

☞ All the above described property will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Those desiring to purchase will call on or address the undersigned on or before the 1st day of January next.

J. ALEX. MOORE,
or F. A. SHOEMAKER.

Ebensburg, Dec. 1, 1870.

TWO GOOD FARMS FOR SALE.—The subscriber is desirous of selling two valuable Farms owned by him and located in Carroll township, Cambria county, distanced respectively one mile and four miles from Carrolltown. The first of these Farms contains 65 Acres, all but about five acres of which are cleared, well fenced and in excellent condition. There is on the premises a two story Log House, nearly new, a first rate Bank Barn, 64x40 feet, recently built, a good new Granary and a new Spring House, besides 150 choice Fruit Trees, nearly all bearing, the best of water near the house, and all other needed conveniences. The other farm contains 58 Acres and 86 Perches, about eight acres of which are cleared and have thereon erected a good Log House. The balance of the land is well timbered. These Farms will be sold either separately or together and at a fair price and on liberal terms. Title indisputable. For further particulars apply on the first described premises or address

JOHN WEBER,
March 18, 1871.-3t. Carrolltown, Pa.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.—The undersigned Executors of M. LEAVY, Esq., late of Loretto Borough, dec'd, offer at private sale, on accommodating terms,

A FINE TRACT OF LAND

in Allegheny township, Cambria county, situated on the road leading to St. Augustine and about one mile from Loretto, containing 71 Acres, fifty 40 Acres being cleared, well fenced, well watered and in a good state of cultivation, and having a first rate LOG BANK BARN thereon erected. The balance of the land is covered with chestnut, oak, sugar, and other valuable timber. For terms and other information apply to either of the undersigned.

MARGARET LEAVY, Loretto,
AUG. WALTERS, Carrolltown.
Feb. 18.-tf. *Executors of M. Leavy, dec'd.*

VALUABLE FARM NEAR LORETTO FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale on fair terms and easy payments, that most desirable and excellent FARM recently occupied by him, adjoining the Borough of Loretto, containing 146 Acres—100 *Acres* of which are in a good state of cultivation and the balance well timbered. There is a comfortable *House*, a good *Barn*, and an excellent *Orchard* on the premises; also, an abundance of *pure water*. It is a desirable property, beautifully located, and convenient to churches, schools, market, etc. Title indisputable. For terms and other information apply to or address *A. WALTERS,*

Feb. 18.-tf. *Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa.*

LICENSE NOTICE.—The following persons have filed their Petitions for Tavern License in the Office of the Clerk of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county, and the same will be presented to Argument Court on Thursday, March 30th, 1871:

Tavern Licenses.—Henry Gick, 3d Ward, Johnstown; Henry Frazer, Yoder township; Henry Fritz, Yoder township; David Faloon, East Conemaugh; Luther Martin, 3d Ward, Johnstown; George Conrad, Richland township; J. D. Hamilton, 2d Ward, Johnstown; Andrew Haug, Carrolltown; John A. Blair, West Ward, Ebensburg; M. Lattorner, Cambria township; James Convery, Loretto borough; Conrad Ralib, 2d ward, and Fred'k Krebs, 5th ward, Johnstown; Ann Daley, Millville borough.

J. K. HITE, Clerk.

Clerk's Office, Ebensburg, March 18, 1871.-3t.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.—*In the matter of the Account of* AUGUSTUS CRAVER, *Administrator of* HENRY LLOYD, *deceased.*

AND NOW, MARCH 13TH, 1871, on motion of Johnston & Scanlan, the Court appoint R. L. George, Esq., Auditor to report distribution of the funds in the hands of the Administrator to the creditors entitled thereto. *By the Court.*

Extract from the Record.

J. K. HITE, Proth'y.

I hereby give notice that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg, on **Wednesday, the 5th of April next**, at 2 o'clock, P. M., to attend to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper. R. L. GEORGE, Auditor.

Ebensburg, March 18, 1871.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of JOSEPH ROSE, dec'd.

The undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court to distribute money in the hands of Jacob R. Stull, one of the Executors of Jos. Rose, dec'd, hereby gives notice to all parties interested in said estate, that he will sit at his office in Johnstown, on **Wednesday, April 5th, 1871,** at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund. C. W. EASLY,

Johnstown, March 18, 1871.-3t. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to hear the exceptions to the Account of Mary Shoemaker, Executrix of the estate of Edward Snoemaker, dec'd, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on **Tuesday, the 11th day of April next,** at one o'clock, P. M. *C. L. PERSHING.*

March 18, 1871.-3t.

LAND FOR SALE.—**68 Acres and 105 Perches** of excellent Land in Allegheny township, about 15 Acres cleared, the balance well timbered, will be sold on accommodating terms. Title indisputable.

FRANCIS O'REIL,
CATHARINE J. CHRISTY,
Administrators of P. Christy, dec'd.

Loretto, March 18, 1871.-3t.

CAUTION.—Whereas my wife ANN has left my bed and board without any just cause or provocation, this is to warn all persons against harboring or trusting her on my account, as I am determined to pay no debts she may contract, unless compelled to do so by law. *JOHN KIMBALL.*

Ebensburg, March 18, 1871.-3t.*

NOTICE.—The annual election of the Board of Trustees of the Ebensburg Academy, will be held at the Court House, Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 3d day of APRIL next, between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M.

JOHN E. SCANLAN, Secretary.

Ebensburg, March 18, 1871.-3t.

J. S. OGDEN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Johnstown, Pa. Office on Iron street, between the Conemaugh Bridge and Pa. R. R. Depot. Colections and all business intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. [3-11.]

The Poet's Department.

A CHILDISH FANCY.

I suppose if all the children
Who have lived through ages long,
Were collected and inspected,
They would make a wondrous throng.
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
Oh, the flutter of the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us!

Think of all the men and women
Who are now and who have been,
Every nation since creation
That this world of ours has seen;
And of all of them, not any
But was once a baby small,
While of children, oh, how many
Never have grown up at all!

Some have never laugh'd or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet;
And indeed I wonder whether,
If we reckon ev'ry birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth?

Who will wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them and caress them?
Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise them? who will scold them?
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little, happy Christian children,
Little savage children too,
In all stages, of all ages,
That our planet ever knew!
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars wan and faint,
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
Such a motley crowd would make!
And the clatter of their chatter,
And the things that they would break!
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
Oh, the flutter of the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish off with us!

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

HOW TO PROVE AN ALIBI.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

One Sunday, about ten years ago, I found myself at Carlisle. I was considerably acquainted there, and been there pretty often on business; but my being there at this time was the result of an accident merely. I had been three hundred miles west of this, trying in vain to find a clue to the whereabouts of an absconding defaulter; and coming back to take a fresh start, I found that a flood had submerged the track for several miles east of Carlisle, and that there would be no getting away until Monday, at the least. So I made a virtue of necessity and telegraphed my detention and its cause to my family. I went up town.

After dinner at the hotel, I dropped in at the office of the district attorney, with whom I was well acquainted. I found him arranging the details of a number of criminal cases which were to be tried at the court which began on the following Monday.

"Anything of importance?" I asked rather carelessly.

"One, at least," he replied, "Joe Slifer, a notorious scoundrel, is to be tried for highway robbery. The victim was dragged out of his buggy on a lonely road, beaten insensible and robbed of a thousand dollars. He identified Slifer positively as one of the ruffians."

"What's the defense?"

"I can't imagine. I don't think there is any in reality."

"Maybe he'll prove an alibi," I jocosely suggested. He shook his head.

"They'll hardly try that," he said.—"The facts are too clear."

After some more unimportant conversation with him, I returned to the hotel, where I spent the remainder of the day.

The next day was Sunday. I awoke quite early, and found the promise of a beautiful summer day so good that I dressed myself and sallied out for a walk. Nobody was stirring yet about the hotel, and the streets were perfectly still. I walked around several squares, and returned to the hotel, meeting only one person on the way.

That person was standing in the doorway of a basement saloon as I passed. I looked around casually, and saw him standing there in his shirt sleeves. His hair was tumbled and he was gaping, as if just awakened. I did not discover that he was doing anything particular there; I thought afterward that it was quite likely he had been left in a drunken fit on the floor or on the bench in the bar the night before, and that waking up at this early hour he had taken the wrong door in seeking for his lodgings, and gone out of doors instead of going to bed.

My look at him was merely a side glance, but that was enough to photograph his face in my mind. It was a thin, bilious face, perfectly smooth, with long nose, much twisted to one side, and a red scar over the left eye. I marked it instantly as the face of a rascal.

How I could do that I cannot explain; our business learns to read faces as most other men read books, and the glance I had at that face told me that the man was a lawless fellow. His actions confirmed the opinion. Sleepy as he looked and acted, no sooner had he seen me passing than he drove back through the door and slammed it to.

I instantly understood him. "A scamp, on some 'lay' or other, and don't want to be seen," was my thought. And I walked on with his photograph in my mind, but ceased to think anything of him or the circumstances before I reached the hotel.

The day passed, and bright and early Monday morning I took my satchel and went down to the depot. But it was to no purpose; the office was closed and a placard on the wall informed the public that the road would not be opened before Tuesday.

I went back to the hotel, too much out of sorts to enjoy my breakfast. I did not understand, till the day was some hours older, that I was needed more here at Carlisle than anywhere else, just then.

I went from the breakfast table into the reading room, and after I had read an hour I heard one man say to another:

"Let's go over to the court house; they are trying Joe Slifer." They went out; and remembering my little talk with the district attorney, my curiosity was excited, and I followed them.

When I entered the court room the victim of the robbery was on the stand. He was a plain, simple old man, and gave his evidence with apparent truthfulness. He testified that he was stopped about sunset, some months before, while passing from Carlisle to his home with $1,000 that he had drawn that afternoon from the bank. It was a lonely spot, and there was not a house within half a mile of it. He was jogging leisurely along, when a light wagon drawn dy two horses dashed up beside his buggy, and three of the four men in it jumped out, while the fourth held the reins. They were all masked. One of them seized his horse by the bit and stopped him, the second snatched the lines from his hands, and the third climbing half into the buggy, and taking him by the arms, demanded his money. He said that he instantly shouted as loud as he could; when the ruffian dealt him a savage blow with a sling shot, which knocked him senseless; and when he came to himself again both robbers and money were gone.

He recognized only one of the four; the man that struck him. As he drew back to give the blow his mask dropped, and revealed the face of Joe Slifer, the prisoner at the bar. He knew it, he was positive of it, and all the ingenuity of the cross examination could not weaken or shake his evidence on this important point.

No other witness was called for the prosecution; none seemed necessary.—The prisoner's lawyer got up and made a plausible statement to the jury that the complainant was mistaken about recognizing Joe Slifer on the occasion referred to; that Slifer was not there at all, but that he was at Norcott, fifty miles north of Carlisle, at the very hour of that robbery, and that he should prove it by at least two witnesses. He sat down and called out "Caleb Wye," and everybody leaned forward expectantly.

The witness came forward with a slow, limping gate, leaning on a cane. He was apparently a man of middle age, and dressed in a suit of sober black, with a white choker about his neck. His hair was silver grey, and he mounted the stand, and leaning on his cane, turned placidly to the prisoner's counsel, he presented an appearance which would command attention and respect anywhere.

I saw him and thought I did not betray any surprise. I know that my heart gave a tremendous thump. For I saw the bilious, thin face, the crooked nose, and the scarred forehead of the dodger whom I had seen twenty-four hours before in the doorway of the saloon. With this difference, however, the hair of that man was almost black while this man's was silver grey.

I edged my chair quietly up beside that of the district attorney, and while the man was testifying I managed to whisper in the other's ear, without attracting the attention of the witness.

The latter testified that he was a dealer in ready-made clothing at Norcott, and one of the firm of Wye & Pleasants.—That on the day testified to as the robbery, both he and his partner were at their store at Norcott, and there was an unusual call for goods. Joe Slifer was then in town; they knew him well, and had often employed him to help them in the store. On this particular day they sent for him; he came immediately; and he remained at the store, waiting on customers, from two o'clock till eight without once leaving it. Mr. Pleasants was in court, and he could testify to the same facts.

The first question of the district attorney made the fellow start and shiver.

"Are you in disguise, sir?"

"Wh—what," stammered the man.

"Have you a silver grey wig over your dark hair?"

The man looked amazed and then frightened, but said nothing; and before he could recover his self-possession, the district attorney had stepped forward and removed the wig revealing a smoothly brushed head of dark brown hair.

"What does this mean?" he asked sternly.

"Only a fancy!" was the surly answer. "I've worn that wig for years."

"Have you indeed? Did you wear it all day yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," was the confident response.

"Where?"

"At Norcott, to be sure."

"All day?"

"Certainly. I was there the whole day."

"When did you arrive here at Carlisle?"

"At 7:20 this morning."

The district attorney gave me a triumphant wink; and then he stated to the court that he desired this witness to be detained till the close of the trial. The sheriff was directed to take charge of him. Mr. Caleb Wye came down from the stand with his wig in his hand, and took a seat by the sheriff, looking decidedly more bilious than I had yet seen him appear.

Mr. Pleasants was loudly called for by the defense; but no one came forward. The unexpected reception which the last witness had met probably chilled the ardor of his confederate, and he wisely choose to keep himself in the background. This then was all of the defense; and my evidence at once blew it to the wind. I looked directly at Mr. Wye (so called), while I was telling the jury when, where and under what circumstances I had seen him the previous day, and I saw him tremble like an aspen leaf. The jury convicted the prisoner without leaving their seats, and the witness was locked up for further consideration.

I left Carlisle the next morning and heard nothing more of this affair for several weeks. Then a letter from the district attorney, thanking me for the assistance I had rendered him, conveyed more details.

"The witness Wye," he wrote, "whose real name is Nicholas Bray, was indicted for perjury. A very slight investigation showed me that we could prove that he had no right to the name of Wye; that neither he nor any man by the name of Pleasants ever kept store in Norcott, and that neither of them were known there at all. This, with your evidence, would have been sufficient to convict him; and understanding it as well as anybody, he concluded to save trouble and plead guilty. So he and Slifer are both in the penitentiary, and will stay there for a term of years."

A Veritable Ghost Story.

Many of our readers, says the Louisville Journal, remember the daring exploits of Jerome Clarke, *alias* Sue Munday, the notorious guerrilla and robber during the war and his subsequent execution in this city by the military authorities. The story of his life and crimes have been revived in a very singular manner. For some weeks past the people living near Eighteenth Street and Broadway, the place of his execution, have been startled by strange sights and sounds. The ghost of Sue Munday has often been seen flitting across the commons, in the vicinity of the fatal tree, at all hours of the night. Sometimes alone, with his hands pinioned behind him, and the fatal cap drawn over his eyes; again, dangling in the air, with a rope around his neck, struggling as if in the agonies of death. At other times he was accompanied by the girl who so fondly and truly loved him, and to whom he wrote so affectionately a few hours before his death. Many of the people were skeptical on the subject, and attempted to solve the mystery. The strange couple were seen by hundreds of people, but always, when closely approached, mysteriously disappeared—vanished into thin air.

Every attempt to solve the mystery only tended to deepen it, and many people of the vicinity finally believed that the objects that they saw were Sue Munday and his phantom bride. The ghosts got to be a terror, and the nervous maidens and children were afraid to go out after dark. The ghost finally got to be such an annoyance that the police were appealed to, and on Sunday night last Lieutenant John Shelly was informed that the apparitions or ghosts were in full view. He repaired to the spot, and sure enough saw the tall form of a man, with a female all dressed in white, hanging on his arm, walking slowly in the direction of the fatal tree, and finally take a seat. He went up to them rapidly, when the female in white suddenly disappeared, or at least seemed to do so. The lieutenant hastened on and seized hold of the man, and the ghost story was at an end. The man was real flesh and blood, and the lady in white had not disappeared She had only thrown a long black cloak over her dress, thus concealing her from view, except on a very close inspection. They were a couple of lovers, who, for lack of a better place, had chosen the fatal tree as a trysting-place, not knowing its history. As there is no law prohibiting courting the lieutenant released them, and explained the matter to the terrified people.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT, showing the power of an earnest love to overcome the the most formidable difficulties, is reported in the Colorado papers. A Chicago youth fell in love with a Colorado maid, whose father was so opposed to the proceedings that he drove the young man from his house with wrath and a revolver. Upon this the youth had the stern parent arrested for threatening his life; and when the old gentleman was safely locked up, by the judicious use of a ten dollar bill he induced the same justice of the peace who had imprisoned the father to marry him to the daughter. This done, the old man was brought up for trial, when he concluded to swap forgiveness with his enterprising son-in-law, who thereupon magnanimously withdrew his complaint.

[From American Publisher for April.]

Matrimony Under Difficulties.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,
Author of "Overland Through Asia."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A friend of mine, who once lived in Iowa, used to tell a story of a wedding that he witnessed, where the ceremony was performed on the same couple three times in one night. He was wandering through northern Iowa, and southern Minnesota, on a search for timber lands, and was accompanied by a backwoods adventurer named Preston. Near the line between Iowa and Minnesota, they stopped a few weeks at the house of a settler named Jenkins. The latter had a buxom daughter, and was well off for a backwoodsman, and the situation appeared decidedly favorable to Preston. So he courted the daughter, and was polite to the parents; the result was that a wedding was arranged and all the neighbors for ten miles around were invited.

Jenkins was a liberal provider, and weddings were not frequent in his family. He laid in half a barrel of whiskey, and his wife and daughter cooked enough for a small army, so that nobody should go away hungry. There was a preacher in the neighborhood, who had arrived there recently, and he was invited to unite the pair. He tied the knot, and was rewarded by Preston, who made a mess of the affair by dropping a couple of silver dollars into the punch bowl while trying to hand them to the parson. The bride's arm was called into requisition to lift out the cash, which she did with all the skill of a native of Long Island fishing for "Blue Points" with a pair of oyster tongs.

For the invited guests, the business of the evening began with the supper that followed the wedding ceremony. Preston took his full share of punch and whiskey before retiring to the bridal chamber, which was reached by a ladder through the floor of the garret. Mrs. Preston had been taken there by the bridesmaids half an hour earlier, and when the couple had disappeared there was a fresh assault upon the whiskey.

It leaked out in the course of the evening, that the parson was not an ordained preacher, but only one of those ministerial fledglings who have been "licensed to exhort." When old Jenkins heard the rumor he went for the exhorter and extracted from him the horrible fact that he was not really authorized to unite couples in holy matrimony, but he had officiated on this occasion because he thought it was all right, and nobody would know the difference. Jenkins flew around like a boy with a bumble bee in his coat sleeve; he kicked the unhappy exhorter out of doors, and went up the ladder like a monkey climbing a window-blind

"Here you, git up, GIT UP!" he shouted; "you ain't married at all. Git up this minute. Git up and come down, quick."

The voice of Preston was heard to drawl out that he wouldn't get up, and that if his respected father-in-law did not clear out and mind his business he would get his nose busted.

Jenkins explained the situation, and the couple arose. In a few minutes they came down the ladder, looking very sheepish, and the bride blushing like a red wagon. There was a justice of the peace in the party, and he performed the ceremony, which, unfortunately for Preston, took his only remaining silver dollar.—There were more drinks, and then the couple again ascended the ladder to their bridal apartments. Preston muttered, as he climbed the ladder, that if he ever found that parson he would hurt his face so that his friends could not identify him without a magnifying glass.

Of course the party down stairs, who were making a night of it, talked over the peculiarities of the wedding, and their talk developed the fact that the justice of the peace lived in Iowa, while the house of Jenkins was in Minnesota. Jenkins was informed of the situation, and away he went once more for the ladder. He was louder in his tones than before, and his first words met a prompt answer from Preston.

"Now, look here, old man," said Preston, as he bounded out of bed, "there has been fooling enough around this yere ladder to-night, and if you don't *git*, I'll bust yer head."

He picked up a cow-hide boot, as he spoke, and advanced menacingly. A shrill voice from the bed, urged him not to hurt "pa."

"Don't shoot, don't," said Jenkins, as he retreated down the ladder, till his head was level with the garret floor.—There he paused and explained the new state of affairs to the enraged bridegroom, who stood over him with the boot uplifted, and ready for a blow.

Preston accepted the explanation, and the result was that the couple rose and dressed and descended the ladder. Then, with Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, and all of the guests who were sober enough to stand, they walked half a mile down the road to the Iowa line, and entered the Badger State. There the justice again united them. "And this time," said he, as he concluded the ceremony, "you are married, sartin, sure."

A TRAVELER, we are told, being in a wild country where he could find no provisions for himself or his dog, cut off the dog's tail and boiled it for his own supper, and gave the dog the bone.

A Singular Fascination.

The Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch* contains an account of a woman that was fascinated by a woman, which is most remarkable as a psychological study. A lady was one of the teachers at a school in a little country town, and among her pupils was a young girl who became so attached to her as to be restless when not near her, and so marked did this love become that her parents withdrew her from the school, and soon afterwards the teacher left the place. The girl was sent to another school in a distant town, but proved so refractory that at one time the principal thought it advisable to send her home; she would not study nor associate with the other girls, until at last a lady—her old teacher—came to the town and applied for a situation as teacher, which was denied her. Then she established a school of her own, and her occasional visits to he old pupil were so beneficial that the girl became sociable and attractable. The parents discovering that their daughter was again under the influence of the woman whom by this time they cordially hated, withdrew her from school and took her home. In the next week the woman came to the village in which the parents resided and requested to be the child's governess, but was refused, and another was taken in her place, whereupon the girl became so obstreperous that she tore up her books and threw them at the head of the governess, who, not liking such treatment, went her ways. As no plausible reason could be urged against allowing the two to see each other occasionally, the strange woman was permitted to visit at the house, until the girl's parents became so jealous of her that they actually drove her from the town, although her conduct had been unexceptionable.—Letters were exchanged, and as time passed the strange love seemed to increase and gain entire control of the girl's mind. Although she had grown into womanhood she loathed the company of men, having numerous lovers nevertheless, she would have nothing to do with them. Her friend was in a distant town and hardly able to support herself, and this fact so preyed on the girl's heart that she determined to go to her, and she did at last, although her parents discarded her for it. The two worked together in poverty, and when at last the elder died, she said to her weeping friend: "Oh! darling, turn away your face and let me die!" Eight years have passed since that time, but her grief yet torments her; she sits alone and mopes all day long in her father's house, to which she has been welcomed. She does not seem to be insane, and physicians think that in time she may recover from her strange and melancholy plight; but her parents knowing her thoroughly, do not believe that she will ever escape the strange fascination of the dead.

THERE is a story told of a young man in Baltimore who got into trouble through his persistent folly in reading the newspapers. It seems he saw an account of how lovers in Seville, when they are forbidden to visit their heart's delight, stand under the young ladie's window at night, and converse with them through a hollow tin tube made in sections, so that it can be shut together like a spy-glass, and used as a cane. This youth in Baltimore loved a damsel whose father regarded this love's young dream as an inferior kind of nightmare which had to be shaken of at all hazards. So he refused to permit the dreamer to come to his house. Well, this infatuated one went right down to a tinker and procured about forty feet of tubing, which closed up into the smallest possible space. Then he used to go round in the evenings, unreef his speaking trumpet, and run it up into the second story back window, where his angel was, and roost out on the fence, whispering all sorts of sweet things all along through that forty feet of pipe. This was all very nice as far as it went. But one evening the eagle-eyed old man came to the room door with a pitcher full of hot water in his hand and sent his daughter off suddenly on an errand. Then the despicable old scoundrel called down the pipe in a falsetto voice until the youth placed his ear against it and then—but it was sufficient to make one side of the young lover's face resemble an underdone tenderloin steak. When his friends ask him what is the matter he says he has been down in the country and has been sunburned; but he is convinced that Spanish customs, taking them as a whole—are abominable! He thinks, however, that forcible application to the old gentleman of the method of walking popularly supposed to be in use among the Spanish people, will be healthful and invigorating if the said lover ever comes in contact with the said hardened old villain.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

A SOUTHERN editor says of a rival editor "that he is inclined to deny the crime of being red-headed. Well, you may call it auburn, or blonde, or anything else, but our impression is that he would be entitled to the first place in any torchlight procession."

AN exchange sensibly remarks that a man who will take a newspaper for any length of time, and then have it sent back refused and unpaid for, would swallow a blind dog's dinner and then stone the dog for being blind.