Cambria Freeman.

J. 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 8, 1871. NUMBER 11.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND

COME and SEE!

GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE and stand of STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to J. A. Shoemaker & Co., and having made additional

STOCK OF NEW GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY,

we now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as may persuade us, with Goods of all kinds at

PRICES FULLY AS LOW

as any other merchant in or out of Cambria county. It is our intention to keep our Store always stocked with a full and well selected stock of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and all other articles, large or small, that can be found in any store of like character in the county; and as we intend to

SELL EXCLUSIVELY for CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE,

and thus avoid bad debts, we feel sure that our cash and our prices will not only secure but merit a liberal share of patronage.

FREQUENT VISITS FROM ONE AND ALL

are respectfully solicited, and if we fail to represent satisfaction, both as regards the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them, we earnestly beg that all of the new firm at Shoemaker & Co., High Street, bear in mind that it is our desire to call and we'll not forget to give full value for your money.

MYERS & LLOYD.

Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

ALL KINDS OF

CABINET FURNITURE

No. 150 and 152 Clinton Street,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus, Washstands, Tables, Bedsteads, Sideboards, Extension Tables, Dining Tables, Cupboards, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Cane Chairs, Wood Seat Chairs, Kitchen Furniture, Bird Lounges, Mattresses, Tete-a-Tetes, Extension Tables, Dining Tables, Cupboards,

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at fair prices. Cabinet and Chairmakers' materials of every kind for sale. Furniture delivered at any place in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of cartage.

WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

GOOD NEWS!

NEW GOODS!

Enlarged, having received and opened a splendid assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods,

consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinetts, Jeans, Waterproofs, Dress Goods of all kinds, French Poplins, Alpacas, Lustres, Cashmeres, Amures, Prints, &c., &c. Also, an extensive variety of Shawls, Veils, Gloves, Hosiery, Fancy Articles for Ladies' wear, together with a choice stock of

READY-UP CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,

Boots and Rubbers, a full assortment of Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c.; CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, and all other articles of goods usually kept in a country store. These goods we pledge our word to

SELL AT VERY LOWEST PRICES,

are determined to give as good bargains as any dealer in town or country.

Thankful for past favors, we hope to merit a continuance and increase of public patronage in the future.

F. H. SHIELDS & SON.

Loretto, Pa., Nov. 3, 1870.-tf.

GOOD FOR WILMORE!

THE LADIES COMPLIMENTED!!

NEW FIRM and NEW GOODS.

It has been conceded of late years that the ladies of Wilmore and vicinity are the best as well as the most sensible of any lot in the county, which may probably in part be accounted for by the fact, not yet generally known, that they buy all their **Millinery and Fancy Goods** at the **NEW STORE** of **E. PAUL & CO.**, who have just received the largest and most complete stock ever brought to Wilmore, consisting of NEW DRESS GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, which they sell at Johnstown prices for cash or in exchange for country produce. Call and see for yourselves at the **New Store**, one door East of the new United Brethren church.

E. PAUL & CO.

Wilmore, Nov. 17, 1870.-3m.

MONONGAHELA FOUNDRY!

AND

MACHINE WORKS.

Anderson & Freyvogel,

Successors to S. S. Fowler,

Iron Founders and Mill Furnishers,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Saw Mill and White Lead Machinery; Cast-iron Mortars, Cocalico & Esop's Mill Stones (Beaver's and Freeman Anchor Brands Bolting Cloths), Water Wheels, Smut Machines, Rolling Mill Machinery, Pulleys, Hangers and Shafting.

No. 39 WATER STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA. [3m]

JUST LOOK AT THIS!!

Important to Real Estate Owners.

The undersigned, having entered into partnership, the subscribers now prepared to do all kind of work in their line, such as boring for WATER, OIL, GAS, and other MINERALS, making NEW PUMPS and repairing old ones. We are also ready at all times to bore and drill wells and manufacture and put in position the celebrated EXCELSOR PUMP, the cheapest, most durable and satisfactory Pump for cisterns now in use. This Pump will work in a well thirty feet deep. We now keep at all times a supply of these Pumps on hand and can furnish them on short notice. We feel satisfied on guaranteed in quality and workmanship, and water insured on any farm we may be ground. Orders solicited and promptly attended to when length of Pump or kind of work desired is made known to us. For further information call on or address

SWANEY & FEIGHNER,

Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa.

ST. CLOUD HOTEL,

Ninth Street, above Seventh,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NEWLY NEW, with ample capacity for 250 guests. Terms, $2 per day. The ST. CLOUD is elegantly furnished throughout, and has every convenience for the reception of guests, by the proprietor, who has so successfully conducted the house for years the well-known Mountain House, at Cresson Springs.

C. W. MULLIN & BRO., Prop'rs.

Feb. 11, 1871.-3m.

GEORGE HUNTLEY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

STOVES, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, &C.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Is still Agent for the renowned Ætna Mowing and Reaping Machine, as also for the celebrated *Copper Mower and Reaper*, Stoner's superior Horse Hay Rake, the best in the market, Prout's Combined Horse Hay Fork and Knife, which cannot be beat, Stoner's Grain Drills, an article every farmer should have, Grain Fanning Mills, Corn Cultivators, Center Lever Plows, with iron or wood beams and handles, cast steel mould boards and shares, Stand-sides; also, agent for the Blanchard Churn, the best churn now in use, and every one of which is warranted to give full satisfaction or no sale. Stoves and hardware of every description constantly on hand at low figures for cash. Farmers are requested to send in their orders early for *Mowers and Reapers, Horse Rakes and Forks*. Pamphlets containing descriptions and directions for *Mowers and Reapers and Churns* sent free on application to

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, March 18, 1871.-4m.

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. AN 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 53 feet front on Main street and 264 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 160 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 105 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.

AN ORDINANCE of Loretto Borough

RELATING TO THE OBSTRUCTION OF

STREETS, SIDEWALKS and ALLEYS.

Be it enacted and ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Loretto, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by said authorities:

SECTION 1. That from and after the publication of this Ordinance, it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to obstruct or in any way discommode the free use of St. Mary's street or the sidewalks thereto pertaining, in said Borough of Loretto, by depositing thereon lumber, shingles, wood, boxes, or any other material or substance whatsoever; and any person or persons so obstructing said street or sidewalks, after due notice as herein given, shall be subject to a fine of *Five Dollars* for each and every such offence.

SECTION 2. If any person or persons shall, by the construction of fences or in any other way whatsoever, obstruct or diminish the free use of any of the Streets or Alleys of said Borough, so as to render the same impassable or inconvenient as a public highway, he, she or they so offending shall forfeit and pay a fine of *Twenty-Five Dollars* for each and every such offence. And any person or persons who may have, previous to the passage of this Ordinance, placed any obstruction or obstructions in either of said Streets or Alleys, and shall neglect or refuse to remove the same within twenty days after the publication of this Ordinance, he, she or they so offending shall be liable to the same penalty as herein before enacted by this section.

SECTION 3. The fines in all cases provided for by this Ordinance shall be recovered on the information of any citizen or officer of said Borough; and all fines so recovered shall be held for the use of the Borough.

A. J. CHRISTY, Burgess.

F. D. SAUPP, Clerk. [3-25.-3t.]

ESTATE OF JOS. A. URBAN, DEC'D.—*Administration Notice.*—Letters of Administration on the estate of Joseph A. Urban, late of Chest Springs borough, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, he hereby requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

PETER URBAN, Administrator.

Chest Springs, March 25, 1871.-6t.*

ESTATE OF MICHAEL M'GLADE, DEC'D.—*Administration Notice.*—Letters of Administration on the estate of Michael McGlade, late of Allegheny township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and all those having claims against the same will present them in proper shape for settlement.

MARGARET McGLADE, Adm'x.

Allegheny Twp., March 25, 1871.-4t.*

CHEAP READING FOR CATHOLICS.—Now publishing in Monthly Parts, at 25 cents each part, BUTLER'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS. LIFE OF THE B. V. MARY, and other publications of a religious and devotional character, any or all of which will be delivered each month as issued to all subscribers sending their names and addresses to

M. P. MEAGHER, Johnstown, Pa.,

Feb. 25.-tf. *Agent for Virtue & Forster.*

The Poet's Department.

"DON'T WHIP HIM!"

[*From the Illinois State Journal.*]

The following pretty poem inculcates a wholesome lesson. It was written by Mrs. Mary Riley Smith, formerly of Brighton, and now of this city. Her lines have appeared in numerous papers, and been copied largely in others with great public approbation. The poetess is now a regular contributor to *Moore's Rural New Yorker*. Her verses are eminently home sketches, and we are glad to contribute to their circulation.

Our Robby was pinching the kitten,
And kicking his primer about,
And pulling a beetle to pieces,
His face all awry in a pout;
His mamma, who, silent and patient,
Had heard all his fretting and noise,
Now reached for the *whip* on the mantel—
The terror of four-year-old boys.

But grandma, with snowy-white 'kerchief
Pinned over her warm, loving breast,
Where ten little heads had been pillowed
And rocked into childhood's sweet rest,
Looked up from her little wool stocking,
Just finished and laid on her knee,
And said, "Dear, you'll *ruin* his temper,
And you had far better let the child *be!*

"Don't whip him; his father before him
Was flogged, and shut up in the dark,
And stood on one foot in the corner,
And *disciplined* up to the mark;
We gave him no credit for honor,
But watched him as spiders watch flies,
And what did it teach him? Why, *mainly*
To practice deceit and tell lies.

"We called it affection and duty—
God knows we were fond of the boy—
But I guess his remembrance of childhood
Is not quite a well-spring of joy.
So put up that willow-whip, daughter,
And try little Robbie once more;
You see he's forgotten his passion,
And lies, half asleep, on the floor."

Then grandmother lifted her darling,
And patted his head on her breast,
And sang about "Old Mother Hubbard,"
Till all Robbie's woes were at rest.
And, as the wee whip, bright and yellow,
Was laid on the mantel again;
And that is the way that these grandmas
Spoil nine little boys out of ten!

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., February, 1871.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

I was on my way from Paris to Rome, and one morning in May found myself in the City of Marseilles, where I had come up my mind to take the steamer for Italy. The vessel I had intended to sail in had departed the day previous to my arrival, so there was nothing to do but to select the next best and commence my journey. After noting the offers of the various companies, I finally settled upon the General Abbertoci, of the Valery Line, and after seeing my baggage aboard, and looking in vain for some one to whom I might say good-by, I followed suit, and was soon on the deck.

I looked around me at our passengers; never was there a greater mixture of nations. French, Spanish, and above all Italian, was heard on every side, but I listened in vain for a sound of our good old English tongue. After numerous leave-takings and kissings, such as only a foreigner can indulge in, we managed to get off, and steamed from the harbor with a light breeze following, and as happy a company as was ever got together. There were several notables on board, the Consul-General of France to Rome, and his wife, an accomplished and elegant woman, several Secretaries of Legation, besides many officers of the French Army, who, with a company of troops, were on their way to relieve a part of the garrison at Civita Vecchi, then held by the French. As we sailed along many small boats followed us, the occupants shouting and waving their good-byes until we were out of sight. Could they have seen what the next twenty-four hours would produce; could they have known that their good-byes were indeed farewells to those who, before the morrow's sun, would be in eternity, their gladness would have been changed to sorrow, and their rejoicing to tears.

As I said, we sailed on the morning of the 7th of May, 1869, and nothing occurred to mar our voyage up to 8 o'clock that night, when the wind changed, and a head sea set in, which quickly drove all the ladies and most of the men below. As for myself, (having spent nearly a year at sea, and never suffering from that malady called sea-sickness,) I walked the deck for some two hours, partly for the fresh air, which I could not get in the saloon, and partly because a feeling of uneasiness and insecurity had taken hold of me, which I endeavored in vain to throw off. There were good grounds, however, for my feelings, for I had not been half an hour on board before I noticed a lack of discipline among the officers and crew, which boded no good in case of accident, and which was afterward fully confirmed by their conduct. We were also heavily laden, including among our freight a deck-load of petroleum, upon the barrels of which the troops lay or sat smoking. I endeavored in vain, by signs, to make the Captain understand the nature of such inflammable material, but he treated the subject with the utmost indifference, and, shrugging his shoulders, went into his room, as if the fate of over sixty lives were of no possible consequence.

Having remained on deck up to nearly 11 o'clock, I went to my room and lay down, taking off my coat merely, for the horrid presentiment that something would occur still clung to me, and made my sleep anything but quiet. It was about 1 o'clock when I was awakened by a fearful crash, followed instantly by two more shocks repeated in quick succession, while at the same moment shrieks and cries burst from all parts of the cabin, while terrified women and children were rushing madly hither and thither. My first thoughts were that we had struck upon some hidden reef or shoal which this part of the Mediterranean abounds in, but on reaching the deck I soon saw my mistake, for a large brig, whose outlines I could just see in the darkness, was slowly drifting away from us, and I knew in a moment that we had crushed into her, and the only question now was, were we sinking or was she?

Every one was now on deck, and the confusion and excitement was dreadful. Men called aloud for their wives, and mothers for their children, while others on their knees called upon God to save them.

I went the to forward part of the ship and saw enough to convince me that an hour would soon decide the case for us all, for our bows, which were made of iron, (in fact, the ship was iron, and Clyde built,) were all stove in, and the water fast pouring in in great volumes at the apertures. But another sight I saw, which, for cowardice and unsailorlike conduct, could hardly be equaled. The Captain and crew, with only one or two glorious exceptions, had seized the only boat left uninjured, and in the indistinct light I saw them pulling away from the ship, and leaving us to our fate. I rushed back to the stern, where the passengers, who had now caught sight of the boat, were vainly stretching forth their hands and begging for the love of God to take them in. The Consul, whom I have mentioned, shouted a reward of two hundred thousand francs, would they but take his wife. In his agony he beseeched and prayed them, but money in that hour had no temptation, and his words fell on ears deaf to all mercy.

Seeing one of the sailors, who yet bravely stood at the wheel, I asked, by signs, for life-preservers. He shook his head; they had none. I then tried to get two or three men together, who would help me wrench off doors or cut away the seats and benches which ran along the upper deck for a raft, but they would not stir; either they could not understand or fear had paralyzed them. And now the ship was settling by the bows and rapidly sinking; already the water was nearly amidships, and almost up to the fires. The engineer had left his post, with the engine at full speed, and it was pushing us here and there, as chance directed. I now began to look around to see how I might save myself. The time had passed when we might have passed together, and every one for himself was the thought of all.

Having taken off my clothing, I seized a small settee; it was almost good for nothing as a float, yet more than one attempted to take it from me, and it was only by threatening them all with my knife that I could keep possession. I knew that it was a chance, if it would hold but one, and life was too dear to part with lightly.

As the water reached the boilers, the stream poured out in volumes, and many, thinking we were on fire, added to the scene by their cries. I had made up my mind to throw my settee overboard, and was about to put it into execution when my attention was drawn to the brig, which was approaching again with the evident intention of affording help. The ship had now sunk so far that her stern was raised some thirty feet above the water, and only the mizzen-mast was clear of it. Every moment we could feel her settling lower and lower, preparing for her final plunge to the bottom. We were all huddled together in the stern, anxiously looking for boats, or at least a boat from the brig, when the Captain hailed us, asking what nation the ship was. He spoke in French, and we cried back: The General Abbertoci, Italian; we are sinking; can you save us? Then a silence ensued, and mothers hushed their children, and we all waited the words—the words of life or death. The answer came back clear and distinct: We cannot help you, we are sinking ourselves. Oh, the agony of that moment. Yet there was no more frantic crying, but men grasped each others hands in a farewell grip, and a dark, settled despair was on the face of all.

I now determined to reach the brig or perish attempting it, for I saw there was no hope for us, and I reasoned that the brig, being a wooden vessel would hold out the longest, or at least afford means of building a raft. At any rate it was death to stay where I was, for I knew I should be drawn in by the suction when she sank. So, grasping my watch, and what money I had with me, which I had taken from my vest, I went up the rigging, and as the brig sank on the swells, I jumped down and across. The exact distance I sprang I could not say, but I struck her gunwale and fell in the passage way, between it and the after-cabin. I lay for a moment stunned, and then springing up, I came amidships. Here everything also was in confusion, our steamer having struck her on the starboard side near the bow, cutting a hole in her to the water, and carrying away a good part of her rigging.

The Captain and sailors, numbering about ten men, were endeavoring to get a small boat, which lay keel upward on her deck, free from the entangled rigging, and launch it. It was only after working with a will that we were enabled to get it over the side, and jumping in as best we could, we pulled away from the brig toward the steamer, but we dare not approach too near for fear of being drawn in, but shouted for them to jump, and we would try and pick them up.

It was too late. One awful scream, one cry of agony—such as I pray I may never hear again—as she plunged to the bottom; and of all those cabin passengers, I alone was left. The waters met and closed over her as peacefully and calmly as if nothing had occured, and nearly sixty souls, men, women and children, were in eternity.

The day had fairly broken now, and with the new light we seemed to have new hope. Finding that the brig, which had drifted some way off, was still floating, we sheered for her, and, clambering up, threw ourselves upon the deck, worn out and exhausted. I think, had our vessel then, sank that not a man could have saved himself, so utterly were we used up.

But help was near at hand. We had discovered, while in the boat, the masts and spars of a ship looming up on the horizon, and now she was in plain sight. We hoisted our flag as being in distress, and shouted, and almost cried with joy, as we saw her return the signal, and then came bearing down toward us. As she passed where the steamer sank, she put out her boats and picked up two passengers, and then came to us. She proved to be *The King* bound from Norway to the coast of Africa. Her Captain, a bluff old sailor, but a kind-hearted man, after a consultation with the Captain of our brig, told him he would help him into the nearest port, which was Leghorn, or, as he called it, Lireano. Our vessel, although severely damaged, would still float, for being, as sailors have it, only in ballast, viz., having no cargo we were enabled by constant pumping to keep the water out until we had stuffed the rent full of old cordage, sails, &c., and nailed a large lot of canvas over the side.

The Captain of *The King* had also picked up the Captain of the steamer and his crew in the boat which they had taken so basely, and, being rather short of provisions, with so many more thrown on his hands, all that could had to stay on the brig.

We found by observation that we were about 100 miles from Leghorn, and turned our prows in that direction; but now, one of these calms so frequent in this sea set in, and it was only after three days and nights' increasing labor at the pumps that we reached the port. The ship, meanwhile, kept close by us, and at night our lamps answered each other's welcome light, while deck-watches of the two vessels sent across the water the joyful cry of "All's well." I was quite used up and unfit for duty after the second day, for my feet were swollen and purple, and my left wrist sprained from my jump, but it was not until cramps set in that I gave up taking my turn at the pumps, for there was many a poor fellow worse than I.

The moment we arrived the news spread like fire, and soon a crowd of many hundreds were about us asking questions and pressing upon our acceptance food and money, and in fact, like many others of our species, we needed both, for a more sorry looking crowd it would be hard to find. Our wardrobe was made up of the odds and ends belonging to the Captains of the two vessels, and was anything but comfortable, but we little thought of that, for life had been spared us, while so many had met a watery grave. Of my journey to Rome, and the reception I received there, I will not speak—suffice it to say that a more kind-hearted people than the Italians, or ones more ready to help those in actual distress, do not live. I made a statement of the affair before an American Consul at Leghorn, and have since learned that the Captain of the *Abbertoci* is serving out a term of eighteen years in the Government prison for not having his lights out, and cowardice in leaving his vessel.

Nearly two years have now passed since that night, but I can yet see those pale faces, and hear the shrieks as they sank. It will cling to me while I exist, for I am sure I can never forget while memory lasts—my leap for life.

HOW'S THAT FOR HONEY?—Rather an amusing joke was practised recently on one of the committee of ladies appointed to examine honey, and other sweets, and award premiums, at a fair in California. Some practical joker procured a honey jar and filled it with Dr. McDaniel's castor oil, and labled it "honey." The jar was nicely fixed and set among numerous honey samples. When the committee came along the nice-looking jar immediately attracted her attention and she proceeded to examine it. Holding in one hand an immense tablespoon, she poured out the contents of the jar, the clear amber color of which excited favorable remark, and it was declared as fine looking honey as there was in the pavilion. Having a mouth watering for the delicious sweet, and eyes sparkling in joyous anticipation, she threw her head back, opened her mouth, thrust in the spoon and swallowed the contents at a gulp. But the pleasant expression which was on her countenance was immediately succeeded by one one of horror and disgust, and the laughter of the joker, who witnessed the success of the trick, soon led to an exposition of the fraud.

A SCHOOL BOY having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expounded as follows: "The throat—A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn with it; the latter preaches through his'n and then lies it up."

OUR DOG IN CHURCH.

He was a little fluttered on first entering the chapel—so many people there and all sitting so quiet. In this there was something awesome for Our Dog, and when out of this unnatural quiet they rose suddenly to sing, Our Dog was frightened, and would have run out of doors, only the doors were closed. He soon recovered himself. They were only folks, after all—such as he saw every day in the street and house. He began to recognize one after another. He tried to get up a little sociability with them, but they took little or no notice of him. Everybody seemed strangely constrained and altered. Our Dog is a pet, and this cut him. But his is a self-reliant, recuperative nature, so he threw himself on his own resources for amusement. He was delightfully ignorant of the proprieties of church or church service. The choir is separated from the congregation only by a slightly raised platform. On this walked Our Dog. Again there was singing. He first smelt of the organ; he then smelt of the organist, and wagged his tail at him. The organist looked with an amused and kindly eye, but he would not stop. Our Dog then smelt of the basso profundo; he smelt of the tenor; he smelt them first on one side and then on the other. Then he went back and resmelt them all over again; also the organ. That was a little curious. There might be a chorus of dogs inside; and that man at the keys tormenting them. To him, at any rate, it was not melody. He walked around it and then smelt at every crack and corner, to get at the mystery. He tried to coax a little familiarity out of that choir. They seemed to be having a good time; of course, he wanted a hand or a paw in it himself. It was of no use. He stood and looked, and wagged his white, bushy tail at them as hard as he could. But, selfishly, they kept all their pleasure to themselves. So he left the choir and came down again among the congregation. There, sure enough, were two little girls on the back seat. He knew them; he had enjoyed many a romp with them. Just the thing! Up he jumped with his paws on that back seat; yet even they were in no humor for play. They pushed him away, and looked at each other, as if to say, "Did you ever see such conduct in church?"

It was rebuff everywhere. Our Dog would look closer into this matter. The congregation were all standing up. So he walked to the open end of a pew, jumped on it and behind the people's backs, and walked to get in front of the little girls, that he might have an explanation with them. Just then the hymn ceased. Everybody sat down with the subdued crash of silk and broadcloth.—Everybody on that bench came near sitting down on Our Dog. It was a terrible scramble to get out.

Still he kept employed. There was a line of chairs in the aisle. In one of these deliberately sat Our Dog. If everybody would do nothing but sit still and look at that man in the pulpit, so would he. But somehow he moved one hind leg inadvertently. It slipped over the chair's edge. Our Dog slipped over with it, and came as near tumbling as a being with four legs can. All this made noise, and attracted attention. Little boys and girls and big boys and girls snickered and snorted and strained as only people can snicker and snort and strain where they ought not to. Even some of the elders made queer faces. The sexton then tried to put Our Dog out. But he had no idea of going. He had come with our folks, and he was not going until they went. The strange man grabbed for him, but he dodged him time and again with all his native grace and agility. This was something like; it was fun. The sexton gave up the chase; it was ruining the sermon. Our Dog was sorry to see him go and sit down; he stood at a distance looking at him, as if to say, "Well ain't you going to try it again?"

No. No more of that. Nobody was doing anything save the man in the pulpit. Our Dog would go up and see what all that was about. So he marched up the main aisle, and as did so he waved, in a majestic and patronizing sort of way, his bushy tail, and it seemed to say, "Well, you can sit here, glum and silent, if you have a mind to. I do no such thing. I'm a dog; I need none of your preaching; I'm superior to all that.—Things go easy enough with me, without coming here, once a week to sit silent, sad, melancholy and stupid, and be scolded by a man whom you pay for it."

Then with an innocent and touching ignorance that he was violating all the proprieties of time and place, Our Dog went boldly up on the pulpit stairs while our minister was preaching, and stood and surveyed the congregation. Indeed, he appropriated much of that congregation's attention to himself. He stood there and surveyed that audience with a confidence which, to a nervous and inexperienced speaker, would be better than gold or diamonds. He didn't care. He smelt of the minister. He thought he'd try and see if the latter were in any mood for sociability. No; he was busier than any of the rest. The stupidity and silence of all this crowd of people who sat there and looked at him puzzled Our Dog.

He could see no sense in it. Some little boys and girls did smile as he stood there; seemingly, those smiles were for him. But so soon as he reciprocated the apparent attention, so soon as he made for them, the smiles would vanish, the faces become solemn. And so at last, with a yawn, Our Dog flung himself on the aisle floor, laid his head on his fore paws and counted over the beef bones he had buried during the last week. Not a word of the sermon touched him; it went clear over his head.—Lippincott's Magazine for March.

WIT AND WISDOM.—The *Caucasian* gets off the following upon the marriage of an old friend and associate:

Leaf by leaf the roses fall. Yelp by yelp, young cherubs bawl. One by one folks cross the river; one by one are ferried o'er, and the white robed angel boatman bears them to the blissful shore.—The trap sprung and another victim caught. The ministerial lariat thrown and another hapless bumpkin writhing and dancing on the airy nothingness of honeymoonatic delights. One by one, our boonest companions are passing away to that bourne whence no voyager returns; save through a Chicago divorce court, or the expense of a first-class funeral. At present rates, the jeremiades of the last dogfennel blossoms of summer will, ere long, be ours: 'All our blooming associates are faded and gone' to happiness of the cobhubialistic type. A few years since a noble band of handsome and high-aspiring friends stood around us—fresh, bright, verdant young plants. The matrimonial simoon swept over the plain—and where are they now? Smitten, blasted, cut down like the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is made into grass to feed a donkey, or line a goose's nest! Faded, withered, dry enough for peasticks. Alas! alas! what has got into the youth of the land? Caught by a giggle, see how they wriggle. In vain do we expostulate and warn them. The tinkle of a guitar, or the rippling of a "teechee" of maidenly merriment, comes floating on the air, and the admonitory roar of friendly Niagara, would be unheard. Heedlessly, needlessly, scorning instruction, onward they're rushing, surging and plunging down to destruction, or to matrimony, which amounts to the same. The young, the brave, the gay, the grave, the ugly, the pretty, the silly, the witty, the brilliant, the stupid, all yield to Cupid—all seem bound to travel the broad gudgeon-path that leads to beatific moonshine, white kids, orange blossoms, altars and benevolent persons, vineclad cottages, grocer bills, wash days and biscuit, slops, coffee, seedy hats, patched elbows, faded calicoes, drudgery, squalls and variegated unpleasantness! Poor wretches! Heaven help them.

BAD WRITING.—Nothing is so common now-a-days as bad writing, and in view of the abundant facilities for learning to write a good hand, there is no excuse for not doing so. The subjoined is too good to be lost and will richly repay perusal:

"The actor Macready's handwriting was curiously illegible, and especially when writing orders of admission to the theater. One day, at New Orleans Mr. Brougham obtained one of these from him for a friend. On handing it to the gentleman, the latter observed that if he had not known what it purported to be, he would never have suspected what it was. 'It looks more like a prescription than any thing else,' said he.

"'So it does,' said Mr. Brougham; 'let us go and have it made up.'

"Turning into the nearest drug store the paper was given to the clerk, who gave it a careless glance, and then proceeded to get a phial ready and to pull out divers boxes. With another look at the order, down came a tincture bottle, and the phial was half filled. Then there was a pause. The gentlemanly attendant was evidently puzzled. At last he broke down completely, and rang for his principal, an elderly and severe looking individual, who presently emerged from the inner sanctum. The two whispered together for an instant, when the old dispenser looked at the document, and with an expression of pity for the ignorance of his subordinate, boldly filled the phial with some apocryphal fluid, and coolly corked and labeled it. Then handing it to the gentleman, who was waiting, he said, with a bland smile: 'A cough mixture, a very good one. Fifty cents, if you please.'"

WHAT AILED THE MARE.—Farmer—"What do you think is the matter wi' 'er, Mr. Quackington?" Young Farrier (fresh from the Horse College)—"Well—ahem—a—I think that probably the cartilaginous processes have subtended the ossification of bone, and thereby forcing the coronal arch to the magnetic meridian; consequently, as things which are equal to the same thing are equal to the square of the hypothenuse, it follows that the lateral thrust becomes so powerful as to damnify the ellipticity of the projection, producing such a concatenation of the fluid portions of the periosteum, and lesion of the less coagulated pigments of the cognate therapeutics, as elevate the chalybeate constituents of the anterior extremity of the tibia, which must, of course, guide the treatment to be pursued." Farmer—"Lor!"

WHY is the stomach ache like a celebrated English poet? Because it's an ache inside (Akenside.)