Cambria Freeman.

J. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, $2 per year in adv ance

VOLUME 5. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871. NUMBER 12.

New Advertisements.

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SEEDS! Seeds! Gardeners wanting fresh and reliable Seeds direct from the growers. We grow the varieties of Beet, Cabbage, Carrot, Sugar Corn, Lettuce, Melon, Onion, Parsnip, Squash, Turnip, and other Seeds. Catalogues with Price List free. WADE & ARMSTRONG, Seedsmen, ... Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light, and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50c. to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address and test the business, we make the unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample, which will do to commence work on, and a copy of The People's Literary Companion—one of the largest and best family newspapers ever published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Newspaper Advertising. A Book of 125 closely printed pages, lately issued, contains a list of the best American Advertising Mediums, giving the names, circulations, and full particulars concerning the leading Daily and Weekly Political and Family Newspapers, together with all those having large circulations, published in the interest of Religion, Agriculture, Literature, &c. Every Advertiser, and every person who contemplates becoming such, will find this book of great value. Mailed free to any address on receipt of 25 cents. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Publishers, No. 40 Park Row, New York. The Pittsburg (Pa.) Leader, in its issue of May 29, 1870, says: "The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co., which issues this interesting and valuable book, is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business scientifically and systematically in such a way: that is, so as to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

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; Mulberry, Cocalico & Esop's Mill Stones (De ...); German Anchor Brands Bolting Cloths, Water Wheels, Smut Machines, Rolling Mill and other Machinery, Pulleys, Hangers and Shafting. No. 39 WATER STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA. [3m.]

JUST LOOK AT THIS!! Important to Real Estate Owners. Having entered into partnership, the subscribers are now prepared to do all kind of work in their line, such as boring for WATER, COAL, ORE, and other MINERALS, making NEW PUMPS and repairing old ones. We are also ready at all times to bore and put down and manufacture and put in position the celebrated EXCELSIOR PUMP, the cheapest, most durable and satisfactory Pump for Wells and Cisterns now in use. This Pump will draw from a Well thirty feet deep. We will at all times keep a supply of these Pumps on hand and put them up or furnish them on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed in quality and price, and water insured on any farm or other 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, Arch Street, above Seventh, PHILADELPHIA, PA. ENTIRELY NEW, with ample capacity for 250 guests. Terms, $3 per day. The ST. CLOUD is newly and elegantly furnished throughout, and is opened for the reception of guests, by the proprietors, who have so successfully conducted for the past ten years the well-known Mountain House, at Cresson Springs. G. W. MULLIN & BRO., Prop'rs.

R. SCANLAN, Attorney-at-Law, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa. All manner of legal business attended to promptly and satisfactorily. Collections a specialty.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Levari Facias* and *Al. Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the UNION HALL IN JOHNSTOWN, on **Saturday, the 29th day of April next**, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Mrs. Sarah Bradley and Joseph Fieldhouse, of, in and to the following described property, to wit: A two story Plank Hotel, now occupied as a public inn or tavern, called the Continental Hotel, having a front of forty feet and a depth of thirty-six feet, with a porch six by forty (6x40) feet, one story high, and a one story Frame Stable appurtenant, twelve by forty (12x40) feet, situate on a certain lot or piece of ground fronting on Cinder street, in the Borough of Millville, Cambria county, and extending back to an alley—having an alley on the north-west and lot of Cambria Iron Company on the south-east, with appurtenances. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Edward Peden.

Also, All the right, title and interest of Jas. H. Howard, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the Fifth Ward of Johnstown Borough, Cambria county, fronting on Morris street on the south, running back along an alley on the west to an alley on the north, and adjoining lot of Timothy Hunt on the east, having thereon erected a two story Brick House and a two story Plank Store Room, and a Frame Stable, now in the occupancy of Thomas B. Moore. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of E. Benswanger, Jos. Heilburn and John Klemm, trading as Benswanger, Heilburn & Klemm.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, March 27, 1871.

AN INDIANA COUNTY FARM! AT PRIVATE SALE!

A VALUABLE FARM, situate in Pine township, Indiana county, Pa., three miles north of Strongstown, is offered for sale on the most accommodating terms. The FARM contains **300 ACRES** of excellent land, **150 Acres** cleared, under good fence and in a good state of cultivation, (40 ACRES being meadow,) the balance covered with a thick growth of pine timber.—THE IMPROVEMENTS consist of two FRAME HOUSES, in first class condition, a good FRAME BANK BARN, 44 by 52 ft., FRAME STABLE, &c., as well as a WATER SAW MILL in fine running order.—There are springs of excellent water convenient to both houses, and a splendid APPLE ORCHARD, comprising the choicest fruit, on the premises. There is also a *COAL BANK* opened and in good working order, with a vein of coal 4½ feet thick and of first rate quality.

The above described Farm is situate 3 miles from the line of the Homer and Cherrytree Rail Road, now partially under contract. For terms and other information apply on the premises or address PETER MULVEHILL, Strongstown, Indiana Co., Pa. [3-25.-3m.*]

PLURIES SUBPOENA IN DIVORCE.—MARY BURKHART, by her next friend, MICHAEL SLONAKER, *vs.* PHILIP BURKHART. *CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS:* [L.S.] *The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to* PHILIP BURKHART, *Greeting:* We command you, as we have often heretofore commanded you, that laying aside all manner of business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Ebensburg, at our County Court of Common Pleas there to be held, on the **first Monday of June next**, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife, MARY BURKHART, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony contracted with you, agreeably to the prayer of the petition and libel exhibited against you to our said Court. And you will nowise omit at your peril.

Witness the Honorable GEORGE TAYLOR, President Judge of our said Court at Ebensburg, the 16th day of March, A. D. 1871.
J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Attest—W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Ebensburg, March 28, 1871.-4t.

NOTICE.—To CHARLOTTE RICHARDS, widow of George Richards, late of the Township of White, in the County of Cambria, dec'd, and to JOHN RICHARDS, GEO. B. RICHARDS, MARY ANN RICHARDS, intermarried with Jacob Burg, SARAH JANE RICHARDS, intermarried with Daniel Spangler, HANNAH RICHARDS, intermarried with Perry Harkins, MALINDA RICHARDS, intermarried with Isaiah Hanes, and to EMANUEL RICHARDS, Heirs and Legal Representatives of GEORGE RICHARDS, late of White township, Cambria county, deceased:

Take notice that an Inquest will be held at the late dwelling house of George Richards, late of White township, Cambria county, dec'd, on **Tuesday, 18th day of April next**, at one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of making partition of the Real Estate of said deceased, to and among his children and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise, to value and appraise the same—at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.
WM. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, March 28, 1871.-3t.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, on **Saturday, the 22d day of April next**, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit: **All the right**, title and interest of A. P. Fields, of, in and to a Lot of Ground situate in West Ward, Ebensburg Borough, Cambria county, fronting 66 feet on High street, and extending back 132 feet to lot of Wm. S. Lloyd, adjoining lot of Robert Evans on the east and an alley on the west, having thereon erected a two story Frame House, with a one story Kitchen attached, now in the occupancy of Alexander Kinkead; and a one story Frame House, now in the occupancy of Joseph Owens. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of S. S. Mannion, for use of George A. Berry.
W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, March 24, 1871.-3t.

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**, fully **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 is 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.*

FOR SALE OR RENT.

THE undersigned offers for sale or rent his **STORE ROOM** on HIGH STREET, Ebensburg, three doors from Centre street, being on the south side of High street and opposite the Foster House. Said Store Room is a new building, 23x30 feet, two stories high, with good cellar under it. There are two back rooms, 20x20, upstairs and down, well finished inside. The building altogether is one of the best in Ebensburg for store purposes, and is decidedly the best located business stand in the town. Possession will be given immediately. For further information call upon or address
R. H. TUDOR,
Feb. 25, 1871.-tf. Ebensburg, Pa.

TIMBER LAND FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale on accommodating terms, **50 Acres of Timber Land** in Chest township, some seven miles north of Carrolltown. Said Tract is covered with Poplar, Linn and Pine Timber, and is within one-fourth mile of a Saw Mill. For terms and other information call on or write to
JOHN J. WARNER,
[4-1.-tf.] St. Lawrence, Cambria Co., Pa.

The Poet's Department.

THE SLANDER MILL.

'Tis not a new patent, but has long been in use,
And many have tried its fair fame to abuse,
And let me describe it from hopper to till—
The Belzebub Patent Slander Mill.

The young and the old can at once testify
To its power in charging the truth to a lie,
Or a lie to the truth, as the patron may will—
So very complete is the Slander Mill.

This machine will work best in a social way,
Where the people may talk or play;
And the fairest of hands may turn at will
The crank of the famous Slander Mill.

It can grind your character as fine as chaff
While the millers chat, and dance, and laugh,
And the victim feels a sudden chill
At every turn of the Slander Mill.

It crushes with ease a fair lady's name,
And changes her graces to sin and shame;
With the friendly glance of pure good will
Is reduced to a blot by the Slander Mill.

A man may think himself pure as snow,
And train his virtues to make them grow;
But he is marked FIEND with a visage of ill,
By a single turn of the Slander Mill.

The mother who toils for the babe and bread
With a soul as true as the stars o'er head,
Often fails the hungry mouths to fill
By passing through the Slander Mill.

The father, whose wish that wife and child,
With himself, may pass on undefiled
To the Land of Rest when God shall will,
Is ground to dust by the Slander Mill.

There's nothing good, noble, wise or pure
That, passing through this mill, can long endure
When Satan invented this thing of ill,
He knew who would use the Slander Mill.

So bring your grist, and have it ground
In the surest mill that was ever found;
Mrs. Grundy presides, and will take the toll,
Returning the chaff, but reserves the soul.

In all our dear homes there's a mill at work;
'Tis the human tongue—the devil's clerk—
Who faithfully serves at hopper and till
To feed the devouring Slander Mill.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

ODD BEAR STORIES.

A writer in the March issue of *Scribner's Magazine* gossips readably "About Bears." He considers bruin to be an animal in whom we have as instinctive an interest from boyhood onwards as we have an inherent horror of snakes or love of dogs.

Looked at from an intellectual point of view, the animal can hardly be considered a success. He lacks the keen instinct of the dog and the ponderous sagacity of the elephant. He is as serious as the ass, and far more stupid.

Numerous stories were told us in early youth touching this lack of common sense, such for example as that of the man in the wilds of the West who was superintending a saw-mill. While sitting upon the log that was being sawed, and eating his frugal repast, a huge black bear suddenly bounced in and invited himself to dinner. The proprietor politely withdrew, clambering into the rafters above, while bruin took his place upon the log and continued the meal. In a few moments the approaching saw touched the rump of the bear, and he edged forward. It again rasped him and he resented the indignity with a growl. The third time he resented the indignity in like manner. The fourth time he turned furiously and hugged the saw. And then a contest ensued that was very lively but exceedingly brief. At the end the modest sawyer descended to find a remnant of his dinner and considerable bear meat.

Again, we were assured that the common way of killing bears in Hardin forests was to suspend a log by a grapevine to a bee-tree. Bruin, who is fashionably fond of honey, in ascending the tree would knock the log aside with his paw. The log returning, would hit and infuriate the bear, and, a contest arising between the two, would bring the poor beast to grief—for the harder he would strike the more severe would the log rebound.—Not a bad fable is that to illustrate the evil which comes to the individual who creates strife in his own heart through hate, envy, malice, and all unchartitableness.

This fondness for sweets is only equaled by bruin's taste for infant pig. He cannot resist the squeal of the young porker, and will run his stupid head into all sorts of traps baited with the living animal.

There is a certain lumpish activity about the bear that is extremely diverting. One must not count too positively, however, on his lack of dexterity. The late witty and eccentric Judge Tappan once had a realizing sense of this.

He, with two or three companions, was boating on Lake Erie, near Sandusky, at an early day, when they observed a bear swimming from the mainland toward an island. The party, armed only with an axe, rowed in pursuit. As they approached their prey, the Judge stood with axe in hand, intending to hit bruin on the skull. But the animal, eyeing his enemy warily, was prepared, and as the axe descended he turned suddenly in the water, and with one swift stroke of his paw sent it flying from the grasp of his foe far into the lake. Then bruin passed from the defensive to a vigorous attack, and began climbing into the boat. To take such a passenger aboard was exceedingly unpleasant, and, armed with oars, the party used due diligence. It proved impossible to keep him out, but by quick concerted action they succeeded in passing him over into the water again.—The bear returned to the charge and was again tumbled out. In the third assault the boat was so filled with water that it capsized, and the adventurous pioneers found themselves swimming for life—Bruin was master of the situation, but stupidly declined the advantage. As the party clinging to the oars swam away, they saw the bear regarding their exertions with philosophical indifference.

The common bear is an insignificant creature. It is the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountain who alone gives dignity to his species. An encounter with a grizzly is fraught with peril. The creature's strength, courage and strange vitality make the deadly contest nearly equal between the armed man and the unarmed beast. Heaven help the hunter whose unsteady aim leaves the grizzly uninjured. Before he can reload the enemy will be upon his works. When the contest is narrowed to that pass, Daniel Boone's celebrated prayer, when that famous pioneer found himself face to face with the common brown bear, would be a waste of breath: "O Lord," piously cried the fighter, "there's a goin' to be one of the biggist b'ar fights you ever did see; and, O Lord, ef you can't help me, for God's sake don't help the b'ar!"

A friend of mine, a bold hunter from England, told me once of a scrape he found himself in, while hunting the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains. He came upon his prey quite unexpectedly, and man and beast stared at each other in astonishment, not fifty yards apart. The bear exhibited no disposition of a modest or retiring sort, and my friend made haste to tender him a warm reception. He fired with more quickness than accuracy. The bullet from the heavy rifle tore away a portion of bruin's ear, and grazing the skull, stunned the brute for an instant. The hunter hastened to reload, but before he could do so the bear had regained his legs, and although somewhat groggy, came at his enemy. My friend had time only to drop his weapon and spring into a tree. Grizzly, one of the largest, made short work with his rifle. Then he sat on his haunches and gazed stupidly at the man up the tree. As the pain of his damaged ear increased he grew furious, and, seizing the pine in which his enemy had taken refuge, fairly shook it in his rage. My friend had a revolver in his belt, and bringing this to bear, he favored bruin with six shots. At every discharge the bear expressed his intense disgust, and renewed his assaults upon the tree.

A seat upon the rough branches of a tree is never pleasant, but with a bear below on the watch, it may be considered really uncomfortable. Hours moved slowly away, with the bear moving about, at times in full view, and again hidden in the underbrush.

At last, about sunset, he took himself off, and our hunter was about to descend, when he once more heard from the animal. There were fierce growls of rage that issued from the gorge near by. My friend at first supposed that the bear had encountered other hunters, but as he heard no sound of guns, nor other evidences of mortal combat, he resumed his seat and listened. The mysterious uproar continued, and, what was strange, appeared in the fact that all the noise came from the same spot. Unharmed, but faint from hunger and fatigue, my friend remained all night clinging to his perch, and at intervals he heard the bear growling and tearing furiously. The comical idea seized on the hunter that bruin had stupidly mistaken some other pine for the one that sheltered his enemy.

The night wore slowly away. Our treed hero slept from time to time, and invariably dreamed of falling, to waken with a start and find himself clinging to the branches of the pine. When a man sleeps in a tree, the muscles necessary to his safety do not relax as in an ordinary sleep, but when, through fatigue, they are about to lose their tension, the sleeper is awakened by a dream. This is one of the singular little phenomena we overlook while in search of larger ones.

Day dawned at last, and he crawled down, sore, faint and hungry. He was about to gather up the fragments of his rifle and hurry back to camp, when a fresh burst of rage from the same locality as during the night so excited his curiosity that he determined to investigate, and therefore crept cautiously toward the gorge from whence the noise proceeded. The explanation made him laugh. Old grizzly had fallen into a log trap, such as hunters set when seeking to capture a living specimen. There was the last night's foe well secured, and my friend was mean enough to laugh in his face while regarding curiously the wound his hastily discharged rifle had made. The left ear was torn away.

Nearly a year after this event my friend, the assistant hero of this adventure, was passing along East Broadway, in New York, when his attention was attracted by a sickly hand-organ that made an orchestra to the show of a grizzly bear, with the usual accompaniments of a fat woman, an anaconda, a calf with two heads and an assortment of tails, and a monkey.

Wishing to renew his acquaintance with an animal that had so nearly closed his career, my friend paid the necessary dime and entered through a foul odor of decaying sawdust and fried sausages. To his amazement, in an iron cage, scarcely high enough to allow him standing room, was the grizzly bear he had marked in the mountains. He had been carried to San Francisco, and won great renown in several fights with bulls and dogs. He was now being exhibited on the Atlantic slope to admiring thousands. My friend tried to catch the eye of his old adversary, but in vain.

The creature's ill-temper seemed to survive his many fights and long confinement; for an awkward fellow, evidently from the interior, turned rather near the cage to gaze at the corpulent woman, then being festooned with an anaconda, when old grizzly with a growl threw out his huge paw with such force, rapidity and precision that not only the back of the countryman's coat, but the seat of his stout pantaloons, disappeared. My friend left the place in the midst of a fierce altercation between the country fellow and the showman as to who should pay for "them clothes."

The strange acquaintance did not end with this. Years after, in a visit with some friends to the Zoological Gardens of Paris, the Englishman was delighted to recognize again his former foe. Old age, added to a better knowledge of the world, had not only subdued his ugly disposition, but life in Paris affected him as it does all Americans, and rendered the beast positively luxurious. He received a bone kindly from his once deadly opponent, and as the weather was extremely warm, he rolled into his stone trough to lie on his back, permitting the cool water to trickle over his hairy head while he lazily gnawed at the bone. This falling from his indolent grasp, he closed his eyes and dropped off into sleep to dream such stuff as bear's dreams are made of.

I was once told how a bear was used to illustrate a fact in science. It was at an early day in the history of galvanism. A negro had been condemned to suffer death on the gallows for murder in Cincinnati, and some learned men announced that, for and in consideration of twenty-five cents admission to be collected at the door for the benefit of a hospital, experiments with the galvanic battery would be made upon the body of the miserable man. A circus tent had been procured for the purpose, and the medical savants counted largely on the profits to accrue.

The fatal day came, and with it thousands on thousands of people—men, women and children—to witness the perpetuation of this remnant of stupid barbarism called hanging. From midnight until morn, from all the hills and valleys of Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana, came pouring in the motley crowd of ignorant, curious humanity. The taverns, stores, streets and alleys were crowded with people; and when the sentence hour approached, the procession that accompanied the cart made a sensitive mind sick of the human race.

The better cultivated and more refined gathered in the huge tent to witness the scientific experiments that promised to restore the wretched convict to life, or, failing in that, to make his dead body struggle and kick in the most exciting manner. The preparations were significant and startling. Near the centre of the sawdust ring was a table, and by it the wonderful instrument that was believed to hold the mysterious essence of life; while about them were gathered in groups the medicated philosophers, conversing in low, measured tones, or walking to and fro, calmly indifferent to the gathered crowd as great men are wont to be on such occasions.

Hours wore away. The noon came and passed. The excitement grew intense. At last a rumor spread and reached the tent that the sentenced man had been reprieved upon the scaffold. This was confirmed by the returning crowd, that pushed in without paying and packed every available space. Hisses and cries of discontent broke out, and were taken up by the motley crew of the non-paying audience, in a high state of wrath at being disappointed in the hanging. In the midst of the tumult Prof. D—— mounted the table, and, commanding silence, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we regret deeply that a mistaken clemency on the part of the Governor has robbed the gallows of its own and science of a subject. It is impossible to return you your money, for so many have rushed in without paying, and they would be precisely the sort to demand the admission fee. We have determined, however, so that you may not be disappointed in your laudable curiosity to witness an execution and those wonderful exhibitions of modern science, to purchase of Mr. Brown a bear that he has fattening to kill, hang the animal here, and then proceed with the experiments. Will this satisfy you?" An uproarious and unanimous shout in the affirmative was the response. The bear was sent for, but he had not been consulted and declined the engagement. The audience waited impatiently for hours. At last a great noise of men, boys and dogs on the outside, gave welcome note of the coming event. The fat janitor of the medical college, a bald-headed enthusiast in the cause of physic, appeared inside the entrance, tugging at the rope that seemed to be held by some reluctant party outside. So reluctant was this party that the fat janitor twice disappeared, pulled back by a superior force. But at length, cheered by the crowd and assisted by stout men, he pulled the animal into the arena.

To hang a bear without the animal's consent—and I never heard of one committing suicide—is at any time difficult; but to hang a fat bear is almost impossible. The muscular neck is twice as large as the head and on this occasion twice was Bruin pulled up, and twice, assisted by his paws, he twisted his neck out of the noose and came down, amid the cheers of a crowd that was rapidly passing into sympathy with the four-footed animal.

The third attempt proved a charm.—Bruin kicked and struggled at the end of the line as naturally as a man would have done, and at the close of twenty minutes he was pronounced a dead bear by the learned faculty in attendance.

The body was lowered with some haste and placed on the table.

At the first shock of the battery the struggles were renewed. At the second discharge the effects were more decided, and growls were added. At the third shock Bruin sat upon his haunches and gazed stupidly at the audience. The audience reciprocated the attention with loud cheers.

While this was going on, the subject of these wonderful experiments happened to get a sight of the fat janitor, and while the fourth shock was being administered he suddenly jumped from the table and started for his corpulent foe. The ring that up to that moment had been crowded was abruptly cleared. A fair field was given the affrighted official, who fairly astonished himself at the speed with which he carried his adipose over the ground. So long as the bear chased the janitor the crowd was entertained. In all such exhibitions, however, certain women are sure to be present, who mar the sport by fainting at the wrong time, and so force the people to carry them out of doors. This is to be reprehended, and the women should be rebuked.

On this occasion, when the enjoyment was at its highest, and the hated janitor—by the way a body-snatcher—was making his third round, with the bear gaining on him, three or four inconsiderate women began screaming. The people of that day were familiar with bears, and had no fear of the animal. But there was something mysteriously alarming about a bear that had been dead and brought to life again. And so, when the screams were heard, a great panic fell upon the crowd. The efforts made to escape was fearful. Over the seats, and out through the thin canvass, in every direction, the multitude fled like rats from a falling building, and in the midst of the tumult down came the tent. Out from under it the audience hurried, climbing on fences or roofs, and alleys. Among these was the persecuted janitor. At last the medicated bear, full of galvanism, appeared and set off over the common, followed by all the dogs in the country.

For many years after this strange event, in Cincinnati and its vicinity hanging was regarded with great contempt. The simple people believed that all the condemned had to do was to sell his body to the doctors. "Then those learned chaps would knock a little lightning into the corpse and set the man on end, as good as ever."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—Mark Twain, in his Memoir of Franklin, says:

"What an adroit old adventurer the subject of this memoir was! In order to get a chance to fly his kite on Sunday, he used to hang a key on the string and let on to be fishing for lightning.

"He invented a stove that would smoke your head off in four hours by the clock. One can see the almost infernal satisfaction he took in it, by the fact of giving it his name.

"He was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia, for the first time, with nothing in the world but two shillings in his pocket and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really, when you come to examine it critically, it was nothing; anybody could have done it.

"Franklin said once, in one of his inspired flights of malignity:

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

As if it were an object to a boy to be healthy, wealthy and wise on such terms. The sorrow that that maxim has cost me, through my parents experimenting on me with it, tongue cannot tell. The legitimate result is my present state of general debility, indigence and mental aberration. My parents used to have me up before nine o'clock in the morning, sometimes, when I was a boy. If they had let me take my natural rest, where would I have been now! Keeping store, no doubt, and respected by all."

A SHARP BOY.—"Can you tell me the road to Greenville?" asked a traveler of a boy whom he met on the road.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "Do you see our barn down there?"

"Yes," said the traveler.

"Go to that. About three hundred yards beyond the barn you will find the lane. Take that lane, and follow along about a mile and a half, and then you will come to a slippery elm log. You be mighty keerful, stranger, about going on that log—you may get into the branch—and then you go on until you get to the brow of the hill, and there the roads prevaricate; and you take the left hand road, and keep that until you get to a big plum thicket, and when you get there, why then—then—"

"What then?"

"Then, stranger, I'll be hanged if you ain't lost!"

WESTERN NOMENCLATURE.

Closely allied to the study of history is that of the origin of names, and there is in it a wonderful fascination. The following brief statements will show from what a trifling incident a name may be derived—especially a Western name.

Previous to 1831 there was nothing on the site where Chicago now stands but an Indian post, which was driven into the ground on the corner of Madison and Dearborn streets. The present post-office marks the spot and commemorates the old name. About the year 1740 a party of adventurous young ladies, belonging to a Michigan boarding school, came across the lake on an enormous raft. When they had bathed in the pellucid stream that now pours its crystal water into the lake, they started to return, when a bad chief known as Longjon referred to the departing ladies as a She-cargo. Hence the name.

There is another origin of the version of the city's name, which states that a good Indian, named Ung Kell Toe Bee, when about to immolate a fowl for his dinner, on one occasion, repented of his murderous intent and resolved to go hungry, exclaiming, as he let it fly, "Chicky-go! there is room enough in the world for thee and me." The first story, however, is best authenticated.

Michigan, as is now well known, is only a corruption of the name of Father Mike Egan, an Irish Catholic priest, who lived and toiled and was finally sacrificed by the Indians on the site of the present city of Detroit.

Iowa is only a euphonious adaptation of the symbolic letters I. O. A., which the Surveyor General of the United States, in 1835, ordered to have inscribed on all the quarter section posts in that territory.—The initials stood for the familiar Latin maxim, *Idoneus omnus audaces*, which freely translated, means "go in and win." Some emigrants saw the cabalistic inscription all along the roadside, and they twisted the initials into a name for their State. It was a happy thought.

The capital of Wisconsin derived its present name from a curious circumstance that occurred in the time of the mound-builders, hundreds of years before McFarland went there to live. An architect saved a woman's life, at the risk of his own, from a savage attack of bears—which made her husband furiously jealous. When he came home from his mound-building and ascertained what had been done, he sharpened his trowel and went for the destroyer of his happiness.—A medicine man, observing his momentary frenzy, grappled with and threw him, crying to the neighbors, "Mad! ice on!" Ice was applied to his scalp, and the life of his benefactor was saved. Ever since, the place has been called Madison.

Milwaukee received its name from an eminent red predecessor of the pedestrian Weston. This tremendous strider was called in his melodious native tongue, "Mile-walkee"—because to the infinite delight of his trainer—Hor. Sereeley—he could make a mile in four minutes, without breaking.

The origin of the name of Selma, will be obvious to all thoughtful readers who remember that it has been a noted slave market.

The name of Superior was quite as obscure in its origin, and the solution only yielded to the most persistent and patient inquiry. Even Charlevoix does not mention it. It seems the Chippewas who inhabited the southwestern shore of the Lake were formerly more wretched than now—the squaws more ragged, and the papooses more squallid; and when Carver came through he established a charity souphouse near the western extremity.—The beggarly braves flocked in with their ginger-bread colored broods, and for months the benevolent suttler who was left in charge of the establishment stood on a barrel-head and shouted daily to the assembled thousands, "Soup, here y'are!" This was taken up and corrupted by the ignorant aborigines, and finally became Superior.

Michilimackinac is an Indian name and originated in a touching dialogue between two little Potawattomies in the dead of winter. One baby complained that he was hungry, not having had a drop of dinner, when the other calmly replied, "My chilly-ma-can-accommodate-you."—The juvenile benevolence was so wonderful that it rendered the phrase immortal, and the whole of it was made the name of a county in Michigan. Of late years, however, this irreverent generation has lopped off the last two syllables, spoiling the harmony of the expression, and entirely sacrificing its affecting moral.

THAT was a thoughtful economy of the Irishman in the pit of a Dublin theatre, who, seeing some people about to throw an obstreperous fellow in the gallery over the railing, and, being much exasperated by a bad orchestra, cried out loudly: "Don't waste him; kill a fiddler with him."

A SAN FRANCISCO lady lately applied for a divorce because her husband was a "confounded fool." Her petition was not granted, the judge remarking that "every man who gets married would be liable to the same imputation."

FALSE friends are worse than open enemies.