

THE ORIGINAL AND RELIABLE DOUBLE-MOTION
ETNA
MACHINE
MADE BY THE
ETNA MANUFACTURING CO. SALEM, OHIO

GEORGE HUNTLEY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
HARDWARE, GROCERIES, &c.
REMOVED AND ENLARGEMENT.
COKING STOVES,
HEATING STOVES,
COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

LANE BROS.,
Liberty and Sixth Sts.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

WARDWARE
AND
CUTLERY,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

MONSIEUR FOUNDRY!
MACHINE WORKS.
Anderson & Freyvogel,
Successors to S. S. Fowler,
Founders and Mill Furnishers,
39 WATER STREET,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

LOOK AT THIS!!
Interested to Real Estate Owners.
Interested to Real Estate Owners.
Interested to Real Estate Owners.

FOR THE WAGON!
Interested to Real Estate Owners.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.
The Largest Stock;
In the Finest Goods;
Boys' the Newest Styles;
Wear the Best Work-
we havemanship; the
every kind Greatest Val-
of material & Muriety, at
every variety of A Market
style, suitable for A and
Youth from 16 to 20, K 6th.
Boys from 9 to 16, E
and Children from R
5 to 9 years, all R
A durable & strong,
N made with special
We reference to rough
have D usage. In this de-
made partment our
our Es- prices are as-
estab- tonishingly
lishment B low.
"THE HEAD- R Market
QUARTERS OF O and
COUNTRY TRADE" O 6th.
in Clothing, and W
we can assure our N
friends from O
of town that they S
need look no fur-
Our A ther than Oak Hall
Custom K for satisfactory
Work is K Clothing & satis-
of the very factory prices.
best character. Full stock all
Easy rules H the year
measurement, round.
prices, &c., sent A Market
free to any part L and
of America, and good fits L 6th.
guaranteed. Market L
and 6th Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

NOTICE IN PARTITION.—To Ar-
FALONIA YOST, intermarried with John
Sims, residing in Blairsville, Indiana county,
Pa., and to EDGAR YOST, intermarried with
Joseph Cole, residing in the State of Iowa, heirs
and legal representatives of JACOB YOST, late
of Carroll township, Cambria county, deceased.
Take notice that an Inquest will be held at
the late dwelling house of JACOB YOST, late
of Carroll township, Cambria county, deceased,
on Tuesday, the 2d day of May next, at one
o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of making par-
tition of the real estate of said deceased, to and
among his children and legal representatives.
If the same can be done without prejudice to the
rights of any party, the same will be done, and
the same will be done at the time and place you
are requested to attend, on Tuesday, the 2d day
of May next, at 2 o'clock, p. m., when and where
all persons interested may attend.
W. S. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Shedler's Office, Ebensburg, April 4, 1871.

DISSOLUTION.—Notice is hereby
given that the co-partnership heretofore
existing between P. S. SAFFR and JAS. WILKINSON
in the Marble manufacturing business at
Loretto, in this day (March 1st, 1871) dissolved
by mutual consent. All persons indebted to
said firm are notified to settle and pay up im-
mediately, and all having claims against us will
present them for settlement. The books will
be left at the store of F. D. SAFFR.
P. S. SAFFR & WILKINSON.
P. S. The Marble business will be carried on
in all its various branches by the undersigned.
All wishing a highly finished job at moderate
prices, will please give me a call.
JAMES WILKINSON.
Loretto, April 15, 1871-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The under-
signed, having been appointed Auditor to
report on the accounts of the late
in the matter of the Petition of JAMES D. ELDER
and EDGAR E. LUTHER, hereby gives notice
that he will attend for that purpose at his office
in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, the 2d day of May
next, at 2 o'clock, p. m., when and where
all persons interested may attend.
Ebensburg, April 15, 1871-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The under-
signed, having been appointed to hear and
report upon the exceptions filed to the first and
final account of P. A. SHORRICK, Guardian of
EDWARD LUTHER, hereby gives notice that he
will attend for that purpose at his office in
Ebensburg, on Tuesday, the 2d day of May
next, at 2 o'clock, p. m., when and where
all persons interested may attend.
JOHN S. RHEEY.
Ebensburg, April 15, 1871-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The under-
signed, having been appointed Auditor to
make distribution of the money in the hands of
the sheriff, arising from the sale of the real estate
of DAVID R. JONES, hereby gives notice
that he will attend for that purpose at his office
in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, the 2d day of May
next, at 2 o'clock, p. m., when and where
all persons interested may attend.
JOHN S. RHEEY.
Ebensburg, April 15, 1871-3t.

The Poet's Department.

[For the Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.]
ERIN'S FLAG.
BY FATHER RYAN.

Unfold Erin's flag! 'Tis bright as the breeze!
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas;
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore—
When its chiefs with their clans stood around
it and swore
That never!—no!—never, while God gave them
life,
And they have an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never!—no!—never, that Banner would
yield
As long as the heart of a Celt has its shield!
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the
field.

Lift it up! wave it high!—'tis bright as of old,
Not a stain on its Green, not a blot on its Gold,
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hun-
dred long years
Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood,
and with tears;
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it
in gloom,
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom,
Look! look aloft! to the clouds drifting
by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a
light in the sky,
'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far flashing on
high,
Erin's dark night is waning, her day dawn is
nigh!

Lift it up! lift it up! the old banner of Green!
The blood of its sons has but brightened its
sheen,
What!—though the Tyrant has trampled it
down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of re-
nown?
What!—though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus forever?—no! no! God is
just!
Take it up! take it up! from the tyrant's foul
tread,
Let him tear the Green flag—we will snatch its
last shred,
And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers
bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our
dead,
And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton
has shed,
And we'll swear by the wrecks which through
Erin he spread—
And we'll swear by the thousands who, fam-
ished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches—wild-howlers for
And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits
have fled!
That we'll battle the Briton through danger
and dread,
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to
see,
Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our
sword
Shall come to our foe that we meant we
said,
That we'll lift up the Green flag and we'll tear down
the Red.

Lift up the Green flag! oh! it wants to go home;
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam;
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor
furl'd;
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the
West
It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
Till its plumes, its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main
And spreads to the shores of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds, o'er each mountain
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.
Take it up! take it up! bear it back from afar—
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightning of
war!
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to
the sky,
And wherever that you'll hear it triumphant or die,
And shout to the clans, scattered far o'er the
earth,
To join in the march to the land of their birth;
And wherever the Exiles, 'neath heaven's broad
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the
They'll march to the music of "Home, Sweet
Home!"

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

THE WRECKER'S WAGER.

There are few parts of England more
wild and desolate than the mining dis-
tricts of Cornwall. Nature, as a coun-
terpoise to the treasures which she has
lavished upon this region, has given to its
external features a most forbidding aspect.
The eye takes in a prospect of bleak and
barren plains, with neither tree nor shrub
to protect the traveler from the wind that
sweeps across them, and presenting dan-
ger at every step from the numerous shafts
by which they are intersected. It is truly
an inhospitable country, and the nature of
its inhabitants quite accord with its un-
friendly characteristics. They are, to a
great extent, repulsive in appearance,
forbidding in manners, and cruel and
cunning by natural disposition, and seem
hardly to have risen very much above the
barbarous state of their ancestors. It
was late in the autumn when I visited
this region, and towards the close of a
gloomy day that I found myself at the
residence of Captain Thomas—so I shall
call him—a man whom I had met in
London, and who had persuaded me that
the only sure way to make a fortune was
to invest a trifle of ready money in a cop-
per mine. He held the title of captain,
by the custom of the country, as a mine,
like a ship, is conducted by a captain
and officers. The captain was rather a
decent specimen of his class, for where
there are so many combinations of miner,
smuggler, wrecker, and consequently ruf-
fian, a man of even tolerable manners and
address is something. My worthy friend,
however, had one besetting weakness
which I afterwards discovered; he would
have deemed it quite admissible to have
robbed his own father, rather than not to
have robbed at all.

Our supper being over, he proposed an
adjournment to the "Red Dragon," or red
something—it is so long ago I have almost
forgot—where he assured me I would
meet a most respectable society of gentle-
men, and where I might pick up much
valuable information. They were all
particular friends of his, captains and pur-
sers of mines. It was a dismal night
when we sallied out, a thick mist was
gathering around, the sea was breaking
against the huge rocky cliff of the coast,
with a deafening roar, and at times was
heard the distant thunder. It was then
with a most comfortable feeling that I
found myself safely housed at the rendez-
vous of these choice spirits of the mines.
The party to which I was introduced
were seated at a long deal table, in an

apartment half kitchen, half tap-room,
at the upper end of which appeared a
blazing fire. On one side of the room a
door opened into a small parlor, and in
the corner was a bar to enable the host
to dispense to his customers their various
potations from his smuggled treasures.—
The arrival of Captain Thomas was hailed
with marked satisfaction. We were
soon seated, and in a twinkling a large
tumbler of hot brandy and water was set
before me, and a pipe thrust into my
hand. The conversation, which was
rather loud when we entered, was now
suddenly hushed, and intelligent glances
were quickly interchanged, which I saw
related to myself. Thomas understood
them, and said: "You need not be afraid;
this gentleman is a particular friend of
mine, and a great patron of the mining
arts." I then begged to assure the com-
pany of my veneration for miners and
mines, and all connected with them—
There was a visible brightening up at my
declaration, yet at that moment various
were the plans of rascality that were
hatched up to put my devotedness to the
proof. "A likely night, this, Captain
Thomas," said a beetle-browed, short,
muscular man, whose dark eyes peered
from a brow of uncommon ferocity.—
"Uncommon likely," returned the other;
"and if we should have a bit of luck to-
night it would not be a bad beginning this
winter." "Ah!" said the first one, who
answered to the name of Knox, "My wife
says she thinks Providence has deserted
our coast. We haven't had anything
worth telling about these two years. I've
seen the time when we've had a dozen
wrecks a season." "Well, never mind,
Master Knox," said a port-looking, snub-
nosed fellow, named Gray, whom I at
first took for an attorney, but afterward
found that he was a mining agent.—
"Never mind, Master Knox," said he,
"juggling a bunch of seals, which peeped
from beneath the waistcoat of that worthy,
"you have made the most of your luck,
and if you don't get any more you won't
harm."

"Why, yes," said the fellow, drawing
out a handsome gold watch, which hardly
seemed in keeping with his coarse attire,
"I don't complain of the past, and yet I
had a narrow escape with this. If it
hadn't been for my boy Jim, I should
have lost it." "He's a cute child, that
boy of yours," remarked one. "There
never was a cuter. I'll tell you, sir," he
said, addressing himself to me, "it was
two years ago, come December, on a
Sunday, when we were all at church, that
we had news of a wreck. Well, off we
started, and the parson not the last, to
see what God had sent us. We found,
on coming up, that it was a French look-
ing man, she had gone to pieces on the rocks,
and the goods were floating around the
dirt. I wasn't long in making the most
of it, and Jim was just going for the cart,
when I spied, half covered with weed, and
hidden by a piece of rock, the body of a
Freemian. I soon saw I had got a
prize, for he was loaded with money and
trinkets. These I quickly eased him of,
as he'd never want 'em, but to make sure,
I hit 'em a good slap over the head, just to
see whether life was in 'em or no. (Here
a general grin went round.) Well, I was
just going away, when I see'd a diamond
ring on his finger, and the finger being
swelled with the water, I cut it off, and
walks off with my goods. I hadn't gone
far when little Jim runs after, crying,
"Dad, dad, hit 'em again, dad; he grinth,
he grinth." I looked back, and, sure
enough, that rascally French thief—
whether it was drawing the blood or not,
I don't know—but he was moving his arm
about, and opening his eyes, as if he were
bent on taking the bread out of my mouth.
This made me mad, for these Freemians
are a spiteful set, and hate Englishmen as
they hate the devil, so I makes no more
ado, but I 'tis him a lick with the tail of
a rudder lying close by, and I'll warrant
'he'll never come to ask for my goods."—
"The miscreant chuckled over his horrid
recital with all the self-satisfaction that
one might feel at the recollection of a virtu-
ous action, while his companions, to
whom his story was familiar, felt no other
sensations of uneasiness at its recapitula-
tion than from the recollection that they
had not been able to do the same thing.
Knox was evidently the villain *par ex-
cellence*. I saw others around me whose
countenances would have hung them at
any bar in England, but none ventured to
boast so openly of crime. Knox was the
only avowed professor of villainy, and
seemed to glory in his right of pre-emi-
nence. I have traveled somewhat, and
have met ruffians of every grade, but never
before did I have the fortune to hear de-
pravity of such a character so freely ex-
pressed. "Well, Knox," said Gray,
after a pause, "so you have seen Hobart;
how's poor Bill?" Knox placed his finger
significantly on his cheek. "How," said
the other, "dead?" "Dead as a fish,"
returned Knox. "You know I was in it,
and a sharp fight we had. Poor Bill had
three balls in him; he died the same
night." A universal expression of sym-
pathy followed the announcement, and
various were the questions put as to the
details of his death. It appears that he
was killed in an engagement with a reve-
nue cutter. "He was as likely a lad as
ever run cargo," said Thomas. "Where
do you bury him? Alongside of the
gauger, I 'spose," said Gray, who ven-
tured a malicious glance, though appar-
ently half doubtful of the consequences.

I never saw so speedy a change as that
remark produced in Knox. In an instant
his brow became as black as the storm
that was raging without. "What have
you to do with that, you meddling, con-
ceited fool?" said he, as he fixed his black
eyes, almost concealed by their overhang-
ing brows, on the subject of his wrath.—
"Now, mark me, Master Gray, play off
no more of your jokes on me. This is not
the first time I have warned you, but it
will be the last." I learned afterward
that the gauger alluded to was Knox's
half-brother, who was supposed to have
met with his death by the hands of his
relation, his body being flung down a shaft
near the sea. What confirmed the suspi-
cion was that he had frightful dreams
about his brother, and would tremble like
a child if left alone at night. Be that
as it might, however, a fierce altercation
was now proceeding between Knox and
a friend of Gray's who had replied to the
other's threats, and serious consequences
might have ensued had not the attention
of all been diverted by a loud knocking at
the outer door. This seemed so unusual
an occurrence that the host hesitated to
unbar the door, for never was a stranger
known to arrive there at such an hour,
and on such a night, too, for the rain was
still pouring in torrents. The knocking
continued, and although we were too many
to fear anything like personal danger, still
I could see an evident uneasiness spread-
ing throughout the party. The knocking
was now fiercer than ever, and the host
was compelled to unbar and unbar. As
the door opened, in stalked a tall, weather-
beaten looking man, enveloped in a huge,
shaggy great coat, and a broad oil-skin
cap on his head.

"What do you mean by this?" he said,
dashing his hat upon the floor, and shak-
ing the rain from his coat like a huge
water dog, "keeping a traveler outside
your house on such a night?"

As he spoke, was heard a heavy, booming
sound from the sea. "A wreck, a
wreck," shouted Knox, and instantly a
dozen fellows were up and ready to rush
like blood-hounds on their prey. "Keep
your places, you fools," cried the stranger;
"if she goes ashore it will be many miles
from here, with the wind in this quarter.
I've heard the guns some time, but she
has good offing yet, and she may manage
to keep off. I'd lay my life she is a fore-
ign craft; they are always in such a
hurry to sing out."

The company had now seated them-
selves and resumed their pipes, they like-
wise took the liberty of scanning the new
arrival. There was nothing in his appear-
ance very remarkable, beyond the fact
of his being a tall, muscular man, having
short, black hair, and immense bushy
whiskers, meeting under his chin, together
with large, black eyes. Altogether, his
countenance was not an unpleasant one.
He did not apologize for his intrusion,
but called at once for his pipe and his
glass.

"Did you come from the Portneath
side?" said Knox. "The stranger took a
whiff and nodded assent. "Who brought
you across the moors?"

"Do you think no one can tread the
moors but yourself and the louts of the
place?" answered the stranger.

"None that I ever heard of, except the
devil," said Knox, peering at the stranger.

The latter laughed. "The path is
dangerous by night," said Thomas, "few
strangers find the way alone." "Then I
am one of the few, for here I am," said
the stranger. "I've lived here, man and
boy, these forty years," said Knox, "and
I never knew a stranger to do that before.
And you must be a stranger, for I've
never seen you before." "Are you sure
of that?" Knox scanned him attentively.

"You see, then, a stranger can find his
ways in these parts. I came by the
Gauger's shaft," said he, significantly.

"Do you come here to mock me?" said
the other, with a furious imprecation; "if
you do, you had better return afore harm
comes to you." "You are a strong man,"
said his opponent, "but I am so much
stronger that I could hold you with one
arm on yonder fire until you were as black
as your own black heart. Come, if you
have a spark of courage, I'll put it now
to the test." "Courage! I fear neither
you nor the devil." "I will wager you
this heavy purse of French louis d'ors
against that watch and ring that befits
thy finger so oddly, that you dare not go
into yonder room alone and look on the
face you shall meet there." "You are a
juggler and a cheat," cried Knox. "I'll
have nothing further to say to thee.—
There's my gold," said he, throwing a
heavy purse on the table; "look at it,
count it; a hundred as bright louis as
ever were coined in France, against your
watch and ring not worth the half." The
eyes of the wrecker glistened at the bright
heap.

"What is the wager?" he demanded.
"If you will dare to go in yonder room,
that I will raise the form of one whom
thou would'st most dread to see."

"I fear nothing, and believe you to be
a cheat."

"There's my gold."

"Take the wager," cried several of
Knox's friends, "we'll see you have the
gold."

"Done," cried Knox, with a sort of
desperate resolve, and he placed the ring
and watch on the heap of louis. "I must
have arms and lights."

"Take them," said the stranger, "but
before you go I will show you a portion

of your property you have never discov-
ered." He took the ring, and, touching
the inside with the point of a pin, it flew
open and discovered a small space filled
with hair. It was not till that moment
that it was discovered that the stranger
had lost the little finger of his left hand.
For a moment all was still as the grave,
a frightful suspicion seemed to have taken
possession of every one around that the
murdered man stood before them to claim
his own. The stranger broke into a loud
laugh. "What ails you all, are you
afraid of a man without a finger?" and
his laughter was louder than before.

"I'll not go into the room," said Knox,
in a low, broken voice.

"Then the watch and ring are mine,"
said the stranger; "you have to forfeit
the wager," and he began to fill the bag
with the coin.

"It's a base juggle to rob me of my
own," cried Knox, whose courage return-
ed as he witnessed the business like man-
ner in which the stranger fingered the
money.

"Keep to your wager, man," cried
Thomas, "we'll see you rightly dealt
with. He can no more do what he says
than rise old Beelzebub himself."

"Will you stand to your bargain?"
asked the stranger.

"I will, and defy you and all your
works." He took a candle and loaded
pistol and went toward the room. If
ever the agony of life was condensed into
the short space of a few minutes, it must
have been so at that moment. Ruffian as
he was, he was a pitiable object. Pale
and trembling, without even making an
effort to conceal his distress, he paused
and turned irresolute even at the threshold
of the door.

Shame and avastice urged him on. He
entered the room and closed the door. If
I say that I looked on as a calm specta-
tor of these proceedings, I should say
falsely. I began to grow nervous, and
was infected with the superstitious feeling
which had evidently taken possession of
my companions.

The only unconcerned person was the
stranger, or, at least, he was apparently so.
He tied up the money, watch and
ring in the bag and placed them on the
table. He then took two pieces of paper
and wrote some characters on both; one
he handed to Thomas—it was marked
with the name of the gauger—the other
he kept himself. He advanced to the
fire, and, muttering a few words, threw
into it a small leaden packet, and retired
at the same moment to the end of the
room. The flames had hardly time to
melt the thin sheet lead, when our ears
were greeted with the most terrific explo-
sion that I have ever in my life heard,
and it seemed as if the elements were in
union with it, for a deafening thunder
crash at the same moment shook the
house to its foundation. Every man was
thrown violently to the ground, the chairs
and tables tumbled about, every door was
burst open by the shock, and hardly a
pane of glass remained entire. This, with
the groans of the men and the screams of
the women, completed the terrors of a
scene which, if any one could have with-
stood without actual fear, he must have
been a bolder man than I was. For sev-
eral minutes—at least so it appeared to
me—did we lie stunned on the floor, ex-
pecting every moment the house to fall
over us in ruins. All was, however, si-
lent as death, except the roaring of the
storm outside. So, that when the sense
of suffocation was somewhat removed by
the fresh air forcing itself through the
open doors and windows, we ventured to
bald each other. It was some time, how-
ever, before we could get a light, and
then our first care was to look to our
friend in the back parlor. We found him
lying on his face, quite insensible, and
bleeding from a wound in his head which
he must have received in falling. We
brought him into the large room, and
after a time we procured restoratives. I
never shall forget the wild and ghastly
look with which he first gazed around
him. He looked as though seeking some
horrid object. "It's gone," he cried,
"thank God!—what a horrid night—
who saw it?" "Saw what—who?"
asked Thomas. "Just as bloody and
ghastly as when I pitched him down the
shaft," cried he, incoherently. "Hush,
hush," said Thomas; "you don't know
what you are talking about."

"Who says I murdered him? who says
I got his money? He's a liar, I say, a
liar! His money is sunk with him—
Let 'em hang me; I'm innocent; they
can't prove it." It became too distress-
ing, fortunately, for the feelings of all;
the unhappy man, or, rather, now, the
manic, relapsed into insensibility, and
in that state was conveyed home.

It was not till then that we thought of
the stranger. No trace of him could be
found. The money, ring, and watch had
disappeared. Strange were the rumors
abroad the next day. Some men going
very early to work swore they saw a
horseman flying over the moors, crossing
shafts and pits without once staying to
pick his way. It could have been no
human horseman nor steed that could
have sped on such a wild career. There
was another report, which accounted for
the appearance and disappearance of the
stranger in a more credible way. Some
smugglers reported that, on that night,
they saw a beautiful French smuggling
luggie sheltering from the gale in a little
unfrequented bay along the coast. It

might have been one of the crew who had
made himself acquainted with the circum-
stances mentioned, which were no secret,
and made this bold dash for a prize. But
this version of the story was scouted as
quite unworthy of the slightest credit, and
the former remains to this day the popu-
lar belief.

A RAILROAD TRAIN AMONG THE DOGS.
—The Erie Dispatch tells a funny story
about a railroad train getting fool of a
lot of dogs.

"The single track trestle-work over
State street, used by the Lake Shore pas-
senger trains, is a remarkably uncomfor-
table crossing place for man and beast, if
a train happens to be approaching. It is
too narrow for standing room at the sides,
and there is from twelve to twenty feet of
a jump to mother earth. A day or two
ago a squadron of vagrant dogs, number-
ing upwards of a dozen, took it into their
canine craniums to cross that bridge, and
away they went, skipping over the ties
as lively as a lot of crickets. The poor
brutes had failed to consult the time car,
or they might have seen that the day ex-
press was just due; but perhaps that did
not matter much, as they had visual in-
formation of that fact about the time the
leader had reached the centre of the bridge.
The train came thundering along, its cow-
catcher protected by a snow-powder,
and the curs, after a moment of bewilderment
set up a chorus of frightful howls. Some
of the dogs tried to slip past the monster
and others turned tail and made a run for
it, but the result was all the same, and
the snow-powder scooped them up by twos
and threes, keeping a hundred weight of
animal sausage meat turning hand springs
and triple somersaults, until the last yel-
per had been pitched off. Quite a crowd
of persons collected to count the dead,
but the dogs disappointed them, as every
one had sufficient life left to limp away."

REMARKABLE MIRAGE.—A correspon-
dent of the Rochester Express writes as
follows: The undersigned was one of the
hundreds at Mount Hope on Sunday
afternoon who witnessed, probably, one of
the most perfect and sublime mirages ever
seen in this country. On the entire
north sky as far as the angle or bison,
was lifted the blue waters of Lake Onta-
rio, while reflecting from her bosom could
be seen the mountains, hills, valleys, bays
and rivers on the Canadian shore inland
for many miles. The coast could be
plainly seen over a stretch of fifty miles,
so perfect at one time that the forests
could readily be distinguished. The
reader can form some idea of its grandeur
by knowing that a country separated
from Rochester by a lake seventy to one
hundred miles in width, was, as if sud-
denly, by the great hand of its Creator,
painted upon the heavens so plain as to be
seen from a standing point one hundred
miles distant. Gentlemen present who
were familiar with the Canada shore
could readily distinguish the Lake, Bel-
videre and other prominent points in Cana-
da. The lake looked as though it had
by a great tidal wave rolled upon Roches-
ter, and covered one entire half of the
city, and no building could be seen north
of Main street, or any land between the
city and the lake.

AN INSTRUCTIVE SCENE.—As Senator
Sumner was emerging from the Capitol
the other morning, he was confronted by
an aged fifteenth amendment, who, but
in hand, and bowing and scraping, re-
marked:

"I believe this is Massa Sumner?"

"No, sir!—there are no masters in
this land—I am Senator Sumner."

This nearly squelched the old darkey,
but he rallied with the remark, "You
done a heap for de caller's race."

"I am proud to hear you say so," re-
plied the magnificent Chawles.

"De niggers all speak of you in de
highest elevation."

Sumner bowed and smiled his acknowl-
edgments.

"What I was coming at, Boss, is dat
de winter's hard and de times pretty rough
to de old woman and I, and if you could
spare de old darkey half a dollar—"

Sumner stepped no further, but with a
majestic wave of disapproval from the
Senatorial hand he moved on, while the
venerable colored brother muttered some-
thing about "don't appear to care much
for the niggers 'cept to vote and git der
names up." Just then Sam Cox came
along and gave the poor old darkey a dol-
lar. Cox is called a copperhead.

PECULIAR FORMATION.—Almost every
one has observed, on the twigs of a wild
rose bush, numbers of prickly excrescences
round in form, and rather larger than a
pea. If one opens these formations, he
will see what they are. In each of the
prickly excrescences there is a single grub
of the gall-fly, or cynips. The fly at-
tacks the rose bush for the purpose of
depositing its eggs, and its punctures are
followed up by variously formed excres-
cences containing the larva, which, in
coming out pierces them with small holes.
The real mystery about the matter is,
why the puncture of the fly should cause
the bush to give growth to those distinct-
ly formed balls; so nicely constructed,
even to the prickles, for the protection of
the grub. But nature provides every-
thing, and all her works are wonderful.

The Jimpickle is the name of a Texas
weekly newspaper.