Cambria Freeman.

A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, $2 per year in advance

VOLUME 5. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871. NUMBER 17.

LIST OF RETAILERS OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MERCHANDIZE in Cambria Co., as appraised for the year 1871:

ADAMS TOWNSHIP.			
	Lic'se.		*Lic'se.*
Wm Dunmire	$ 50	Charles Helser	$7 50
Geo Shank	7 50		
ALLEGHENY TOWNSHIP.			
William J Buck	7 00		
BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.			
Jno A Scott	7 50		
BROOKLYN BOROUGH.			
Jas Aiseith	7 00	J Buck	7 00
Jas Fitzsimmons	7 00	A A Barker & Son	7 00
J Walters	7 00	J Werther	7 50
CAMBRIA BOROUGH.			
Geo Rose	7 00	John Kurtz	7 00
Jno Rodgers	7 00	J Stibich	7 00
CONNERSDALE BOROUGH.			
D Adams	7 50		
CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.			
Jacob Widmann	7 00	M Toohey	7 00
Geo Lloyd	7 00	John Bradley	7 50
Geo Sturmer	7 00		
CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.			
J Dougan	7 00		
CROYLE TOWNSHIP.			
J Plummer	7 00	P M & J Brown	7 00
J Wentworth	7 00	S S Paul	7 50
CHERRY SPRINGS BOROUGH.			
Jno Nutter	7 00	W W Saupp	7 00
EAST CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.			
J Blackman	7 00	Bracken & Egan	7 00
J Cochnour	7 00		
EBENSBURG BOROUGH.			
Mortimer & Co	7 00	J P Thompson	7 00
Roberts & Son	10 00	A A Barker & Son	10 00
J Baker	10 00	Jacob Thomas	7 00
W Bentley	10 00	R R Davis	7 00
Edward Murray	7 00	R J Lloyd	7 00
D Thomas	7 00	John A Scott & Son	7 00
D A Lloyd	7 00	E J Mills	7 00
J Davis	7 00	John Dougherty	7 50
J Davis	7 00	C T Roberts	7 00
FRANKLIN BOROUGH.			
J Gates	7 50	P Rubritz	7 50
J Gardner	7 50		
GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP.			
J Duvall	7 00	Patrick Smith	7 00
Agnes Whalen	7 50	Mrs R Kane	7 00
J Mills	7 00	Thos Bradley	7 00
Wm Murray	7 00		
JOHNSTOWN BOROUGH.			
Jos Morrell	14	John Muller	7 00
J Ely	20 00	T W Yoder	7 00
J Lichtenberger	7 00	A Pfeiffer	7 00
J Ake	7 00	Jacob Fend	7 00
Geo Swisher	7 00	A Krauss	7 00
J Butlers	7 00	J Levergood	7 00
J Ake	7 00	W Bracken	7 00
Geo Orendorf	7 00	Jacob Wild	7 00
M Kennedy	7 00	Andrew Moses	7 00
J Geiser	7 00	Emil Young	7 00
Geo Fast	7 50	A Burgraff	7 00
J Rice	10 00	Geis & Keuth	7 00
J Rice	7 50	M Stewart	7 00
J Stevenson	7 00	George Kling	7 50
A Peterson	7 00	A J Swartz	7 50
Jas Kroger	7 00	J Swank & Co	7 00
Peter Rock & Co	7 00	J H M'Cullough	7 00
Jno Kunkle	14	E C Luks	7 00
Jno Rice	7 00	John Hannan	7 00
J Lichtenberger	7 00	J Cunningham & Co	7 00
J Lucky	7 00		
John Parr	7 50	A D Brinker	7 00
Jno Thomas	7 00	W J Rose & Co	7 00
Jno Chester	10 00	D G M'Cullough	7 00
Jas A Horne	7 00	W W Pike	7 00
Jno Murphy	7 00	M P Kelly	7 00
J Dougherty	7 50	J E Roberts	7 00
J W Kress	7 00	Davis & Lewis	7 00
J Barker	7 00	Rich'd Bennett	7 00
J Stewart	7 00	J Mallipiant	7 00
Jno Blair	7 00	Mrs C Morris	7 00
Jas Gallagher	7 00	T G Stewart & Co	20 00
J Black & Bro	7 00	H J Suppes	12 50
Johnston Bro	7 00	V Lauther	7 00
Robert & Son	7 50	G W Stutzman & Co	7 00
J Mackinney	7 00		
J Montgomery	7 00	James Pitts	7 00
J Fagan	7 00	Wm Bowers	7 00
Jas J Murphy	7 00	J Thomas & Co	7 00
Aga Benshoof	7 00	Peckler & Levergood	7 00
Jonas Wayne	7 00		
J Silver	7 00	Foekler & Co	7 00
M Mayer	7 00	F Krebs	7 00
Jno Colbert	7 00	Chas Hochstein	7 00
Jas Elbert	7 00	A Blauch & Co	7 00
Jno Reffin	7 00	Geo Shafer	7 00
J Thomas	7 00	John Bloch	7 00
J Barker	7 00	Chas Oswald	7 50
Mrs Fromald	7 50	A S Wagstaff	7 50
J Kinney	7 00	W Sumner & Co	7 50
Jas Schmalle	7 00		
JACKSON TOWNSHIP.			
Saml Although	7 50	George Wehn	7 50
LORETTO BOROUGH.			
Wm Ellsinger	7 00	John Bradley	7 00
J G Friel	7 00	P H Shields & Son	7 00
J Christy	7 00	F X Haid	7 00
MILLVILLE BOROUGH.			
John R Thisler	7 00	W H Given	7 00
J W Stutzman & Co	7 00	H P McDermott	7 00
RICHLAND TOWNSHIP.			
Bernard Ness	7 00	H George Berkey	7 00
John Matters	7 00	Isaac B Horner	7 00
George Gwinal	7 00	John G Meyer	7 50
SUMMITVILLE BOROUGH.			
Wm M Connell	7 00	Jas M Gillan	7 00
James A Maher	7 00	John Eger	7 00
Christ Reich	7 00		
SUSQUEHANNA TOWNSHIP.			
Peter Hinrich	7 50	Peter Garman	7 00
WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.			
M D M'Laughlin	7 00	J H Dysart & Co	7 00
Mrs E M'Intosh	7 00	James Conrad	7 00
Mrs Sweeny	7 00	Otho Styner	7 50
G I Davis	7 00	Wm Fringle, jr	7 50
Jane Labey	7 00	Martin & Co	7 50
WILMORE BOROUGH.			
John Schroth	7 00	E Paul & Co	7 00
P H Wolfensiagle & Son	14	E D Evans	7 00
	7 00		
TAYLOR TOWNSHIP.			
J Ford, Morrell & Co	7 00		
WRIGHT TOWNSHIP.			
J H Fisher	7 00	Geo Walters & Son	7 50
Yates & Son	7 00		
WOODVAL BOROUGH.			
Charles Heffrick	7 50		
TODD TOWNSHIP.			
Jeremiah Beigle	7 00		

BREWERIES.

Peter Beagle, Loretto Borough	$15 00
Jacob Gueseagen, Cambria Borough	15 50
Rose Graff & Co., Johnstown Borough	15 00
" " "	15 50
" " "	15 00
Geo Hassman, " "	15 00
Robert & Kress, Conemaugh Borough	15 50
" " Carrolltown Borough	15 00
" " "	15 00
Jno Schwaderer, Washington Township	15 50

An APPEAL will be held at the office of the Assessor, at Ebensburg, on **Monday, June 5th, 1871.**

A. D. CRISTE,
Mercantile Appraiser.

May 13, 1871.-4t.

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 **200 Acres** of excellent land, **150 Acres** cleared, in good fence and in a good state of cultivation, (40 Acres being meadow,) the balance timbered with a thick growth of pine timber. The IMPROVEMENTS consist of a good FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, in first rate condition, 32 ft., FRAME BANK BARN, 41 ft., &c., &c., as well as a WATER WHEEL 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 4 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 further information apply on the premises or to

PETER MULVEHILL,
Strongstown, Indiana Co., Pa.

[May 6, 1871.-3m.*]

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, situate on the road leading to St. Augustine and about one mile from Loretto, containing **71 Acres**, fifty **40 Acres** being cleared, well fenced, well watered and in a good state of cultivation, and having a first rate LOG 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,
Executors of M. Leavy, dec'd.

Feb. 18,-tf.

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

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.* and *Levari Facias* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the *Court House in Ebensburg*, on MONDAY, the 5TH DAY OF JUNE next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Alice Hagan, of, in and to a Lot of Ground situate in Gallitzin township, Cambria county, fronting 3 3-10 perches on the New Portage Rail Road, on the south an alley, on the east lands of James McCloskey, on the west by Lot No. 21, known as Lot No. 22, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story Plank House, with shed roof attached—now in the occupancy of Andrew Clitts. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Bradley.

Also, all the right, title and interest of A. Humphreys, of, in and to a Tract of Land situate in Chest township, Cambria county, adjoining lands warranted in the names of Samuel Ruth, Wm. Parker, John Ashley, and others, containing 400 *Acres*, more or less, unimproved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Martin Yahner, jr.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Martin Seymore, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Bennet, John Davis, and others, containing 60 *Acres*, more or less, about 30 Acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one story Log House and Log Barn—now in the occupancy of Martin Seymore. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. Moore & Son.

Also, all the right, title and interest of David Wilhelm, of, in and to the following described Building and Lot of Ground, to wit: A one-and-a-half story Frame House, about sixteen feet by eighteen feet, and a Frame Stable about ten feet by twenty (20) feet, situate in the village of Hemlock, Washington township, Cambria county, and in Tiley's block of lots, bounded on the north by a lot of Wm. Tiley, on the south by a street, on the east by a street, and on the west by an alley, fronting 50 feet and extending back 130 feet. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Tate W. Allison, for the use of James M. Cooper and Samuel Milliken.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Geo. Litzinger, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of W. A. B. Little on the north, Joseph Null on the west and the Philipsburg road on the south-east, containing 19 *Acres*, more or less, all cleared, having thereon erected a two story Plank House—now in the occupancy of George Litzinger. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of C. D. M'Gees & Co.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Thos. Brannon, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Munster township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Mrs. Susan Gallagher, Joseph O'Brien, and others, containing 7½ *Acres*, more or less, all cleared, having thereon erected a Log Stable, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John O'Brien.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Jos. Trexler, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Mary Bendon, David Trexler, and others, containing 25 *Acres*, more or less, about 25 Acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story Frame House and Frame Barn—now in the occupancy of Joseph Trexler. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Mary Bendon.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Benjamin F. Byers, of, in and to all that certain tract or lot of land situate in White township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, containing 50 *Acres* and allowance, beginning at a stone heap, in a field, thence north 85 degrees to a post or dogwood, thence east 100 perches to a hemlock, thence south 50 perches to a post, thence west 100 perches to the place of beginning, making in all 50 Acres, with allowances. Takes in five acres which was formerly sold by Benjamin Byers to said Benjamin F. Byers. The above described piece of land is a part of a larger tract of land purchased by the said Benjamin Byers of Edward Shoemaker, deceased, by deed dated 27th September, A. D. 1839, recorded in the office for recording of deeds, Feb'y 14, 1840, in Record Book, Volume 5, Page 432, together with the hereditaments and appurtenances. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Benjamin Byers.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third of the purchase money on the day of sale, and the remaining two-thirds at the confirmation of the deed.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, May 15, 1871.

REGISTER'S NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office, at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on *Wednesday, the 7th day of June* next, to wit:

First and partial account of Catharine Bloch, Adm'x of the estate of Christian Bloch, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased.

Second account of George Conrad, Guardian of the minor children of Samuel Ream, late of Richland township, deceased.

Account of James Rose, one of the Executors of Jos. Rose, late of Richland township, dec'd.

Third and final account of Samuel Douglass, Guardian of the minor heirs of Daniel Huber, jr., deceased.

The account of Jacob Kline, Guardian of Adam Kollis, a minor son of Nicholas Kollis, late of Allegheny township, deceased.

First account of Wm. R. Geis, Administrator, &c., of Martin Obermyer, late of Cambria borough, deceased.

First account of Evan M. Davis, Executor of David M. Davis, late of Summerhill twp., dec'd.

First account of Josiah Gochnour and Stephen Gochnour, Administrators of Daniel Gochnour, late of Taylor township, deceased.

The account of Edward Roberts, Executor of Evan R. Morgan, who was Executor of David W. Pryce, late of Cambria township, dec'd.

The account of Margaret Leavy and Augustine Walters, Executors of the last will and testament of Michael Leavy, late of Loretto borough, deceased.

First and partial account of Margaret Mitchell, Administratrix of James H. Mitchell, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

The partial account of A. H. Fiske, Esq., Executor of the last will and testament of Nancy Krise, late of the township of Clearfield, dec'd.

The second partial account of Cecilia McNeal, (formerly Cecelia McGough,) Administratrix of the estate of Geo. McGough, late of the township of Clearfield, deceased.

First account of W. W. Harris, Administrator, &c., of Isaac D. Schnabley, late of Jackson township, deceased.

First and final account of Cyrus L. Pershing, Administrator of the estate of George Goff, late of the township of Jackson, deceased.

The account of George Bostert, Guardian of Geo. Doerr, minor child of August Doerr, dec'd.

The second and final account of Jas. Brown, Executor of Charles Kennedy, late of Munster township, Cambria county, deceased.

The account of John Kennedy and James Brown, Executors of Ann Kennedy, late of Munster township, Cambria county, deceased.

The first and final account of Jos. S. Mardis, Executor of Elizabeth Patterson, late of Blacklick township, deceased.

The fourth and final account of Wm. Kittell, Administrator, &c., of the estate of Rob't Flinn, late of Summerhill township, deceased.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Register.

Register's Office, Ebensburg, May 10, 1871.-4t.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.—Notice is hereby given that the following Appraisement of certain personal property of a decedent, selected and set apart for the widow of an intestate, under the Act of Assembly of 14th of April, 1851, has been filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for approval on *Wednesday, the 7th day of June* next, to wit:

The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of Michael Grady, late of Millville borough, Cambria county, dec'd, set apart for the widow of said decedent—$99 60.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Clerk O. C.

Clerk's Office, Ebensburg, May 11, 1871.-4t.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership between A. J. Hartsock, Elias Paul and G. W. Settlemyer, in the mercantile business, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 22d day of March, A. D. 1871. All debts due to E. Paul & Co. are to be received and all debts owed by said firm are to be paid by Elias Paul and G. W. Settlemyer, who will continue the business under the firm name of Paul & Settlemyer.

A. J. HARTSOCK,
ELIAS PAUL,
G. W. SETTLEMYER.

Wilmore, May 13, 1871.-3t.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER!—The subscriber hereby announces himself as an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for the position of COUNTY COMMISSIONER, and pledges himself, if nominated and elected, to discharge the duties of the office honestly and to the best of his ability. JOHN S. LOMEREAUX.

Blacklick Twp., April 15, 1871.-tc.

The Poet's Department.

PUT DOWN THE BRAKES.

No matter how well the track may be laid,
No matter how strong the engine is made,
When you find it running on the downward grade,
Put down the brakes!

If the demon of drink has entered the soul,
And his power is getting beyond your control,
And dragging you on to a terrible goal,
Put down the brakes!

Remember the adage, "Don't trifle with fire;"
Temptation, you know is always a liar;
If you want to crush out the burning desire,
Put down the brakes!

Are you running in debt by living too fast?
Do you look back with shame on a profitless past,
And feel that your ruin is coming at last?
Put down the brakes!

Whether for knowledge, or honor, or gain,
You're fast wearing out your body and brain,
Till nature no longer can bear with the strain,
Put down the brakes!

The human is weak since old Adam's fall:
Beware how you yield to appetite's call—
"Be temperate in all things," was practiced by Paul—
Put down the brakes!

Ah, a terrible thing is human life!
Its track with many a danger is rife;
Do you seek for the victor's crown in the strife?
Put down the brakes!

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

BELLE ALDEN'S TRAVELING BAG.

A train bound for St. Louis had just left the depot of Bellefontaine, when a gentleman entered the smoking-car and laid his hand upon the shoulder of his traveling companion—a tall, handsome man of thirty, who sat musingly blowing rings of smoke into the air.

"Marcy," said the new comer, "if you want to see at once the sweetest and saddest sight you ever beheld, go into the last car but one on the train. There's an emigrant German woman with four children, and during the afternoon the youngest, a baby, has died. The mother and the other children are inconsolable."

"I can understand," interrupted the smoker, "the sadness of such a scene, but where is the sweetness you spoke of?

"I'm coming to that. The whole party have been taken in charge by a young lady. Such a beauty! She dried the mother's tears and wiped the children's noses. She's a divinity! She only needs a few feathers on her shoulder-blades to make a full-fledged angel of her. If I was not a married man, I'd never leave her till I'd made Mrs. Angelica Townsend out of her."

"That's a speech which I shall faithfully report to Mrs. Agnes Townsend," said the gentleman addressed as Marcy, rising. "I shall go back and feast my eyes on this beautiful 'Sister of Charity,' and," he added, taking his traveling satchel and shawl from the rack, "as we stop at the next station, which is due in ten minutes, I may as well take my traps through with me, and join you on the platform."

Thus saying, Richard Marcy threw his shawl over his shoulder, and sauntered leisurely through the long train—rushing blindly and calmly to his fate. For, as he entered the last car but one, he became a witness and an actor in a scene that influenced his whole future life.

The poor, grief-stricken German, of whom his companion, Dr. Townsend, had spoken, with the dead infant in her arms, sat silently weeping over the little dead face.

The three sturdy children grouped in childish sorrow about their little dead brother, was indeed a touching spectacle. But standing beside them was the divinity of Dr. Townsend's admiration, and she who was most certainly to "share ends" with the unhappy Richard.

She was a tall, slender girl of eighteen, with magnificent eyes and hair. As he entered the car she was speaking, her lovely face flushed, and the small rosy mouth disclosing a beautiful set of teeth, turned bewitchingly toward the tall stranger at the door.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the sweet voice, "this poor woman, friendless, speaking no English, with four little children, was expecting to find work in St. Louis to support them. If everything had gone well with her, it would have been hard; but with her little dead baby and sorrowing heart, she is certainly a deserving object of charity; and I propose that such as feel willing will contribute their mite toward a little purse for her immediate wants and the burial of her poor baby. And," she added, with a bewitching smile, "if any gentleman will lend me a hat, I will go round and take up a collection."

In an instant the gallant Richard pulled his traveling cap from his blonde curls and offered it to the angel of mercy, who accepted it with a smile, this time all his own, and commenced gathering the readily forthcoming dollars her generous, graceful appeal brought from the purses of all in the car.

Richard watched the slender figure in gray gather the money, and looking at the plaid cap in white jeweled fingers, he bethought him of his donation, and stepping to the seat the beauty had just occupied, he laid his satchel and shawl upon a family of its kind, belonging to the angel in gray, and took from his pocket a ten dollar bill, which he placed in the little hand that returned him his cap. Further damage the poor fellow received, when a smile and warmly-worded thanks for his contribution were dealt from the beautiful mouth.

Dick was in the midst of an elaborate reply when the cars stopped. He lingered yet another moment, seized his satchel and shawl with his eyes on the face of his charmer, and then, even as the cars were again in motion, he bethought himself of the doctor, and hurriedly left the car and joined his friend on the platform.

"Well," ejaculated the worthy, "I began to believe you'd concluded to go and bury the dead baby, and make the protecting beauty Mrs. Angelica Marcy.—Isn't she a stunner?"

"Town send," returned his friend, "don't use slang in speaking of the noble creature." He looked after the train just disappearing in the distance. "I wish to heaven," he continued, "I'd remained on board. How stupid I was to leave it. I might have learned her name and residence. And now—"

"Now, in all probability," broke in the doctor, "you'll never meet her in this vale of tears. But you'll know her in heaven, if you'll behave yourself well enough to get there, by her wings; she'll have the biggest of them all, seeing they've commenced to sprout on earth."

And thus rallying his thoroughly-captivated friend, the two made their way to the house of an acquaintance, with whom they were to remain that night, and go on next day to their destination—St. Louis.

After the first salutation, our hero went to his room to remove some of the evidences of his long ride from New York. He had removed his coat, vest and collar; he had splashed and soaped and washed, till his damp curls clung close to his shapely head, when he made a startling discovery.

Flushed and breathless, he burst into the next room upon his friend.

"Townsend," exclaimed he, "what on earth do you suppose? I've got the wrong bag; I've changed baggage with the angel of mercy. Look at the slipper. See that thimble. Contemplate that glove!"

"It's evident you've got the lady's satchel. And what was there in yours?"

"Don't bring up that dreadful idea," said Dick. "Cigars and a hair-brush, a pack of cards, pocket-flask and a tooth-brush—everything disreputable. If I am judged by that bag, I'm a lost man."

"And this I took for a clean shirt," and Dick held up a frilled and fluted sack, such as do duty for more extensive night dresses with ladies when traveling. "I'd like to see Angelica when she opens my satchel."

And Dick fell to musing, with the slipper perched on two fingers, and the frilled white lace spread out tenderly on his knees.

* * * * * *

In the upper apartment of a handsome mansion in St. Louis, on the evening of the day our heroine first made the reader's acquaintance, beautiful Belle Alden, the petted and only daughter of the house, sat contemplating the various articles her confidential maid was disposing upon the table—articles taken from no less a receptacle than Dick Marcy's traveling bag.

The cards and cigar case lay side by side, and a highly scented party they were.

"What's in the little silver flask, Rosa?" said the fair mistress.

"Brandy, ma'am," replied the maid.

"He can't be very dissipated to travel with such a little bottle. That's in case of sickness, I suppose," returned Belle.

"It's my belief," said Rosa, who was a shrewd girl, "that the gentleman was a mighty nice one, else you'd not so readily excuse the cards and the bottle."

"For shame, Rosa. All gentlemen play euchre, traveling, and even clergymen take a little brandy in case of sickness," answered Belle. "And this man was a gentleman, and a liberal one, too, for he gave the poor emigrant woman ten dollars. What's that, Rosa?"

For at that moment Rosa held between her fingers a letter.

Whether it was wrong to read a stranger's letter vexed Belle for a moment, as her eye glanced at the superscription and handwriting.

"Why, of all things!" exclaimed the delighted girl, seizing the letter. "Why, Rosa, this is Jennie Marcy's writing, and addressed to Richard Marcy—her only darling brother—who was in Europe when we two graduated at Madam Ritter's in Brooklyn."

Belle read rapidly till she reached the middle of the letter, when she burst into a merry laugh.

"Hear this, Rosa," she said, and she read from the letter:

"Above all things, Dick, dear, don't fail while in St. Louis to see my best friend and schoolmate, Belle Arden. I know you will fall in love with her, for, besides being the best girl in the world, she's a beauty and an heiress, and father's choice above all others for his son's wife. He used to talk it over at home, and hoped Belle would not marry before you came home from Europe. She is full as anxious to know you, and wears your hair and mine in a locket father gave her last year. Give her lots of love, and beg her to overlook your many imperfections for the sake of her old schoolmate, Jenny."

"Then the gentleman is, of course, Miss Jenny's brother," said Rosa, "and what will she say when she hears of you're having met in such a romantic way?"

"I don't intend to tell her of it till I go to New York this fall," said Belle.—"Perhaps her brother will call."

But in this supposition Belle was wrong. The month passed, and she saw no more of the golden-haired Richard.

And she carefully separated the yellow lock in the little keepsake from the dark tress of Jenny's, and put it back into its place alone, while another locket held a piece of Jenny's. And somehow, Belle looked very, very often at the wee, golden curl, and she never did so but the rest of the handsome head sprang up beside the locket; and she would sit and contemplate the picture her fancy had wrought for her, little dreaming the interest she was allowing to grow in her bosom for Jenny's brother.

In the fall, Belle and her father went to New York, and the first day after her arrival found her sitting with her old friend, who, after the evasive meeting, sat down to empty her soul.

"I am so glad you are here this month," Jenny said, "because I'm to be married in October, and I have always been crazy to have you for bridesmaid, and Dick is to be Harry's best man." Belle blushed.

"But Dick has fallen hopelessly, madly in love." Belle turned pale.

"Yes, I was dreadfully provoked when he passed through St. Louis, and never went near you. But he went wild over some lady he met on that fatal trip.

"He will talk to me by hours of Angelica. And when I have spoken of you he has been positively rude, and asked me to have done bothering him about my freckled school friends—you know your picture shows freckles; but, bless me, you haven't any now. And your picture don't look any more like you than it does me, not a bit."

"But tell me," asked Belle, "is your brother engaged to this lady?"

"Engaged! Why, dear heart, he don't know her name. He just found some of her clothes somewhere. He's got her old slipper under a glass case; he's got her gloves stuffed under another; he's got her nightgown done up in lavender; he's got her gold thimble hung on his watch chain; and I do believe he's got a hair-brush and some hair-pins next to his heart! Oh, it's folly to interfere! He's beyond all hope! I did think the excitement of my wedding would wean him from it, but not a bit of it. He looked at my new things as calmly as an oyster, and said—it is not kind of me to repeat it, though," broke off Jenny.

"What was it he said?" inquired Belle, laughing now heartily. "Don't fear for my feelings."

"Why," he said, "I'll stand up with your friend, Belle, and see you safely married; and then I'm off to winter in Paris. I'm done with love on my own account. It's positively awful."

And so Belle thought, as she looked at her old slipper and glove lying beneath a globe on either side of the faithful Richard's mantle.

"And," said Belle, "since he desires only to meet me on the morning of the wedding, so it shall be. I will be introduced only as we are leaving the house, and he can do as he pleases about continuing the acquaintance afterwards."

Belle was radiant with happiness when she returned to her father, and delighted his fond heart by the change, for she had been very quiet of late.

Jenny and Belle shopped and talked and visited together for the next few days, and when the eventful morning arrived, and amid a bevy of beautiful girls, Belle shone like a queen, the bride was eclipsed, and delightfully acknowledged it. "Oh, Belle!" she said, "I long to have old stoic Dick see you. Hark! there's his step. Come into the next room and be introduced. Don't wait till the carriages come—it is an hour yet."

And Belle, with a beating heart, swept through the door and stood even as Dick first saw her, only in the place of the gray traveling dress, a magnificent white satin fell in rich folds about her, and upon her lovely white throat lay the turquois locket that held Dick's golden curl. Upon the beautiful head, crowned by its chestnut hair, a cornal of pearls added to that grace and beauty of an image that, shrined in Dick's heart, was already an angel.

Belle did not look up, but she felt the presence, as Richard Marcy came up and was introduced to little Jenny's old schoolmate Then, as he held ont his hand, she raised her eyes, and laid her tiny hand in his, and said:

"I think we had better rectify that mistake about the traveling bags, Mr. Marcy!"

"Good heavens, Jenny!" said Dick Marcy, "Why didn't you tell me that your friend Belle was my angel of mercy?"

"Because I didn't know it till last night, and then Belle made me promise not to tell. And, besides, you didn't want to meet the freckled school girl till it was positively necessary," returned Jenny, mischievously.

It would be hard to say which of the four that made Jenny's bridal party was the happiest that day.

Dick did not go to Paris that winter. He found St. Louis contained more attraction than any foreign city.

But the next fall will see Dick and Belle on their wedding tour, and he vows he will have the two romantic traveling bags brushed up for the occasion. Dr. Townsend, who is to be along, says he knew the minute he saw the girl she would one day be Angelica, as he "felt it in the air."

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

A genteel and intelligent young man about thirty years of age, was recently taken up at St. Louis on a charge of being drunk in the streets and disturbing the peace. He plead guilty to the charge, and evidently labored under great emotion. When requested to give some account of himself (we copy from the St. Louis *Bulletin*) he replied:

"Sir: I have now arrived at the extremity of that degredation which, long ago, I become satisfied would one day or other become my portion. Sir, I do not believe I was born to this. In my youth, when I first started in the world, my hopes and prospects were as bright as the sky which bent over me. I married a beautiful wife, when I was twenty-eight years of age, and had acquired a considerable competence. Sir, I need not tell you how I loved her. I perceive by your countenance that you know something of human nature, and are already satisfied that I am not a common loafer—and that I have been driven to the present extremity by some extraordinary circumstances. But I will proceed with my story. Two years subsequent to my marriage with my wife—who was a young English lady of handsome expectations, and had a beautiful boy to bless me with his innocent endearments—we received letters from England, announcing the death of my wife's father, and soliciting me to come to England immediately, for the purpose of settling up the affairs of the deceased, and receiving my wife's portion of the estate. I immediately made preparations for my departure, and leaving my wife under the protection of an intimate *friend*, whose name was Henry Anson Willoughby, I set sail for England.

"My business detained me longer than I had anticipated, and I began to feel the most intense anxiety respecting my family. The letters I received from my wife grew brief and unfrequent, sometimes startling me with their abruptness. Just before the final steps in regard to my wife's proportion were about to be completed, I received a letter from America, warning me to hasten home, if I would preserve my future happiness and the honor of my wife! Imagine my dismay! I hurried home, leaving my business still unsettled, and arrived in time to find my hearth desolate, my wife eloped with my *friend* Willoughby, and my boy—my darling boy—in the orphan asylum, an object of public charity!

"Willoughby had represented himself a rich planter from Alabama, and that he was sojourning at the north for the purpose of regaining his health. Placing my child under proper protection, I flew in pursuit of the destroyer of my peace, with my heart bursting with revenge. At Montgomery, Ala., I learned that Willoughby had been there, in company with a lady, whom he called his wife—that he had been for years a notorious blackleg and swindler, and had gone to Mobile, leaving his wife (*my* wife) behind him in circumstances of destitution. After waiting for some time, and hearing nothing from her base paramour, she borrowed money from some of the citizens and followed him.

"Mad with rage and disappointment, I pursued. At Mobile I lost all traces of the villain and his wretched victim. I proceeded to New Orleans; and, on making inquiries of the different boats, I was told by the captain of one of them engaged in running to St. Louis, that a woman answering the description I gave, had gone up the river on his boat some time since. I immediately embarked for this place, sir; and my money being nearly exhausted, I was compelled to take a passage on deck.

"I arrived here in a complete state of destitution; and being unable to learn anything of my wife or the villain Willoughby, I became discouraged and disheartened. The bottle was my resort.—I mingled with the vilest of the vile, and, last night was pursuaded by several others to visit a house of ill-fame. I entered—and the first object that met my gaze was *my wife*, sitting upon the lap of a disgusting ruffian, and resigning her tender cheek, which I had not suffered 'even the winds of Heaven to touch too roughly,' to his disgusting caresses. Sir, sir! I became mad! I can tell no more, but that I rushed from the house invoking the most impious maledictions upon *him* who had been the cause of such misery and anguish; and found myself this morning in the situation you behold me. Sir, nothing which *you* can inflict will be punishment to me; and you can bestow no greater favor than to take my life—I have lived too long—I am ready to die."

He was discharged.

A CRUSTY old gentleman in Boston decided to invest in a two cent paper, and handed the boy a twenty five cent piece of currency. He couldn't change it, but offered to go out of the car and change it. Crusty man objected, and broke out with, "Hold on, you little ragged rascal, do you suppose I'm going to trust the likes of you with so large a sum of money. Lay down your papers for security, you little rascal," and the "little rascal," did make crusty the custodian of his papers, and bounded out of the car "for to change" the twenty five cent scrip. But the boy forgot to return, and crusty found himself in possession of four copies of a two cent paper.

A Mother's Mistake.

I thought I knew before that grown-up people should regard the rights of their children, and be careful not to destroy any of their precious little possessions.—But it seemed I needed a little bitter experience to make me know it thoroughly.

In cleaning up the room I gathered up some torn pieces of newspaper, and with them a leaf from an old blank book scrawled over with the curious hyroglyphics my little boy delights in. I crushed them all up together, and stuffed them in the stove, with a sudden fear, as the flames devoured them, that the child might miss his drawings. But he made so many such scrawls, I hardly could see why he should wish to preserve any of them.

After breakfast I heard him saying: "I wonder where that paper is that I marked on last night. I wish I could find it. Don't you know, mamma, that piece of count book I made machinery on when you lay on the lounge? Where do you suppose it is?"

"Can't you make another one like it?" I asked.

"I can't just remember how that was," he said; "and it had my *dendal cars* on it. I want *that*. I must find it!" And he emptied his box of playthings and tools upon the floor, to make sure whether it was among his books or papers or not. I had not the courage to tell him that it was gone past all recovery, and by the cruel thoughtlessness of his own mamma. At last he concluded to try again on a fresh leaf of the old account book. Presently he came to me, saying: "Oh! I do want that piece I had last night so much! Can't you find it for me?"—Suddenly I found grace to say: "My little boy, I am afraid that is what mamma burned up this morning with some torn newspaper." "Oh! I can't live!" he burst out, "I want it so *very* much!" For a minute or two I suppose his loss was quite as severe for him to bear as was Carlyle's for his man's heart, when he discovered that his maid-servant had kindled the fire with his precious manuscript of the "French Revolution