OLUME 5.

TOMAS CARLAND, WHOLESALE DEALER IN

MICERIES & QUEENSWARE. WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

W SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS

BACON, FLOUR, EED AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue, MARCH 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

ch goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood Ware, Shoe Blacking and Station sold from manufacturer's printed tall other goods in my line at Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsprices. To dealers 1 present the tage of saving them all freight as they are not required to pay MEN'S COATS. a the principal cities and no dray are made. Dealers may rest asay goods are of the best quality and moderate as city rates. By doing business, and by promptly and filling all orders, I hope to merit of retail dealers and others in sty and elsewhere. Orders recited and satisfaction guaranteed THOMAS CARLAND. sly 29, 1869.-if.

ORGE W. YEAGER helesale and Retall Dealer in

EATING AND COOK STOVES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

FEIS OWN MANUFACTURE.

ENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING

and all other work in his line. This Street, near Caroline Street

ALTOONA, PA. of dealer in the city having the right to

owned BARLEY SHEAR OE STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

TE DEMENSE. - PRICES LOW VOOD, MORRELL & CO. WASHINGTON STREET,

lar Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MILLINERY GOODS,

QUEENSWARE,

BOUTS AND SHOES. HATS AND CAPS.

ARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS, IRON AND NAILS READY-MADE CLOTHING, ASSWARE, YELLOW WARE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE, MOVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

the with all manner of Western Produce, S PLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, MON OHL, &c., &c. Wholesale and retail orders solicited

Supply filled on the shortest notice and WOOD, MORRELL & CO. D.C.E. ZAHM....JAS. B. ZAHM.

ZAHM & SON, DEALERS IN

REGOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

Eats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES

mally Kept in a Country Store. OOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS!

STORE ON MAIN STREET, Next Door to the Post Office,

EBENSBURG, PA.

OOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!

OOTS AND SHOES

he undersigned respectfully informs his nus customers and the public generally that of any desired size or quality, from Inest French calfskin boots to the coarsest in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortrate prices as like as be obtained anywhere. se who have worn Boots and Shoes made

establishment need no assurance as to erior quality of my work. Others can be convinced of the fact if they will only the a trial. Try and be convinced, Regaining of Boots and Shoes attended ptly and in a workmanlike manner. ankful for past favors I feel confident that work and prices will commend me to a conance and increase of the same. Bensburg, April 28, 1869. JOHN D. THOMAS.

THE GREAT

OAKHALL CLOTHING

241 Main Street Johnstown.

The Largest, Best Made AND MOST DURABLE

EVER HEPT IN JOHNSTOWN,

consisting chiefly of MEN'S PANTS.

MEN'S VESTS YOUTHS' COATS YOUTHS' PANTS. YOUTHS' VESTS

BOYS' PANTS. BOYS' VESTS We have also constantly in stock a complete assortment of

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS. Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c.

\$3. We are prepared to make to order Clothing of every description on the shortest notice. Call at No. 241 Main Street, ND SEE HOW IT IS YOURSELVES Johnstown, April 22, 1871.-6m.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND COME and SEET

GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS FOR THE READY CASH!

onging to H. A. Shoemaker & Co., and having purchased an additional STOCK OF NEW GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY.

we are now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as will patronize us, with Goods of all kinds at PRICES FULLY AS LOW

as any other merchant in or out of Cambria county. It is our intention to keep our Store constantly stocked with a full and well selected constantly stocked with a full and well selected assortment of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, INOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GROERIES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TO-

BACCO, CIGARS, and all other articles, large or small, that can be found in any store of like character in the county; and as we intend to SELL EXCLUSIVELY for CASH And the bosom of thy silvery waves reflect the OR COUNTRY PRODUCE, and make no had debts, we feel sure that on

stock and our prices will not only secure bur retain for us a liberal share of patronage. EARLY VISITS FROM ONE AND ALL are respectfully solicited, and if we fail to render entire satisfaction, both as regards the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them, it will certainly be no fault of the new firm at the old stand of Shoemaker & Co., High street. Don't forget to call and we'll not forget to give you full value for your money.

MYERS & LLOYD.

Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

PEMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT

COOKING STOVES, HEATING STOVES. COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the new ly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices,. The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves of the most approved designs.

SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and ma-erial. REPAIRING promptly attended to. All work done by me will be done right an on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sol y me can be depended upon as to quality and annot be undersold in price. A continuance nd increase of patronage is respectfully solicied, and no effort will be wanting to render en-

Fre satisfaction to all.
VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIOM WM. P. PATTON, Manufacturer and Dealer in

-ALL KINDS OF-CABINET FURNITURE Nos. 150 and 152 Clinton Street, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

BEDSTRADS. WASHSTANDS, SIDEBOARDS, HAMBER SETS. ARLOR SETS,

WARDROBES.

CANE CHAIRS, WOOD SEAT CHAIRS, KITCHEN FURNITURE, BED LOUNGES, MATTRESSES, TETE-A-TETES, EXTENSION TABLES, DINING TABLES,

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and Chairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

MUSIC! MUSIC!!—The "SISTERS Lessons on the PIANO
MELODEON or CABINET ORGAN at any
lime after Easter. me after Easter. to the Superioress, Sister M. HORTENSE, or to Rev. R. C. CHRISTY

Ebensburg, April 1, 1871.-tf.

\$325 A MONTH Horse and Carriage furnish-ed. Expenses paid. H. Shaw, Alfred. Mc.

Original Poetry.

KITTY LEE.

BY J. GIL. LONDEN. linger by thee, little stream; thy melodies I [mine ear; Like the voice of distant loved ones it falls upon he bosom of thy silvery waves reflect the stars | she.

And all thy songs of gladness are messengers of But thy murmur holds a sadness, around which memories play, [hood's day :

And it teaches me to love thee as I did in child-For you seem to ask me fondly, in a language of thine own. land alone. Vhy I wander near thy shady banks so weary | than you."

You have often seen a maiden by the name of Kitty Lee, Who sat upon thy soft green banks in child- the thistle near you." Who east the tiny pebbles, and watched them Or gathered flowers that sweetly grew upon thy as they sank,

It was here I learned to love her, as we listened to thy song, [could e'er be wrong. And no impulse ever taught us that to love It was here we strayed together, and when we [would be true. We promised to each other that we always Kitty's parents they were wealthy, while mine were seeming poor, [could endure; Yet the sneering blows at poverty I always For Kitty fondly loved me, despite my clouded

And bid me to have patience, 'twould be bright-But we parted from each other upon this self-And vowed our ties of friendship should never

Then with trembling voice she whispered:-"Where'er in life you be, Remember that you have the prayers of little Kitty Lee.'

I met the world as others do, all friendless and Yet 'mid it all I often found a heart befriend And Kitty often wrote to me to battle with the Imembered still." For though we lingered far apart, I was re-

I strove the harder then to win the baubled boast of fame. [bonored name. That I might bring to Kitty Lee a proud and Thus years went by, success was mine; within a distant land [favoring hand.

I had been blessed by many smiles and fortune's And thus I wrote to Kitty Lee, of wealth and proud success. [ture happiness. And breathed the old love o'er again, with fu- themselves," said the sparrow. "I don't She answered me and simply said, "I love you as a brother. fother.

But ere you get this little note I must obey an-Think not my love shall perish though, for with angel hosts above Lies the record of our childhood-a bright and They may wed my hand to fortune, but my my mouth so wide that my jaws ache." heart shall still be free [you be."

To hold thy cherished image, where'er in life Thus is a life of happiness so often cast away, Like the withered flowers of autumn that grew upon our way: For oft bright hopes do perish by a signie turn

And leave a lingering sadness that never will So your beauty holds a sadness around which fhood's day: memories play, That teaches me to love thee as I did in childstars above. That I may see reflected my childhood's holy

of heart.

Tales, Shetches, Anecdotes, dr. THE GIFTED FROG.

-Londen's Wildrood Songs.

its golden blossoms. The great white should feel inclined to eat him. water-lillies liked to lay their sleepy heads evening the May flies could not resist the out?" pleasure of dancing there, though they were there not numerous pink spotted trout watching for them below, and ready

to dart on them at a moment's notice ? One evening at sunset a lively little trout was employing himself in this way with great success, when he observed an An old farmer was out one fine day look-

"Why don't you come right in?" called fection. Come along !"

"No. I thank you," said the frog ; "I'd "Perhaps you can't swim?" suggested the trout, apologetically.

you !"

"I should think not," said the trout; let's see how you perform.

young thing, with a large head. I am the woodchuck killed him." too old to make such exertions now." "Too old? too lazy, you mean." "That's rude," said the frog.

"Aren't you hungry, old fellow ?"

"Very," answered the frog. "Don't you like May flies?" "Rather! Don't you see I keep open-

mistake?"

the trout, "though your month is pretty | "The Star-Spangled Hunner." wide;" and with that he disappeared.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1871.

Early the next morning, before the dew was off the ground, a sparrow in search of worms observed the frog sitting in the

"Why don't you come right out and look for your breakfast, froggie?" said "Much too early to be-stir one's self,"

answered the frog. "Perhaps you can't hop?" said the

"Can't I, though ?" said the frog. "If I chose I could hop a good deal farther "If you could hop, I should think you'd

I'll open my mouth wide," said the frog, "and perhaps he may come in .-

unlucky fellow I am, to be sure !" "Dear me," said the sparrow. "Do you call that being unlucky? I'm sure na Key was a beautiful little girl, with the my nestlings at home open their mouths wide enough, but nothing drops into them I ever saw. When they moved into but what I put there. But I must be off."

That evening when the trout came up same place.

your yellow skin hangs quite loose, and hawk with a sky lark; but she lived to She has promised tomatoes, and the old your eyes look positively goggle!" taste," answered the frog; and as he either repented of their marriage. Mr.

Next morning the sparrow appeared again, and there sat the frog as before. Halloo! froggie!" said she; "you there

still? What are you waiting for?" "I am waiting for Providence to send me a fly," replied the frog; but this time | home in 1809 to seek my fortune in Lan- | was a tiller of the ground. The wonder he spoke rather hesitatingly, for he was caster, Pa. beginning to feel weak and hungry, "Providence only helps these who help

believe the fly will be sent." "I certainly am a most unlucky beggar," said the frog, "considering the number of flies that passed this way, and not one of them comes in, though I open

"Well, you are a queer fish !" she said.

with a calm dignity; and the sparrow over it again, in fancy, hundreds of times, be saw Abel whistling along with his fine picked up a fine worm, and flew off to her | and I'll tell you Frank Key, patriotic as | French merinoes, worth eight dollars a

him to stretch his yellow neck for it, but miles from Fort M'Henry the city's main surprising. He had thrown away magso slowly that the blue butterfly had time | defense. He could watch all the enemy's | nificent opportunities. He might have to escape. "Just like my luck !" solilo- preparations and he knew the danger they had a monopoly of any profession or busiquized the frog. What's the use of exert- foreboded. Through the terrific cannon- ness. Had he studied medicine there ing one's self? Nothing ever comes of it." ading of that midnight fight, while the would not have been another doctor withit's the effort of holding my mouth open | the flying bombs, do you think he could | and every family would have bought a so long that makes me ill. I'll go to sleep? As the struggle ceased upon the bottle of Noah's Compound Extract of The following story is told in a style sleep." But he scarcely closed his eyes coming morning and he looked through Gopher Wood and Anti-Deluge Syrup." more suited perhaps for children than for when a rustling sound close to him made the dim twilight for the flag of his coun- As a politician, there is no doubt he

those who are older grown; but there is a him open them. There between him and try, his heart sick with fear and doubt, might have carried his own ward solid, lesson in the story which none will fail the sunlight looked a dark figure with could be help the outburst of the first and controlled two-thirds of the delegates to admire and accept, notwithstanding cruel eyes. It was a great shrike, or verse? And then, as through the mists in every convention. As a lawyer he the simple language in which it is taught: butcher bird. Poor froggie! While he of the deep the banner loomed dimly in | would have been retained in every case It was such a pretty pool. Every sort | was thinking what an unlucky fellow he | the morning sun's first rays, and be ex- tried at the Ararat Quarter Sessions, or of water-plant grew there, from the tall was, the butcher bird pounced upon him, claimed, purple loosestrife and crimson willow- and put an end to his existence, after weed to the creeping money-wort, with which he deposited him on a thorn till he

"Well, froggie, you there still?" cried on its calm, clear surface, and forget-me- the trout, when he came up in the evennots nestled along its banks. In the ing. "Why, he's gone!-fairly starved

"Killed and spitted?" said the sparknew it might be a dance of death; for row, who had watched the whole proceeding, concealed in a bush. "Poor fellow !" said the trout ; "I was

afraid it would end so." - Oswego Press.

CUTTING OFF THE WRONG HEAD .-

intelligent looking frog sitting on the ing over his broad acres, with an ax on bank, half in the water and half out, and his shoulder, and a small dog at his heels. They espied a woodchuck. The dog gave chase and drove him into a stone-wall, the trout. "You can't think how lovely where action immediately commenced. it is. And the May flies are just in per- The dog would draw the woodchuck partly out from the wall, and the woodchuck would take the dog back. The old gentleman's sympathy getting high on the side of the dog, thought he would help him. So potting himself in position with "Can't I, though ?" answered the frog. the axe above the dog, he waited for the Let me tell you that when human be- extraction of the woodchuck, when he ings try to swim, it's me they imitate, not | would cut him down. So an opportunity

offered, and the old man struck, but the woodchuck gathered up at the same time, "why, the poor things haven't got any took the dog in far enough to receive the fins! Well, come along, froggie, and blow, and the dog was killed on the spot. For years after, the old gentleman, in re-"No, thank you," said the frog again ; lating the story, would always add, "And 'I had enough of the pond when I was a that dog don't know to this day but what THE Wytheville [Va.] Dispatch relates | hit it !' and fitting the tune to the words, the following: "Not far from us a young there rang out for the first time the song of

"You might wait long enough," said | poned indefinitely."

HOW IT WAS COMPOSED AND SET TO MUSIC.

AS RELATED BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

"And you knew Francis Key?" "Knew him! Why he lived but a few doors above my father's house .-There were two brothers, John Ross and Philip Barton Key. Philip was an officer in the British army during the Revolutionary war, while John was in that of the United States. John lived on Pipe's Creek, near Taneytown, Frederick county, Maryland, where Francis and his sister Anna, "John's only children were born. There was an exiled Scotchman, Mr. this subject, for I've been glittered and be- miner, one of the principal actors in the Bruce-said to have been heir to the guiled, and dazzled and destroyed by this undertaking: thood's hour with me, bave a try for that bluebottle sitting on throne of Scotland-who had built a mill on Pipe's Creek, and there, in the company of this noble old aristocrat, Frank spent his very early boyhood. The Why, there he goes right away. What an brothers, Philip and John, were large, manly looking fellows, but Frank and Anna were of much smaller mould. An-

cheerfulest ways and most pleasant face town, near my father's Frank was half them. grown, and ready to enter as a law stufor his supper, there sat the frog in the dent with Roger B. Taney, then at the culio has stung them, and contain living head of the Frederick bar. Roger was a things uncomely to the eye and unsavory clay, putting you in the momentary fear "Good evening, froggie," he said .- tall, gaunt fellow, as lean, they used to to the taste. I'm afraid. Why, you are getting thin; little Anna. It was like the union of a the eye cannot see them. be the wife of a Chief Justice of the hens have encompassed them, and the "Personal remarks are never in good United States, and I never heard that band cannot reach them. conversation, the trout went about his an Episcopalian, not considered very thirty chills and three pecks of potatoes.

housekeeping on Market street, and had found the rheamatism.

After she was gone the frog observed a composing that poem. It was forced out wonder he wanted to kill somebody, and little blue butterfly sitting on a blade of of him. Just think. He was a prisoner thought he'd practice on Abel. grass near. The pangs of hunger induced on the fleet, which was anchored two And Noah's getting drunk was not at all "How weak I feel, to be sure! I think sky was lit up with the flery courses of in a thousand miles to call him "Quack;"

> " "Tis the star spangled banner! oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the

> it was prayer and praise all in one; and there has never been anything like it

> Mr. Hendon stopped to wipe his sweating face with his red bandana handkerchief, and take a rapid stride across the floor. He had forgotten his cane and the weight of his eighty years in this reminiscence of his strong young manhood; and if Admiral Cockburn had that moment stood before him, in the flesh-and-blood of his real self, I would have been the chronicler of his fate.

"'Have you heard Francis Key' poem?' said one of our mess, coming in one evening, as we lay scattered over the green hills near the captain's marquee. It was a rude copy, written in a scrawl which Horace Greeley might have mistaken for his own. He read it aloud once, twice, three times, until the entire division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloquence. An idea siezed Ferd. Durang. Hunting up a volume of old flute music, which was in somebody's tent, he impatiently whistled snatches of tune after tune, just as they caught his quick eye. One called 'Anacreon in Heaven' (I have played it often, for it was in my book that he found it,) struck his fancy and riveted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips until, with a leap and a shout, he exclaimed, Boys I've The trout darted upward and caught a lady attempted to leave the parental man- the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' How the fine May fly, then dived, and presently sion at dead of night, by lowering herself men shouted and clapped, for never was appeared again, saying in a conciliatory from her chamber by means of a pulley there a wedding of poetry to music under and a rope fastened to the window. She such inspiring influences! Getting a had just reached the ground, where her furlough, the brothers sang it on the stage lover awaited her, when her enraged sire of the Holiday Street Theatre soon after, appeared, seized the young man, fastened It was caught up in the camps, and sang the hook to his pants, and raised him around our bivouac fires, and whistled in ing my mouth in hopes one will fly in by skywards, leaving him dangling in the air the streets, and, when peace was declared, to thousands of firesides as the most pre- start on a small scale.

cious relic of the war of 1812. Ferdisnand Durang died-I do not know where -and Frank Key's bones lie in the cemetery at Fredericktown; but I guess that song will live as long as there is an Amers ican boy to sing it .- Mrs. Nellie Eyster, in Harper's Magazine for July.

AGRICULTURE A FRAUD!

NOT BY H. G. The basest fraud of earth is agriculture. The deadliest ignis futus that ever glittered to beguile, and dazzled to betray the following description of it may best is agriculture. I speak with feeling on be given in the words of an old Cornish same arch deceiver.

She has made me a thousand promises, and broken every one of them.

She has promised me early potatoes, and the rain has drowned them. Late potatoes and the drought has withered

She has promised me summer squashes, and the worms have eaten them ; winter squashes, and the bugs have devoured

She has promised cherries and the cur-

"How many flies have popped down your throat since I saw you last? Not many, as the shrewdest. He married bright young chickens have enveloped them, and

I arose before dawn to set out sweet

showed no inclination to continue the Taney was a strict Catholic, and Frank potatoes; the ague seized me; I had zealous and sharp in his profession, and I toiled in the heat of the day to cultivate much given to dreaming. He went to cabbages; I raised twenty-two blisters, Virginia, and brought home a wife much | but nothing more. I labored with the larger and taller than himself, went to latest twilight to hoe my melons, but

a couple of little children when I left No wonder Cain killed his brother. He is that he didn't kill his father, and then weep because he had no grandfather to "You have heard of Admiral Cock, kill. No doubt his Early Rose potatoes, burn, who commanded the British fleet ! for which he paid Adam seven dollars a The atrocious scoundre!! Words can barrel, had been cut down by bugs, from never paint the miserable coward and the head waters of the Euphrates. His boaster in his true colors. After his dep- Pennsylvania wheat had been winter redations along the Eastern Shore of killed, and wasn't worth cutting. His Maryland, there followed the sacking of Norway oats had gone to straw, and Washington, the battle of North Point, would not yield five pecks per acre, and The sparrow hopped up to him, and and the attempt of the enemy to take the his black Spanish watermelons had been coked at him for a moment with her head | city of Baltimore by water, as they had | stolen by boys, who had pulled up the failed to do it by land. You know all vines, broken down his patent fence, and about the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, written scurrilous doggerel all over his "I am not a fish at all," replied the frog, September 13th, 1814. I have gone back gate. No wonder he felt mad when he was to his heart's core, could not help head and wool going up every day. No

> the old Ark High Court of Admiralty. But he threw away all these advantages and took to agriculture. For a long time the ground was so wet he could raise nothing but sweet flag and bullrushes, and these at last became a drudge in the market. What wonder that at last he did get half a peck of grapes that were not stung to death by Japhet's honey bees, he should have made wine and drowned his sorrows in a "flowing bowl."

The fact is agriculture would demoralize a saint. I was almost a saint when I went into it. I'm a demon now. I'm at war with everything. I fight myself out of bed at four o'clock, when all my better nature tells me to lie still till seven. I fight myself into the garden to work like a brute, when reason and instinct tell me to stay in the house and enjoy myself like a man. I fight the pigs, the chickens, the moles, the birds, the bugs, the worms -everything in which is the breath of life. I fight the does, the burdocks, the mullens, the thistles the grapes, the weeds, the roots-the whole vegetable kingdom. I fight the heat, the frost, the rain the hail-in short, I fight the universe, and get whipped in every battle. I have no more admiration to waste on the father of George Washington for forgiving the destruction of his cherry tree, A cherry tree is only a curculio nursery, and the grandfather of his country knew it. I have half a dozen cherry trees, and the day my young George Washington is six years old I'll give him a hatchet and tell him to down with every cherry tree on the place. - Cincinnati Times.

A DRUNKEN fellow with a box of matche es in his pocket lay down on the sidewalk in Muscatine, the, other day, to enjoy a quiet snooze. While rolling over in his sleep the matches took fire. Awakening, he snuffed the air conspicuously, smelt the burning brimstone, and ejaculated, "Just as I expected, in h-il (hie), by hokey.',

LITTLE FISH have a proper idea of buuntil morning. The elopement is post- and we scattered to our homes, carried siness. Not being able to do better they NUMBER 24

BROACHING A MINE. Among the many dangers the Cornish miners have to battle against, one of the greatest arises from accidentally carrying the excavations too close to some disused pit, that perhaps many years since has been boarded and earthed over, and in

course of time forgotten. When miners have reason to suspect that such is the case-a suspicion generaily caused by a greater exadation of water than is usual-they at once proceed to what is technically termed "hole it :" and

"Well, you see, sir, we were working two hundred fathoms down-running a level due north-and to our surprise the further we went the more moist the earth got, till on going to work one morning, we found the whole end of the wall coveres with drops of dew. Seeing this, it struck all of us at once that there must be a pit at no great distance, and (as they a'most allus are) full of water .-Pancy this, sir; a body o' water reaching many fathoms above; you are working of this giving way, and the water rushing

in upon you! "However, there it was, and must be got rid of, and this, too, by 'driving' or 'holing' right into it; for if left we should never be safe, or tell when we might come unawares across one of the many levels or shafts which run such numerous ways and depths.

"When the captain of the mine learned of its existence an offer was soon made on tolerable generous terms to any who choose to empty it; which offer six of us accepting, we at once proceeded with our dangerous task.

"The first thing we did was to put up strong frame work with doors attached, g inward toward the old that the instant the mine was holed, by running and closing the doors in passing, the mass of water would be kept back for a time-long enough, at all events, as we ioped, for us to reach the ladders.

After placing three of these safety, valves, as we called them, along the level at short distances apart, we proceeded slowly and cautiously with the more dangerous part of the work. Bit by bit we got nearer and nearer to the old mine, at every blow of the sledge on the borer expecting the rush of water to follow, often fearing to strike more than one blow before running for our lives, till the constant dread which we were alles in so worked on the nerves of the bravest that even a falling stone would be sufficient to

put every one of us to flight. "Never shall I forget the morning when at last we did get through: and I can fancy seeing one o' my mates as he then stood with the borer held up for another to strike, the rest of us watching for the blow to fall, and prepared to run if nec-

"At last, while every eye was fixed on em, the steel hammer rang on the borer, which in another second was sent whizzing far away down the level, as with a horrible roar the water came tearing and crushing through the earth.

"It was a run then for life, sir; and in a far shorter time than I can tell it, we were through the first door way, and in the act of swinging to the next, when the first was dashed against it; but, thank God, this for a time resisted the pressure of the water, or I should not be here tell-

"On we sped, our only hope of safety ying in gaining the ladders before the last door gave way; and what a distance they seemed, when even a few moments gained might rescue us from death !-Breathless, at last we reached them, and had ascended but a few rounds when, with a bang-whirl-crash-the water was upon us, and, fast as we climbed, like some horrid monster seeking our destruction, it glided up step for step with

"Even now a shuddering feeling creeps over me as I call to mind the fierce struggle it was to climb faster than the water rose. Faint and weary, we still tore upward, for to rest only for a few moments would, to a certainty, have been 'death.' Up, up, with our dread enemy gaining on our flagging footsteps; now with cold water gliding to our knees, yet still with renewed desperation struggling on .-Thank Heaven the adit was at last reached, and we were saved. Dragging our exhausted limbs a few feet higher, we watched the dread torrent rushing through this outlet. Then it was that, giving a glance toward my comrades, I find there are but two left. Yes, sir, six of us went down ; three only came up. Whether they were overtook in the level or washed from the ladders none could tell, for death was too closely following us at the time to allow of us bestowing a thought on our poor mates. However, we thought a deal more about them on reaching the mouth of the pit, where stood their palefaced, anxious wives scanning us on coming to grass, and asking, with a frightened cry, 'Where are our husbands?'

"We could only point down to the rearing gulf, for our hearts were too full to utter even the simple word-dead."

Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idel of fools.