

Freeman.

A. McPHEE, 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., THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1871.

NUMBER 26.

New Advertisements.
ACADEMY,
The school year begins September 6th. This school is attractive and well adapted for the development of the intellect and moral character of the young. For terms to the principal, J. J. PATTERSON, A. M., 100 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

Fire Insurance Co.,
This company has been doing business thirty years. Its capital is \$1,000,000. It insures against fire, lightning, and theft. For terms to the principal, J. J. PATTERSON, A. M., 100 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

BEER,
This wholesome, agreeable and refreshing beverage is sold by the gallon and by the barrel. For terms to the principal, J. J. PATTERSON, A. M., 100 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED FOR THE TRANSMISSION OF LIFE.
Persons desiring to insure their lives should apply to the principal, J. J. PATTERSON, A. M., 100 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

AGENTS! READ THIS!
We will pay agents a salary of \$100 per week and expenses. For terms to the principal, J. J. PATTERSON, A. M., 100 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

1000 GIFTS.
Grand gift concert and distribution for the benefit of the Asylum of the Sisters of Charity. For terms to the principal, J. J. PATTERSON, A. M., 100 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

AGENTS! READ THIS!
We will pay agents a salary of \$100 per week and expenses. For terms to the principal, J. J. PATTERSON, A. M., 100 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

Newspaper Advertising.
A book of 125 closely printed pages, lately issued, contains a list of the best American Advertisers, giving the names, addresses, and rates of advertising in the leading newspapers and magazines. For terms to the principal, J. J. PATTERSON, A. M., 100 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

JUST LOOK AT THIS!!
Important to Real Estate Owners. The undersigned has just issued a book of 125 closely printed pages, lately issued, containing a list of the best American Advertisers, giving the names, addresses, and rates of advertising in the leading newspapers and magazines. For terms to the principal, J. J. PATTERSON, A. M., 100 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

JAMES F. MILLIKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.
Office in Columbia Co., Pa.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY
GEO. W. OATMAN & CO.
Office in Columbia Co., Pa.

GEO. W. OATMAN & CO.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

Wm. McKnight, Jr.,
DEALER IN
RAILWAY ENGINEERS'
MACHINISTS' SUPPLIES,

SOLE AGENT FOR
Eagle Steam Hydraulic Packing,
Huntton Steam Governor,
Thurston's Excelsior Anti-Friction Metal,
Costing 20 per cent. less than other Metals.

STANDARD LUBRICATING PLUMBAGO,
Galena Lubricating Oils,
For Light and Heavy Machinery.

COAL AND RAILWAY CARS!
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.
NO. 99 WATER STREET,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

EBENSBURG FOUNDRY!
J. A. SHOEMAKER,
Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

THRASHING MACHINES,
HORSE POWERS,
WIND MILLS;
PLOWS AND PLOW POINTS,
SHOVEL PLOWS,
CULTIVATORS;
HEATING & COOKING STOVES
OF EVERY DESIGN AND PRICE;

Church, School and Dinner BELLS;
CAST IRON FENCING,
KETTLES, AND CAST HOLLOW WARE
of every description, &c., &c.

ALL WORK WARRANTED!!
Special attention paid to the repairing of all kinds of Stoves, Farming Implements, &c. All orders promptly attended to. Old metal, machinery, &c. bought and sold. For terms to the principal, J. A. SHOEMAKER, Ebensburg, Pa., 1871-3m.

LANE BROS.,
SUCCESSORS TO B. WOLFF, JR., & CO.,
Cor. Liberty and Sixth Sts.,
(Late St. Clair Street.)
PITTSBURGH, PA.,
Importers and Dealers in

HARDWARE
AND
CUTLERY,
Have now in store the largest and best selected stock offered in the City.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.
The subscriber offers at private sale, on fair terms and for cash, a large and beautiful farm, situated in Allegheny township, some four miles from Ebensburg, Pa. The farm is well covered with pine and other timber, for the manufacture of which there is a saw mill within a few hundred yards of the corner. The improvements consist of a two-story weather-boarded house, a large barn, a carriage house, a good bank barn, 16x18, and other necessary outbuildings. There is an abundance of excellent water on the premises. The land is well tilled. For terms to the principal, PETER SMELTZER, Allegheny Twp., July 20, 1871-3m.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.
MARY BURKHART, No. 6, December Term, by her next friend,
MICHAEL SLOANACKER, vs.
PHILIP BURKHART, Subpoena in Divorce.
And now, to wit, 5th June, 1871, on motion of C. M. Heade, Esq., P. W. Dick appointed Commissioner to take and report the testimony in the case to the Court.
Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on Friday, 15th day of August, next, at 10 o'clock, at which time and place those interested may attend if they think proper. Witness my hand and the seal of the Court, at Ebensburg, July 20, 1871-4m.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.
Whereas, on the 15th day of July, instant, JOHN J. CALS, of the Township of Allegheny, in the County of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, did make a voluntary assignment for the benefit of his creditors, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to the undersigned, residing in the Borough of Ebensburg, of all the lands, stock, rights and credits, goods and chattels of him, the said JOHN J. CALS, in the business of farming, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to make payment without delay and those having claims against him, to present the same to the undersigned, at his office in Ebensburg, on or before the 15th day of August, next, at 10 o'clock, at which time and place those interested may attend if they think proper. Witness my hand and the seal of the Court, at Ebensburg, July 20, 1871-4m.

CAUTION.
Notice is hereby given to all persons not to trust my son, JAMES D. WILTS, either on his own or my account, as I shall not be responsible for any debts he may contract, he being under age and having left home without my consent. I would also notify any person, male or female, who may employ either of them, that I will not be responsible for any wages earned by him to be paid to me for work done. Witness my hand and the seal of the Court, at Ebensburg, July 20, 1871-4m.

TEACHERS WANTED.
The Board of Directors of Millville School District wish to employ EIGHT TEACHERS to take charge of the Schools of the District for a term of nine months. Salaries range from \$250 per month. An examination of teachers will be held on the 25th day of August, in Room No. 4, Union Street, School, Millville. Schools will open August 28th. A. M. GREGG, Pres't. P. HOGAN, Sec'y. [July 20, 1871-4m]

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY,
West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. Saddles and Harness made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [12-12-71]

The Poet's Department.

Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.

A NEW VERSION.
Over the hill to the poorhouse, my wife and children dear,
We march in sad procession from out the farmhouse here;
And all these broad green acres I've tilled as boy and man,
Are sold to the heartless stranger, beneath the sheriff's ban.

Many a good year's livin' they've yielded up and down,
When there was a full day's walkin' through wheat and corn and flow'rs;
For I was freehold owner as far as the eye could see,
And never a note nor mortgage on what belonged to me.

And then to think I'd fool it, in these my gray-haired days!
And then to think I'd follow in strange, new-fangled ways!
It seem'd my brain was turnin' when Greely's book came out,
And what he knew of Farmin' first tempt'd me to doubt.

I thought experience lay in, and took from one who says all men are "liars," like David, in his heart;
And what with sub-soil plowin', and drainage
My land look'd like an earthquake had just broke out and dried.

And what with buildin' pigpens that cost as much as silk,
And feedin' cows on butter to raise fresh butter-milk;
And keepin' "crust" from wheat crops by sprinkled oil's control,
And plantin' sticks with broom corn, to make the brooms grow whole—

Many a thousand dollars were worse than thrown away,
And many another thousand I had in debts to pay;
But gooseberries dead broke me, when I raise 'em by buryin'—as the book said—my geese all by side.

And then behold the sheriff to levy on it all,
Who on notes and mortgage, began like a leaf to fall;
Our very beds and beddin' he seized upon and took,
And the only thing he wouldn't take was Mr. Greely's book.

Over the hill to the poorhouse we wend our weary way,
And never may Mr. Greely be as sad as we today;
Nor even in the moment when, girn' up the breast,
He forgoes the last whisper, to "d—n" the Boston Post.

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

THE UNSEEN MONSTER.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

Some three or four years ago, I was journeying from New York to Baltimore. The train, as is very often the case, missed the connection at Philadelphia; and I was obliged to wait in the latter city till ten o'clock at night. Having several hours before me, I resolved to take my stay at the La Pierre House, satisfied, at all events, that at that hotel I should get a good dinner to console me in some measure for the disappointment of not reaching home as early as I expected.

The dinner hour was five o'clock. In the meantime, being much in want of rest, I went to bed, and was awakened by the sounding of the gong, which informed me that the meal was served. Making a hasty toilet, I descended to the dining-room, and was soon engaged in satisfying the inner man.

After dinner I adjourned to the smoking-room, and while indulging in a fragrant Havana, amused myself by perusing the various newspapers which were lying on the tables. I might have been engaged in this way two hours, when I suddenly felt a twinge of facial neuralgia. I had been a martyr to this malady many years, although the intervals were much longer between the attacks than at first. The best remedy I had discovered for it was a teaspoonful of a preparation known in the Pharmacopoeia as Hoffman's Anodyne. It was harmless, and generally very efficacious. I determined at once to apply to the nearest druggist I could discover for my usual medicine.

I left the hotel, and entered a chemist's shop in Chestnut street, and made known my request, at the same time stating for what purpose I used the medicine. The druggist then stated that he had a preparation which I would find much more efficacious than Hoffman's Anodyne, and which would give me instantaneous relief. After he had assured me that this preparation contained no opium (to which I have a great horror), I consented to take it. He then measured a teaspoonful of a dark colored liquid into a wine glass and filled it with water. When he presented the draught to me, I noticed that it was as warm, pungent and of a bitter-sweet taste. Its effects were almost miraculous, for I had scarcely swallowed it before my pain entirely departed.

I thanked the druggist, and left the shop. I looked at my watch, and found that it was exactly eight o'clock. The reader will be pleased to remember this fact, for he will find, by-and-by, that it is a very important one. I felt so well, that I determined that I would explore the city for an hour or two.

I strolled out into the street, and soon became bewildered in a maze of thoroughfares. I knew nothing of Philadelphia, and it was not long before I lost myself. However, I continued to walk up one street and down another, and a sort of pride prevented me from asking my way. At last I found I was in the outskirts of the city. I remember distinctly seeing a river through an opening in the houses. It was a cool, pleasant night, and I rather enjoyed being out of the noise and bustle of the great town, and I strolled on until I had left every house behind me. I have a distinct recollection of examining the country around me. It was very peculiar—such as I had never seen before. There was no moon, and I had nothing but the stars to guide me; these, however, shone very brilliantly.

I found I was standing on a kind of heath or moor. I had wandered so far that the lights of the city were entirely invisible; and yet, according to my computation of time, it did not appear to have been more than a quarter of an hour since I left the hotel.

A peculiar feeling gradually crept over me; it was not fear or terror, but a kind of superstitious awe, with which I vainly endeavored to combat. I seemed to be under the influence of some invisible power. I felt inclined to return to the city, but something superior to my will made me advance. I continued to press forward. For a short time there was kind of a struggle between my own inclination and the unseen power; my feet were pushed forward, not in a walk, but it appeared as if I were skimming along the surface of the ground. I soon saw that it was useless to contend further, and resigned myself to my fate. Then my progress became more rapid, and hedges and trees fitted by me as if they were moving and I was stationary.

I do not know how long this continued, for my mind was so bewildered that I had no means of computing time. Suddenly I found myself in front of a large white house. This mansion was entirely isolated. It consisted of innumerable gables and many painted towers; the windows were very small, and the upper ones appeared to be securely barred.

While I was gazing on the dwelling, I suddenly heard a loud shriek. One of the lower casements was quickly opened, a stream of light issued from it, and almost immediately afterwards the head of a beautiful girl appeared in the open window. Her countenance expressed the greatest alarm, and in a voice of almost supernatural anguish, she cried out, "Help! help! help!"

In a moment I had rushed to the window, and in another moment I was in the apartment by the side of the fair girl. It was a magnificent furnished room, and a large chandelier shed a flood of light through the whole apartment. With the exception of the beautiful creature before me the room was unoccupied. I had just time to notice the extraordinary beauty of this lady. She could not have been seen more than twenty summers. Her hair was a glossy auburn, and fell in natural ringlets on neck and shoulders as white as the driven snow. Her form was modelled in the most graceful and charming manner. Her eyes, which in repose I should imagine were a heavenly blue, were lighted up with intense fear.

power, and by some means I got hold of something which felt like hair—it was crisp and wiry. I pulled it with all my might; an unearthly kind of sound, bearing some resemblance to a groan, issued from the monster's chest. He writhed and struggled with renewed energy in my grasp, and dragged me about the room as if I were a child. It struck me at the time that he wanted to bring me over some particular spot in the floor. He soon accomplished his purpose, when, to my horror, I felt the floor give way, and I began to sink down, down into an unfathomable abyss. The creature had relaxed his hold, and I knew I was sinking alone.

I do not know how long this descent continued, for I became unconscious.—When I regained my senses, I found myself on the damp ground. I rose to my feet and gazed round me. I found I was in a stone cavern, which was lighted by a lamp hanging from the ceiling. At one end of this cell was placed a flight of steps, which led up to an iron door. I ascended these steps, and tried the door; it was fastened and as firm as a rock. The lamp suspended from the ceiling allowed sufficient light to illuminate the cell, so that I could trace the form of the stones of which it was built. They were large and rough, bearing in some places the marks of inscriptions, but too much obliterated to be read. There was one thing particularly that struck me, and that was the dampness of the place; it chilled my very blood. Not only was the floor damp, but the walls were reeking with moisture, large drops of unwholesome exhalations coursing each other down the discolored blocks of stone.

I sat down on the only chair the cell contained and mused upon my condition. What was to become of me? Was I to perish there, or was I to be kept in perpetual confinement? What motive could there be for taking my life? How had I offended? Such were the questions I asked myself over and over again as I sat in that dark, dismal prison. A feeling of some great, unknown terror was fast settling in my breast, which surpassed that I had lately undergone. At last I rose up, and began to pace up and down the slimy bricks of which my dungeon floor was composed.

It was a strange anomaly, that with some unknown fate hanging over my head, I should begin to feel drowsy; but such was the fact. I threw myself in the chair again, leaned back, and actually slept. In the black solitude of that dungeon, a delightful dream visited my troubled mind. I was with my wife, and we were gazing on a beautiful expanse of water together, the waves rippling to our very feet. The rays of the morning sun illumined the placid surface of the lake, and the air was musical with the songs of birds. I could see her loving face turned towards me, every feature beaming with joy, happiness and affection. I thought we advanced closer to the lake—nay, so close that our feet actually touched the water; while the ripples grew more and more distinct. It was no dream—my feet did touch the water; I felt it distinctly, and I could hear the rushing sound made by the waves; a child seized me, and I awoke. But, strange to say, the rushing sound still continued. The lamp had gone out, and I was in the most complete darkness. I rose from my seat, and my feet wet splash, splash, into water. I stooped down, and found that the floor of my cell was covered to the depth of something like eight or ten inches with water.

The drip, drip of the water still continued. What could it mean? Even a suspicion of the truth did not enter my mind. It was some water-pipe that had burst, and the fact would soon be discovered by the inmates of the house, and remedied. Such was my first thought at that dread moment.

The dripping had changed into a rushing sound; the water was evidently pouring in faster. It had already reached above my knees, and I felt it ascending still higher and higher. Now it had reached my waist, and I had great difficulty in wading it. Suddenly the truth burst on my mind. I was to be drowned. Yes, that was to be my fate. I uttered one cry of despair, and struggled to and fro in the mass of fluid, which still kept rising.

The water had already reached my chest when I thought of the steps, and endeavored to reach them. I struggled about some time without success, the water all the time gaining upon me. I grew chilled and cold, but at last reached the steps, and, ascending them, was for the time being removed from above the surface of the water. But it was only prolonging my fate; for the rushing sound of the water became so loud as to drown everything else, and I felt the cold again invading my limbs as I stood on the top step. I beat against the door, then cried out at the top of my voice; but still the water rose higher; again had it reached my waist! I renewed my cries; but they only echoed back to me from my prison house.

The water reached my neck. I grew dizzy; strange sounds rushed through my spars; I felt that I was suffocating; I heard a fire danced before my eyes. I commended my soul to my Maker, and breathed a last prayer for my wife. The water now beat against my mouth. I fell heavily against the door. This fall saved me from drowning; for, strange to say,

my hand came in contact with some secret spring and the door flew open, revealing a short flight of stone steps. I was about ascending these, when I received a blow on the head from some unseen source, which deprived me of my senses.

How long I remained unconscious, I know not; but when I came to myself, I felt the cold air blowing on my face, and casting my eyes about me, I saw the stars shining overhead. What was my extreme surprise to find myself in Walnut street, not a stone's throw from my hotel. I was seated on an empty box, with my feet in a pool of water, and hundreds of persons were passing up and down the street. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses. I jumped up from my seat, and rushed to the hotel. The omnibus for conveying passengers to the railway station was already at the door. I entered the hall of the building.

"Do you want to go to Baltimore by the ten o'clock train?" asked the clerk. The moment he saw me.

"I did want to go, but I am too late," I replied, shuddering when I thought of what had detained me.

"Oh, no, sir," returned the clerk; "the omnibus leaves in ten minutes." "In ten minutes?" I repeated, still quite bewildered.

"Yes, sir."

I looked at my watch, and found that it was only half past nine. Then I had only left the hotel an hour and a half!

I went to Baltimore, but so impressed was I with the fearful adventure I had met with, that I returned next day to Philadelphia, and for a whole week explored the city in every part. But after the most minute research, I could discover nothing at all corresponding to the locality I had visited on that fearful night. There was no suburb, or house, or anything like that which I had seen, to be found.

For a long time I kept my adventure to myself. At last I summoned up courage enough to mention the affair. My statement has been received with utter incredulity by all who have heard it.—Some of my friends pretend to say that I dreamt it all; others gently hint that I had imbibed too much wine. I have at last determined to make the matter public, and will leave my readers to draw what inference they please. I must distinctly state, however, that the supposition of my friends are erroneous. I neither dreamt it, nor did I drink too much wine. Can it be possible that beings inhabit the world which are palpable to all the senses excepting sight? It is an interesting question for the philosopher to study; and yet there is one thing I cannot understand—how it was that the young lady saw the fearful thing and I did not? I am weary of conjecture over the matter, and must leave the enigma for better heads than mine to solve.

A day or two ago, since the above was written, I was reading a paper, read before the Academy of Medicine in Paris, on the effects of drugs on imagination. The statement made by the author of the paper (M. Piorri), recalled to my mind a circumstance in connection with the foregoing statement which had escaped my notice—namely, that previous to experiencing the fearful adventure I have described, I had taken something for facial neuralgia. I was in Philadelphia yesterday, and had the curiosity to inquire at the drug-store the name of the drug the apothecary had given me for the neuralgia. He informed me that it was the tincture of Cannabis Indica, or what is more generally known by the name of "Hashish." This drug, it is known, has a most extraordinary effect on the brain. I need only refer the reader to the details given by Bayard Taylor as a proof of my statement. I am now inclined to think that the whole I went through was simply a hallucination, produced by the Cannabis Indica.

MICHAEL HENLY, residing near Reinhold's station, on the Reading and Columbia Railroad, is at present the possessor of two natural curiosities, the one being an egg which an ordinary barnyard hen laid, having the perfect shape of a pear, oval base, long neck tapering to the end and terminating in a crooked stem. The other consists of a brace of apples, two inches in diameter, that have grown upon a twig which was this year produced upon the trunk of a ten year old apple tree, which, though of considerable size, had never before borne fruit. The twig is about three inches in length and is immediately at the base of the first projecting limbs which form the crown of the tree. Late in the season, after fruit had formed on all the other trees, the twig bore four blossoms, two of which developed into the present fine specimens of fruit.

"TAKE THE PIL."—A gentleman of the old school thus describes the rendering of a well-known hymn by a modern fashionable choir: "Firstly, the soprano, in a soaring leap, sings, 'Take the pil'—followed by the alto and tenor in duet with like advice (while the soprano is magnificently holding on to the 'pil'), and as the deep bass profoundly echoes the same, 'Take the pil'—they finally unite and repeat together, eventually succeeding in singing 'Take the pilgrim to his home,' etc. greatly to the relief of both minister and people, who seem awfully impressed with the suggestive advice so emphatically reiterated.

The Hen Scratches Where She Expects to Find a Bug.

Fellow sisters, brethren; men, women and children, generally and particularly speaking. You needn't hustle any pages for the text, for it ain't there. It is a special dispensation to your appointed pastor; and he hurls it at you for what it is worth. Where the hen scratches there she expects to find a bug. Did you come from the race track of the world to parade your "trouting harness" before the meek and lowly. Have you dropped the dazzling rattle of business and pleasure, to while an idle hour away listening to the mournful melody that is wrung by angel heads from the sacred harps that hang forgotten upon the drooping willows of mortality? Or are you tussling with the arch enemy for the almighty dollar? Verily I say unto you, where the hen scratches there she expects to find a bug.

My drowsy hearers, we are a lot of damaged goods, trying to palm ourselves off upon each other for more than our market value; and the old firm of Time, Death & Co., is doing a heavy commission business upon our stock in trade.—I bear the mallet of Death, with its mechanical tap, tap, and its stolid monotone of "going, going," and the next minute down it will come upon some of our unconscious heads, and we shall be folded up like tents to the other side of Jordan where the dry goods man refrains from troubling, and the grocer has nothing to say, and the weary hen ceases from scratching, and the precious bug is found. In the midst of life we are in debt, says a noble prophet who was near kin to your beloved pastor. If any of you are tempted to tarry in the tavern of life, and fail to settle your account with the landlord, may the text rise up before you like a fabulous Arabian hero, only to rest from the rough and tumble game, and deter you from that sink of utter depravity where bummers lead trustful hens to scratch up the bugs they devour.

Your undivided attention is furthermore solicited to the signification of the text, metaphorically and collectively, in small packages to suit the capacity, from the boy shucking peas-nuts peacefully in the corner, to the hardened sinner who talks so proudly in your pastor's presence. And woe unto you, young women, sea-sawing up the broad aisle with your new bonnet and streamers a flyin', for your fancy neck-cloths, go on until you slip up over a bale of cotton and are left to drift away over the broad brimstone sea of national disgrace a byword and jest that you love not wisely but too well.—No, beloved, I warn you now, if you manifest symptoms of such cowardice as has been handed down to you from high places, the biggest pair of stogy boots in this congregation will raise up in judgment against you and kick you out into the broad road that leads to everlasting ruin.

And finally, when you cut the crust from your brown bread loaf, and scrape the hard beans from the top of your noodle pot, if you cut a little below the crisp for the beggar's and outcast's portion, your conscience and digestion will trouble you less; and as you steal out, as some of you will to-night, where the silver moon of memory hangs over the haunted hills of the past, and bow at some finger post that points the way a beloved one went over your broken heart to heaven, may the eternal verdure of the evergreen hope spring up in the barren spots trod hard by the busy feet of the absorbing bard, and bring you to the sweetness of that peace and the tenderness of that love that overflows continually in deeds and words, for the elevation of the rag-a-muffus who march in the rear ranks of the great army of humanity; for the barbarians are not all in ragged file, but "many a gem of purest ray serene" wants but a lifting from the filth to shine. So mote it be. Brother Slowfast, circulate the platter for the root of evil, until it is all rooted out of this place. For verily I say unto you, the hen that scratches here expects to find a bug. Shell out.

A PUBLIC HOUSE KEEPER of questionable honesty went to a lawyer to consult him about commencing an action of defamation against a fellow townsman.—"The scoundrel," said he, "has robbed me of my character." "Ah, has he? Are you sure of that fact?" inquired the blue-jug gentleman, quickly, and in a sarcastic tone. "If so, for heaven's sake, let him go; for it's the luckiest thing that ever happened to you!" The fellow sneaked out of the office like a puppy when a foot is raised against him.

At a Sunday school in Ripon, a teacher asked a little boy if he knew what the expression "sowing tares" meant. "Courth I does," said he pulling the seat of his little trousers round in front. "There's a tare my ma sowed; I tared it sliding down the hill."

HERE is something to occupy the attention of children to-morrow: If three hungry cats catch three savage rats in three mortal minutes—how many cats will catch a hundred rats in a hundred minutes?

MINNESOTA juror addressed a note to the judge, in which he styled him as "Ourable jug."