Cambria Freeman.

H. 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, NOVEMBER 11, 1871. NUMBER 40.

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND

COME and SEE!

GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS

FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE ROOM and STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to H. 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 assortment of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, 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 OR COUNTRY PRODUCE,

and make no bad debts, we feel sure that our stock and our prices will not only secure but 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.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.

LLOYD & CO., Bankers,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made in all accessible points in the United States and a general Banking business transacted

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colorado Row, Centre street. [Jan.20.-tf.]

L. D. SINE'S GIFT ENTERPRISE

ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

The only RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION in the country!

$60,000.00

IN VALUABLE GIFTS!

TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN

L. D. SINE'S

152nd REGULAR MONTHLY

Gift Enterprise!

To be drawn Monday, Nov. 27, 1871.

Two Grand Capitals of

$5,000 each in Greenbacks!

Two Prizes $1,000 each } GREENBACKS
Five Prizes $500 each }
Ten Prizes $100 each }

WHOLE NUMBER OF CASH GIFTS. 1,000!

Horse and Buggy, with Silver-mounted Harness, worth $600.
One Fine-toned Rosewood Piano, worth $500!
TEN FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, WORTH $100 EACH!
Five Heavy Cased Gold Hunting Watches and Heavy Gold Chains, worth $300 each!
Five Gold American Hunting Watches, - worth $125 each.
TEN LADIES' GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, worth $100 each!
800 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches (in all) worth from $30 to $300 each.
Ladies' Gold Leontine Chains, Gent's Gold Vest Chains, Silver-plated Castors, Solid Silver and Double Plated Table and Tea Spoons, Ivory-Handled Dinner Knives, Silver-plated Dinner Forks, Silver Vest Chains, Photograph Albums, Ladies' Gold Breastpins and Ear-rings, Gent's Gold Breastpins, Shirt Studs & Sleeve Buttons, Finger-rings, Gold Pens, (silver-extension,) &c.

Whole number Gifts, 6,000. Tickets Limited to 60,000.

AGENTS WANTED to Sell Tickets, to whom Liberal Premiums will be given.

SINGLE TICKETS $1; SIX TICKETS $5; TWELVE TICKETS $10; TWENTY-FIVE TICKETS $20.

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to

OFFICE, 101 W. 5th St., L. D. SINE, Box 86, CINCINNATI, O.

IMPROVE YOUR SIGHT

BY THE USE OF

PYKE'S

PARABOLA SPECTACLES.

Manufactory at Utica, N. Y.

LEMMON & MURRAY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES,

BOOKS, STATIONERY, JEWELRY, &c., &c.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

are appointed Agents for the sale of the above CELEBRATED SPECTACLES.

Persons wearing Glasses, or those in need of them, will do well to call, in *every case we guarantee to suit the sight perfectly.*

NO PEDDLERS EMPLOYED. [10-7.-1y.]

LADIES' FANCY FURS!

JOHN FAREIRA

715 Arch St.,

Middle of the Block, between 7th & 8th Sts., South Side,

PHILADELPHIA,

Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds and quality of

FANCY FURS

For Ladies' and Children's Wear.

Having imported a very large and splendid assortment of all the different kinds of Furs from first hands in Europe, and have had them made up by the most skillful workmen, would respectfully invite the readers of this paper to call and examine his very large and beautiful assortment of *Fancy Furs for Ladies and Children.* I am determined to sell at as *low prices as any* other respectable House in this city. All *Furs warranted. No misrepresentation to effect sales.*

JOHN FAREIRA,

Oct. 21.-3m. 718 ARCH STREET, PHILAD'A.

KEYSTONE BOLT WORKS.

HUBLEY, ADAMS & CO.,

No. 5 MARKET Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CARRIAGE AND TIRE BOLTS,
PLOW AND MACHINE BOLTS,
NORWAY CARRIAGE BOLTS,
BRIDGE AND ROOF BOLTS,
SCREW HOOK HINGES,
WAGON BOX STRAPS.

[9-14.3m.]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon* and *Fieri 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 TUESDAY, the 7th day of NOVEMBER next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of Mary Isenbrode, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, fronting on an alley on the north, adjoining lots of Dominic Eger, James C. Easly and Francis Buck on the west, lot of Lawrence Schroth on the south, and lot of Philip Glosser on the east, having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of Mary Isenbrode. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Buck & Co., for use of John E. Scanlan *et. al.*

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 21, 1871.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—John F. Barnes vs. Daniel Reed and Sarah Reed.—*Common Pleas of Cambria County, No. 125, Sept. Term, 1871. Fi. Fa.*

AND NOW, Sept. 9, 1871, on motion of Johnston & Scanlan, W. Horace Rose, Esq., appointed Auditor to report distribution of money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of defendant's real estate. From the Record.

By the Court. J. K. HUTZ, Proth'y. [L.S.]

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will sit for the purpose of the above appointment, at his office in the Borough of Johnstown, on **Friday, the 3d of November next**, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

W. HORACE ROSE, Auditor.

Johnstown, Oct. 21, 1871.-4t.

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. [3-14.

Original Poetry.

"HEIMGANG!"

"Heimgang!"—so the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some grey old steeple,
Death's familiar tale to tell;
When they hear the organ's surges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers chanting dirges—
"Heimgang!"—he is going home!

"Heimgang!"—quaint and tender saying
In the grand old German tongue,
That hath shaped Melanethon's praying
And the hymns that Hayden sung.
Blessed be our loving Maker!
That, where'er our feet may roam,
Still we journey towards "God's Acre"—
"Heimgang!"—always going home!

"Heimgang!"—day is short, my brother,
And its light will soon be o'er;
Night is waiting, like our mother
Sitting at the sunset door.
O'er the dust of silent sleepers,
Toward the church-yard's broken loam,
Wends the long, long train of weepers—
"Heimgang!"—they are going home!

"Heimgang!"—we are all so weary,
And the willows as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave,
Where the Golden Bowl is broken,
With its dregs and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"Heimgang!"—we are going home!

PITTSBURGH, October, 1871.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

MAKING IT EVEN.

I am an animal painter. I have studied my art in nearly every menagerie in the country, and so have come in contact with strange people, and have seen uncommon sights; and thus it was that, in order to draw at my leisure some newly arrived creatures with the wildness of the desert and jungle still within them, I joined a traveling company for the summer, and so beheld the thrilling scene I here record.

The owner of the show was a good-hearted soul of the rolling stone sort, who never gathered as much moss as he deserved, and yet allowed no fungus of funds to interfere with social fellowship or a kindly action. Consequently the people about him worked with a friendly will, and except during the necessary journeying and labor there were generally jolly times among the employees of the Grand Unrivaled Cosmopolitan Menagerie. There was only one man, who never larked and never sang, never joked and never grumbled; who, always silent without being surly, took his share of things to do, and seemed to set himself apart from his comrades in sheer loneliness of spirit that shirked no toil and yielded no confidence. Gradually it fell upon him, as from his own choice, to attend the cages, and to perform all the jobs that the boldest sometimes shrink from as dangerous, though he showed no signs of fear, and evinced no distaste of his exceptional employment. I watched him often as he busied himself about the beasts, and had to admire in this common looking and uncultivated man the unconscious coolness and courage, with which he accomplished his self-appropriated tasks. At length my curiosity concerning him was sufficiently excited to cause me to ask Mr. Kingsley, the proprietor of the menagerie, if he knew anything more of him than what appeared on his every-day surface.

Mr. Kingsley hesitated a moment before he answered, and then slowly said: "I am rather sorry you questioned me about Quiet Bill—that's what the men call him, you know—for no one else has cared to guess that there may be more connected with him than just the business he seems to belong to; and of all the folks in this caravansary he and I are the only ones that know, what he was before he came here; and if I tell you, it is just because you see the man's a man for a' that, and because I know you'll keep the secret. I don't suppose you remember, as the papers are so full of murders now-a-days, one that was committed five years ago in the little country town of C——. Not a cold-blooded atrocity, though, but the result of jealousy, provocation and liquor, and not altogether unjustifiable, either. Bill was the chap that did it, and only escaped hanging through having a smart lawyer, and got off in about the same way that 'not proven' sets a man free after a Scotch trial. But the people where he lived would have nothing to do with him; and he staid among them like an outlaw, for he had neither the money nor chance to go away, and could scarcely get a stroke of work that would earn his daily bread. I was head of a small circus then—not such a stunning concern as this on hand now; and when we put up the tent for a single day at C—— this Bill watched an opportunity to get hold of me alone, when no one else could notice him, and told me his whole story, begging me to give him something to do to keep him from starving and suicide. He had such a hunted-down and woe-begone look that I couldn't help pitying the poor fellow; and though I wasn't very able to take on another soul just then, I gave him what change I could spare, and bade him slip off to the next place and join us there, so that the rest of my men shouldn't know anything about his history, and chaff him about his past—for they are a rough lot sometimes, and not over particular about hurting feeling in sport or spite. And so he has been along with me ever since. I have had hold of several ventures besides that and this, but make or fail, pay or put off, Bill has stuck by me, trusty through all. There is real grit, as well as use in him, and I have seen it sharply tried more than once, and I have never been sorry I gave him a helping hand in his need. But it often seems to me—though he never speaks of it—that he always thinks he is serving out his time for that old affair by taking up the hardest things he can find to do; for I do believe he has on his mind some rude idea of personal atonement for the blood he shed. and now you know all I have to tell Do not let it speak out of your eyes to him, even though your tongue ain't likely to let it slip.

I had no occasion to guard myself thus, for, now that I knew his story, it was plain to me from his face that Quiet Bill had suffered; and I have always held the doctrine that where a sin is thoroughly repented of, men should allow to die out of remembrance that which the good God forgives; and so, after a silent fashion, he and I became rather friendly. I talked to him, and made him talk some also about the creatures in his charge. I praised him a little once or twice, and saw the dark blood sweep up to his brow like a girl's blush and after a while, when he had leisure, he would come and sit near me, while I was sketching, and take curious but wordless note of my work, and occasionally slyly suggest to me slight points that caused me to wonder at his close and quick observation. Mr. Kingsley had always a cheery something to say to him; and as I look back now I am glad to think that Bill seemed to take unusual comfort, as time went on, out of his distant companionship with us two.

The season had been extremely hot, and August fairly blazed with the fierce, dry heat of a long drought. It was one of those scorching, electric kind of days that make man feel listless, and beast restless and wicked to deal with, that we halted in the suburbs of a growing city, and spread the canvas for an afternoon exhibition. The big Bengal tigress had been unusually uneasy all the morning; when lying prone on the floor of her cage, she lashed her powerful tail, and panted out low, ominous growls as if the bloodthirsty spirit of her lost liberty was angrily astir; and she would start up with a sudden bound that shook her prison, and impatiently pace its narrow limits, with yellow eyes all aflame, and snarling lip drawn up over the strong and hungry looking teeth; and once or twice she rolled herself against the thick wires, and caught them in her great claws as she longed to tear the resisting bars from their secured sockets—Bill kept careful watch on her antics, and I heard him say to himself, "There'll be trouble with that vixen." But the rest of the collection were feverish and fretful, too, and between furnishing them all with fresh drinks, and throwing water on some to cool them off, he had quite as much as he could do before the hour fixed for the performance, without devoting especial attention to any one animal.

There was a crowded audience from far and near; whole families, from the father down to the babe in arms, were ranged on the hard benches to enjoy the acting elephants and the precocious ponies There was even an extraordinary number of children, for a thriving Sunday school had entered early, and noisily secured nearly all the front seats, and delighted anticipation shone on rows of chubby and eager countenances. Peanut boys drove a heavy trade, and the venders of mugs of mead had a very profitable and active time; and all was going on merry as a marriage bell, in the ring and out of it, when I suddenly became aware that something serious was the matter, for I saw Bill slip quickly from behind the cage of the still fidgeting tigress and come to a statuesque stand in full front of the amused people, who scarcely observed him, amidst a round of uproarious applause; but he was in his shirt sleeves, and deadly pale, as well he might be, having just discovered that the mighty beast beside him had, by some unnoticed frantic effort, so loosened the structure of her cage, that her next wrathful movement would render it fearfully unsafe. There was not a minute to be lost in the creature's evidently excited condition, further aggravated by the sounds of the band and tormenting attacks of exasperating flies; and Bill had rushed out in order to look for Mr. Kingsley among the audience, where he usually sat, to tell him to dismiss the crowd as rapidly and quietly as possible, as not knowing what instant necessary power of protection would be past; but not seeing him at the moment in his accustomed place, Bill scarcely hesitated at the responsibility of announcing the danger himself; but before his slow speech could be framed into words that could warn and not too severely alarm, it was too late.

The awful animal, crouching wearily in a corner of its shattered inclosure, gave one abrupt vault, and, swift as lightning, amidst the startled shrieks of the terror-stricken throng, dashed into the open space before the encircling seats. For a second it stood still there, as though dazed by its freedom, while the struggling mass of scared humanity, with scarce a regard for life or limb for each other, fled in frenzied haste and fright. But just as she had gathered herself up for a spring our Quiet Bill made a simultaneous leap, and landed square upon her bristling back, and his muscular arms clasped tight around her swelling neck, and his legs wound close around the lithe and outstretched loins. Dismayed by this unexpected obstruction, for the space of a breath or two the tigress stood at bay, and then, with a horrible roar, rolled over and over in the ring. We could hear Bill's bones break beneath her appalling efforts to dislodge him, for a sudden silence fell upon the selfish crowd, that swayed aside from flight to watch this shocking contest between undaunted man and untamed brute. In vain she turned and twisted, reared and plunged; Bill held fast, though the blood poured from his mouth and blinded the beast's sight—held fast with the grip of everlasting fate, till Mr. Kingsley, snatching a loaded pistol from a trembling ruffian at his side, who had just threatened with it some woman in his way of escape, stretched his firm hand, and sent a bullet straight into the savage creature's brain. One sharp convulsion of the heavy frame, one final heaving of the burdened back, and she lay still at last, with Quiet Bill beneath her crushing weight. Tender hands lifted him, and bore his senseless body to the nearest comfortable place, and more than one strong man dropped unshamed tears over the maimed comrade, who had so gallantly sacrificed his own life for others; for, if not companionable Bill had done many a kindly deed for his associates in his own obtrusive way, that, when his hour of trial came, the roughest remembered. Turn by turn we watched by him, but we knew that nothing more could be done for him in this world.—Even in his agony he was so grateful for the interest manifested that it seemed, as if he wondered that any had cared for him, and it was touching to hear him gasp out between his throes of anguish, "how good we all were to him!"

But the end came soon. The doctor told him, and he heard it calmly and bore it bravely. Mr. Kingsley and I were beside him a few moments after, when he turned to the former and earnestly said:

"I think I have made it even, sir."

"What, Bill?"

"Why, you know, sir, I took a life; and I reckon I saved one the other day, didn't I?"

Mr. Kingsley took the cold hand in both of his own. "Yes, indeed, Bill; many more than one, perhaps, and gave yours, too!"

"Then *you* think it's even?"

"Yes, Bill, I do."

"And do you believe that He, the great Judge, who knows all things, will hold it even, too?"

"Yes, Bill, I do think so; for he is full of mercy and loving kindness."

"But he is just, too," murmured the dying voice; "for I heard a preacher once say He wanted an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and then I know I must somehow give Him a life for the one I slew, and I've always been lookin' out for the chance. It was long a-comin'; but I got it at last; and I thank him for lettin' me make it even"

Mr. Kingsley was crying like a child.

"My good old Bill," he said, "I am so sorry to lose you. You have been a faithful servant, and I shall miss you more than I can say."

A glad light flashed in the dim eyes, and, in spite of the exquisite pain of every movement, he made one supreme effort, and lifted Mr. Kingsley's hand to his white lips.

"God bless you, sir!" he gasped out. "You took me, when all the world kicked me out, and you've never given me a mean word. God bless you! you're all in life I'm loath to leave!" Then he lay silent for a little while, and we thought he was asleep, and would pass away so; but suddenly he was looking at us wide awake, and spoke out firm and clear:

"And there was such a lot of little uns that day, too! It's all right! I *know* I've made it even!"

And then the peace of death settled down on the pale face of Quiet Bill.—*Harper's Weekly.*

HANNAH ON THE RAIL.—There is a station on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad called Hanna, in honor of a deceased citizen of Fort Wayne. A train stopped there the other day, and the brakeman, after the manner of his class, thrust his head inside the door and called out "Hanna," loud and long. A young lady, probably endowed with the poetic appellation of Hannah, supposing he was addressing her, and shocked at his familiarity on so short acquaintance, frowned like a thunder cloud, and retorted, "Shut your mouth!" He shut.

IT is reported that Horace Greeley has got into a muss with a Texas editor. It appears that in an agricultural essay on tobacco, Mr. Greeley asserts that fine-cut will not ripen well unless the tin-foil is stripped from the growing buds early in the spring, and that plug tobacco ought to be knocked off the trees with clubs, instead of being picked by hand. This, the Texas editor says, is nonsense.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "Most men concede that it looks foolish to see a boy dragging a heavy sled up hill for the fleetin' pleasure of ridin' down again. But it appears to me that the boy is a sage by the side of a young man who works hard all the week, and drinks up his wages on Saturday night."

THE way to keep your silk umbrella—lend your cotton one.

How to Get a Berth in a Sleeping Car.

I never left a depot yet that somebody was not put in my care. I don't know how this is; I suppose it is something in my countenance; if I knew what, I would have it extracted. I don't like having unprotected females and school boys and girls to ned over to me. It is a little hard on a man. And what is the good of it? Nobody needs protection; if any one does, it is a benevolent, good-looking, innocent sort of a man—such as the writer of this

I was reminded of this by an adventure that happened to me the other night in New York. I was about leaving on the nine o'clock train for Washington, when a man who was in search of me approached. I knew he was in search of me. He was in search of some respectable, benevolent individual to put a woman under his care. And he did. She happened to be rather good looking, and I didn't object in a violent way, but I was neither very graceful nor gracious over the compliment. When I came to secure a section in the sleeping car, I found that a delegation of pious people was going to Washington on some charitable business and had taken nearly all the berths. I secured two—at least I thought I had—and marched my female with her two carpet sacks, strap satchel, a mocking bird, and a silk umbrella with a waterproof and two shawls done up in straps, into 161. When we arrived inside, I learned for the first time that my unprotected female could not abide the sleeping cars. She said she felt like suffocating, and I wished secretly that she would suffocate; but when we came to occupy our berths I made two disagreeable discoveries. The first, that the tickets called for the same berth; the other, that this berth was the upper one. My female friend said positively that she could not get into that berth. I informed her that it was her only chance to sleep, and she told me that she would rather sit up. I then gave her the further information that that was all very well, but in a sleeping car there was no place to sit except on a wash basin, and that I thought would be rather inconvenient. At last, with the aid of a step ladder, the steward and two pious old pumps, my unprotected female was boosted into her roost and the curtains closed over her for the night.

Then came the question as to what was to become of the undersigned. I consulted the conductor and the steward, and had the satisfaction of hearing the fact stated that if I had told them earlier the blunder might have been remedied. But as it was the pious delegation had retired for the night and all the berths were occupied. The conductor, however, told me he would try and make some arrangement, and then went off about his business.

A drunken man had been captured on the platform as we started, where he was found addressing the stars in a vociferous way, the sleeping car ticket fished out of his pocket, and the inebriated fellow chucked into an upper berth. I was leaning against the washstand of the car in a very melancholy way some time after, when this intoxicated fellow stuck his head out and addressing me, said:

"I would like to have a drink."

"Water?" said I.

"No, darn water; I want some whisky; I am as dry as a chip."

"Well," I responded, "I am sorry to say that I have none about me."

"Ain't you the conductor?"

"No," I responded, "I don't believe I am."

"Nor do I. If you were the conductor you would have something to drink.—Where is the conductor?"

I told him he was in the next car.

"Well," said he. "I have a great mind to get up and hustle round till I get a drink."

"My christian friend," I said, "there is nothing in the constitution nor in the sixteenth amendment that prohibits you from getting up and hunting a drink if you want it."

Whereupon the inebriated individual rolled out of the berth. He rolled into several others and was promptly ejected; and at last, getting his legs, disappeared at the further end of the car.

I took the situation at a glance. Here was a berth vacated. Above it was a white hat. I immediately removed that white hat. I carried it further along and put it over a christian association who was lost in the sleep of innocence and peace, and then, returning, I ensconsed myself in a berth vacated by a man who had a constitutional right to a drink.

I was dropping into a slumber, for I always sleep on a car devoted to that business and invented by Mr. Pullman; the motion has the same effect upon my brain that rocking has upon a child, and I not only sleep easily, but profoundly. In a few seconds I should have been beyond all disturbances, but it happened I was awakened out of my first wink by a row in an adjoining section. There seemed to be a pitched battle going on between one of the delegates and a gentleman who claimed the berth to be the one he had just vacated. I heard him say "Now get out of that;" and he called the good man the offspring of a female dog, adding thereto some very profound language. The conductor came to the rescue of the weary delegate, and when the man called attention to the fact of the white hat, he puzzled him sorely by showing him two or three white hats further along in the same car. At this the inebriate passenger desisted, but as soon as the conductor's back was turned renewed the fight with the next white hat, insisting just as positively that that was his berth and with the same profound and violent language and scuffle. He was repulsed only to begin again, and he kept fighting these good Christian gentlemen who were so unfortunate as to have white hats, until I fell asleep and dreamed till morning of my earlier youth—of the church not round the corner, but in the glen, where the forest trees brushed against the windows, and the sunlight came down as if in response to the prayers of the beautiful maidens, dignified matrons and snowy headed fathers of the land. I only awoke when entering the sinful city of Washington.—*Don Piatt.*

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S DREAM.

The discovery recently of the mysterious trunk containing the body of the unfortunate Miss Bowlsby brings to mind the murder of Adams by Colt, at Broadway and Chambers street, New York, many years ago. The guilty man undertook to conceal the crime by boxing up the remains of Adams and having them shipped to New Orleans by packet. The main object here is to relate an incident not known to many, including the discovery of the body of Adams by means of a dream.

Colt had an office at Broadway and Chambers street, in the building now known as Delmonico's. Adams was a printer, and had financial business with Colt, and was last seen alive in his company. When Adams was missed, suspicion pointed to Colt, whose office was searched, and the fact discovered that a bloody encounter had there taken place. Nobody, however, could be found on the premises. Further investigation showed that a box had been taken from the house and shipped in one of the New Orleans packets. The police thereupon visited the vessel and the captain aided in the search by having the cargo in the hold shifted. While this was in progress one of the owners of the packet went aboard. The captain took him aside, and said:

"Mr.——, there is something remarkable about this affair. There is no doubt that the mysterious box is aboard our vessel, and I am convinced in my own mind that the body of Adams is in it."

The shipowner was thunderstruck that the captain should seem to know so much about he affair, and questioned him on this point.

"Well, sir," proceeded the captain, "I will tell you frankly that my suspicions are mainly grounded on a dream which I had last night, and which had seriously impressed me before the officers made known their business. But I considered it prudent to withold it from them, at least for the present."

"Last night," the captain said, "I slept on board, and awoke this morning strangely impressed, for I dreamed that a box had been brought aboard with some freight and stowed away in the hold. In the box, I dreamed, was the body of a murdered man. As I said before, the thing impresses me very strange when I awoke, and when the officers came up and informed me of their suspicions I could not at first believe my sense, but told them to search my vessel as much as they pleased, and I gave orders to the men to assist in the work.'

At this point the mate came up and reported that the box had been found and opened, and in it was a body believed to be that of the missing man Adams.

It was decided on the spot, between the owner and the captain, that no immediate mention should be made of the dream, as the latter would not for the world have his name associated in the papers with the circumstance. It was several years before the strange dream was spoken of, even by friends of either.

The guilt of Colt was fixed, and he was convicted despite the formidable efforts made by the defence. But the facts were too palpably true to admit of tangible grounds for a defence. Colt was sentenced to be hanged at the Tombs. The Governor was besought to extend clemency; but even this failed, and the fatal day arrived. The excitement had reached a point seldom witnessed in the metropolis, and the vast multitude assembled around the Tombs. It was well known that the rescue of the prisoner would be attempted at all hazards by paid emissaries, and a strong force of police and military were on the ground. Within a short time of the hour appointed for the hanging, the belfry or lookout on the top of the prison took fire and was soon wrapped in flames. Amid all the confusion the news soon spread that Colt had committed suicide in his cell. Many believe to this day that Colt actually escaped in the excitement, and that the suicide was a hoax.

A VISITOR, from Hartford to Martha's Vineyard camp-ground, who had been suffering from the exhorbitant charges made for everything during "meeting-week," was strolling past the societies' tents (which encircle the tabernacle) where meetings were being held. Just as he was passing one the voice of an exhorter was heard: "Salvation's free, salvation's free." He stopped, and said: "I'll take some of that. It's the only thing I've heard of since I've been here that I have not had to pay a big price for."