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, JANUARY 20, 1872. NUMBER 50

1872. THE AGE. 1872.

Prepare for the Presidential Campaign

CIRCULATE the DOCUMENTS.

Now is the Time—Get up Clubs at Once—Vigilance and Energy in the Present Gives Double Assurance of Success in the Future.

THE AGE is the firm and earnest advocate of Democratic principles as declared by the founders of the Republic and embodied in its institutions. To defend and maintain them is its constant aim, and it is the persistent and vigilant advocate of reform, general and municipal. It has sought no alliance with any clique or class interests; it has been subject to no corrupt influences, but has labored, without fear or favor, for the general good.

While no expenditure is spared in any of the channels of newspaper enterprise, the AGE is sided by no official patronage, but relies on the subscriptions and support of individual Democrats, who would maintain the principles of their party, and of intelligent opponents who desire to see men and measures freely canvassed and hear both sides of public questions. Few may be found to deny that free and fearless discussion by the press is now the best defense of the interest of every citizen, against fraud, peculation and injustice.

THE DAILY AGE

contains the latest intelligence from all parts of the world, with articles on Government, Politics, Trade, Finance, and all the current questions of the day; Local Intelligence, Market Reports, Prices Current, Stock Quotations, Marine and Commercial Intelligence; Reports of Public Meetings, Editorial Correspondence, Telegraphic Correspondence, Legal Reports, Book Notices, Theatrical Criticisms, Reviews of Literature, Art and Music, Agricultural Matters, and Discussions of whatever subjects are of general interest and importance. Besides special telegrams, it has the exclusive privilege of the Associated Press from every part of the World.

The AGE is the only Democratic morning paper in Philadelphia in the English language, and is therefore one of the best mediums for Advertising.

THE WEEKLY AGE

Combines Literature with News of the day. In its columns are Stories, Poetry, Departments of Ladies and Children, Agricultural Items, Sparkling Reading, &c.

The WEEKLY AGE is acknowledged to be the best Family Journal printed in Philad'a.

NOW IS THE TIME.

The beginning of the New Year is a good time to subscribe for a newspaper, and to subscribe for THE AGE is a good beginning of the New Year. Our terms to subscribers and clubs are furnished below. We ask our friends, and we ask every reader as one of them, to assist us in our constant efforts to increase our usefulness, enlarge our circulation, and maintain the never-ending struggle for the rights of the people against the encroachments of power, which is always stealing from the many to the few.

TERMS OF THE DAILY AGE:

One year, by mail	$8.00
Six months	4.25
Three months	2.25

For any period less than three months, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per month.

Payment required invariably in advance.

The postage on the "DAILY AGE" is thirty cents per quarter, or one dollar and twenty cents per annum, if pre-paid at the office of delivery.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY AGE:

One copy, one year	$1.50
Ten copies	12.50
Twenty copies	22.00
Fifty copies	55.00

The following reduced rates will be charged when all the papers ordered are sent to one person, and not addressed severally to the members of the club:

Twenty copies	$20.00
Fifty copies	50.00

One copy will be furnished gratis for getting up a club of twenty or more for one year.

A copy of the "DAILY AGE" will be furnished gratis for getting up a club of Fifty.

The above terms will be rigidly adhered to, and NO NOTICE WILL BE TAKEN OF A SUBSCRIPTION UNTIL PAID IN ADVANCE.

☞ We have no Traveling Agents authorized to receipt for us.

The postage on "THE WEEKLY AGE" is five cents per quarter, or twenty cents per annum, to be prepaid in all cases at the office of delivery.

Specimen copies sent free on application.

Subscriptions can commence with any No. of a Vol. Address ROBB & BIDDLE,

Nos. 16 and 18 South SEVENTH St., Philad'a.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND

COME and SEE!

GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS

FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE lately kept by 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 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 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. Do not forget to call and we'll not forget to give you full value for your money.

YERS & LLOYD.

Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT.

COOKING STOVES, HEATING STOVES.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is now prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON 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 material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, Centre street. [Jan.29.-tf.]

New Advertisements.

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS

We will send a handsome Prospectus of our New Illustrated Family Bible, containing over 200 fine Scripture Illustrations, to any Book Agent, free of charge. National Publishing Co., Phila., Pa.

BOOTS AND SHOES MADE WITH

CABLE WIRE SCREW

Will not Rip or Leak.

Great Chance to Make Money.

By taking an agency for THE HOME OF GOD'S PEOPLE. The most successful new book out, nearly 200 Magnificent Engravings. One agent took 114 orders in ten days; others are doing equally as well. 2,500 Dollars per annum can be made by any male or female agent taking orders for this popular work. The best chance to make money offered. Send for circulars with terms, etc. Extra large inducements offered. Address

WORTHINGTON, DUSTIN & Co., Hartford, Conn

HISTORY OF

The Great Fires

In CHICAGO and the WEST by Rev. E. J. GOODSPEED, D.D., of Chicago. Only complete history. 700 8vo. pages; 60 Engravings. 70,000 already sold. Price $2.50. 2000 agents made in 20 days. Profits go to sufferers. AGENTS WANTED. H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., 37 Park Row, N. York.

BRIGGS & BROTHER'S

CATALOGUE OF FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS,

AND SUMMER FLOWERING BULBS, FOR 1872;

Now ready. Consisting of over 130 pages, on rose-tinted paper, with upwards of 400 separate cuts, and Six Beautiful Colored Plates! Covers, a beautiful design, in colors. The richest Catalogue ever published. Sent 25 cents for copy, not one-half the value of the colored plates. In the first order, amounting to not less than $1, the price of catalogue, 25c., will be refunded in seeds. New customers placed on same footing with old. Free to old customers. Quality of seeds, size of packets, prizes and premiums offered, make it to the advantage of all to purchase seeds of us. See Catalogue for extraordinary inducements.

You will miss it if you do not see our Catalogue before ordering Seeds.

Either of our two Chromos for 1872, size 16x24—one a flower plate of Bulbous Plants, consisting of Lilies, &c.—the other of Annual, Biennial and Perennial Plants, guaranteed the MOST ELEGANT FLORAL CHROMOS ever issued in this country. A superb parlor ornament; mailed, post-paid, on receipt of 25c.; also free, on conditions specified in Catalogue. Address

BRIGGS & BROTHER,

[Established 1845.] Rochester, New York.

WANTED,

ACTIVE AGENTS to sell the Finkle & Lyon Manufacturing Co.'s Improved New Family Sewing Machine,

"VICTOR"

General Office for Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware,

No. 1227 Chestnut St., Phila.

J. L. FERGUSON, Manager.

PROFITABLE BUSINESS

Will be given one or two persons, of either sex, in Ebensburg and adjoining towns, by which they may realize from $300 to $1000 a year, with but little interference with ordinary occupations. It is selling HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES of real merit and universal use. If the whole time is devoted a much larger sum may be realized. Circulars free, giving complete list of articles and commissions allowed.

T. S. COOK & CO., Hoboken, N. J.

[INCORPORATED 1860.]

Columbia Fire Insurance Co.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

S. S. DETWILER, Pres't.	ROBT. CRANE.
H. WILSON, Vice-Pres't	WM. PATTON.
HERR'T THOMAS, Treas	JAS. SCHROEDER.
J. F. FRUEAUFF, Sec'y.	J. S. STHINE.
J. B. BACHMAN.	M. M. STRICKLER.
GEO. BOGLE.	R. T. RYON.

For Insurance or Agencies, address

J. F. FRUEAUFF, Sec'y, Columbia, Pa.

Silver TIPPED BOOTS & SHOES

Last as long again as any other kind.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than anything else. Business light and permanent. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

$425 A MONTH! Horse furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

$20 A DAY AND EXPENSES. Send stamp to Novelty Manufacturing Co., Alfred, Me.

CANCERS, TUMORS, ULCERS,

Astonishing cures by Drs. Kline and Lindley, at the Philadelphia Cancer Institute, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. At Branch Offices, by Dr. McMichael, 84 Niagara St., Buffalo, N.Y.; and by Dr. Eyarts, over 29 Genessee St., Auburn, N.Y.

WONDERFUL CANCER ANTIDOTES.

No Knife. No Caustic Medicines. No Blood. Little Pain. For particulars, call on or address either of the above.

IMPOTENCY.—Victims of early indiscretion, self-abuse, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., will find a most effectual, safe and permanent cure by addressing, confidentially, DR. WUNDER, Post-Office, Philad'a.

Newspaper Advertising.

A Book of 125 closely printed pages, lately issued, contains a list of the best American Advertising Mediums, giving the names, circulations, and full particulars concerning the leading Daily and Weekly Political and Family Newspapers, together with all those having large circulations, published in the interest of Religion, Agriculture, Literature, &c. Every Advertiser, and every person who contemplates becoming such, will find this book of great value. Mailed free to any address on receipt of 25 cents. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Publishers, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Leader, in its issue of May 29, 1870, says: "The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co., which issues this interesting and valuable book, is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business scientifically and systematically in such a way: that is, so as to secure the largest amount of publicity or the least expenditure of money."

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of BRIDGET FARRELL, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of BRIDGET FARRELL, late of Carroll township, been issued to the undersigned, all parties in any way indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

H. C. KIRKPATRICK, Adm'r.

Carroll Twp., Dec. 9, 1871.-6t.

WM. H. SECHLER, Ebensburg. T. B. SCANLAN, Carrolltown.

SECHLER & SCANLAN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Advice given in English and German.

The Poet's Department.

THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

Well, no! My wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost
her all the same;
She left me voluntarily, and neither was to
blame.
It's rather a queer story, and I think you will
agree—
When you hear the circumstances—'twas rather
rough on me.

She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at
Malvern Hill;
And when I married her, she seemed to sorrow
for him still;
But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never
want to see
A better wife than Mary was, for five bright
years, to me!

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and
soon a rosy glow
Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted
all their snow.
I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think
that of her, sir;
And as for me, I can't begin to tell how dearly
I loved her;

Three years ago the baby came, our humble
home to bless;
And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happiness.
'Twas hers—'twas mine—But I have no language to explain to you
How that little girl's weak fingers our heart's
together drew!

Once, we watched it through a fever, and with
each breath,
Dumb with awful wordless woe, we waited for
its death;
And, though I'm not a pious man, our souls together
For Heaven to spare our darling, went up in
voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live, our joy,
what words could tell?
Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears
together fell.
Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our
little nest,
But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly
welcome guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing, too;
Early and late you'd find me there a hammering and singing.
Love nerved my arm to labor and moved my
tongue to song,
And though my singing wasn't sweet, it was
almighty strong!

One day a one-armed soldier stopped to have
me nail a shoe.
And, while I was at work, we passed a compliment or two.
I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas
shot away
At Malvern Hill. "At Malvern Hill! Did you
know Robert May?"

"That's me!" said he. "You! you!" I gasped,
choking with horrid doubt;
"If you're a man, just follow me; we'll try this
mystery out!"
With dizzy steps I led him to Mary. God! 'twas
true!
Then the bitterest pains of misery, unspeakable, I knew!

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes
of stone,
And from her quivering lips there broke one
wild, despairing moan—
'Twas he! The husband of her youth how risen
from the dead,
But all too late—and with the bitter cry her
senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead.
On his return
He strove, in vain, some tidings of his absent
wife to learn—
'Twas well that he was innocent! Else I'd have
killed him, too,
So dead, he never would have riz till Gabriel's
trumpet blew!

It was agreed that Mary, between us should
decide,
And each by her decision would sacredly abide.
No sinner at the judgment seat, waiting eternal doom,
Could suffer what I did, while waiting sentence
in this room.

Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with
nerves as tense as steel,
While Mary's eyes sought each white face, in
piteous appeal.
God! Could not woman's duty be less hardly
reconciled
Between her lawful husband and the father of
her child?

Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice when she
knelt down and said:
"Forgiveness, John. He is my husband here!
Alive! not dead!"
I raised her tenderly, and tried to tell her she
was right,
But somehow, in my aching breast, the prisoned
words stuck tight!

"But, John, I can't leave baby—" "What!
wife and child!" cried I;
"Must I yield all? Ah, cruel! Better that I
should die.
Think of the long, sad, lonely hours, waiting
in gloom for me—
No wife to cheer me with her love—no babe to
climb my knee!

"And yet—you are her mother, and the sacred
mother love
Is still the purest, tenderest tie that Heaven
ever wove.
Take her—but promise, Mary, for that will
bring no shame—
My little girl shall bear, and learn to lisp, her
father's name!"

* * * * * * * * *

It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my
child and wife,
But yonder, by my cottage gate, we parted for
this life;
One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream
of love was done!
One long embrace for baby, and my happiness
was gone!

FRANK CLIVE.

—Buffalo Courier.

A "SNAKE" PHOTOGRAPH.—The Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg *Index* tells the following: A gentleman, a physician, resident near the Warm Springs, but now on a visit to this city, tells a remarkable snake story. All snake stories are remarkable, I know, but this is conspicuously so, because it is told by a truthful person, who is in the habit of gathering information from observation rather than the exaggerated rehearsal of others. The doctor was recently sent for to see a lady of his neighborhood who had been bitten on the ankle by a rattlesnake. When he reached the patient he found that her friends, adopting an old Indian remedy which had come down to this generation with the legendary lore of the neighborhood, had bound the wound, already much swollen and inflamed, with several folds of the inner lining (liber) of the bark of the sycamore tree. Willing to await the result of this experiment, and seeing, really, no chance for the application of a better and more orthodox remedy, our doctor allowed the lady to keep the bandage on, and in a few hours she was relieved from the pain and effects of the poison too, as she declared. Then it was removed. The wound presented a most favorable appearance, and the cure was pronounced complete. Now the most astonishing part remains to be told. On unfolding the bandage I have referred to, the exact outlines, the very photograph, aye, the perfect picture of the snake coiled ready for the spring, was impressed upon it. So perfect was the likeness, that if one had seen the bark bandage lying open on the road side he would have thought that a "rattler" had coiled upon it for one of his dreadful springs. The doctor saw this with his own eyes, and the remedy has been applied in similar cases in the country, with as happy effects. Now, wonderful as this story may appear, as I said before, there is every reason in the world for regarding it as true.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

THE DOUBLE DANGER.

Heroic Conduct of a Pioneer's Wife.

Among the earliest settlers of Woodstock, a beautiful town in the Green Mountain State, was a man by the name of Sloey, who had left his early home near the sea, and following the windings of the new Connecticut, had at last pitched on a place in the wilderness, where he erected his cabin, and then commenced an onslaught upon the giants of the forest that rear their heads in stately grandeur about him, but gave way beneath his relentless strokes, and in a couple of years he had quite an open space encircling his cabin. During this time he had lived alone, but when the second autumn came another journey was taken to the old home by the sea, and when he returned a young wife bore him company, to share with him the joys and privations incident to a pioneer.

Three years came and went, and the clearing had greatly enlarged its borders, although no arms but his labored within its bounds. The trees that at first came up to the cabin had now retreated to a respectable distance, and the ground they had once occupied was now usurped by flourishing crops that cheered the heart of the settler, and encouraged him to still greater exertion.

The three years spent in the forest by the young couple had been those of peace and contentment. A son was born to them at the commencement of the second year of their married life, and who was, at the time the adventure we are about to relate transpired, nearly two years old, and as bright a little fellow as ever cheered the hearts of parents, whose very life seemed bound up in that of their child.

The nearest neighbors of Sloey were more than three miles away through the forest, so that it was seldom they saw others than themselves. The settler was too much occupied with his work to pay much attention to making visits, and the distance was so great that it was not safe for his wife to go alone, as the forest swarmed with wild beasts, which rendered the night hideous with their cries.—Bears and panthers abounded, but the wolves were the most to be dreaded and proved the greatest annoyance; for often they would gather around the cabin at early dusk and keep up their horrid cries until the early gray of the dawn sent them howling into the dim aisles of the forest and up the dark ravines among the mountains, where shadows almost like those of night lurked all through the day.

One day late in October business called the settler to the nearest settlement of importance in that section, which chanced to be some eight miles distant; and he set out early in the morning, telling his wife she need not look for him till nightfall, as it was very uncertain what time he would be able to accomplish his business and it might be that he would not be at home until late in the night, but come he would before he slept, unless some unforeseen event interposed to prevent it. Bending over his child that was sleeping in the bed, he kissed it, and then having bestowed the same mark of affection upon his wife, he bade her be careful not to stir from the cabin or to allow the child to wander from her sight, for fear that some harm might come to them from the wild beasts. With this caution, which she promised readily to observe, he threw his rifle over his shoulder and took his way across the clearing, and his wife watched him from the doorway until the forest thicket hid her from his sight.

The morning had given promise of a beautiful day, which assurance was well kept until a little past meridian, when the wind changed to the eastward, and dark clouds began to obscure the sky to the south and east, giving strong indications that a storm was right at hand. Busy with her work and the care of her boy, Mrs. Sloey did not notice the approaching storm until nightfall, when the sudden darkness that seemed all at once to throw a deep gloom about the cabin reminded her that the night and storm were close at hand, and going to the doorway she gazed anxiously towards that point in the forest whence she expected to get the first sight of her husband.

Although her gaze was long and earnest, it was not rewarded by a glimpse of her husband; then with a look at the dark clouds that seemed to hem the little clearing in as if with a huge pall, she tried to calculate how long it would be before the rain would begin to fall, and to guess the distance her husband might be away, and the chance he had of reaching home before the storm.

Standing in the doorway the gloom seemed to her to deepen every moment, while the wind that had been sighing dismally in the forest died away, leaving everything almost as still as death.

The kettle singing on the hearth recalled her to the fact that she had commenced preparing supper, and turning away from the door, she approached the rude stone fire place, and paying due attention to what was cooking there she approached the bed upon which the boy was sleeping, and found the air of the fast deepening night appeared to strike him where he lay. Not caring to close the door, as her husband wished to catch the first sound of her husband's footsteps on his return, she bethought herself of a quilt that was in the loft, which she could spread upon the bed without disturbing her little son.

Listening for a moment to make sure no footsteps were approaching, she ascended the rude ladder, and felt her way along in the darkness—the loft was unprovided with windows—to the spot where she supposed the object of her search to be lying, but it was not there. Either she or her husband had moved it, and groping her way about in the gloom, she, after a few moments' delay, succeeded in finding it, and taking it on her arm, she approached the ladder and was about to descend when she caught sight of an object in the room that seemed to turn her blood to ice, and for a moment rendered her incapable of thought or action.

Standing in the centre of the room, with its head upturned, its fierce eyes glaring around in every direction, its long red tongue partly protruding from its half-open mouth, in which the white fangs were visible, was a huge, lank wolf, that despite the timidity of its race, had ventured in through the open door in search of food, attracted by the odor of the meat that was cooking on the fire, as it had been prowling about the cabin, as was frequently the case at this season of the year.

For a minute, Mrs. Sloey was so paralyzed with horror that for her life or her child's she could not have moved or uttered a word, and the wolf also remained stationary, snuffing the air, and then moved cautiously towards the fire, to the momentary relief of the mother, as she saw that he was farther from the bed upon which her boy was sleeping, yet whom it seemed as if no power on earth could save.

Slowly and shyly the wolf approached the fire, sniffling the air as it did so, but not fancying the strong light thrown out by the embers, or the heat that as it approached became rather uncomfortable; and as the monster would dart back a new pang of horror would assail the heart of the mother, who, with feelings that cannot be described, was watching any motion on which depended the life of her child.

Suddenly one of those wild fitful gusts of wind that sometimes precede a storm, came whirling into the cabin, sending the light sparks up the chimney, and scattering them about the room, to the visible terror and disgust of the wolf, who slided toward the door, and just as Mrs. Sloey was experiencing a delightful hope that the monster would go away, the fierce gust slammed the door to with a loud bang, and the heart of the mother sank within her as she saw that the wolf was a prisoner within the cabin.

Horror stricken at the situation of affairs, Mrs. Sloey watched, with a sinking heart, the movements of the wolf, who, finding himself thus caged, began to move anxiously about the room, no longer seeking so much for food as for a chance to escape; but at this moment, what was the horror of the mother to see her boy, awakened, no doubt by the noise made by the slamming of the door, rise up in bed and call her to come to him.

At the sound of the child's voice, the wolf paused near the centre of the room, and fixed its eyes upon the little fellow, who, all unconscious of danger, was calling for his mother. The red tongue still protruded, and the white teeth glistened in the fire-light, as the monster, half fearing to spring, crept nearer the bed to take a better look at his prey.

Half frenzied with the terrible danger of her child, the mother determined to sacrifice her own life, if need be, for that of her boy. A plan had suggested itself to her, a mere hope as it were, and she grasped it with all the eagerness that only those so situated can know.

Unfolding the quilt and laying it across her arm she prepared to descend the ladder. The wolf was almost at its foot, and the bed but a short distance away. The monster saw her coming, and withdrew his gaze from the child, and fixed it upon his new victim.

When half way down the ladder, the wolf made a spring at her; this was the moment for her to execute her hastily-formed plan, and throwing the quilt, she enveloped the wolf in its folds, who, not fancying this covering, commenced backing towards her striving to get rid of it, but in vain. Now was her moment for action and springing to the bed, she clasped her child in her arms, and sprang up the ladder, unharmed by the wolf, who was struggling in vain endeavors to rid itself from the quilt. With one hand she threw the ladder back into the room, and then a cry of thankfulness fell from her lips at the success that had attended her efforts to save her child.

The boy, not knowing the meaning of this behavior on the part of his mother, and somewhat frightened withal, began to cry; and while she tried to hush him in silence again she did not take her eyes from off the wolf, who, completely blindfolded, was spinning about the room in the most eccentric manner.

It was more by its subsequent action than the fortunate throwing of the quilt by Mrs. Sloey that the wolf became so hopelessly entangled in it. At first she watched its actions with satisfaction as each circle brought it nearer to possession of her the fire a prey. Should it blunder therein, as he seemed fated to do, would not the cabin be set on fire thereby and a death as horrible as the one from which she had just rescued her child be their fate? Trembling with fear she watched every motion, and at last that which she had feared occurred.

Each circle, as the wolf had frantically endeavored to free itself from the covering, had brought it nearer to the fireplace, under the mass of glowing embers. A bowl of rage and pain followed as it sprang out again upon the floor, its covering a sheet of fire. Another bound and it landed upon the bed, where by a frantic effort it threw off its fiery cover, and uttering yelps of pain it sprang again to the floor and rushed around the room for a chance to escape.

The bed was all afire in a moment, and Mrs. Sloey uttered a cry of despair as the flames caught in every direction and a dense volume of smoke rolled up through the aperture in the loft.

"Father in heaven, must we perish!" exclaimed the mother, as she pressed her child to her breast, "Husband! husband! why do you not come and save your wife and child from this horrible fate?"

No answer to this frantic ejaculation came to the ear of the distracted woman save the crackling of the flames as they caught upon the dry wood of the cabin, and sent their forked tongues up to the spot where she stood, while her ears were filled with the sharp cry of the wolf as it ranged round and round in its vain endeavors to escape, while ever and anon the flames would catch upon the fur, where it was already scorched in its first contact with the fire, causing it to utter a howl of agony.

Although death stared her in the face, Mrs. Sloey was not a woman to give up so long as there was a chance of life left to her. As we have already said, there was no windows in the loft, so that every avenue of escape was denied her. The roof was covered with hewn plank, fastened to the ridge pole and the top log of the sides by means of stout wooden pins. To remove one or more of these was her only chance of escape, but to do this with her own unaided hands seemed to be impossible. Half choked with smoke and her child clinging to her and crying with all its power, she felt about her to find some instrument to aid her in the accomplishment of her purpose, but all she could find was a stout stick of wood that her husband had placed there to season for an axe helve. Inserting this with all her strength between the log and one of the planks, she essayed with all her strength to raise it from its place, but without success. Finding this immovable, she tried another with like success.

Hotter and more stifling grew the air about her, louder crackled the flames below, and fiercer became the cries of the wolf, while the cries of her child rang above all, and rendered her well nigh desperate. Hope was fast leaving her. But one more plank remained untried, and she had gone the length of the front side of the cabin. With the energy born of despair, she inserted the stick, and pried upward with all her strength, and to her great joy it moved slowly, and the welcome fresh air of heaven came pouring in upon her.

Inspired by hope, she attempted to start another one by its side, but, with all her strength, she found it impossible, and yet the aperture was not large enough to admit her passing through and again the pangs of despair seized hold upon her.

The heat was becoming terrible, and the opening she had made in the roof seemed only an outlet for the smoke, which, as it poured out, well nigh stifled her. Clasping her child, she thrust him through the opening and holding him on the roof for a moment, she was about to let him slide to the ground, at the risk of dashing the life from his body, when the sound of rapid footsteps were heard and the next moment the well-known voice of her husband sounded like music in her ears, as he came across the clearing, and by the light of the flames that had begun to break out in several places, saw the child and the head of his wife on the roof.

"Quick, husband, for the love of God!" shouted the mother, as she still retained a hold upon her child. And in hardly more time than it takes to tell it, he was upon the roof, and with his strong arms had torn up another plank, and sprang to the ground with his child, and in a moment more his wife was by his side, with a heart overflowing with joy at their escape.

The cabin was burned to the ground with all its contents, including the wolf, the author of all the mischief. A new one was erected, and therein, in after years, the story we have narrated was rehearsed to those that claimed their hospitality.

BULLY FOR HANNAH!—"I was told to ask you, Hannah, whether it was really true that you are engaged to be married to the deacon's son, young Timothy Upham? I said I'd ask you the very next time I see you. I told Jerusha that I didn't know whether it was true or not. What shall I say to her when I see her?"

"You tell Jerusha," was the Yankee answer, "that I did ask Hannah, and she told you it was none of your business whether it was true or not."

HORACE GREELEY wrote: "Women now manage most of the public libraries in Massachusetts," and the compositor read it: "Women now worry most of their public babies by mastication."

Laughable Newspaper Blunders

The amusement afforded by ludicrous typographical errors will be inexhaustible while printers are fallible and editors write with abominable indifference to legibility. One of the most astonishing blunders of this kind was committed some years ago in an editorial in the *Bulletin*. The writer, who had cautioned his readers against "casting their pearls before swine," was amazed and grieved to perceive that the compositor had warned the public against "carting their pills before sunrise." This was corrected in the proof; but the reporter who declared of a new store that it had "sixty fancy windows," was even more indignant than the storekeeper when he saw in his paper the statement that the establishment contained "sixty faded widows." And then there was the poet, in Muncy, who sought to soothe the wounded feelings of a bereaved family by publishing in the local paper a poetical tribute to the deceased daughter, Emily, in which he declared that "we will hallow her grave with our tears." He was pursued next morning by Emily's exasperated brother, because the printers insisted that "we will harrow her grave with our steers."

The poets suffer most deeply. Nothing could be worse, for instance, than the misery of the bard who asserted, in his copy, that he "kissed her under the silent stars," only to find that the compositor compelled him to "kick her under the cellar stairs." A certain Jenkins, also, was the victim of an aggravated assault, because when, in his report of a wedding, he declared that "the bride was accompanied to the altar by *eight* bridesmaids," the types made it that "the bride was accompanied to the altar by *tight* brides maids." These things are peculiarly unpleasant when they occur in remarks upon death; as in the case of the editor, who, while writing a sympathetic paragraph, observed that "Mr. Smith could hardly bear the loss of his wife," only to find that the printer had made it—"Mr. Smith could hardly bear such a boss for a wife."

Even more deplorable is the injury done to the journalist who complimented a certain candidate with the observation that he was "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State." Imagine the indignation of the candidate and the horror of the editor, when the paper the next day contained the assertion that the said burgher was "a nobby old burglar prowling around in a naked state."

But the printers do not make all the mistakes. We remember the laughter and comments provoked by the statements of a reporter, who called the attention of the constable to the fact that "on Sunday last some twenty or thirty men *collected in the hollow back of Thomas McGinnis*, and engaged in fighting during the whole morning." Mr. McGinnis' back must have been uncommonly large.

During the Franco-Prussian war a great deal of fun was poked at the New Jersey editor who read in the cable dispatches that "Bazaine has moved twenty kilometres out of Metz." He thereupon sat down and wrote an editorial, in which he said he was delighted to hear that all the kilometres had been removed, and that the innocent people of Metz were no longer endangered by the presence of those devilish engines of war—sleeping upon a volcano, as it were. And then he went on to describe some experiments made with kilometres in the Crimea, in which one of them exploded and blew a frigate out of the water.

Another editor clipped from an exchange an obituary poem, which he sent to the composing room with some introductory remarks. He said: "We publish below a very touching production from the pen of Miss M——. It was written by her at the death-bed of her sainted mother, and it overflows with those expressions of filial affection which are the natural outgrowth of a pure, untutored genius that has developed beneath the sheltering influences of a mother's love. The reader will observe how each line glows with ardent affection and tenderest regret."

Somehow, in attaching the introduction to the poem, the editor turned up the wrong side of the clipping, and the consequence was that the editor's lines led the reader gently into an article upon "Hog Cholera in Tennessee." It was rumored that the relatives of Miss M—— were seen prowling around the office the next day, armed with shot-guns, but this has not been traced to any reliable authority. —*Phila. Bulletin.*

FILIAL AFFECTION.—Two cases of filial affection have recently been communicated to us, so touching, so true to nature, that we record them:

A youth of seventeen, meeting an acquaintance in the street, says:

"Guess who's dead."

"Mr. Jones, I suppose—he was very sick."

"No, it's my ma! She popped off this morning!"

The other:

A countryman called at a hardware store and asked for a new kind of reaping machine, recently introduced. He was requested to walk back into another part of the store and it would be shown to him. As he was going along he saw a huge circular saw, and tapping it with his hand, he remarked:

"I had an old daddy ripped in two with one of them things the other day."