Cambria Freeman.

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VOLUME 6. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1872. NUMBER 5.

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[INCORPORATED 1860.]

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PRIVATE SALE—REAL ESTATE—The conjoint interests of the undersigned heirs of Peter Scanlan, dec'd., in the Farm late of said decedent, containing 107 Acres, more or less, situated in Cambria township, is offered for sale on private terms. Said Farm is in an excellent state of cultivation, and has thereon erected a large Brick House, good Frame Bank barn, &c. Also, pure water, choice fruit, etc. Terms reasonable. Other desirable information can be obtained from JOSEPH HOGUE, or from either of the undersigned.

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JAMES SCANLAN,
SARAH ELLEN SCANLAN.

[illegible] the Farm is not sold before March 15th it will then be offered for rent for one year.

Cambria Twp., Feb. 10, 1872.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the defendants' real estate, in the case of F. M. Egan vs. Christ. Noel and Sarah Noel, No. 80, September Term, 1871, *Levari Facias*, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at the office of Oatman & Lake, in Ebensburg, on *Saturday, the 24 of March next*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims or be debarred from coming in upon said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, *Auditor*.

Ebensburg, Feb. 7, 1872.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of funds in the hands of Geo. M. Reade, Administrator of the estate of Robert Dunlap, dec'd, hereby notifies all interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, February 27th, 1872*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must attend, or be debarred from coming in upon said fund.

T. W. DICK, *Auditor*.

Ebensburg, Feb. 10, 1872.-3t.

CAUTION!—Whereas my son SIMON CATHARINE, now 18 years, and daughter ANN, now 16 past, have left home without just cause or provocation, this is to notify all persons against harboring or trusting either of them on my account, as I am determined to pay no debts they may contract, unless the law compels me to do so. PETER BORTMAN.

Allegheny Twp., Feb. 10, 1872.-3t.*

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the *Union Hall, Johnstown*, on **Monday, 26th day of February**, inst., at 2 o'clock P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Catharine McKenna and Daniel McKenna, of, in and to all that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Johnstown, in the county of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Fronting twenty-five (25) feet on the south side of Market street and running back southeasterly fifty-five and one-half (55½) feet to a lot now of Mr. Bending, being lots late the property of James Downey, sr., dec'd, and lot now or late the property of John Coad and M. O'Connell on the east, being the same lot of ground which by sundry mesne conveyances and allowances in law became vested in John M. Power and Jacob Reilly, who by deed dated the 9th day of April, 1859, conveyed the same to David D. Jones, who by his deed conveyed the same, dated May 10, 1864, to James Herrington, and the said Jas. Herrington, by his deed dated June 13, 1864, conveyed the same to Geo. Huston, jr., who by his deed dated Nov. 3, 1865, conveyed the same to John Krauss, who by his deed dated Nov. 5, 1866, conveyed the same to Catherine McKenna, party hereto, with the hereditaments and allowances. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Robert Robinson and Samuel B. Robinson, trading as Robinson & Co., and S. B. Robinson, Administrator of S. B. Robinson, dec'd, and Hill Burgoon, Administrator *c. t. a.* of R. Robinson, dec'd.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Joseph Reitmiler, of, in and to a certain lot of ground situate in Cambria borough, Cambria co., fronting 18 feet on Broad street and extending back 132 feet to an alley, adjoining lot of John McCloskey on the east and Isadore Riffle on the west, having thereon erected a two story plank house and a one story kitchen attached—now in the occupancy of Frank Gelder. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of The St. Joseph's Society.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Mich'l P. Kelly, of, in and to a certain lot of ground situate in Cambria borough, Cambria county, fronting on Broad street on the south, lot of Thomas Keelan on the east, and an alley on the north, and Third street on the south, having thereon erected a two story plank house, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of N. F. Carroll, for use of Patrick Shanahan.

W. B. BONACKER, *Sheriff*.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 6, 1872.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry, at the "Summit Mansion House," in the Borough of Summitville, in said county, on **Saturday, the 24 day of March next**, at 2 o'clock P.M., the following Real Estate of which JAMES M. RIFFEL lately died seized, to wit:

No. 1.—*All that certain messuage*, being the Hotel Stand and Lot of Ground numbered on the general plan of the Borough of Summitville as lot No. 4, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post corner near the sign-post; thence running north 82¾ degrees, east 200 feet, to a corner of Spruce alley and Turnpike street; thence along said alley, north 7¾ degrees, east 200 perches, to a post corner; thence along said alley, south 55 degrees, east 90 feet, to a post; thence along Lot No. 40, south 45 degrees, east 230 feet, to a corner of Peter Dougherty's lot; thence along said lot, south 45 degrees, west 42 feet, to a post corner; thence south 45 degrees, east 30 feet, to a post corner on Railroad front; thence along said Railroad front, south 45 deg., west 88 feet, to the place of beginning—having thereon erected a Hotel, Store House, Dwelling House, a large Barn, and other Outbuildings; this property being known as the Summit Mansion House Hotel property. *Also*,

Lot No. 2—Being the undivided half of a piece or parcel of Improved Land situate in Washington township, in the county aforesaid, adjoining Borough of Summitville, described as follows: Beginning at the township road; thence south 80 degrees, east 45 perches, to a post; thence north 49 degrees, east 41 perches, to a post; thence north 80 degrees, west 80 perches, to the said township road; thence by said road, south 2 degrees, east 28 perches, to a post; thence by the same, south 18¼ degrees, west 10 perches, to the place of beginning—containing **15 Acres.**

TERMS OF SALE—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale or sales, and the residue in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

W. M. H. SECHLER,

Feb. 7, 1871. *Adm'r of James M. Riffel, dec'd.*

CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS.:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

To D. W. Lewis, Richard C. Lewis, R. P. Lewis, George R. Lewis, Edw. Roberts, Guardian of Edwin Porter, a minor child of Sarah E. Porter, formerly Sarah E. Lewis, deceased, and Edward P. Lewis, heirs and representatives of Richard Lewis, deceased, and all others concerned in the premises—*Greeting:*

We command you and firmly enjoin you, that laying aside all business whatever, you be and appear before the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said county, to be held at Ebensburg, *the first Monday of March next*, to show cause, if any you have, why the witnesses on behalf of Jameson Moore, on his complaint against you, before our said court duly exhibited, should not be examined and the testimony reduced to writing and filed of record in our said court, in order to perpetuate the same, agreeably to the constitution of our government and the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided. And hereof fail not at your peril.

Witness the Honorable JOHN DEAN, President of our said Court, at Ebensburg, the 5th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and seventy-one.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.

Attest—W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff. [2-10.-3t.]

NOTICE IN PARTITION.—To Michael Albert McDermit, son of full age of Henry McDermit, deceased one of the heirs and legal representatives of Michael McDermit, dec'd: Take notice that an inquest will be held at the late dwelling house of Michael McDermit, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, dec'd, on **Thursday, the 29th day of February next**, at one o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said deceased to and among his children and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling the whole; otherwise to value and appraise the same at which time and place you are requested to attend, if you think proper.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 24, 1872.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.—In the matter of the account of A. R. Longanecker, Guardian of Mary Catharine Rodkey, minor child of James Rodkey, dec'd, and of the first account of A. R. Longanecker, Guardian of Annetta Rodkey, minor child of James Rodkey, dec'd, and of the first account of A. R. Longanecker, Guardian of Eleanor A. Rodkey, minor child of James Rodkey, deceased.

And now, Feb. 6, 1872, T. W. Dick appointed Auditor to hear and decide on exceptions.

By the Court. From the Record.

Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, the 29th day of February*, 1872, at 2 o'clock, P. M. *T. W. DICK*,

Ebensburg, Feb. 10, 1872.-3t. *Auditor.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county an Auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the personal property of Henry Foster, on *Fi. Fa.*, No. 1, March Term, 1872, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Ebensburg, on *Monday, 26th February*, inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.

JOSEPH McDONALD, *Auditor.*

Ebensburg, Feb. 9, 1872.-3t.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the estate of PHILIP RAGER, late of Jackson township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will please make payment, and those having claims against the estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN A. RAGER, Adm'r.

Or his Counsel, SHOEMAKER & BERRY.

Ebensburg, Jan. 26, 1872.-6t.

BRICK FOR SALE.—Good Brick can be purchased at reasonable rates from the undersigned. JOHN McMULLIN.

[2-3.-6t.] Near Catholic Church, Ebensburg.

[WRITTEN FOR THE FREEMAN:]

SATURDAY NIGHT THOUGHTS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The day of rest—that happy day!
How sweet to have it near!
The week's hard labor now is done,
The time for rest is now begun—
The hour of rest is here.

The toilful week is o'er; now may
The weary laborer rest;
No more let cares of earth employ—
Let thoughts of heaven each soul employ—
Of heaven, our home so blest.

With trustful hearts let's look aloft;
From heaven let's gather strength;—
Earth, cruel master, grinds us down,
We'll need we hope our woes to drown
And cheer our hearts at length.

Ere long the day we've sighed for oft
Will rest unbroken give;
Then sorrow, care, and pain shall cease,
We'll find, at length, unbroken peace—
An endless Sabbath live.

PERSEVERANCE MATILDA.

A Leap Year Love Tale.

BY PAUL PARALLEL.

CHAPTER I.

"Is John Smith within?"
"Yes, that he is."—MOTHER GOOSE.

It was midnight. Darkness reigned undisputed master of the earth, and Cimmerian gloom was the order of the evening. The busy, bustling, boisterous and generally bad city of P—— was overspread with a shadow from Tartarus.—In a word, it was dark! as dark as, in the language of somebody, "the shades of midnight cast on the gates of hell." In fact, it *was* midnight—that dreadful, dismal time when gutters yawn and policemen sleep. But it was not total darkness—although it came within one of it—for in all the wide expanse there was but one light visible, so the owls and bats told me, for it was not apparent to human eyes. That solitary light came from a non explosive coal oil lamp, which lamp stood on a table, which table stood upright in the sixth story of (not the house that Jack built, but) the palatial residence of Geoffrey Currentia, on the southwest corner of Broad and Front streets, surrounded by an iron fence and beautifully ornamented with a ground rent and a mortgage. The compliments of the author of this highly thrilling (!) thing are presented to the reader with the request that he will accompany him to the locality whence proceeds this light, which, like the eyes of Polyphemus, glares at us fiercer and fiercer as we approach.

We crawl down the chimney like fairy-sweeps, and transformed into flies, stand unseen in the room of Wilhelm Currentia, the only son of Geoffrey Currentia, his father and parental parent. Wilhelm stands before us, and we will take a look at him. He is a young man who has evidently passed through the frosts of forty summers, more or less, and possessed in detail of the following appurtenances: Hair as black as all out-doors at that then present time; eyes *ditto*; coats, pants, vests, boots, *idem*; face as white as snow before it has reached the dirty ground. His nose was a cross between the Grecian and the Roman cast, and was a model of nasal beauty, not in the least impaired by the roseate hue on the end of it. His mouth! oh! such a mouth. Roget's Thesaurus and Crabbe's Synonymous combined would be insufficient to produce the necessary eulogistic words required to properly describe it. And so we will pass it, and while we are on the pass, pass to the next chapter, which is

CHAPTER II.

"Then flashed the livid lightning from her eyes."—POPE.

It was daylight! Just after dinner, and everybody was engaged in that post-prandial occupation of teeth-picking. Did I say everybody? Well, I erred—but remember, dear reader, that "to err is human, and to forgive," etc. Everybody, then, was engaged in dental excavations, save *one*—another exception to the general appearance of things, as you notice. That one was Miss Perseverance Matilda Joahns, the only daughter and heiress of non-existing parents, for they were dead, and she was sweet seventeen—at the time to which this history refers, residing in the domicil of her respected, but stern old uncle, Christopher Knuckles.

She sat in the kitchen, excoriating potatoes. She was a fair creature, with solferino hair, eyes "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," robust form, and had a bombazine dress around her body, and a cold in her head. Suddenly she rolled her eyes frantically towards the rafters, dropped a semi peeled potato upon the floor, clenched the knife with both hands, and hissed through her teeth, (which were false):

"I bill, upon my soul, I bill!"

And then she fell to peeling her potato.

CHAPTER III.

"Gone, but not forgotten."—ANONYMOUS.

Perseverance Matilda was desperately in love with Wilhelm Currentia, and *vice versa*. But the old folks, as might be expected, were down on it. Wilhelm was confined to his room, and deprived of the common necessaries of life, and not allowed to receive company. In vain Matilda called to see him, the servants had positive orders to deny admittance to her or any other marrying young woman who might solicit admission. One day Wilhelm made a rope out of his bed-clothes after the most approved fashion, and in the "holy hour of midnight," let himself down to *terra firma*. For an hour and a half, the rash youth stood gazing at the roof which had sheltered him, and under whose shingles he had suffered such great privation. He stood like one lost in meditation, and much resembled the well-known picture of Napoleon at St. Helena. He rehearsed, in an undertone, Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and all the songs containing that heart-rending word, "farewell," that he could remember. He prepared to leave this dreadful inquisition where his young affections had been so cruelly put to rack. Only one regret arose in his tender bosom, and he burst into tears. He had forgotten his meerschaum! To go back was impossible, so he philosophically took a mouthful of cardamon seeds and left the premises.

CHAPTER IV.

"And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed,
Upon a duteous daughter's head!"
LADY OF THE LAKE.

Christopher Knuckles sat in his shop adjoining his residence on Two Hundred and Tenth Street, city proper. A casual observer might have noticed that this biquedal Bruin was unusually cross on this occasion. Such an observation would have been correct. The fact was that his corns troubled him, and besides that he had just swallowed a half tumbler of inferior kerosene in mistake for brandy. He hammered loudly against the wall with an empty bottle, and clamorously called for Perseverence Matilda.

She came, she saw, and she went—after the ensuing dialogue:

"Sit down, you Persy!"

She sat down.

"And so ye're sparking that young Currentia, are ye?"

"I have that pleasure," boldly responded Perseverance Matilda. A dose of vinegar and onions cured her cold, and her language was now fluent and natural.

"Well, you must stop it," said the stern old uncle.

"I fail to discern it," sententiously rejoined the loveress.

He slapped her in the face and continued:

"See yere. I forbid the banns. An irreconcilliable feud exists between the houses of Knuckles and Currentia, dating back to that time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary as the liars say. It originated, I believe, in a dispute about a game of poker. Centuries roll on, but only deepen and widen the breach. I want no grandchildren with the cheating blood of the Currentias flowing in their veins."

"Gammon," said P. Matilda, "I love and my love is reciprocated, and it shall be consummated. I am the envy of all the other girls in town, and the beau ideal of all the young men. Lots of match-making papas and mamas have been trying to get me to propose to their sons, but no—no—my angelic Wilhelm is the sole proprietor of my heart's undivided affections; and moreover, I have a lien on him on account of disbursements, presents, and so forth. I will now marry and settle down. I have broken enough hearts; I have sown my untamed grain. Oh——"

"That'll do, you minx," interrupted old Christopher. "You're a rebel. Avaunt and quit my sight."

And she did so.

CHAPTER V.

"Oh! my lonely, lonely, lonely pillow!
Where is my lover, where is my lover?"

We will now introduce the reader to the villain of the piece. Her name is Carlina Von Digiezout, and she has no front teeth. Her forte is rivalry, and the present business she has on hand is to "cut out" Perseverance Matilda and to secure for herself the precious heart, which is the object of the latter lady's yearnings. To this patriotic work she has devoted all her sleepless nights, encouraged alike by the impulses of her own bosom and the secret service fund provided by Christopher Knuckles.

If the reader has nothing pressing on hand to prevent, we will now go to Jersey, and enter the city of T——, at about sunrise. Enveloped in the garments of invisibility, we enter a bedroom in the third and last story of a hotel. A human being of the masculine gender is just arising, like Venus out of the sea, from a corn-shuck mattress. But unlike the fairy goddess, he is a picture of a man who has passed an uneasy and unquiet night. That once classic form trembles with nervousness, like a mass of calf's head jelly moulded into Adam's shape; that formerly raven hair is matted, and streaked with capilaceous silver; those *quondam* beautiful eyes are now blear and sore; his *robe de chamber* (which is the French for night-gown) is "tattered and torn," and his general appearance is "all forlorn." An hour is spent in dressing, unbroken by the ejaculation of a single word from his lips, save an occasional subdued imprecation. But he sighs awfully—in fact, like a furnace. You say he's been drunk. You err, and you do not; he is and has been drunk for a long time, but it is with love. His emaciated form—the result of a vinegar and slate-pencil diet—shows it. His eyes are two witnesses to the fact, from reading of and weeping at the sorrows of such as he.

He has now completed his toilet by turning his paper collar, which he has worn for the last lunar month, inside out and adjusting it to his neck with a little mucilage. Going then to a closet, he takes a drink of water out of a black bottle and sits down.

"Ah, me," he says—and you might have seen tears trickling down his cheeks, if such had really been the case, but it was not—"ah, me, what am I, and what am I not? Is this protracted thing to be continued? Who says I'm mad, at his peril? I'm only sick with hope deferred. It seems like half a dozen centuries since I saw my poor loveress, and she doesn't know where I am. Here, in a foreign land, I hoped we might be free from cross fathers and crotchety uncles, and I could receive company—the company of she who loves me so much. My letters must have been headed off—perhaps by some rival who thinks to wean me from her. Or has she seen some fairer youth and made an assignment of her affections? 'Twould crush my lamb like heart to think so, for forty advantageous offers have I received, but rejected them all, and wait only Persy 'Tilda's proposition to say yes. O—"

What further he intended to say was interrupted by a rattling noise at the door, followed by the entrance into the room of Carlina Von Digiezout, at whose appearance Wilhelm swooned, but as he had fortunately placed the black bottle upon the table by his side, he took a healthy draught therefrom, and shortly revived. Carlina fell on her knees before him, clasped her hands, and prefacing her remarks with a stanza from Walt Whitesman, besought him to be her husband. Never was suitor more earnest, more, more——

CHAPTER VI.

"Last scene of all
That ends this strange, eventful history."
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

About six hours after Perseverance Matilda, in obedience to the peremptory mandamus from head'quarters, had "avaunted" from the presence of her uncle, a solitary female form might have been seen meandering towards the residence of Geoffrey Currentia. It was none other than the exiled Matilda, and she was being transported on the pinions of amativeness to where she might serenade the object of her admiration. She carried a large bass violin under her left arm, while with her right hand she used the bow of the aforesaid instrument as a walking-stick. In due time she arrived within breathing distance of the sweet atmosphere which surrounded the sleeping apartment of her beloved. Ah! little did she know that all that remained of him in that room was a half colored meerschaum and a dime novel. She stationed herself against a tree-box, and, accompanied by the violin, sang Cataline's Address to the Roman Senate. This was followed by selections from the opera of the Grand Dutchman, after which she listened in silence for the raising of the window and the ejectment therefrom of a kiss or two done up in a bequet. Minutes, half-hours, hours passed, and there she stood; Perseverance on the curb stone waiting for Wilhelm! Finally, tired of the monotony of the scene, she drew her bow across the strings and played that soul-stirring air, "Doodan," varied with occasional touches from the "Irish Washerwoman." Hardly had the last strains ceased their vibrations, when up went a window—but *not* the window of *his* room—with a slam, and the frowsy head of Currentia *pere* appeared.

"What in thunder do you want, you Italian vagrant?" said he.

"Whilhelm!" shouted she.

"Gone!" yelled he.

"Where?" screamed she.

"Glimmering!" groaned he.

"Ah!" sighed she, and down went Perseverance and the window together. How long the former remained prone upon the pavement has never been definitely ascertained, but after bathing the ground with a few tears of despair, she regained her feet and started at full speed she knew not whither, but still clinging to the fiddle and the bow. Away she went like a meteor, her flowing locks, resembling a comet's tail, streaming behind her, owing to the loss of her back-comb. To all her other accomplishments she had added the very popular one of pedestrianism, and she was now putting it into very vigorous exercise. She had a mission to perform—the finding of the one she loved. She would not "go back" on her baptismal name; she would persevere. Her shoes were half-soled yesterday, and she had no fears. On, on she went, gathering new strength as the distance lengthened between her and the scene of her griefs.—Time also went on—

"And now had Phœbus in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap;
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn."

She had crossed the Delaware by skipping over the floating ice, like a well trained goat, and entered the outskirts of the city of T——, at the time mentioned in the above quotation. As she came flying past a suburban hostelrie, she caught the eye of a vigilant policeman, who had just taken his morning's bitters. The "situation of affairs" immediately suggested itself to his mental vision through the spectacles of his circumspection—"Here's a thieving woman runnin' away with some un's goods and chattels."

And he dashed after her.

To describe the chase would be but to repeat naval history. The reader is respectfully referred to any of the standard novelties which treat of privateers and pirates. Suffice it to say, their course was flexuous and sinuous in the extreme. Matilda was good metal; but the policeman was fresh, and he gradually gained on the fugitive dimity.

At last—oh! unerring instinct that guides alike the faithful canine and the faithful lover!—Matilda bolted into the ladies' entrance of the hotel introduced to the reader in the preceding chapter. She ascended the three flights of stairs at a single bound, and there on the landing, for the first time, released her hold on the musical implements by laying them down. At the right of the door before which she stood, she saw a pair of shabby, but newly blackened gaiters; she recognized them as Wilhelm's, and she kissed them. Then she twisted up her back hair, shook out her dress, and rushed into the room. But only two or three steps at most—for then she came to the standstill, as one suddenly stricken with petrifiaction. Was it because of the sight that met her eyes? Was it because she saw her long lost Wilhelm there besieged by her hated rival? Was it because of all this? No; it was because the policeman had caught her by the skirts and held her there!

Now Wilhelm rose to greet her, but the quick Carlina was on her feet in an instant, and by a back-handed blow sent him sprawling upon the floor. Advancing to Perseverance Matilda, with her eyes shooting lightning, she was about commencing a terrific philippic against her when a well directed impromptu blow from that individual sent Digiezout tumbling back over the coal scuttle. At these belligerent indications the policeman vanished, not neglecting, however, to take along with him the bass viol and its bow, as treasure trove if nothing else.

Hostilities were now begun in earnest. The whacks, the bangs, the rips, the shrieks, were awful to hear; the air was filled with flying mats of hair and jets of blood, and as the combat deepened it became bloodier and hairier. Poor Wilhelm, the innocent cause of this dreadful war, alternately swooned, shrieked, cried and sucked the black bottle, in the farthest corner of the room, and the carnage and slaughter went on.

* * * * * *

Victory perched on the banners of Perseverance Matilda! Her antagonist lay a corpse upon the floor, and our heroine was triumphant. After casting the appropriate look of ineffable scorn upon the bleeding mass at her feet, she rushed to Wilhelm, and, taking him on her lap, caressed him fondly. And there, on the field of battle, they appointed the following Tuesday for the celebration of their nuptials. The remains of Carlina were disposed of by throwing them out of the window; they fell upon the pavement, and were directly afterwards removed by the soap-fat man.

Perseverance Matilda and husband remained in seclusion for some time, until the death of both the "old roosters," Currentia and Knuckles. They then returned to P——, and after raising a numerous family, most of whom are now shining ornaments in the House of Refuge, they emigrated to Indiana. After a long life of woe and misery there, they finally and severally settled down into that enviable and much sought after condition of happiness which can only arise from the possession of a divorce *a vinculo*. And so endeth this chronicle of their lives and loves.

A STRANGE STORY.

The Fort Wayne [Ind.] *Sentinel* tells the following remarkable story:

Among the more prominent visitors who are with their friends and relatives in this city is Mr. Cecil C——, of Browerton, N. Y. About five years ago Mr. C—— went boating on Oneida Lake with two of his companions. They unmoored the boat and rowed for a distance of two miles to an island that lifted itself from the waves. Here they spent a few hours in collecting botanic specimens until a black, thunder-laden cloud in the west warned them that a violent storm was brewing, and they speedily set out upon their return. They had nearly reached the mainland when their little craft was turned keel upward by a squall, and the party was left struggling and panting in the water. Mr. C—— saw his two companions swimming toward the shore and attempted to follow them, but in vain. A delightful sensation of repose took possession of him. Then all was chaos. Blank! He was rescued by his companions, and upon his return to consciousness he attempted to open his eyes, to move his hands, to speak, but found himself unable to command a muscle.

As he lay in this condition, memory pictured to him all that had transpired up to the moment when he became insensible. Then he marveled whether he was alive or dead. What meant this hush, this chill, this blackness of darkness that enveloped him? Where was he? What was he? Would he be always thus? Time passed on, and he felt his thoughts and ideas contracting to a narrower and narrower sphere, until nothing but the central knowledge of existence continued to assert itself. But suddenly a crash, as if all the Titan thunder gods had blown their trumpets in unison, smote upon his hearing—a deluge of light like the concentrated rays of a million suns burst upon his vision, there was a severing of soul and sense, as he stood in spirit beside his violet-strewn, coffin and read the inscription:

"Cecil C——, born in Baltimore, Md., Jan. 29, 1846. Died at Brewbrook, N. Y., June 20, 1866. Aged twenty years."

Through the oval glass at the head of the casket he could see his face frozen into the white rigidity of death. His friends and relatives were seated around the room, and the pastor was preaching a touching funeral sermon, interrupted now and then by the sobs of the listeners.—Through the open window the glory of a summer day was drifting in, fragrant with the sweet breath from the clover field and musical with the songs of birds. He saw a latent beauty in everything he looked upon, and a latent melody in every sound he heard—and he realized how crude and imperfect are all our dreams of happiness in the flesh, as compared with those which the immortals know. But, like a flash of lightning, there came loss of identity again—utter annihilation for an uncertain lapse of time—and when he again awoke to a sense of his condition his spirit once more tenanted his body—his coffin had been borne to the cemetery—and he heard the sexton preparing to lower him to his last resting place in the dust.

Now, for the first time, a great horror fell upon him. He was to be entombed alive—to be left alone with the night and the terror, and the grim company of skeletons mouldering around him. He would regain consciousness when too late—would strike the close walls of the prison, but to no other purpose; call, and there would be no answer; pray, and the very heavens would be pitiless; shriek, tear his flesh with his fingers, curse, and, raving, die. Summoning up all his will, he utilized it in a last effort to break the spell that had seized him, and with success. He was rescued from his impending doom, and weeks of watchful nursing brought him back to the full enjoyment of his former health.

SECRETS ABOUT COURTING.

The racy correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser*, Eli Perkins, writes as follows apropos of the gas famine in New York: Last night I went from Dr Ewer's with Julia. I felt great confidence in myself. The darkness gave me confidence. It always gives lovers confidence. There were thirty-six dark gas burners, and one tallow candle—one Eighth avenue tallow candle in her father's palatial mansion. I took her hand, I did, and I was about to say something confidential in the feeble candle light, when we heard Julia's cousin Mary in the back parlor with Charley Brown. Charley was taking advantage of the darkness too. We saw their shadows on the glass door. I heard him whisper:

"Mary, dear, I have something confidential to tell you."

"What is it, Charley?" she lisped, in a sweet voice.

Then we saw one arm of his shadow encircle her shadow, and somebody whispered—

"I think, Mary—I think that—I love you!"

Then we heard a suppressed sigh.

"Mary," continued the voice, "do you love me?"

"Yes, Charley, I do love you," she sobbed.

"How much?"

"More than words can express."

"I am very glad, Mary," continued the voice, "for I thought you were flirting."

"Well, Charley?"

But Charley seldom said another word. Young fellows never get farther than this nowadays. This is as much as any reasonable young lady ought to expect. Now Charley is an honorable, high school fellow, and he has gotten just so far with three hundred and eighty-six different young ladies on Fifth avenue. It is called by the fellows the "sticking point." One day I said, "Charley, did you ever get any farther than the Sticking Point?"

"P'shaw, Eli, yes," he replied. "There are two other points still. We call them the Awful Oath Dodge and the Poverty Dodge. Why I've come these dodges over the Fifth Avenue girls more than twenty times."

"What is the Awful Oath Dodge?"

"The Awful Oath Dodge is where we get sweet on a girl, tell her that we love her, get her to say that she loves us, then announce with tremendous solemnity that we were compelled to take an awful oath at the bedside of our dying grandfather not to marry till the age of thirty. Of course the young lady can't wait so long as that, and we are out of the scrape."

"Well, what is the Poverty Dodge, how do you do it?" I asked, still opening my eyes at Charley's revelations.

"Never tell, my boy?"

"Never?"

"Well I always tell the girls that I love them."

"Yes?"

"Ask them if they love me."

"Yes?"

"Then they say, 'yes,'"

"And you—"

"And then I sigh and say: Alas! Darling, I do love you, but I love you too much to ask you to marry me. You, Mary, are used to a life of luxury; I am poor and proud. I would not ask you to leave a home of comfort for a home such as I could give you."

"Well, Charley, how does this generally work?"

"Splendid, old fellow! That's what we Fifth Avenue fellows call the Poverty Dodge—the very last jumping-off place, you know."