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For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dropsical Inflammation, Biliousness, Headache, Stomachic Disorders, Indigestion, Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the effect of a course of these Bitters. They are a powerful agent in curing all the diseases of the blood, and in restoring the system to its normal condition, enriching it, refreshing the nerves, and giving it a healthy and vigorous action. They are safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Pimples, Bores, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurf, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will cure the most obstinate and chronic eruptions.

Change the Vitiated Blood when you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Kerples, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and rendered impure by the action of the system. It runs light, and very fast, and sews coarse or fine fabrics. The Hemmer will turn up narrow hems, and fold beautifully. All attachments go with the machine.

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Scrofula, King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Gout, Scrofulous Discharges, and all the eruptions of the skin, of whatever name or nature, are cured by the use of these Bitters. They are a powerful agent in curing all the diseases of the blood, and in restoring the system to its normal condition, enriching it, refreshing the nerves, and giving it a healthy and vigorous action. They are safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

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Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with Vinegar Bitters. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fortified. They are a powerful agent in curing all the diseases of the blood, and in restoring the system to its normal condition, enriching it, refreshing the nerves, and giving it a healthy and vigorous action. They are safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.—There will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on TUESDAY, the 30th day of APRIL, the following real estate, to wit: Three hundred acres, more or less, late property of James Graham, dec'd., situate partly in Green Township, Indiana county, and partly in Cambria county, with a frame dwelling and log barn, and other outbuildings thereon. About one hundred acres are heavily timbered with Pine and Oak timber; the balance is partly improved and partly timbered. The land will be sold in a body or in lots to suit purchasers. The property is a very valuable one, and should attract the attention of purchasers.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of F. C. Exon, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Monday, the 29th day of April, at one o'clock P. M., the following Real Estate to wit: All the land and premises situate on the lot of Wm. H. Seebler on the north lot of William Kistell on the south, and extending back 60 feet to lot of A. G. Fry—not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of F. A. Shoenberger, vs. W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 8, 1872.

A PATRIARCHAL COMMUNITY.

A Settlement Isolated from the Rest of Humanity—Romantic Story Related by the Chief of the Lonely Village.

One of the most extraordinary and romantic narrations possible is that told in the current number of *The Overland Monthly*, relating to a strange community that had lived for more than a century in the forests of New York without any communication, direct or indirect, with the outside world. The writer tells the story as follows:

Anterior, and up to about the year 1825, the region of country bordering on New York and Pennsylvania, from the Hudson river to Lake Erie, was little better than a solitude, dotted here and there with villages. Its prosperity was greatly retarded by the difficulty of communicating with New York and other cities, as marts of produce, and whence to draw supplies. To develop the resources and lay open the hidden wealth of this almost inaccessible region, the Legislature of the State of New York, at its annual session of 1825, on the recommendation of De Witt Clinton—then Governor of that State, and, next to Henry Clay, the pioneer of American "Internal Improvements"—passed an act authorizing the survey of a route for a great State road along the southern border of the State, from the North river to Lake Erie.

Judge Jabez D. Hammond, of Otsego county, Alfred S. Conkling, afterward United States District Judge, and Nathaniel Ritchie, of Salem—subsequently Lieutenant Governor—were appointed a State Board of Commissioners for that purpose. To select and locate the most eligible route and to ascertain the most feasible eastern terminus for such road, three companies were organized under the supervision of these Commissioners; the principal one starting from Newburg, and pursuing a route now nearly identical with that of the New York and Erie Railroad—the offspring of that pioneer exploration. This party, of which the writer was one, consisted of seventeen persons—engineers, surveyors, flag and chain-bearers, commissioners, etc.—under the guidance of Joseph Henry, Esq., now, for many years past, the worthy Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in the city of Washington. Most of the party were from cities, and had joined the company more from love of excitement than motives of professional zeal or pecuniary benefit.

After a few days' surveying through the settled country, we struck into the pathless woods, and met almost daily thereafter with adventures which gave a zest to our labors and dissipated all regret at our undertaking. Our endeavors to select the most level route led us still deeper into the dark and apparently untrodden forest comprising that part of Sullivan county, New York, bordering on Pennsylvania; and, for days, no sign of civilization had been visible, but where the immense size of the trees, the absence of track or trail, the deep softness of the ground strewed with accumulations of years, perhaps centuries of decayed leaves and moss-covered limbs, proclaimed a primeval forest, and assured us of our entire isolation from all mankind. One afternoon a shrill whistle from the guide arrested our progress, and a sound ahead—unmistakably the accent of a human voice—broke the stillness of the solitude and put us on the *qui vive* of excitement and anticipation. What could it mean? For eight days we had been penetrating this vast wilderness, which we had been assured was an uninhabited wilderness. Listening a moment, we approached the place whence the sound came, and there stood before us, erect and unabashed, a human figure, apparently six feet in height, with clear, gray eyes, clean cut features of the Saxon type; skin dark, approaching a swarthyness; long, straight hair of dark hue; and a face, to all appearances, an entire stranger to a razor; with a head covered of plaited straw and a shirt of deer skin belted to the waist, exhibiting a well proportioned and manly form, and, to our surprise, clearly not an Indian—the only indication about him of savage or Indian life being staves of untanned deer skin bound to the feet with strings of the same material. Such was the apparition, whose response, on being accosted in the English language, seemed a jargon of broken English, German and Indian, as he informed us that here was his home, and that he lived only three miles distant, where there was a settlement, to which he invited us. Following his guidance, we found, to our surprise, a colony of some forty or fifty persons—men, women and children—comprising a society, or community, that had not been included in any census, and who for a period of more than half a century had been, and still were, wholly unknown to the surrounding settlements.

The panorama before us was in every respect strange and peculiar; an oasis of some sixty or seventy acres of cleared land, on which were growing corn, beans, potatoes and other vegetables, and near the centre of which were eight or ten rude log huts. A couple of tame buffaloes and a few horses and cows, together with some fowls and pigs, imparted to the place a somewhat civilized appearance, and diverted it of any aspect of barbarism. From these rude huts there issued, with surprised stare, a motley crowd, clad in habiliments mostly of tanned skin, ornamented with straw, feathers and slightly

stained bark, which, though unmistakably original, were, by some of the younger females, made with some pretensions to comeliness and even coquetry; yet, so unlike anything modern, that it seemed like a transition to the dark ages. We were escorted by our conductor to the most pretensions of these habitations, situated in the centre of the group, and there presented to the chief or patriarch of the community. He received us with a degree of quiet dignity, not free, however, from a perceptible shade of uneasiness, as his glance surveyed our number and appointments, but which, as the interview progressed, disappeared. He was seated on a kind of camp stool, with a tanned skin stretched across it, in a hut about fourteen feet square; the floor of hardened earth was covered with mats and skins of animals, and the walls were decorated with hunting implements and fishing apparatus.

He was a robust, heavy-bearded, white-haired old man, apparently seventy-five or eighty years of age, with a brown, leathery complexion. The long silence was broken by our chief asking him how long he had lived in this wilderness—for some of the huts seemed many years old. "Yes," he replied, "they are so; and I have lived here many years—since I was a boy."

"Have you no intercourse with the outside world?" "No; we take care of ourselves, and" looking at our party suspiciously—"we don't want any interference from outsiders."

"But are you happy and contented?" "Yes, we always have been; but the young folks have lately got an idea from a hunter who lost his way in the forest, and, like you, happened upon us, that there is a better state of things outside here, and it is hard work to control them and keep them quiet."

"Pardon me for saying that I am inclined to think them more than half right; and, although we do not come here to disturb your quiet and happy community—for our business is that of surveying a route for a great State road—yet we think we can interest, and perhaps benefit you, by telling of the outside world, of which you must necessarily now be ignorant; and we would like to hear from you some thing of your history—the place whence, and the reason why, you came here."

"You speak so kindly," replied the old man, "that, although the story is painful, and only wholly known to two of us, after you have rested, and have seen and conversed with some of our people, and satisfied your evident curiosity, I will tell it to you."

We were not long in overcoming their shyness, and soon found them obliging and willing to show and explain their mode of living, their houses and households. Among their culinary utensils were drink ing cups of horn, bowls and plates, with a variety of articles of baked clay of considerable ingenuity and beauty; mats of straw, grasses and pine bark, woven or plaited, ornamented the floor, and swinging cradles of willow, artistically interwoven with variegated barks, were cosy resting places for the tiny occupants, who were robed in a single garment, made of the finest skin of the fawn. An accurate description of the costume of the female portion of this community would require a more intimate knowledge of the feminine toilet than the writer possesses; but certainly no one could fail to admire the blooming cheeks, the elastic step, the well-proportioned forms of these bright-eyed maidens, as they here and there gazed at us. One article of dress—a reminiscence of home and by-gone years—attracted our attention. It was a little cloak, with the hood thrown back, and dotted with tufts of feathers—the sacredly cherished property of the chief's aged companion. But strange and crude as were their outward appearance and surroundings, we found that their ideas of conventional life—its privileges, duties and obligations—were much more so; and, to our questions as to their history, genealogy, marital, parental and filial relations, they seemed utterly at a loss, and to regard it all as a very tangled skein. They were all brothers and sisters; some brothers first cousins to their own sisters; others, step-relations—with very short steps at that—to their own wives, and some almost their own grandfathers.

The patriarch, in compliance with his promise, proceeded to give us a sketch of the origin and cause of the seclusion of the community: "Soon after the middle of the last century, and subsequent to the old French war and Braddock's defeat, two little children—Karl Buehler, aged seven, son of Philip Buehler, and Susan, aged seven, only daughter of the widow Stearns, of Germantown, Pa., then the very border of western frontier settlements—went, one afternoon, with other children, to gather berries. Having strayed some distance from their companions into the woods, they wandered on, regardless of their course or the flight of time, until, to their surprise, they were overtaken by the shades of night. Bewildered and frightened, they endeavored to retrace their steps, until the darkness and their utter exhaustion left them no alternative but to lie down and wait for morning. How long they slept they never knew. The boy was suddenly awakened by a grip upon his arm, and, opening his eyes, he saw bending over him, with a fiendish

scowl, an Indian, decorated with paint and feathers. His cry of terror aroused his little companion, whose wild shrieks woke the echoes of the forest, as her gaze encountered the savage. Their first impulse was to run; but the savage instantly had the boy pinioned, and then dragged them, regardless of their cries, deeper into the forest, where he was joined by his companions; and for days, with worn and weary feet, they were obliged to keep pace with their captors, until they reached the encampment.

For a period of five tortoise and bitter years, the two incessantly sought every means of escape from a captivity worse than death, but without success—the slightest suspicion of even a desire on their part to escape bringing upon them unmerciful chastisement. With the increasing severity of their treatment, the yearning for parents and home increased. Their growing years, and the evident regard exhibited by the old chief toward Susan, who, as she approached womanhood, became in his eyes—as she was, in fact—exceedingly comely ("as you may judge for yourself," said he; "for there she sits," pointing to an aged woman sitting near him), made them desperate, and they determined to seize the first opportunity to escape, or perish in the attempt. The opportunity soon presented itself, on the occasion of a grand feast and war dance, to celebrate a victory over their enemies, the Wyandote, from whom they had taken several prisoners, who were to be put to the customary torture and the stake.

The powwow, with its feasting, carousing and drinking, continued for three days and nights, by which time the "fire-water" had so stupefied the Indians as to render them unconscious of the silent preparations and departure of the two youthful but resolute fugitives, who, mounted on two of their fleetest horses, rode furiously through the darkness, and before the setting of another sun had so distanced their pursuers as to justify the repose they so sorely needed. Fastening their horses to a tree, they soon slept soundly and contentedly on their couches of dried leaves until, toward morning, they were aroused by the sharp bark and whine of a dog. Springing up, their attention was attracted by his singular actions, as he kept running back and forth. His piteous cries and continual bark suggested to Karl that it might be a good omen, and lead to the discovery of their lost homes. So, following, he led them to a spot where lay the body of a man, apparently asleep, but who, to their horror, they soon discovered was dead—Covering him with leaves and earth, they took his rifle, ammunition and provisions—to them the means, through God's mercy, of saving their lives.

They journeyed on, followed by the dog who had so faithfully served his master, and who looked into their faces with a pathos that almost asked their protection, until they reached the spot which was now echoing back the principal actors in the foregoing narrative. For over twenty miles their pursuers tracked them, but entering the dominion of a hostile tribe, with whom they were then at war, they were suddenly arrested and driven back with great loss.

The chief, thus foiled in his designs to ward Susan, placed his affections on the young and budding beauty of an Indian captive, who, having been the friend of Susan, had grieved at her absence; but now, dreading the designs of the chief, she readily agreed to the plan proposed by a young chief—to whom she had given her affections—to escape, under his guidance, and find, if possible, the home of Karl and Susan. Starting on foot, they wandered for two weary months, through dangers and privations, until at last they discovered and joined their lost friends. Making a home together, they formed the nucleus of the community.

Such was the old man's story, and such was their love of that home and mode of life that they had no desire for change, and even dreaded the restraints civilization would impose upon them.

But the advent of our party was destined to exhume these fossilized recluses. The representations made to them of the world, its education, comforts and blessings, graphically depicted by our chief, aroused them from their torpor; and we left them, feeling sure we had awakened ideas and views of their situation and future interests that would result in their benefit. The next morning we resumed our survey.

Although forty five years have passed since then, the above incidents will be engrained in the memory of the actors in the scenes described, as among not the least interesting of the reminiscences connected with the survey of the route of the New York and Erie Railroad.

A five-year-old boy, after saying his evening prayers, asked: "Mother, will father go to heaven when he dies?" [His father was a large man, with a great huge frame.] "Yes, I hope he will; why do you ask?" "Oh, I only wanted to know," and for a time the subject seemed to have faded from the child's mind. But it soon cropped out again. "Are you sure mother, that father will go to heaven when he dies?" "Yes, my child, I do not doubt it; why do you ask?" The little fellow was silent for a moment, and then burst out with, "Golly, what a whopping angel he'll make."

THE FORTY THIEVES.

BY GRIS, THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

The forty thieves lived a great many years ago when thieves were scarce, hence they are embalmed in story. Had they lived in our day, when thieves are so numerous, they would have been totally disregarded on account of the insignificance of their number.

The story is simple. Cassim and Ali Baba are brothers. Cassim is rich and Ali is poor. While the former leads a life of luxury and ease, the latter leads a life of ailing, and often bemoans his fate, forgetful of the fact that Grant once followed that honorable occupation. Wood-haulers should not despair, for they may become president for what they know, or for what they don't know; it's hard to tell which now-a-days.

One day when Ali Baba went to the forest to get a jug of wood, he saw horsemen approaching. Fearing evil he hid himself in a tree and concealed himself. The troop halted under that identical tree, dismounted and took from their horses several heavily-loaded carpet bags, which led him to infer that they were carpet-baggers returned from the South, gorged with the spoils of office. He found, however, they were regular professional thieves, and then he had more respect for them.

The captain of the band—there were just forty of them—approached a rock hard by and uttered the words, "Open Sesame!" when, as Ali afterward expressed it to his wife, "you'd order 'em Sammy open." Instantly on the word, a door concealed in the rock opened as if by magic, and the captain entered, followed by his band, who marched in open order by the left flank double rat-tail file, centering on the bank wing, the extreme right resting on the door sill, and a shoul der-arms, muskets reversed. [Military readers may understand this, I don't.—F. C.]

When they were all in the captain shouted, "Shut, Sesame!" when Sammy immediately shut, that being apparently what Sammy was for. Shortly after the robbers, having stored away their plunder, reappeared; the door closed after them at the word of command, and mounting their horses rode away. When they were gone, Ali Baba, getting down from the tree, tried the magic word himself, when open flew the door, and after a little hesitation he entered the robbers' cave.

Great was his astonishment at what he beheld. He found splendid apartments, suitable for married or single gentlemen, handsomely furnished, and lighted with gas, with or without board, and within five minutes' walk of the post-office. On every hand were heaps of diamonds, bags of gold, and dead loads of greenbacks. Here, then, was where the robbers lived when they were at home, and stored their plunder. He determined to have his whack at it. So loading his mule with all the gold it could carry, he started for home.

Imagine the delight of Mrs. Baba when her husband arrived. (She had been very much concerned over his prolonged absence because he was Ali Baba she had.) She helped him unload the gold and store it in the cellar with an alacrity she seldom displayed in doing her housework. She was anxious to know just how much there was of it, so as to make out a correct income return to the government. Accordingly, while her husband was gone to put up the mule, she tried to count it. Naturally weary of this employment after she had got up among the millions, she concluded to measure it, and for that purpose ran across the street to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Cassim's, and borrowed her half bushel measure, pretending that she wanted to measure some potatoes.—As it was so unusual a thing for Ali Baba's family to have half a bushel of potatoes at one time, Mrs. Cassim's curiosity was excited, so she put Spaulding's glue on the bottom of the measure to see what kind of potatoes they were, which was mighty small potatoes on the part of Mrs. Cassim.

When the measure was returned Mrs. C. found a five cent nicker adhering to the bottom. This was a very suspicious circumstance, indeed. "When," said she to Cassim, in relating the circumstance and showing the nicker, "when did your brother ever have five cents in the house all at once? Of a sudden he seems to have bushels of money." Cassim walked over to his brother's house and questioned him on the subject, when Ali, being a generous hearted fellow, told him all about the cavern. Next day Cassim went up there to get some of it himself, but after lading himself down with wealth he forgot the magic words which opened the door, and so couldn't get out. He tried various words: "Open See Tommy! Open See Billy! and Open See Polly Ann!" but all to no purpose, because his memory couldn't come and see Sammy. The result was the robbers came and killed him, and being always ready to make a quartermen when they could, they quartered him—he was the only gentleman who had ever been quartered there before except themselves—and hung up inside of the door as a warning to any other rash intruder who might seek to enter without a suitable recommendation from his last place.

The result was as might have been anticipated. Mrs. Cassim, alarmed at her husband's absence, sent Ali to look for him. He went to the cavern, and, find-

ing his murdered brother, felt almost as badly cut up as his brother was. He packed the last four sack remains of his brother in one of the sacks which were on the mule he brought along, and then, to balance it, made accounts square with his brother, as it were, thoughtfully stuffed the other sack with gold and things, so that, as he afterward reckoned it, his brother's four quarters on one side of the mule were equal to thirteen hundred thousand six hundred and forty-three dollars and fifty cents on the other. It is rarely that a brother can be made so useful, dead or alive, especially with only four quarters.

The next business, after getting his quadrilateral brother home, was to bury him without creating suspicion among the neighbors. To account reasonably for his death, a servant was sent for some drug-store whiskey, under the pretense that Cassim wanted it for medical purposes, so when it was given out the next day that the whiskey killed him, no one thought strange of the circumstance at all.

There was an old cobbler, who lived on a corner near by, who opened his stall very early in the morning to accommodate any one who, having been drinking hard the night before, wanted an early "cobbler." He consented to sew Cassim together for a consideration, and was accordingly blind-folded and led to the house. He asked if they wanted a "yellow fair stitch and divided," or just a common "black welt," but Ali, who knew nothing of shoemakers' lingo, said he thought his brother had been sewed enough already; "go ahead and welt him up." The cobbler performed a very neat job, though he left a stitch in his side that Cassim probably never got over. He offered to half-sole him, too, and set up his heels, but further services were declined.

Cassim was buried the next day with becoming honors, and the various societies to which he belonged attended the funeral, each of them holding meetings afterward and passing resolutions of respect, which were published the next day in all the papers. Engrossed copies of these resolutions were presented to the afflicted widow, but after kicking around the house for a few days they were sold for old rags, the widow marrying again. It is impossible, with the space I have, to minutely follow the various stratagems employed by the robbers to learn who it was that possessed the secret of the cave. Suffice it to say, they at length did, and plans were laid for his destruction. One day the captain of the Forty Thieves came to Ali Baba's house (he had moved into Cassim's brown-stone front) and pretended he was a dealer in petroleum. He had a large quantity of no-explosive oil in casks, which he desired to store with him a few days. "Certainly," said Ali, who was the soul of hospitality, "roll it right into my parlor," which was done. Now, some of these casks contained non-explosive oil, while the others were filled with something almost as deadly, though not quite—murderous robbers. It was headily conjectured by the robber that if the oil did not blow up the whole family, which was probable, his men would dispatch them during the night.

The plot failed, however. A servant girl who had been sitting up pretty late in the kitchen with her young man went to one of the casks to replenish her lamp, which was getting low, and discovered the robbers. She finished them all by boiling some oil and pouring it upon them through the bung-hole—not the only instance by any means where men have been ruined in oil. This narrow escape of the Baba family from destruction should be a warning to people not to allow strangers to roll casks of petroleum into their front parlors.

The robber-chief, being thus left alone, advertised in the papers for forty more thieves, determined to begin business anew, and hoping by industry and close attention to business, to merit a fair share of public patronage. But he was so overruled by ex-congressmen, absconding bank officers, dishonest postmasters, Indian commissioners, ex-revenue officers, managers of defunct enterprises, New York city councilmen, and others, that he was driven nearly distracted. Instead of forty, there was at least forty thousand of them, and being disgusted, he concluded to go out of the thriving business altogether; it was getting too hot.

He perished in the house of Ali Baba, where he had perpetrated in disguise for the purpose of settling that old account with Ali. The servant girl, who performed so neat a job for his followers, recognized him, and finished him with a cutting knife. The story is supposed to be a lie, but it is no more Ali than Cassim.

The career of the Forty Thieves, instead of proving a salutary warning, seems to have inspired emulation, for the number of thieves is certainly multiplying every day.—Washington Capital.

Mr. GREELY writes to a connection in Boston that in making calves' foot jelly the Durham breed should always be selected. Take a live calf, place the hind feet in a corn mill, and then commence to turn, and the jelly will flow out in its crude state. Collect this in a pan; and throw away the calf.

Isn't it rather a disagreeable occurrence when a young man's expensiveness give way while he dances a scottische with a young lady who never wants to sit down?