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 6. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872. NUMBER 23.

A. W. ERWIN & CO,
172 & 174 Federal Street,
ALLEGHENY, PA.

TO WHOLESALE & RETAIL BUYERS

We are offering decided Bargains in an unrivalled Stock of

Black Silks, All Prices.

Black and White Stripe Silks, only	$1.00
American Gingo Stripe Silks, heavy	87½
Japanese Silks	1.00
" "	87½
" "	75
" "	62½
" "	60
1 Case Japanese, superior quality & style	45
" Japanese Cloth, wide	25
10 Pcs. Wool Wash Poplins	12½
1 Case Delaniese Cloth, 5-4 wide, all wool	62½
" Sexony Plaid, Twilled	25
" Cramoie Stripes	25
" Plain Colored Suitings, wide	25
" Wilson Cord	50
" Poplin Alpaca Suiting	25
" " " "	37½
" Pacific Percales	25
" Serge Plaids, Spring Styles	25
" Mottled Mohair, Glace Lustre	75
" Colored Alpacas	25 to 75
" Black Alpacas	25 to 1.00

DOLLY VARDEN STYLES
IN ALL DRESS GOODS.

Mourning Goods,
Housekeeping Goods,
Men's Wear,
Boys' Wear,
Shawls and Scarfs,
25 Cases, New Prints,
Sheetings and Shirtings, &c., &c.

A. W. ERWIN & CO.,
172 and 174 Federal Street,
ALLEGHENY.

L. D. SINE'S GIFT ENTERPRISE
ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

Principal Office 101 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.
The only RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION in the country.

$100,000.00
IN VALUABLE GIFTS!
TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN
L. D. SINE'S
38th SEMI-ANNUAL
Gift Enterprise!

To be drawn Thursday, July 4th, 1872.
One Grand Capital Prize of
$10,000 IN GOLD!
ONE PRIZE $5,000 IN SILVER!
Two Prizes $1,000 Each
Five Prizes $500 Each
Ten Prizes $100 Each
GREENBACKS.

Two Finely Carriages and Matched Horses with Silver-Mounted Harness, worth $1,500.
Two Horses & Buggies, with Silver-Mounted Harness, worth $600 each.
2 Fine-toned Rosewood Pianos, worth $500 each.
Ten Family Sewing Machines, worth $100 each.
1500 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches, worth from $20 to $300 each!
Ladies' Gold Leontine and Gent's Gold Vest Chains, Solid and Double-Plated Silver Table and Teaspoons, Photograph Albums, Jewelry, &c., &c., &c.

Whole number Gifts, 10,000. Tickets Limited to 50,000.

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

SINGLE TICKETS $2; SIX TICKETS $10; TWELVE TICKETS $20; TWENTY-FIVE TICKETS $40.

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

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

LANE BROTHERS
WHOLESALE HARDWARE
POCKET KNIVES,
Knives and Forks,
SPOONS, SCISSORS,
AXES, SHOVELS, LOCKS,
Hinges, Nails, Files, etc.
Carpenter's, Blacksmith's, and
AGRICULTURAL TOOLS,
PITTSBURGH, PA.,
Cor. Liberty & Sixth Streets.

HUTCHISON & CO.,
Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in
IRON & WOOD WORKING MACHINERY
STEAM PUMPS,
Horizontal and Vertical Steam Engines, Hose, Belting, Packing and Mechanical Supplies,
Corner Wood St. and Second Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Agents for the Huntoon Steam Governor, Knowles' Patent Steam Pumps, RIDER Cut Off and Caloric Engines, Union Stone Co.'s Emery Wheels. [3m.]

T. D. CASEY, late of Robert Woods & Co.
C. FOGARTY. JAMES CASEY.
CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY
AND ALL KINDS OF
DOMESTIC LIQUORS,
AND IMPORTERS OF
Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,
No. 315 Liberty Street,
Dec. 6, 1871.-3m. PITTSBURGH, PA.

GREAT MEDICAL BOOK of useful knowledge to all. Sent free for two stamps. Address Dr. BONAPARTE & Co., Cincinnati, O.

VINEGAR BITTERS
VEGETABLE PURELY FREE FROM ALCOHOL
DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
EUREKA
VINEGAR BITTERS

Vinegar Bitters are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Blood Purifier and a Life-giving Principle, a Perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refreshing and invigorating both mind and body. They are easy of administration, prompt in their action, certain in their results, safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. In these complaints it has no equal, and one bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, and in Bilious Diseases.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, 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 convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Grateful thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist: There is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

Mechanical Diseases. Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, will be subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS once or twice a week, as a Preventive.

Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other biliary organs. These disorders are induced by the obstructions of the liver, a weakness and irritable state of the stomach, and great torpor of the bowels, being clogged up with vitiated accumulations. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for this purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goiter, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc., etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters act on all these cases in a similar manner. By purifying the Blood they remove the cause of disease, and by resolving away the effects of the inflammation (the tubercular deposits) the affected parts receive health, and a permanent cure is effected.

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic and Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

The Aperient and mild Laxative properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are the best safeguard in all cases of eruptions and malignant fevers, their balsamic, healing, and soothing properties protect the humors of the fauces. Their Sedative properties allay pain in the nervous system, stomach, and bowels, either from inflammation, wind, colic, cramps, etc. Their Counter-Irritant influence extends throughout the system. Their Diuretic properties act on the Kidneys, correcting and regulating the flow of urine. Their Anti-Bilious properties stimulate the liver, in the secretion of bile, and its discharges through the biliary ducts, and are superior to all remedial agents, for the cure of Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, etc.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed. The liver, the stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, and the nerves are rendered disease-proof by this great invigorant.

Directions.—Take of the Bitters on going to bed at night from a half to one and one-half wineglassfull. Eat good nourishing food, such as beef steak, mutton chop, venison, roast beef, and vegetables, and take out-door exercise. They are composed of purely vegetable ingredients, and contain no spirit.

J. WALKER, Prop'r. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, Cal., and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., New York.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The firm of ZAHM & SON will expire by limitation on the *first day of June*, proximo, after which time the Mercantile business will be continued at the old stand by GEO. C. K. ZAHM. All persons indebted to the said firm will please call and settle their accounts without delay. JAS. B. ZAHM, the retiring member of the firm, will remain in the Store until the first day of July next, but after that date all unsettled accounts will be left with other parties for collection.
GEO. C. K. ZAHM,
JAS. B. ZAHM.
Ebensburg, May 20, 1872.-6t.

ADMINISTATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Adam Rorabaugh, late of Cambria township, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to the estate in question are requested to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will please present them properly authenticated for settlement.
June 8.-6t.* JOHN RORABAUGH, Adm'r.

MILLINERY & DRESSMAKING.—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking done. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. [June 1:-1y.]

THE BOY'S DEFENSE.

A CAPITAL STORY.

The scene was in Sacramento street, in front of a well known hotel. It was twenty-two years ago, and San Francisco was in her infancy.

Quite a crowd had gathered on the street, and the centre of attraction was a big fellow, who stood with a newspaper in his hand, raving and cursing.

"What's the matter, Wolf?" asked a new comer, who was evidently familiar with the irate man.

"Matter?" returned Wolf, for that was the man's name, "matter enough an rough enough it'll be for some folks The young whelps that prints this paper has gone and pub'ished somethin' 'bout me. O, I'll fix 'em. They had better go an' kil themselves after ten minutes; it'll be easier fur 'em."

Wolf was a noted desperado, who, it was said, had killed more than twenty men, and but few knew him who did not fear him. He was at that time chief of a gang of loafers and gamblers that were nearly always to be found loafing in the vicinity alluded to, and disturbing the peace of the whole neighborhood daily with riotous conduct. If there was any law in those days it was seldom executed against such characters, and in the full consciousness that they were feared by every body they did pretty much as they pleased.

The newspaper which had given deadly offense to Wolf was a little weekly journal, and its office was in the second story of a building on the same street with the hotel I have mentioned, and only a few rods distant. It was published by two young men—or, I might say, boys, for they were only eighteen and twenty years old, respectively—named Darrell and Kaynes. The paper and its youthful proprietors were well known in the city of San Francisco.

The article which had excited the wrath of the ruffian Wolf was a bold denunciation of himself and his crowd for their lawless conduct, and it particularly mentioned him by name, characterizing him as a "blustering bully." It was the work of Darrel, a fearless boy hailing from one of the Western States. Before leaving his home in the Mississippi Valley, he had acquired a fair education, so that he could at least edit a newspaper in those early days; and he possessed, besides, that courage and daring which maybe natural in the first place, and which are more thoroughly developed by exposure to danger and hardships—Young Kaynes was quite a different kind of person in point of courage, being of an unusually timorous nature.

To return to the scene on Sacramento street. Working himself up to his very worst mood—and his best was bad enough, Heaven knows—Wolf tore the paper to atoms and started for the publication office. He was followed by a curious rabble, most of whom were elated with the prospect of murder, though there were some present who would have remonstrated with the evil hearted man, had they dared.

"Just you watch," said Wolf, as he reached the door, "if you want to see their bloody carcasses tumble out o' the winder! It won't be long. I don't spend much time on such feilers."

It was the intention of the cruel hearted man to actually cut the throats of the two boyish journalists and throw their bodies out of the window for the gratification of the crowd and the further exaltation of his already fearful name. So, the mob on the street awaited the issue with feverish expectation, as Wolf, flourishing his knife and revolver, entered the rude frame building and rushed up stairs.

All unconscious of their danger, the two young editors were busily pursuing their work in their primitive office. If they had heard the noise without, they had paid no attention to it, supposing it was merely a street row such as they were accustomed to hearing every day. Darrell was sitting at a rude table writing, and Kaynes was at the counter arranging some papers for the mail.

They heard the clatter of heavy boots on the stairs, but thought it was some rough miner coming up to subscribe for the paper, or, perhaps, to see a lawyer who occupied a couple of rooms on the same floor; for the building was only a two story one, and the second floor was occupied exclusively by them and an attorney—their rooms being separated from his by a narrow hall-way that was reached by the flight of stairs alluded to.

"Ah ha! I've got you, my young imps!" exclaimed the desperado, bursting in.

Kaynes recognized him and turned pale. Being at the counter, which faced the door and extended across the room, he was naturally the first mark of Wolf's vengeance.

"Ye young devils!" he hissed, scowling like a mad man, "ye'll never write nor print nothin' more 'bout me!" Here he flourished his knife and revolver above his head. "I've got a sure thing on both on ye!" Saying this he looked about him, with a careful scrutiny, to see that there was no means of escape for the quiet youth at the table, who, of course, would not jump over the counter and try to pass him, but would cower down in a corner and take his turn at being killed; then he reached across the counter and seized Kaynes by the hair, which was, unfortunately, very long.

Coiling the terrified young man's locks around the fingers of the left hand, Wolf laid his revolver on the counter, without the slightest apprehensions that his youthful adversary would snatch it up and use it on him, as he might have done had he possessed the nerve, then flourishing his big gleaming knife deliberately, with pure devilishness, prolonging Kaynes' terror and pain.

"Now pray, you young un!" he hissed. "You've got a couple of seconds or so left—just while I'm clippin' yer ears off.—I'll take 'em off first, clean and smooth, then I'll cut yer throat an' throw yer out o' the winder. D'ye hear that?"

Such was Wolf's reliance on the terror that his name everywhere inspired that he had never dreamed of resistance. He simply intended to butcher the two young men, and such a thing as an obstacle wasn't to be thought of. Had Darrell possessed no more nerve than Kaynes there can be no doubt that they both would have been murdered then and there, in exact accordance with Wolf's programme.

"Time!" he said, grinding his teeth in an extasy of rage, and drawing Kaynes' white face closer to his own repulsive countenance.

"They're a waitin to see yer carcass drap down into the street." Here he flourished his knife and selected his mark.

"Right ear first. Watch how clean and smooth I'll take it off. I won't even touch a hair."

Kaynes bawled for mercy. "O—O—don't!" the poor fellow screamed, trembling with terror. "O, don't Mr. Wolf! I didn't write that, on my soul," and he whimpered like a school-boy.

"None o' yer lyin!" said Wolf, fiercely. "Ye both wrote it, and ye'll both pay for it, darn ye!" Here he executed decided circles with his flashing knife, having evidently prolonged the tortures, as much as he dared.

"Here goes; look out when I count three!" The knife was ready to descend. "One—two."

He stopped and started. He had not observed the movements of Darrell during the past few seconds, and just as he was on the point of clipping off Kaynes' ear in the polished manner he had decided upon, he found the muzzle of a gun thrust almost into his face.

It was a loaded rifle which, luckily, a friend of Darrell's had left in his keeping that very morning, while he went out to make some purchases. It had stood in a corner of the room near his table, and Darrell had seized it, cocked and leveled it with such dexterity that he had Wolf covered before his movements were observed; and he stood motionless as a statue—his cool eye on the sights and a steady finger on the trigger.

"You great bully," he said; "drop that knife instantly. Mind, I came from a country where they shoot squirrels only through the eye. I can hit any hair of your big head that you will mention at a hundred yards. Drop that knife."

The ruffian was fairly paralyzed. He relaxed his grip on poor Kaynes, who sank fainting on the floor, and his murderous knife fell upon the counter. So unexpected was this bold attitude of Darrell that Wolf was more startled than he would have been if a dozen of the roughest men in California had assailed him.

There stood the boyish editor motionless as the wall, and the muzzle of the rifle did not move the breadth of a hair. Darrell held the life of the ruffian in his hands.

"You cowardly bully!" he repeated contemptuously. "Don't move; I can send a bullet through your eye ball without touching the white. Don't move the eighth part of an inch or I'll do it, and throw your filthy carcass out of the window!"

Wolf glanced at his revolver lying upon the counter, within two feet of his eye, but did not venture to reach for it.

"Dare to touch that revolver—so much as look at it again," said Darrell, "and I'll make a red picture on the wall behind you. You blustering, bragging knave! You are a coward at heart—a despicable cur! You came up here to murder two boys because you thought it a nice, easy task. Now you are pale and trembling with fear. I would kill you in your tracks but I don't want your dirty blood on my hands. Go, now. Turn instantly, leave your knife and revolver where they are I'll keep them. Go down to your friends on the street and tell them a boy whipped you—disarmed you and kicked you down stairs! Do as I tell you instantly. If you hesitate, you will never see the sun set."

Wolf, trembling from head to foot, glanced once more at his revolver, but did not dare to raise his hand. His face was pale and his lips were dry.

"Do you hear me?" demanded Darrell, sternly.

"Yes, yes; don't shoot!" replied Wolf, turning about as commanded. He was thoroughly cowed.

"Do not turn your ugly face this way again," said Darrell, "or you will pay for it with your life. Move!"

Tamer than a whipped cur, the ruffian moved toward the door, and Darrell, springing over the counter, was at his heels in an instant.

"Don't look back, or I'll kill you."

Meekly obeying the imperative orders of the youth, Wolf moved slowly out of the room into the narrow corridor.

"Be careful; don't—don't let that gun go off," Wolf stammered, as he reached the head of the stairs.

At this moment the clamors of the impatient crowd below arose with a terrible distinctness, and one shrill voice was heard to say:

"Hurry up, Wolf, why don't you throw them fellers out?"

Exasperated beyond measure, he was on the point of turning back, at the risk of his life, for after all his braggadocia how could he face those below, disarmed and chased out of the building by one of those puny boys he had intended so terribly to chastise.

But Darrell was after him, and with one vigorous kick sent him heels over head down the wooden stairs with a thundering clatter, and rolling over the door sill, the defeated bully actually tumbled out upon the street before he could recover his equilibrium.

"Hello! How's this? What's up?" asked a dozen voices at once, as the dreaded man reappeared in his undignified shape without having sent any corpses down from the window.

"Why, I simply kicked him down stairs—that's what's the matter!" responded the boyish voice of Darrell at the head of the stairs; "and if he comes up here again I won't let him off so easy. Don't be afraid of him; I took all his weapons from him."

Wolf struggled to his feet, rubbing his head, and presenting such a ludicrous appearance that he was greeted with loud jeers and bursts of laughter. So completely had he tumbled from his lofty eminence in the eyes of those who either admired or feared a bold murderer, that those who an hour ago would have dreaded to offend him by word or look, now regarded him only with contempt—laughed at and derided him.

"Ha! ha! ha!" resounded on all sides. "Licked by a boy! Bah! Kicked down stairs by a child! Got your barkers took from you! Where's your knife? Where's them corpses? Ha, ha, ha! You ought to be egged out of town! Three groans for Wolf!" and the three groans were given with a will.

"Three cheers for the little boy who licked him!" was responded to by three loud and enthusiastic cheers.

Never before had the rough crowd seen a man with an established reputation, like Mr. Wolf, thus suddenly fall to such a depth of degradation. All his name, fame, prestige, melted away like mist, and he was no longer feared—no longer respected by the low thieves and cut throats around him—only despised. Yes, despised by the meanest creatures, whom he had oftentimes bullied as though they had been hounds.

How little, how pusillanimous he looked now as he slunk away toward Montgomery street. Those who had known him for the last year and regarded him as a giant, now fancied that he stood barely five feet six in his boots. The dread that had surrounded his name had cleared away like a vapor.

Such was Wolf's mortification when he completely to realize what a pitiable figure he cut, that he left San Francisco and was seen in her streets no more. The fatality which had apparently thus far shielded him in his murderous work now suddenly deserted him. He was destined never to commit another murder; but was himself shot dead in Sacramento within three weeks after the event narrated.

I do not know what has become of Kaynes, or whether he is still alive; but I know that Darrell, the brave boy whose coolness and courage saved them both, is to-day a gentleman of position, residing in a flourishing city in Nevada.

HOW A DUTCHMAN SMOKED.—A Dutch gentleman, who enjoyed the soubriquet of King of Smokers, has lately died near Rotterdam, in the neighborhood of which city he had erected a mansion in which he had a collection of pipes arranged according to their nationality and chronological order. Mr. Klaas, who had acquired a large fortune in the linen trade, has made a most whimsical will. Ten pounds of tobacco and two Dutch pipes, of the newest fashion, are to be presented to all smokers who attend his funeral. He further desired that his coffin should be lined with the cedar of old Havana cigar boxes, and that his favorite pipe be placed by his side, with matches and tinder, as there was no knowing what might happen. It has been calculated that during his life of eighty years he had drunk about five hundred thousand quarts of beer and smoked more than four tons of tobacco.

YOUNG MEN who will sit up late on Saturday nights playing cards, and go to church next morning with a "full deck" in their pockets, should be careful about their being so bestowed as not to fall out. When Bob Howe went to the Baptist meeting in Circleville, and took his seat with his sweetheart in the front pew in the gallery, he had occasion to use his handkerchief, and drawing it rather suddenly from the breast pocket, drew out with it the entire pack of "Cohen's best linen," which flew all about below. The good minister "saw," it, and knowing whereof he spoke, simply observed, "Young man, your psalmbook has been poorly bound."

That seemed to be the prevalent impression.

WYOMING, PA., has a female judge, and the people are bothered to know whether to call her a justiceess of the peace or a justice of the peaceess.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

AN EDITOR'S TALE.

"You want what?"

Yes, that is exactly what we said to the wife of our bosom, in response to what we considered a very revolutionary exclamation on her part. We had just got home to tea, had taken up the paper, and were nobly struggling with a very lucid editorial, which went on to show, in a remarkably thrilling manner, that if the duty on the raw material of cotton was reduced one one-sixteenth per cent., that exactly 9,864 mechanics would be reduced to starvation, and the average duration of their existence depressed to the logarithm of 44,852. We laid down the paper, took our glasses off, rubbed them with our handkerchief, readjusted them on the bridge of our Grecian nose, and, looking straight at the partner of our joys, sorrows, and salary, said:

"You want what?"

"A 'Dolly Varden,'" the old lady exclaimed, somewhat excitedly, at the same time spilling some of her cup of tea she was handing us upon the last born's rather defenseless head. After the baby had been suppressed, which took some time, she repeated:

"A 'Dolly Varden!'"

With all the solemnity of which we are possessed, and we have enough to change a plank into a coffin by simply looking at it, we arose in our seat, and with that celebrated wave of theh and of Henry Clay when he bade farewell to the Senate, said:

"Madam, you are well acquainted with the fact that my position as a reviewer of current literature, is an honorable position, Madam, which I may remark in parens thesis, supplies this tender brood with life-sustaining bread, and keeps the wolf from the door, (here we gracefully waved toward the backyard, as if implying that the wolf was prowling around among the gooseberry bushes,) entitle me to speak understandingly upon the character of fiction. Now, as I take it, Dolly Varden was the lovely daughter of Gabriel Varden, the locksmith of London, as will be ascertained by reference to 'Barnaby Rudge,' written by the late lamented Charles Dickens. In this view of the case, if I, who am but in the prime of life, should have said, 'I would like to have a Dolly Varden—'"

"You're a fool, old man; sit down I'll show you what I mean. Matilda, bring your father the last number of Harper's Bazar."

Matilda is our eldest, the flower of our flock, her father's pride, her mother joy. She arose, took position No. 3 of her dancing lessons taught in a very select academy of Prof. Hoppety Skippety, where she is a scholar, and glided like a sunbeam from the room. (We would not like to be qualified to the fact that we ever saw a sunbeam glide from the room, but that's the way the writers put it, and that's the way she glode.)

She returned with the paper, and our wife proceeded at once to move upon our intrenchments with what she meant by 'Dolly Varden.' The wonders of this dress at last stole upon our mind. We were told that it was all the rage, that nothing else was fashionable, and that our position in society depends upon having at least one Dolly Varden in the family.

In an evil hour we consented. The Dolly Varden should be bought, and with many an inward groan we counted the cash.

We had not as yet had our eyes gladdened with a sight of this wonderful creation. The description given us was vague and hazy, but we waited patiently for the denouement. And we didn't wait in vain. We saw the Dolly Varden at last, and the shock to our nervous frame was tremendous.

Returning home one night we missed from the supper table the presence of our wife. To Matilda we said:

"Where is your mother, child?"

"Her dress has just come home, and she wants to surprise you in it," answered our daughter.

Suddenly the door swung open and a lady entered.

There was a sort of wild look in her eye, as we imagined, and she was attired in the most outlandish style, having on a dress with sun-flowers and cabbages and pumpkins, worked all over it, and a lot of snakes squirming around for a background.

Rising, we said, "Madam, whom do you wish to see?" supposing, you know, that the girl had left her in.

"Poor thing! she's crazy," we added. "Just look with what a grotesque fancy she had bedecked herself. Speak to her, Matilda, or call your mother," and having said this we sighed compassionately, and shook our head in a mournful manner.

Suddenly that weird female made a bolt at us, grasped our Adam's apple in a fiendish manner, and choked us until our face looked like a banner of the Commune.

We had barely breath enough left to gasp "Woman, what mean you? Matilda spring a rattle out of the parlor window!" when the supposed maniac flopped us down into a chair, narrowly missing crushing George Augustus, our three year old, to death, who had just slid off, and said or rather shrieked:

"You don't know me? I'm crazy, am I? You don't know your wife?"

Our under jaw dropped in the cheerful manner appertaining to skeletons at the museum, and we could do no more than look with a sort of idiotic stare, first at the speaker and then at Matilda. That lovely child at last said, "Don't you know ma, father? That's her Dolly Varden; she put it on to show you."

After gasping awhile and rolling our eyes around, and putting our hand to our head, and chuckling wildly to ourself, we came to our senses, and the idea suddenly flashed upon us that this was the lady who loved, honored and disobeyed us, and the snakes, the flowers, and cabbages constituted the Dolly Varden.

Then we towered to the height of our indignation, and in a calm, measured and sepulchral tone said:

"You can't blame me, madam, for supposing you an insane woman; and now that I know you are really the mother of these interesting children, will you have the kindness to retire to the sanctity of your chamber and peel yourself of that piece of furniture chintz, or window curtain, or whatever you call it?"

"Window curtain! chintz!" said our spouse; "why, it's you that's out of your head. That's a Dolly Varden, and a very pretty pattern too."

"Madam," we replied, "we may be out of our head, but if that is a Dolly Varden, we are most decidedly out of pocket. Why it looks like a circus dress, and the idea of a woman at your time in life—"

"My time in life!"

"Yes, your time in life. The next thing, I suppose, you will be practicing the trapeze in the back yard—"

"See here, now—"

"Why, it is enough to give a man the delirium tremens to look at it. Who ever saw such a pattern? It's flash wall paper run mad."

"Samuel—"

"You look exactly like some Japanese tea sign—"

"Will you—"

"I won't do anything of the kind.—You just bounce out of here with that Feejee battle flag, or you'll scare the baby to death," and, having spoken our mind, we sat down.

There was an ominous pause for a moment, and then Mattie said:

"Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, father. It's all the style, and I am going to have one too; there now."

We felt our brain reeling.

"Yes, and I want one; all the girls have got them." Thus spoke Maria, our second eldest.

We felt it coming on—we knew we were going mad.

"Any more?" we gasped; "are there any more? Hadn't the baby better have one on? I guess I'll get one myself.—How do they make up for pantaloons? Ah! ha! ha! (demonically.) Let me have a Dolly Varden. Let me clutch it. Bring me a pattern of monkeys scaling lamp posts. How would a Chinese puzzle look or a map of Fairmount Park."

* * * * * * *

All the rest is a blank. We have just been liberated from Kirkbride's and pronounced cured. But the only way they managed it was to dress us up in a Dolly Varden, marked out with the ground plan of the streets of Boston. We are an humbled man, and our family wear Dolly Vardens.

A ROMANTIC WINDFALL.—At the pleasant village of Peakridge, near Stafford, England, a retired baker, Rogers by name, has for some few years past lived on a small competency. Mr Rogers is a widower, but without family, and during his wedded life, he was the kindest of husbands. Soon after the death of his wife, Mr. Rogers by some means made the acquaintance of a maiden lady possessed of fabulous wealth, but of a miserly disposition, residing in Cumberland. Four years ago this lady, taking advantage of leap year, intimated to Mr. Rogers, in terms not to be mistaken, her willingness to bestow on him her hand, heart and heritage. Mr. Rogers politely, but firmly, declined the proposal, and heard nothing more of his amorous admirer until about six months ago, when a letter, written by her hand, summoned him to the side of what she feared, and what subsequently proved to be, her death-bed. Even to this appeal Mr. Rogers was obdurate, contenting himself by writing a stiff, formal note of condolence. A week or two afterwards the old lady died, bequeathing to Mr. Rogers a fortune variously estimated at £4 000 to £6,000 per annum. The lady was not connected by relationship with Mr. Rogers, and the latter had, if anything, an aversion to her. Her affection, however, seems to have been sincere, for although she had nephews and nieces who diligently courted her favor, Mr. Rogers comes in for the bulk of her property, and the will is witnessed by a lawyer and two medical gentlemen of eminence, a precaution taken, no doubt, lest interested persons should contest the validity of the document by raising the plea of insanity. Mr. Rogers is a gentleman of unassuming and almost retiring manners; and it is said that he is considerably perplexed, and even troubled, by the news of his good fortune. A large estate in Cumberland, a mansion in Belgravia, picture galleries, horses, broughams, and a suite of servants, must be a great change—all the greater because of its suddenness—to one who has hitherto lived an obscure life of happy contentment in a little cottage on the banks of the Peak.—*Birmingham News.*

JAPANESE auctions are conducted on a novel plan, but one which gives rise to none of the noise and confusion which attend such sales in America. Each bidder writes his name and bid upon a slip of paper, which he places in a box. When the bidding is over, the box is opened by the auctioneer, and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.