EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1872.

OLUME VI.

VER ADVERTISEMENTS. TOFTHING NEW, 6 saleable one sample free. N.Y. M'f'g rieries, Circulars free Ag'ts . & Co. M rs. 79 Nasse u.N.Y. New York.

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MAMOND & RUBY FURNACES.

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ed, Unriversed & Unequalited. Borns gny size Coal. LUR, WARREN & CO., 246 Water St., N. Y

FUR EMPORIUM

John Fareira 718 Arch St. Middle of the Block, between 7th and 8th. Sts., South Side.

PHILADELPHIA IMPORTER = And Manufacturer of Fancy Furs FOR LADIES' & CHILDREN'S WEAR,

Wholesale and Retail cred a very large and splendithe different kinds of FURS Europe, would respectfully of this paper to call and exof Fancy Furs. I am deter-be lowest Cash prices. All Furs incorresentations to effect sales. PHED AND REPAIRED ber the Store, 718 ARCH STREET [Sept. 27.-3m.]

Murray & Dunn, PROPRIETORS OF DEXIX FOLVERY AND STOVE WORKS

BULLIDAYSBURG, PA. VING purchased the establishment lately Enterprise Foundry, we are now mifacture IGHT CASTINGS

of every description. he Various Styles of Stoves at our establishment are in all to any in the market. cam Engines and all kind of Machinery and satisfactorily repaired. work is warranted to be exact! resented. [Aug. 30.-1f.]

LOOK SHARP AT THIS! 6. THE ONLY CATHOLIC 136. &-PERIODICAL STORE IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

HER, Wholesale and Retail Deaev. Clergy, Libraries, or those huglowest possible prices. All the Weekly Papers for sale.

36 Franklin Street, Johnstown, 136. BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT

going to Europe, or those sending



This Line upwards sold at the lowest For further particulars call at

School Teachers Wanted. litown, Nov. 1, 1872.-31.*

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; To Robert J. Roberts, Thomas J. Roberts, John J. Roberts; L.s. verts, John J. Roberts, John J. Roberts, inter-the heirs of Catharine Roberts, inter-mafried with Rowland Humphreys, both of whom are now deceased; the heirs of Jane Roberts, intermarried with Evan Roberts; the heirs of Eleanor Roberts, intermarried with David Rose; and the heirs of Margaret Roberts, intermarried with Thomas Brown;—heirs and legal representatives of Ann Evans, (formerly Ann Roberts) late of Ebensburg, Cambria co., deceased.—Greethur.

deceased.—Greeting:
You and every of you are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans:
Court, to be held at Ebensiurg, in and for the said county, on the first Menday of December next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of said Ann Evans, deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon i thy an Inquest duly awarded by the said Court and returned by the Sheriff of said county, on the 2d day of September, 1872, or show cause why the same should not be sold, to wit: A certain lot or pleed of land situate in the East ward of Ebenshurg borough, adjoining the Huntingdon, Cambria and Indiana Turnpike Koad on the south and High sirect on the north; beginning at a post on lot number thirty-six (26) thence cast along High street seven and a half perches to a post, thence south two and a fourth perebes to the Turnpike road, thence along said road north seventy-two degrees, seven and three-fourth perches, to the place of beginning, with small dwelling house and appurtenances, valued and appraised at the sum of three hundred and sixty dollars (*360). Personal notice to be given to the heirs residing in the State, and on those residing out of the State by four publications in one newspaper published in Cambria county and a copy of said paper mailed to their nearest post-office. Herein fail not. Witness the Honorable JOHN DEAN, President Judge of our said Court, at Ebensburg, this 2d day of September, A. D. 1872. GEO. W. OATMAN, Clerk.

Attest-W. B. Bonacker, Sheriff [11-1.-it.] Trustee's Sale of Valuable Real Estate. BY virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, on the premises in Clearfield twp., Cambria county, about 2½ miles east of Chest Springs borough, on

Monday, the 18th day of November, '72, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate of James McDermitt, Michael McDermitt, John James McDermitt, Michael A. McDermitt, John A. McDermitt, Michael A. McDermitt, won of full age of Henry McDermitt, dec'd, and James Litzinger, guardian of Charles V. McDermitt, John C. McDermitt and James P. McDermitt, minor children of Henry McDermitt, dec'd, to wit: A PIECEOR PARCEL OF LAND situate wit: A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone; thence cast 20 perches to a post; thence north 80 degrees, west 20 perches, to a post; thence north 80 perches to a bemtock; thence west by land of James Litzinger LiD perches to a post; thence south by same 76 degrees, west 27 perches, to a post; thence by same, north 16 degrees, west 28½ perches, to a white oak; thence by same west 56 perches to a failen bemhence by same west 55 perches to a fallen hem-ock; thence south 56 perches to the place of regioning—containing H5\(\frac{1}{2}\) ACRES, strict measure, be the same more or less; part of said hand being well timbered and the balance under having thereon erected a Log House TERMS OF SALE-One-half of the purchase toney to be paid in i ad, and the balance in ne year, with interest, to be secured ty the udgment bond and inortgage of the purchaser.

Nov. 1-3t. W. B. BONACKER, Trustee.

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUE ABLE REAL ESTATE IN EBENSBURG! WILL be offered at Public Eale, at the resionship to dence of the subscriber in Elemsburg borough, on THURSDAY, NOV. 21st. 1822, at one o'clock P.M. the following Real Estate, to wit: A TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE, with necessary Outburdings, and ONE AND ONE-HALF LOTS OF GROUND, with fruit trees, grape vines, etc. Said property fronts on High street and extends back to Lloyd street, being the property how occupied by the subscriber.

Also, at the same time and place, will be offered TWO OTHER LOTS OF GROUND situate in the Borough of Elemsburg and known as the Borough of Ebensburg and known as its Nos. 41 and 42 in Lloyd's plan of said bor-

Terms will be made known at time of sale. but any person wishing to purchase, either privately before the sale, or publicly at the sale, can obtain all desired information by calling on the owner.

Ebensburg, Nov. 25, 1872.-44.*

CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

' -- ' ces Davis, all residing in Cambria coun-y; and Mary Davis and Elizabeth Davis, residwe command you and every of you, and you are hereby cited to be and appear in your own proper persons before our Judges at Ebensburg, at our Orphans' Court there to be held on MONDAY, the 2D DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, to answer Thomas E. Davis in the matter of his petition for a decree to enforce specific per-formance of a contract entered into between the said Thomas E. Davis and Edward T. Davis, deceased, during his life time, for the sale of certain real estate situate in Blacklick town-ship, in said county. Herein fail not.

Witness the Honorable John Dean, President Judge of our said Court, at Ebensburg, the 9th day of September, A. D. 1872. GEO, W. OATMAN, Clerk. Attest - W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff. Ebensburg, Nov. 1, 1872.-34.

ORGANS! ORGANS! ORGANS! for the Parlor, Sunday School and Church. 5 Ob-aves, 2 sets of Reeds throughout; 6 stops. Only \$125. The best Organ in the world for the mon-ey. We can supply Organs ranging in polce from 865 to \$2,000 and offer the most liberal inducements to the trade, "eachers, Clergymen, and others, who will act as agents for the sale of our instruments.
The "PARLOR GEM" PIANO, 7 Octaves, full. Iron frame, overstrung scale, round corners,

carred legs; the finest low-priced Pinno man-ufactured. Fully warranted. VIOLIN STRINGS.—We import direct from Italy, Germany and France, the very choicest strings that are made, and can supply the trade lowest market prices. Sample set of choice Violin or Guitar strings mailed free for \$1. Band instruments. Sheet Music, Music Books, and Musical merchandise of every description.

W.M. A. POND & CO.,

[H-L.] 547 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. [3m.]

Branch Store, 39 Union Square. A Great Offer! Horace Waters, will dispose of NEW PIANOS, MELODEONS and ORGANS, or six first-class makers, including Waters', at very low prices for eash, or part eash, and balance in small monthly installments. New 7-octave first class PIANUS, madern im-CAMBRIA COUNTY.

GHER, Wholesale and Retail Dentander of the North Carlotte Works of all style and perfections ever made. Illustrated Catable Books, Bibles, Historical and begins model. Sheet Musicand MusicMerchandise.

Part Works, Printodicals, Pictors, Acc., &c., &c., &b. Franklin Street, Part Will sell every article at Bailed delphia prices. A liberal discount nership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the hotel business and in the manufacture of saddles and harness, at St. Lawrence, Cambria county, was dissoived by mu-tual consent on the 19th day of October, 1872.— The books and accounts of the firm are in the hands of Daniel Warner, who will collect all money due and pay all debts owing by the late firm, and will hereafter conduct the business in C. A. LANGDON,
DANIEL WARNER.
Chest Twp., Nov. I, 1852.-9L*

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned will offer at public sale, at the residence of Aloysius Mariz, in Cambria the residence of Aloysus Martz. In township, four miles south of Ebensburg, on Ebensburg and Wilmore plank road, on TUES-DAY, NOV. 26th, 1872, the following property, to wit: 2 head of Horses, 2 Milen Cows, 5 head of Young Cartle, 2 head of Hogs, Oats by the bushel, Farming Implements, Harness, and a general variety of Househeld and Kitchen Furthers. miture. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M. when terms will be given 4 HENRY RIDER.

STRAY .- Came to the premises of the un-Trackers Wanted.

It dersigned, in Summerhill township, on or about the 15th day of June last, a two-year old BLACK STEER, with a small piece out of the under part of the left ear. The owner is requested to competent incitner male or female. For further in apply to VINCENT REEG.

Swn, Nev. 1, 1872.31.* Secretary.

It dersigned, in Summerhill township, on or about the 15th day of June last, a two-year old BLACK STEER, with a small piece out of the under part of the left ear. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

VALENTINE CRAMER.

Summerhill Twp., Nov. 1, 1872.31.**

WHAT THE CHOIR SANG ABOUT THE BONNET.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet, With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it, She thought she'd go to meeting the next

Sunday just to show it. But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime, The geiting of it settled proved to be a work of time:

So when 'twas fairly fied all the bells had stopped their ringing, And when she came to meeting, sure enough the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door; she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before. "Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir

above her head-'Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!' were the words she thought they said. This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,

That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss; she thought the very bymn they sang was all about her bonnet. With the ribbon, and the feather, and the

bit of lace upon it. And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer, But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair,

Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band-box on it Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little bonnet. Which proves, my little maidens, that each

of you will find In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind : And that the Little head that's filled with silly little airs Will never get a blessing from the sermons or from prayers.

SINBAD, THE SAILOR.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

Sinbad, the sailor, was born in Bagdad about the year ----, and it is sirgular how many people of whom we read were born about the same year. His father was a bag-man-a bag-dad if you will-that is to say, a "drummer" for a hardware house. He at length drummed up quite a fortune, end then Sinbad went to work to spend it Having bagged nearly every other man of means in Bagdad, he tried to bag his dad, which was an exceedingly bad sin on the part of Sinbad.

Young man, let his be a lesson to you. "Beat" your old grand-father, don't spare a maiden aunt who has ducais, go for a rich uncle, but don't Bag-dad! Suddenly recollecting himself when his faiher's money was spent, and filled with remorse-because there wasn't any more of i .- Sinbad went to sea (how it washimself). One day as they were sailing pleasantly along, making about a knot an hour, which was knot an hour too much cousidering the expense they were at, they were suddenly becalmed close to a green sland, as they supposed, because nothing but an exceedingly green island would be caught out in the wide ocean so far from The captain ordered the sails to be furled, and allowed the sailo, s to go ashore and "gambol on the green," as they hadn't seen a faro bank since they left home, and would not, probably, until they came to the Eanks of New Foundland.

No sooner had they landed, however, han the supposed island began to tremble and shake violently, as though it had ac-To Ann Davis, widow, Ann Davis, inter-cidentally swallowed an earthquake and L.s. unarried with Thomas T. Rees, and Fran-ii, had, gone, down the wrong way. The it had gone down the wrong way. The captain shouted to them to re-imbark, as what they had taken for an island was only the back of a prodigious fish. It was scaly business staying there, so they jumped into the sea and swam to the ship. Sinbad. who stopped to see if there was anything about that fish to "hook," was carried down as the monster dove into the sea. He came up again, however, for Sinbad was a man who couldn't be kept under, and by means of a spar be found floating on the water he was enabled to sustain himself until, at length, he made land, which was the first thing he had made since he left Bagdad.

Looking about carefully to satisfy himself that there wasn't anything fishy about that island, he proceeded toward the interior, and fell into the hands of some men who proved to be servants of the king of the island. They took him to their master who enriched him and sent him home by the first Bagdad steamer that touched there. Sinbad got home with ten thousand se quins, which fully justified him in going abroad, and afforded a fine sequence to his

adventures. He then thought he would settle at home. but he found so many debts at home to seitle that he changed his mind and went

to sea again. Islands seem to have been the bane of Sinbad's life. He was continually getting left on some island. And how often have we seen our friends "get left" on Ile-andso-forth. On this, his second voyage, he visited an island with his shipmates, went to sleep in a charming grove, and awoke in time to see his ship sailing away, which seems to have been a way his ships had of

Knowing by former experience how useless it was to repine, he sat about examining his island home. He came upon a large white body about the size of a twostory house in a good neighborhood, furnished or unfurnished. He tried to climb it but couldn't, climbing being unknown in that clime. Suddenly the sky became dark, and looking up he saw an immense bird preparing to settle, (something, by the way, he was never prepared to do.) He then knew the bird was a roc, and the smooth, white object as big as a house was a roc egg. Placing his back against the egg, he drew his jack-knife and waved it with a theatrical air around his head, ex-

claiming-"Come one come all ! this roc shall fly

From her goose-egg as soon as L.' The bird alighted without paying any attention to Simbad or his jack-knife, and sat on the egg, as little George Washington | air !"

that he nearly split with laughter. If he THE NEW DEPARTMENT IN had, that bird would have been spoken of by his sorrowing friends as "the roc on

which he split.' When the bird alighted Sinbad hurriedly untied the knot and she flew away again, including in her bill a large serpeni. bad was terribly alarmed to find himself (it was bad enough to stay in such a place without being compelled to "find himself") in a deep valley peopled mainly by ser-

pents. hard, but immediately recollecting that it was the easiest thing in the world for him confined to his boots. They kept him awake all night, and nearly hissed him off the stage, a calamity that never befell Lydia Thompson when she played the character. When daylight appeared the snakes re ired, out of deference to the roc, who was still bovering around. Sinbad discovered that the valley was knee deep with diamonds. He tried to get away with the biggest of them-the ace of diamonds, as one might say-but he wasn't the trump to take it.

He laid down to sleep, but was awakened by a great piece of meat falling close to han. (This he considered the most remarkable event in his travels, as meat is constantly going up, and never falls.) He saw other pieces falling, and then he recollected the stories he had read about the valley of diamonds-although he knew very little about the valley of diamonds himself-how merchanes, in order to get these diamonds, threw huge pieces of meat down into the valley, into which the diamonds became imbedded. Ther, when the eagles convey these pieces of meat to their nests to feed their young, the mer-chants frighten away the old bird and the diamonds become their meat. Sometimes an eagle (\$10) is worth \$10,000 in diamonds. If an eaglet had any sense at all, after accumulating such a tine nest-egg as that, we should see Mr. Eag-let it out at good interest, retiring from business on a competency.

Sinbad wanted to get away-that is, he wanted to get away with as many diamonds as he could—so he filled his pockets with a weelous cargo, and, lying down on his ace, an eagle came along, picked bim up by the seat of his trowsers, and soared away to her nest, affording him a view of the outspreading country he could not otherwise ob ain. The merchants were on hard as usual for their dollar jewelry, and Sinbad was released on his depositing d'amonds as colla eral.

Space will not allow us to follow Si abad in his adventures. He made six voyages in all, returning home with more wealth and bigger stories. He tells about finding he camphor tree, which had only to be tapped to fill every "comit e" bottle in casion. We have been to war, and heard many big ya us told about the camp fire, but the yarns Sinbad tel's about that

"cam'fire" beats all we ever heard. He fell into the hands of a great one day, a tremendous black fellow as high as a tall paim tree. He had one eye in the centre of his head, teeth like those in a two-horse d ag, and ten-penny nails on his fingers. He desired to have Sinbad cooked for dinner, but considering him too lean turned him out to pasture awhile, which gave Sinbasi an opportunity to lean for home.

Most people are familiar with Sinbad's adventure with "The Old May of the Sea." He has been referred to occasionally by writers and speakers. He wasn't a very good figure, but he has been used a good many times as a figure of speech. Sinbad met him in one of his wanderings among unknown lands, and the old gentleman, who appeared feeble, asked to ride on his shoulders. Sinbad complied, and then, like a good many others who have taken a load upon themselves that didn't really belong to them, found it impossible to "shake" the old man. He accomplished it at length, however, by getting the old man tight on some soft shell crabs he stanbled on, when he fell off.

Sinbad saved enough from his voyages the was very saving of everything, especially (he truth) to pass his old age in case or six thousand people in front of it, strugand affluence, amusing himself by telling gling to get into the door. Climbiug a the biggest kind of stories to his neighbors

and grandchildren.

. . . . ONE Too MANY .- At a watering place a few weeks since, one of the boarders, a young lawyer who had a room on the lower floor opening on to the porch, was treated to a conversation usually intended for the ears of only one. Soon after he had refired for the night, chairs were moved on the porch outside his window, and directly he heard voices-low, but earnest voices-principally a man's voice, and as pairons of that sheet. he warmed to his subject it grew so loud that our friend was not only kept awake

but could not avoid hearing what was said. The young man was pouring forth the tale of his admiration-his ardent love, as steadfast as the polar star, as fixed as adamant. She seemed to like it very well, but didn't say yea or nay. So the adorer went on in the same strain-he happy that she would listen, she happy that he would speak. This continued from twelve till two in the wee hours, when the fair one made a move. The wretched spoon begged that she would tell him his face then and there, but she would not. At last she said,

"I will tell you at nine in the morning. Imagine their horror and surprise as a wild cry came from the sleepless lawyer's room: "For God's sake don't come back before ten, and I will be on hand to hear

THEY have a new magazine in Illinois, and the first number starts with an appallinge onundrum, which, for length, strength, vigor, and reckless disregard of considerations of the cost of setting type, beats anything that has been attempted in that peculiar department since the morning stars

sang together. Here it is: "Now, when the Athenian oracle at Boston had spoken, when the Elusinian voice of Gotham had uttered its Hollandic gutterals, and the Memphian Memon mouth of Philadelphia had given its decree damning a book by ante-natal predestination, where was the e a poor devil of a Western author

Simbad thought of a capital plan for getting away from this island. He tied himself to the leg of the roc, and when she got tired of sitting she took wing and took Simbad, too.

Simbad thought of a capital plan for getting away from this island. He tied himself to the leg of the roc, and when she got tired of sitting she took wing and took Simbad, too.

Simbad thought of a capital plan for getting away from this island. He tied himself to the leg of the roc, and when she could erect a paragraph like that would not hesitate to butcher a fellow creature of becoming your husband. This is the horrible work of an interest of the pleasure of becoming your husband. The plant Phrances, pharewell, phare could erect a paragraph like that would not hesitate to butcher a fellow creature of becoming your husband. The phare could erect a paragraph like that would not hesitate to butcher a fellow creature of becoming your husband. The phare could erect a paragraph like that would not hesitate to butcher a fellow creature of becoming your husband. The phare could erect a paragraph like that would not hesitate to butcher a fellow creature of becoming your husband. The phare could erect a paragraph like that would not help the phare of becoming your husband. The phare of become your husband. The phare of become your husban got tired of sitting she took wing and took Sinbad, too.

Sinbad declared afterward, he was never so carried away with a bird in his life. He was so tickled to escape from the island

could erect a paragraph nke that would not hesitate to butcher a fellow ereature in cold blood if he had a chance, and we shall not throw any victims in his path if was so tickled to escape from the island

could erect a paragraph nke that would not hesitate to butcher a fellow ereature on the shall be punished by my own hand well phorever." 'Hold, Phrances, pharewent, phare that would not hesitate to butcher a fellow ereature on the shall be punished by my own hand for this outrage. A pink wart! Awful, sir! awful! The miserable scoundred shall shall indeed."

Sinbad declared afterward, he was never shall not throw any victims in his path if well phorever." 'But Phrances phainted.

Sinbad too.

Sinbad too.

Sinbad declared afterward, he was never shall not throw any victims in his path if we can help it. No sir!—Max Adeler, we can help it. No sir!—Max Adeler.

"THE MORNING GLORY."

BY MAX ADELER

J. Alfred Brimmer, Esq., editor and proprietor of The Morning Glory, having ing scandalous burlesque? Listen to this: observed the disposicion of persons who have been bereaved of their relatives to give expression to their feelings in a poetical form, reflected that it might perhaps be a good thing to introduce in his paper He thought at first he had been drinking a department of obiliary poetry. He considered whe her if, when an individual inserted fifty cents' worth of death notice; to drink, he knew those snakes were not the establishment should consider gratuitously half a dollar's worth of mortality stanzas, his paper would not at once become the most popular vehicle for the conveyance of that peculiar form of melancholy intelligence to the public. And Mr. Brimmer rightly estimated that, as most newspaper readers seem to take a deeper interest in such sepulchral news than in informatian of any other kind, the journal containing the largest supply would have the greatest number of subscribers.

So Mr. Brimmer determined that he would, as an experiment at any rate, engage an obituary poet for a short time, with the purpose of giving him permanent employment if the plan seemed to take with the public. Accordingly he sent for Mr. Remingion Oct, a constructor of verses, who had f.equently contributed to the columps of The Morning Glory poems of what would have been considered by a fastidious student of English literature of an appalling and revolutionary character.

Mr. Brimmer soon effected an engagement with the bard, by which it was agreed that Mr. Ott should take a position in the office for a short time, and whenever a death-notice arrived he should immediate- The Morning Glory. ly endeavor to grind out some verses expressive of the situation.

"You understand, Mr. Ott," explained Brimmer, "that when the death of an individual is announced, I want you, as it were, to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of your noble art. I wish you to throw yourself, you may say, into their situation, and to give them a verse or two about the corpse which will seem to be the expression of the emotion of the hearts of the living."

"To lighten the gloom, in a certain sense, I suppose?" said Mr. On.

"Precisely! Lighten the gloom. not mourn over the departed; but rather take a joyous view of death, which after all, Mr. Oct. is, as it were, but the entrace to a better life. Therefore, I will advise you to touch the heart-strings of the afflicted with a tender hand, and endeavor. for instance, to divert their minds from contemplation of the horros of the tomb. "Till corow off scanzas," said Mr. Oct. "in

such a manger that people will want their friends to the for the sake of the poetry.' "But above all," continued the editor, "is le a bright view of the matter always. Make the sunshine of smiles, as it were, burst through the tempest of tears; and, if we don't make The Morning Glorg hum around among the mourners of this town, my name is not Brimmer.

He was right. It did hum. The next day Remington Oft went on du y, and Brimmer ran down to the seashore for a breach of fresh air. All thro' the day death-notices came pouring in, and, when one would reach Oit, he would seize it and study it up to ascertain the particulars. Then he would rush up staits, lock himself in his room, take down his rhyming dictionary, run his fingers through his hair, and back away for half an hour at a piece of paper until he considered that he had that poetry in a shape which would make the stricken family feel proud of the corpse. When his day's work was done, Out went home with a conviction that The Morning Glory had finally robbed death of its terrors, and made life comparatively

valueless. In the morning Mr. Ott proceeded calmly to the office for the purpose of embalming in sympathetic verse the memories of other departed ones. As he came near to the establishment he observed a crowd of five tree, he overlooked the crowd, and could see within the office the clerks selling pa-pers as fast as they could handle them. while the mob pushed and jammed and yelled in francic efforts to obtain copiesthe presses in the meanwhile clanging away like mad. Upon the curbstone in front of him there was a line of men stretching down the street for four squares, each man engaged in reading The Morning Glory with an earnestness that Mr. Oit had never before seen displayed by the

were heard within. Mr. Ott determined the wound stopped bleeding. And now as to the politics of the passengers and they to a scertain the cause before entering. He that man is looking for Dr. Kitchener. concluded to take a vote. The conductor obtained a chair, and, placing it by the | He wants to interview him. side door, he mounted and peeped over the door through the transom. There sat J. Alfred Brimmer holding The Morning Glory in both hands, while the fringe which grew in a semi-circle around the edge of his bald head stood straight out. until he seemed to resemble a gigantic gun-swab. Two or three persons stood in ont of him in threatening attitudes. Ott heard one of them say :

"My name is McGlue, sir !- William Mc-Glue! I am brother of the late Alexander McGlue. I picked up your paper this morning, and perceived in it a most outrageous insult to my deceared relative, and I have come around to demand, sir, what do you mean by the following infamous language?

"The death angel smote Alexander McGine And gave him protracted repose; He wore a check shirt and a Number Nine

shoe, And he had a pink wart on his nose. No doubt he is happier dwelling in space Over there on the ever-green shore His friends are informed that his funeral takes place

Precisely at quarter past four!

"This is simply diabolical! My late brother had no wart on his nose, sir. He had upon his nose neither a pink wart nor that dare undertake the Hercolean task a green wart, nor a cream-colored wart, of strangling the Anteus of their fiat in the nor a wart of any other color. It is a slau- lug phrom your phather's phamily. Phew der! It is a gratuitous insult to my fami- phellows could have phaced the music with

"And who," said another man, addressing the editor, "authorized you to print this hideous stuff about my deceased son? Do you mean to say that it was not with your authority that your low comedian inseried with my advertisement the follow-

"Wille had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick, And when he sucked the paint all off it mode him deadly sick; And in his latest hours he clasped that monkey in his hand. And bid good-bye to earth and went into a

bester hand. "Oh! no more he'll shoot his sister with his little wooden gue; And no more be'll twist the pussy's tall

The pessy's tail now stands out straight the gun is faid aside; The monkey corn't jump around since little Willie died.

and make her you'l for fun.

"The ulterly atrocious character of this balderdash will appear when I say that William was twenty years old, that he never had a purple monkey on a stick, that he never sucked such a thing, that he never fooled with cais, and that he died of liver complaint.

'Infamous !-utterly infamous!" groaned the editor, as he cast his eyes over the "And the wretch who did this still

lives! It is too much !" The poet groped his way down stairs six steps at a time, and emerged from the front door with remarkable suddenness. His journalistic career ended upon that The editor sent for a carriage and be borst into a loud laugh, day. was taken home to bed, from whence he arose a week later with an earnest determination never to permit another line of Obituary Poetry to enter the columns of

BILLINGS ON BED-BUGS .- The bed-bug is a cosmopolitan cuss. He is common tew all countrys that

Baw out. Greenland iz the only country where they are konsidered a luxury. Everything that iz hard tew git and eazy to loose, is a luxury.

Honesty, religion and money at interest are among the luxurys. The boots are eazy tew git, and therefore a e not a luxury. Bad kolds are not among the luxurys,

but yellow mice and red crows are. The bed-bug iz built in a circle, and hiz mouth reaches klear around the edge of little book?" But what is this nasty his boddy. This enables them tew bite their food

just az well in one place az another withone turning around. It iz just az bandy for a bed-bug tew lie az it iz for a red hot kole uv fire tew Surren.

The bed oug iz a very eazy animal tew cultivate, in fakt, if you will only give them house reat free, they will callivate thomselves. Two bed bugs will produce in one year

four thousand 3 hundred and two bed bugs, besides laying twelve hundred an 36 eggs for the next year's crop. They are az prolific az the meezles.

For a large yield and a quick return, there ain't no stock investment that kan beat bed bugs. The only trouble iz that ther iz so many

folks in the buisness now, that the supply

haz killed the demand. A healthy kompetishun iz the soul uv trade, but mankind, when they see their phellow kritter doing well in enny enterthe same business. Twas ever thus.

I don't look upon raising bed-bugs for a living, or just for phun, as absolutely necessary, but it is better than razin the devil-

DR. KITCHENER'S RUCIPE .- The man in Camden who read Dr. Kitchener's recipe for searing off a savage dog, is convinced now that the theory will not hold good in practice. Kitchener's instructions were: Put your head down, look between your legs, and rush at the infuriated animal backward." This man in Camden got over his neighbor's fence and arranged himself according to instructions. He then hacked up toward his neighbor's dog with a series of jerks. If Dr. Kitchener had been present he would have been convinced that the dog was not scared. It approached the man with velocity and siezed his nose with tenacity. The man had to turn a back somersault in order to get upon his feet in his usual position; and as he did so, something about his nose "gave" and in a moment a certain infuriated dog carrying a Roman nose between his teeth might have been seen standing at the fence growl-He went around to the back of the office ing at the late owner of the said organ, and ascended to the editorial rooms. As who sat upon the top rail wondering if he he approached the stauctum, loud voices would ever need handkerchiefs again when the train a discussion arose between them

> HAVING FUN.-There lives in Amboy, Oswego county, New York, a man by the name of John Parks, whose idea of "having fun" is novel, to say the lea . A few weeks since Parks was returning from the "Center," accompanied by another man, both being in a state well calculated for fun. As they were opposite the pasture of Mr. Kinney, Parks said to his comrade, "You hold my coat if you want to see some fun." Whereupon Parks got over the fence into the pasture, and getting down upon all fours, proceeded toward a two year old bull for the purpose of frightening him. Taurus waited his approach with a calmness which Parks thought would terminate in flight, but he was mistaken. When he had got near enough, his bull-ship made a charge on Pavks' sitting down place, which he very speedily transformed into something which resemit's the worst job of repairing they have had for some time. Some one has been cruel enough to ask Parks why he was like a locomotive.
>
> A-change plenty, his sacts to kin, his eye countenance illuminated. May his eye never be pied and his nose never be bleed. May his friends be quadrupled. May his actions stand proof. bled a skimmer. Surgeons and tailors say

"PHAIREST of the phair," sighed the lover, "phancy my pheelings when I phoresee the phearful consequences of our phice-As far as we are concerned, we give it ly, and I distinctly want you to to say what so much phortitude as I have; and as made the following gentle reply to a political whose, and we don't care, you mean by such conduct!"

We don't know, and we don't care, you mean by such conduct!"

We have where such a man was you.

Boggs' Gardening.

The "Fat Contributor" says: We have recently moved into a new house, and yes-terday morning my wife, Mrs. Boggs, asked me if I thought I could get the roses for the front yard. Told her I knew a man who had got a lot of early rose potatoes, but it wasn't the right time of year for putting them out. (I have an idea that ground is much better employed in raising a potato than in raising a flower, unless it be a barrel of flone.) Wife said I hadn't a bit of taste. She then gave me a memorandum of roses she wanted. I was busy all day, but just as I was about taking a car for home, I thought of the roses. I referred to the memoranda and found the following: "Get a few geraniums, fuschias, helio-

fropes, roses, bourbon, running rose, 'Prairie Queen,' golden tea-plant, vines, English Ivy,' 'Wandering Jew,' seeds, etc.''
I studied it hard, but it was slightly incomprehensible. She had evidently got things mixed up. However, I went to a florist's and told him what I wanted. Said

"Give me a few geraniums, and a few shes, and-" "A few what?" asked the flower-man,

looking puzzled. "A few shea," said I, turning very red, I know, for I couldn't tell for the life of fire what my wife wanted of a few "shes" about the place, as she could never live in

the same house with another woman. As the florist looked more staggered than ever, I handed him the memorandum, when "Why man," he cried, "it's fuschias she

warning? And then roared again. "Well, whatever it is, give me a couple of yards of it anyhow, front and back yard,

You see I was mad. I got the things the memorandum seemed o call for, at the various places, and went home. "Here, Mrs. Boggs," said I, testily "are

the things for your front yard."
"Why, what is this?" she cried, as I thrust a two-gallon jug upon her among other things. "Bourbon, my dear, I found it on the memorandum. Presty things to set out in

the front yard, though. How long do you s'pose it'll stay there, with the neighbors we've got?" "Boggs you are a fool. That item was with a highly-colored title-page, represent-

ing a gorgeous squaw on a nery and untamed mustang. "That? Why you ordered it, didn't you? That is Running Rose; or, The Prairie Queen," one of Beadle's best,"

My wife carried it at arm's length, and threw it into the stove. Then she took the jag of Bourbon and emptied it into the back guiler. While she was gone, I concealed Alexander Dumas's "Wandering Jew," which I also had purchased, for I began to see that I had made a terrible blunder in filling that order. (I have since ascertained that "Wandering Jew" is a vine, but how was I expected to know all about it?)

Not so Much of a Joke.-Quite an amusing joke was perpetrated at a certain boarding-house in Hudson last Saturday night. One of the boarders, a very modest young man, had occasion to be out late, and the rest of his household thought they would play a joke on him and this is the orize, ain't happy until they rush into the way they did it. They rigged up a figure supposed to resemble a female, which they put in his bed, and they hung on a chair a skirt, on another a set of corsets, hung a dress over the footboard and ornamented the bureau with false hair, hair-pins and fixings-thus giving the room the appearance of being occupied by a lady.

At a late hour the owner of the room returned and lit the gas and his eyes beheld such an array of articles as they were not wont to gaze upon; but though his eyes were surprised, his nose did not go back on him, for it "smelt mice," and he preceeded quickly to gather up the fragments, did them in a bundle, and hid them under the barn. Sunday morning he appeared at the table as though nothing had occurred, and could not be prevailed upon to see any joke at all. The result was that the instigators were obliged to remain at home from church for want of hair, and boots, and things, and had to ask the bashful young man at last to return them. What he wants to know is who got the joke played

"T'SE DE LADY."-Capt. Hughes and Joe Alexander were on their way to Sioux City. We all know that Hughes is a Greeley man, while Alexander is for Grant. On concluded to take a vote. The conductor was requested to canvass the train, and in a short time returned with the following result: Greeley, 11; Grant 4, "But. says the corductor, "there is another vote for Grant that I have not counted. It was cast by a lady.

"God bless the lady!" exclaimed Alexander, jumping up. "Where is she? I want to kiss ber!

"Hea, sah! I'se de lady dat voted for Massa Grant!" shouted a voice in the further end of the car, and an American lady of African descent blacker than the ace of spades and weighing about 300 pounds umped up and stretched her arms lovingly toward Alexander.

And further deponent saith not-Boone Iowa) Democrat.

A PRINTER'S TOAST .- The Printer, a noble type. May his form be lovely, his face beautiful, his line illustrious, his dealings square, his virtues ink-alculable, his X-change plenty, his sheets be fair, his May he stick to his haders, be always com. sed, and not honorable with the devil-And may his columns be crammed, his delinquents lammed and his enemies ----

A STRONG-MINDED woman in Detroit