Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1873. NUMBER 10.

New Advertisements.

[Established 1850.]
WELCH & GRIFFITHS,
MANUFACTURERS OF SAWS,
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.
FACTORY SAW WARRANTED.
BELTS, BELTING & MACHINERY.
LIBERAL DISCOUNTS. 23
Price Lists and Circulars free.
Welch & Griffiths,
BOSTON, MASS., AND DETROIT, MICH.

Largest Organ Establishment in the World.
7 Extensive Factories.
ESTEY & COMPANY,
Brattleboro, Vt., U. S. A.
THE CELEBRATED
ESTEY COTTAGE ORGANS,
The latest added improvements. Everything that is new and novel. The leading improvements in organs were introduced first in this establishment.
ESTABLISHED 1846.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue
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Every Man His Own Painter:
HINTS: HOW TO SELECT AND USE THEM.
A practical work, containing sample cards with 40 practically painted shades and tints, and instructions for exterior and interior house decoration.
Neatly bound in cloth, for $5. Sample copy, paper cover, mailed, post paid, to any address on receipt of 10 cents, by the publisher.
HENRY CAREY BAIRD,
Box 1611, POST-OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.
"Contains valuable extracts from press notices: "A very valuable book, and no one intending to paint should fail to read it.—N. Y. Tribune. "We know so much could be said on the subject of painting a house so little we read this with pleasure of Mr. Baird's."—N. Y. Herald. "A want felt for at least supplied."—Sci. Am. "Of necessity to the painter, but valuable to every occupant of a dwelling.—N. Y. World. "Of 35 copies of this book and distribute among your friends. If they will heed the advice therein, you could make no more acceptable present."—Chicago Tribune. "In publishing this book Mr. Baird has done a service to the community."—Toledo Blade. "We hope the publisher will sell 100,000 copies during 73."—Boston Advertiser. "We have just painted our house as advised in the book, and congratulate ourselves that our house in our neighborhood excels ours in taste."—Harper's Weekly. "Send a single copy for 10 cents, Mr. Baird, or certain an order for 25 bound will follow."—Frank Leslie. "Show Dutchtown and country paints therein specified, and can vouch for their value and excellence of the 'Harrison' brand."—Phila. Ledger.
ONLY 10 CENTS.

AGENTS WANTED—$75 to $200 per month, to introduce the celebrated JAS. W. JOHNSON'S Improved Spring Attachment for Sewing Machines. Address JOHNSON, at Moundsville, Marshall Co., W. Va. You will receive by return mail 500 useful articles.

The Reisinger Sash Lock and Support to Windows.
LISTEN YOUR WINDOWS!
Cannot get out of order to break, no cutting of sash; cheap, durable, very easily applied; holds sash at any required height, and a self fastener when the sash is shut. Send stamp for circular. Circulars and prices free. Locks sent to any address in the U. S. postpaid, on receipt of 50 cts. Liberal discounts to the trade. Agents wanted. Address REISINGER SASH LOCK CO., No. 418 Market Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

SHERRY, RUGG & RICHARDSON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Wood-Working Machinery Generally.
Specialties: Woodworth Planing, Tonguing and Grooving Machines, Richardson's Patent Improved Tenon Machines, &c.
Office, 232 Union St., WORCESTER, MASS.
W. SHERRY, G. J. RUGG, S. M. RICHARDSON.

Stationary, Portable and Blast
ENGINES.
Also, Flouring Mill and Blast Furnace Machinery.
E. & F. BLANDY, Newark, Ohio.

CATARRH!—I suffered with Catarrh thirty years, and was cured by a simple remedy. Send receipt, postage free, to all afflicted. J. MEAD, Drawer 136, Syracuse, N. Y.

GRANDEST SCHEME OF THE AGE!
$500,000
CASH GIFTS.
$500,000 for Only $10.
By authority of special legislative act of March, 1873, the trustees now announce the Grand Gift Concert for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky, to be held in Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky., on
Tuesday, April 8th, 1873.
Embracing the best musical talent that can be secured from all parts of the country will form the entertainment, and Ten Thousand Cash Gifts, aggregating a vast sum, viz: Half a Million Dollars, currency, will be distributed by lot to the ticket-holders, viz:

1 Grand Cash Gift	$100,000
1 Grand Cash Gift	50,000
1 Grand Cash Gift	25,000
1 Grand Cash Gift	20,000
1 Grand Cash Gift	10,000
1 Grand Cash Gift	5,000
24 Gifts of $1,000 each	24,000
50 Gifts of 500 "	25,000
100 Gifts of 400 "	40,000
200 Gifts of 300 "	60,000
300 Gifts of 200 "	60,000
1,000 Gifts of 100 "	100,000
5,000 Gifts of 10 "	50,000
9,700 Gifts, all Cash	$500,000

Provide means for the magnificent Concert of HUNDRED THOUSAND TICKETS ONLY are issued.
Whole Tickets, $10; Halves, $5; and Quarters, $2.50. Seventeen Whole Tickets for $100. No discount than on $100 orders.
The success of this Third Gift Concert, like the second, given with such universal satisfaction, is the enlargement and endowment of the Public Library of Kentucky, which received special act authorizing the concert for its benefit, is to be forever free to all citizens of the State. The drawing will be under the supervision of the Trustees of the Library, assisted by the most eminent citizens of the United States. The sale of tickets has already proved so far that complete success is assured, and parties are therefore notified that they must order at once if they desire to participate in the drawing.
The management of this undertaking has been intrusted by the trustees to HON. THOS. FRANKLIN, late Governor of Kentucky, to whom all communications pertaining to the Gift Concert may be addressed.
P. T. DURRETT, Pres't.
W. N. HALDEMAN, Vice Pres't.
JAS. S. PAYNE, Sec'y Public Library of Ky.
MERCHANTS AND DROVERS' BANK, Treas.
Public Library of Ky., Louisville, Ky.
It is the time for the Concert to close at hand parties wanting tickets should send in their orders immediately if they would avoid disappointment and delay, absolutely unavoidable in the last days preceding the drawing. All orders and inquiries for agencies, circulars and information should be addressed with proper attention.—
J. H. BEAUMETTE, Agent Public Library, Louisville, Ky.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

ESTATE OF DANIEL MILLER, DEC'D.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, there will be offered at public sale, at the hotel of Florien Bengler, in Loretto borough, on **Saturday, 29th day of March**, inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., a PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Allegheny twp., adjoining lands of John Douglass, Sam'l Stoy, John Will, and others, containing 104 ACRES, more or less, about 70 Acres cleared, having thereon erected a two-story LOG HOUSE and a LOG BARN.

ALSO, A LOT OF GROUND in Loretto borough, fronting on St. Joseph street and adjoining lots of Hannah Nesson and Elizabeth Miller, and known on the plan of said borough as Lot No. 119, having thereon erected a two-story FRAME HOUSE.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by mortage and judgment bonds of the purchaser.

FRANCIS O'FRIEL,
CHARLES MILLER,
Mar. 7.-4t. Executors of Daniel Miller, dec'd.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

ESTATE OF PATRICK CARLAND, DEC'D.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at public sale, at the Summit House, Summitville, on **Saturday, March 29th**, inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, late the property of PATRICK CARLAND, dec'd, to wit: A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Washington township, Cambria county, between Summitville and Gallitzin, adjoining lands of M. M. Adams, dec'd, James Boland, Michael Slattery, and others, containing 50 ACRES, more or less, 22 Acres of which are cleared, well fenced and cultivated, the balance being heavily timbered. The improvements are a two-story LOG HOUSE and a LOG BARN, and there is a well of excellent water near the house.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-half the purchase money on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year, with interest, secured by judgment bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

March 7.-4t. THOS. CARLAND, Adm'r.

STORE GOODS at PRIVATE SALE
And Store House on Lease.

THE subscribers offer at private sale their entire stock of merchandise and will lease their Store House, &c., for a term of years.—Said property is at St. Lawrence Church, Cambria co., and has done a good business. The ill health of the senior partner is the only reason for wishing to sell. No better location in the county for a country store. If not disposed of by the first day of April next, we will want a good man to sell goods for us—one who can speak German and come well recommended.—None other need apply. Good wages will be given to a good man. Address WM. S. DICKEY & SON, at Glen Hope, Clearfield county, Pa.

WM. S. DICKEY & SON,
St. Lawrence, Feb. 14, 1873.-3m.

NOTICE.—We have no authorized agent doing business for us in Cambria county or elsewhere.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM COLE, DEC'D.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises in Gallitzin township, Cambria county, on **Monday, March 24th**, inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., all the right, title and interest of WM. COLE, dec'd, of, in and to a PIECE OR LOT OF GROUND situated in Gallitzin township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of James Murray, dec'd, on the north, property of McFague on the west, a public road on the east, and lands of Patrick Keenan and John Waters on the south, containing 2 Acres, more or less, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation, and on which there is erected a one-story Log House.

Terms will be made known on day of sale.

SAMUEL CRAIG, Administrator.
Gallitzin Twp., March 7, 1873.-4t.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Benford House in Johnstown, on SATURDAY, the 12TH DAY OF APRIL next, at one o'clock, p. m., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Peter Onstadt and Margaret Onstadt, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Yoder township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of T. L. Hunter, Linton & Rose, and fronting on the Somerset Pike, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story house, now in the occupancy of Dr. Henry Connell. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Henry Hedrick.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, March 10, 1873.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on FRIDAY, the 11TH DAY OF APRIL next, at one o'clock, p. m., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Emanuel Bisel, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Adams township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Francis Kurtz, Isaac Smay, and others, containing 28 Acres, more or less, having thereon erected a water saw mill, now in the occupancy of John Fye. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Henry Fye, for use of Abraham Smith, now for use of David J. Horner.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, March 10, 1873.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, the 1ST DAY OF APRIL, next, at one o'clock, p. m., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of James Wilkinson, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Loretto borough, Cambria county, fronting on St. Mary's street on the east, on the west by St. Joseph street, on the south by lot of Felix Beck, and on the north by an alley, having thereon erected a one story marble shop, now in the occupancy of Parke & Levergood. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of C. F. O'Donnell.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, March 10, 1873.

Estate Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the Estate of Rev. EDMUND E. BURNS, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, dec'd, have been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

REV. E. A. BUSH, } Adm'rs.
JOHN H. DOUGLASS, }
February 21, 1873.-6t.*

Estate Notice.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of Jacob W Stuby, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

H. C. KIRKPATRICK, Adm'r.
Carrolltown, Feb. 28, 1873.-6t.

DUPONT'S GUNPOWDER.

ALL kinds of Mining, Blasting and Sporting Powder in Metallic Kegs, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, from our Magazines at Mill prices. This well known Powder has been manufactured for over 70 years, and is sold at same prices as other Brands. Also, every variety of Dry and Water *Safety Fuze*.

D. W. C. BIDWELL & CO., Gen'l Ag'ts,
March 7.-1m. Pittsburgh, Pa.

$1,000 REWARD.

For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that DR. BING'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles, and nothing else. Sold by all druggists. Price $1.00.

$5 TO $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row, Center street. [1-30.-tf.]

A MAN WITH AN AIM.

Give me a man with an aim,
Whatever that aim may be,
Whether it's wealth or whether it's fame,
It matters not to me.
Let him walk in the path of right,
And keep his aim in sight,
And work and pray in faith away,
With his eye on the glittering height.

Give me a man who says,
"I will do something well,
And make the fleeting days
A story of labor tell."
Though the aim he has be small,
It is better than none at all;
With something to do the whole year thro',
He will not stumble or fall.

But Satan weaves a snare
For the feet of those who stray,
With never a thought or a care
Where the path may lead away.
The man who hath no aim
Not only leaves no name
When this life's done, but ten to one
He leaves a record of shame.

Give me a man whose heart
Is filled with ambition's fire;
Who sets his mark in the start,
And moves it higher and higher.
Better to die in the strife,
The hands with labor rife,
Than to glide with the stream in an idle dream,
And live a purposeless life.

—*From Phrenological Journal for April.*

TWO WIVES.

Deceit Followed by Vengeance.

A TALE OF NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO.

"I found the body lying by the roadside. No weapon of any kind was near it. I hurried to the next house and knocked at the door. A man came out, and together we ran to the place. And that's all I know about it."

The coroner wrote rapidly, and then at the conclusion of this witness' testimony, invited the jury to examine the body. It was that of a young man with the fair hair clotted with blood about the forehead, and a deep cut in the temple; but, with the exception of these disfigurements, the face was placid and comely enough. The verdict was easily decided on:

"That Walter Knowles met his death at the hands of parties unknown," etc.

In the village, a young place, and a good sample of the towns of rapid California growth, the murder made considerable sensation. Knowles, since he commenced to fill the position of telegraph operator in the place, was always very popular, and apparently had no enemies. He was an inoffensive, agreeable young fellow, and was not addicted to playing poker or billiards, or lounging about bar-rooms, or practicing any of the ordinary small vices of the young men of the period. Of his family connections, or where he came from, none were aware. His letters were from men in San Francisco, who, when written to on the subject, knew no more of the telegraph operator than that he was a pleasant fellow, and that they felt sorry for his bloody death. And so Knowles was laid to rest in the new cemetery with the mystery of his death unexplained.

Barbara French taught the village school, and was considered an unusually smart woman. She numbered among her suitors the principal saloon keeper of the place, and a dentist, who had recently opened an office in Shallowtown. Between them her time out of school and, rumor said, her affections were divided. Some, again, reported that Knowles had always had the inside track, and that though Barbara didn't show much sorrow at the murder, still her cheeks grew hollow and her voice thinner since the funeral; and, indeed, she was not the same girl at all. Nevertheless, the suitors continued their attentions, and the village its gossip; sometimes placing the dentist first in the lady's affections, and sometimes the saloon keeper, as either was seen walking home with her or accompanying her to the school. Dr. Brown, the gossips said, was certainly the better match of the two; but Bill Bronson had the best business and the most money, and had his life insured besides. One evening the rivals met at the post-office.

"How d'ye do, doctor?" said Bronson, coolly, as they stood side by side, waiting for their letters.

"Pretty well, thank you," replied the other in the same prying tone; "when did you have the pleasure of seeing Miss French?"

"Only last evening. She is very busy in her school now, and has not time to walk around."

With this they parted—Bronson to his saloon and the dentist to his accustomed haunt in the neighborhood of the school house.

THE EVENING WALK.

"How are you, Miss Barbara?" said Dr. Brown, raising his hat as the schoolmistress, with her books under her arm, left the simple frame building wherein the youth of Shallowtown were taught the rudiments of knowledge.

Miss French smilingly reciprocated the salutation, and together they strolled down the village street and past Bronson's saloon, to the infinite chagrin of that individual.

The cemetery was situated a mile or so from the town, and a pleasant, shady road led toward the quiet city. The dentist found all his efforts to entertain his companion fell very flat this evening. He mustered all his town intelligence, together with the last sensations from the San Francisco papers, but Miss French appeared to take no interest in the local news or the sensations. At last he proposed they should turn back. The school-mistress assented, and just at that moment a little pupil of hers ran out from a wayside house and asked her to come in and take a cup of tea with his mother.

"Won't you walk in, doctor?" asked the lady, languidly.

"No, thank you," replied the young man; "I have an engagement in town. I'll wish you a good evening!" and he walked away stiffly, not a little mortified at his ill success in entertaining the belle of Shallowtown.

The moon rose clear and pale over the cypress trees in the cemetery before the school-mistress left the cottage—then, instead of walking towards the village, she turned off into a by-path that led to the graveyard.

It was a strange fancy of the young woman's to ramble on this autumn evening in a locality associated only with gloomy memories. As she opened the gate she paused for several minutes and looked earnestly along the road. A mile down its level length twinkled the lights of the village. Then, with all solemnly still in the peaceful moonlight, she opened the gate and walked quickly up the main path running thro' the centre of the enclosure. At the extreme end of this path was a fresh grave, with no ornament or sign beyond a plain wooden slab with the inscription:

WALTER KNOWLES.
Died September 30th,
Aged 27.

Here Miss French paused and laid her hands tenderly on the earth over the murdered man. Then, sobbing bitterly, she knelt down by the grave and murmured: "Walter, Walter, I did it for the best. You wronged me terribly, and now we are both avenged. But you must be happier than the woman you deceived."

Putting a handful of cold earth in the bosom of her dress, she arose, and, leaving the cemetery, walked rapidly homewards.

A STRANGE ARRIVAL.

"Darned if I ain't puzzled to know who that stranger fellow can be," said Bronson, a few evenings after the school-mistress's walk, to a group of his customers who were smoking, in the luxury of tipped chairs, on his porch.

"I've heard he's a 'Frisco speculator," said a tall, raw-boned fellow who had driven in from his ranch to dispose of a few tons of hay to the Shallowtown livery stable.

"That's a nice looking woman with him, remarked another; "they say she's his sister."

The last arrivals in the village—a tall, grave-looking, well-dressed man, and a lady attired in deep mourning—had puzzled the good people of that burg. The strangers remained in their rooms the whole of the first day, and had asked no questions about the character or industries of the town. The man who kept the real estate office was in hopes they might purchase town lots and settle down. The undertaker thought they wanted to be buried in Shallowtown, for they had made most particular inquiries of the hotel waiter about the location of the cemetery.

That evening the objects of so much curiosity walked through the main street and took the road to the cemetery. The next morning the gentleman called on the coroner and made inquiries about the death of Walter Knowles—where and in what position the body was found, and if a suspicion had fallen upon any one in the village.

"He belonged to a very respectable family in the East," he explained, "and I have been sent here to ascertain the exact circumstances of his death, and communicate with them. A female friend of the deceased accompanies me." And of course the coroner enlightened the villagers, and Shallowtown was most anxious to pay every tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased telegraph operator, and all who had known Knowles—which, indeed, were all in town—called on the strange gentleman. Barbara French alone, when it was suggested to her by a friend that she too should visit them, refused decidedly, and indeed, since their arrival, had not been seen beyond the school house and the cottage, a few hundred yards down the road from it, where she resided. A few said that Miss French had some of Knowles' letters which she did not wish to give up. Indeed, the man who had been forgotten a few weeks after his violent death, was now the grand topic of conversation in every saloon and house in Shallowtown.

The trustees of the Shallowtown school house were about to hold a public examination to test the proficiency of Miss French's scholars. The school mistress had been growing paler and more haggard every day, but appeared to brighten up as the examination approached. Bronson had offered several of his glass ornaments to decorate the school room, and Doctor Brown had been quite officious in hanging up festoons and wreaths.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the day preceding the examination, while Miss French sat in her school room looking moodily over an atlas, and while Dr. Brown, hammer in hand, was nailing and arranging, the mysterious stranger entered the school room.

Miss French left her seat and advanced towards him. The stranger drew a paper from his pocket, and extending his hand, said solemnly, "I arrest you, Babara French, for the murder of Walter Knowles."

The school-mistress stood motionless, while a deathly pallor crept over her features; the little boys and girls, who didn't understand the scene, looked wonderingly on, and the hammer fell from the dentist's hand, as he turned round on his ladder, actually frozen with amazement. Miss French, after a moment's wild stare around, fell to the ground with a shrill scream, and the stranger and the Doctor lifted her from the floor.

"Who, in God's name, are you?" asked the astonished dentist, "and what is this you have said about the murder of Walter Knowles?"

"I am a detective," rejoined the other, "and I hold positive proof that this young woman murdered the husband of the lady who is now at the hotel in your town. I have worked this matter up, and we have discovered the criminal in this unfortunate woman."

There had never been such a sensation in Shallowtown. At the trial, which took place six weeks after the arrest of the school-mistress, the entire mystery was explained. Walter Knowles was connected with a wealthy and respectable family in New York, and had married one of the beauties of the metropolis. A disreputable transaction, in which he had victimized one of his best friends, was made public in the circle in which he moved, and he was compelled to leave the country. In Shallowtown he turned one of his acquirements to account, and obtained a position in a telegraph office. He had remained true to his wife until the pretty face and strong character of the school-mistress led him to fall desperately in love with her. A secret marriage in San Francisco followed; and for one month the pair met secretly, keeping, by mutual agreement, their union concealed from the world. One evening the school-mistress visited her husband's apartments, and, whilst arranging with loving care the articles in his bureau, a large package of letters attracted her attention. She opened them, and the whole history of Knowles' unworthiness and her own betrayal was revealed. Maddened with rage, and putting a life preserver that lay on the table in the folds of her dress, she went out in the evening to seek for the man who had married her even while corresponding with another and a lawful wife, and whom she at that moment hated with intense bitterness. They met at the place where the body was afterwards found. She reproached him. He jibed her, and was turning away with a curse, when the fatal blow fell, and Knowles dropped dead by the wayside.

His real wife, who, notwithstanding all his unfaithfulness, had given him her only love, employed a clever detective to ferret out all the circumstances of her husband's murder, and, accompanied by him, took up her residence in Shallowtown.

Barbara French was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to death. While a motion for a new trial was pending, she died in prison, and, excepting perhaps by the two men who hoped to win her when she seemed pure and good, her name is forgotten in Shallowtown. The bones of the murdered man were carried to the family vault in New York, and in a few years the mystery and the romance became a thing of the past.

WELSH SAYINGS.—Three things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and woman's tongue.

Three things not easily done—to allay thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, to please all in everything that is done.

Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in famine, well water in thirst, and a gray coat in cold.

Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

Three warnings from the grave—Thou knowest what I was, thau seest what I am, remember what thou art to be.

Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood.

Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the housewife.

Three essentials to a false story-teller—a good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

BY MEDDLESOME MATTIE.

The sunny side of one's life only is exposed to the lover. During courtship, pleasant smiles, honeyed words, soft and sweet intonations of voice, amazing amiability, seem to rise to the surface of one's disposition the moment one comes into the presence of the object of one's affection.

For the lover, the most becoming dress is donned, the spotless collar is adjusted with nicest care, the ribbons are selected with an eye to the utmost becomingness, the hair combed in a style that will best enchance the beauty of the wearer. The mirror is consulted again and again, to make sure that nothing is left off that might add to the charms of the gazer. A curl is placed here, a rosebud or dainty ribbon is tucked carelessly into the shining braids; even the eyebrows are scanned to see that each particular hair is smoothed in the right direction; the eyelashes are oiled or waxed into place, and I have known fastidious persons to carry the thing so far as to tinge the lips and cheeks with beet juice, (not carmine, of course), and just rub a mere sprinkling of rice powder, (not paint), over the face to—well—to remove the superfluous oiliness of the complexion, so that they might present a cleanly appearance of face that soap and water could not produce.—Remember, these prodigious efforts to enhance their beauty, were put forth before the matrimonial knot had been tied.

All the choicest and most pleasing expressions are reserved for "courting night," that the lover may think that he is about to secure a silver lute-voiced lady-love, who will while away his years of wedded life with the sweetest of all music—that of the human voice. His ideas are her ideas; his likes and dislikes are studied with scrupulous care, and however foreign to her nature, are acquiesced in with a flattering heartiness that vails from the lover's eyes all dissimulation.

If mother happens to ask a little assistance or makes inquiries regarding household matters she is sure to receive a reply in her daughter's blandest and most amiable tones and assistance is rendered with cheerful alacrity. It is "brother dear," or "sister darling," "will you please close the door," or "be so kind, please, as to bring me 'Lyell's Geology,' or 'Darwin on Expression,'" if the lover happens to be of a scientific turn of mind. If he admires industry and prudence, she takes good care to exhibit the result of her handiwork, and her carefulness in buying.

And he, too, plays a part that seldom extends beyond courtship. Her tastes are consulted, her advice asked, her little whims gratified, with a grace and cheerfulness that is irresistibly fascinating; tokens of love and esteem, in form of beautiful presents, are showered upon her; boquets of rare selection are sent her; she is escorted to operas, theatres, lectures, rides, walks, etc. Twenty times a day, if necessary, her handkerchief is picked up and handed to her with the grace of an Apollo. She is addressed by a hundred pet names. If she is fond of riding, he likes it too; if boating is her pleasure, nothing suits him better, if walking delights her, he aspires to out-walk Weston in pedestrianism, and so it goes,—one grand deception.

Is it any wonder that lovers think they are about to wed angels, or believe that prospective homes will be earthly heavens?

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Lo, the change! Sour looks on slight occasions; cross words that cut to the heart: loud and harsh intonations of voice, predominate whenever they are alone. The wedded pair note the astounding change with alarm, and each thinks the other to blame. The dress is neglected, the collar, if there be one at all, is soiled and rumpled; no becoming ribbon adorns the neck; the hair is uncombed or twisted up in frightful unbecomingness, no curl or ribbon is there to keep the husband's love from flying to some more attractive face, around the corner or across the way. The mirror is now only consulted when preparing to receive or to go into company. The eyebrows, eyelashes, lips, cheeks and complexion are never thought of except for company; and yet these little necessary adjuncts to beauty and attractiveness were the lodestones that drew from the lover's lips the martimonial offer, and to know how to retain a husband's love is a far higher art than to know how to secure the lover's. Pleasant smiles, endearing epithets, are not now every-day occurrences; they are kept for outsiders. Husband's ideas are not wife's ideas, unless they happen to be; his likes and dislikes are treated with almost studied indifference. The careful kindness to mother during courtship, is stripped of its glamour and the naked truth stands out in bold relief, and several links of the husband's love detach themselves from the chain and are lain away in his heart for some one whom he thinks to be all that his first love had appeared to be. Brother and sister are no longer "dear" and "darlings," but are ordered to shut the door under penalty of knocking them into the middle of next week if they disobey; and the latest dime novel is substituted for useful and instructive works. Indolence and extravagance take the place of industry and prudence. The husband's dinner is put upon the table cold or half-cooked, or left for him to pick up in a disordered larder, while, perhaps, his "better half" (?) is gossiping with her nearest neighbor on the short-comings of their neighbor across the way.—Link by link the chain of love is lessened. The husband becomes indifferent, forgets to consult his wife's taste; he growls if asked to gratify her most necessary wants; he never thinks to bring her a souvenir or a flower; if he goes to places of amusement, he goes alone, or with attractive Susan around the corner; she has all the attractiveness for him which his wife had before marriage. If his wife drops her handkerchief, he growls or kicks it aside with the coarseness of a ruffian. Endearing pet names are reserved for stylish Miss Style, or winning Miss Winn. The angels before marriage have now, since the matrimonial knot was tied, shed their angelic coats, and now reveal their true colors, and the wedded pair sigh for a dissolution of the hateful yoke that binds them to each other.

Husbands and wives, you are to blame, culpably to blame, for this lamentable and unnecessary change.—The fault and the cure lies in yourselves.

Study with as much care how to keep as how to win a husband or wife, and the honeymoon accompanies you through all your wedded life; you will have no occasion to sigh because you did not choose charming James, or smiable Mary, instead of the horrible thing you are now trying to eke out a miserable existence with. Husbands and wives, you must make yourselves loveable, if you expect the felicity of being loved—God, himself, has said it. After this, when domestic troubles arise, don't peddle them to your neighbors or consult your lawyer on what course to pursue, but go don a becoming attire, put on your most amiable manners, study and practice the art of pleasing, convert your harsh scolding voice into its former lute-like tones, make your eyes beam love instead of venom, and thus make yourself so irresistibly fascinating that your husband or wife, as the case may be, will really feel that home is the dearest and most attractive spot on earth, and that your wife or your husband is by far the most loveable being in the whole world.

JOSH BILYINGS ON THE LOAFER.—The loafer iz a hunan being who iz willing tew be dispized just for the privilege ov abuzing others.

He occupys all grades in sosiety, from the judge on the bench klean doun to the ragged thing in britches who leans aginst a lamp-post and fites flys in August.

He haz hiz circle ov friends, whare hiz koarse je te are re-echoed, and whare to be in hiz konfidence iz konsidered an honor.

He iz not alwus destitute ov kommon sense, and quite often iz the author ov jests which pass upon the unwary for humor and even wit.

He has no pride that is worthy, and has no delikasy that enny boddy kan hurt.

During his boyhood he kills kats and sells their hides to the hatters, and robs all the hens' nests and early apple trees in the neighborhood.

During hiz middle life he begs all the tobacco he uses, and drinks all the cheap whisky he kan at somebodyelse's expense.

During hiz old age he winters in the alms-house, and summers in the sugar hogsheads, and when he comes tew die he iz buried in a ditch, like an omnibus hoss, with hiz old shoes on.

This is a trew ackount ov the life and adventures ov the ordinary loafer, and yet there are thousands ov human kritters coming onto the platform ov life every six months whose only ambishun iz to be successful loafers.

The loafer kares nothing for publik opinyun, and this alone will make any man a loafer.

The loafer rather covets disgrace ov all kinds, and when a man gits az low down az this, he haz got az low down az he kan git without digging.

HAD NOT BEEN INTRODUCED.—Mr. Jones, who rigidly adheres to the rules of etiquette, went home one night and found his wife sitting in another man's lap. Next day he told a friend of the circumstance.

"What did you do about it?" said his friend.

"Do?" replied Mr. Jones. "What in thunder could I do? I never had an introduction to the man!"

THEY tell of a woman in Baltimore who has provided herself with two hundred pairs of stockings, woolen and cotton. She is evidently intending to organize a hose company somewhere.