Cambria Freeman.

H. 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, APRIL 11, 1873. NUMBER 12.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOK CANVASSERS can find no more fresh and attractive volume for Spring sales than "The Household Manual," by Miss C. E. Beecher and Mrs. H. B. Stowe; a Cyclopedia of Domestic Information and a Complete Cookery Book combined. Send for circular to J. B. FORD & CO., New York, Boston, Chicago or San Francisco.

AGENTS! A RARE CHANCE!! We will pay all Agents $40 per week IN CASH who will engage with us AT ONCE. Everything furnished and expenses paid. Address AMERICAN ARTS & CO., Charlotte, Mich.

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NUMEROUS TESTS HAVE PROVED N. F. Burnham's New Turbine WATER WHEEL TO BE THE BEST EVER INVENTED. PAMPHLET FREE. ADDRESS, YORK, PA.

CAMPHORINE! PAIN! PAIN! PAIN! The Great Discovery for relief of pain and a sure and immediate cure for Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds. Refreshing odor, and will not grease or stain the most delicate fabric. Luxury to every family. Price 25 cts. For sale by all druggists. REDDEN HOYT, Prop'r, New York.

A BRAVE BOOK. What Woman Should Know." WOMAN'S BOOK ABOUT WOMEN, by a Woman, MRS. E. B. SPRATLEY. The only work of the kind ever written by a woman, and a book which every woman should read. Its extraordinary practicalness will create an immense demand. Notwithstanding the delicate nature of the subjects necessarily treated, it is written in a plain, pure style as will not offend the most fastidious. Lady agents never have had an opportunity to make money and benefit others as they can with this book. Terms and sample sheets mailed free on receipt of 25 cts. Address immediately upon receipt of application. J. M. STODDART & CO., Philadelphia.

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Sample Cents—Eight samples mailed free for 25 cents that sell at eight dollars. A person in Ebensburg who will act as agent. RANDALL & CO., 707 Broadway, N.Y.

MAKING CLASS MALE OR FEMALE, $60 a week guaranteed. Re-employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable sample of goods sent free by mail. Address six cents return stamp, M. YOUNG 102 Greenwich-st., N. Y.

Agents wanted for our immensely popular MAPS & CHARTS. Our large Map of the United States, with beautiful "World" on the reverse side, sells splendidly. Each 30 inches. Agents wanted for our new Charts, "The Virgin and Child," and "Christ Blessing the Children." They will find a place in every Christian home. HYASTS & LUBRECHT, Map and Chart Establishment, 107 Liberty-st., New York.

PRIVATE ADVICE TO Young Men! Address Christian Physician. Sent free (sealed). Dr. WARNER, Secretary Men's Christian Association, Germantown, Penna.

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NEVER Cough. Nothing is more certain to lead to consumption or future evil consequences. BRIGHT'S CARBOLIC TABLETS are a sure cure for all diseases of the Respiratory Organs, Sore Throat, Colds, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Hoarseness, Dryness of the Mouth, Throat, or Bronchial Tubes, Soreness of the Lungs. If a sudden cold, however taken, should be promptly and freely used, the circulation of blood, will overcome the attack, and will in a few days restore healthy action to the system. CARBOLIC TABLETS are put up only in Boxes. They take no substitutes. If they cannot get them of your druggists, send at once to 706 Broadway, New York, who will forward post paid. Don't be Deceived by Imitations, Worthless and Dangerous. Price 25 cts. per box. BRIGHT & CO., 18 Platt-st., N. York, Sole Agent for U. States.

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WATCH FREE worth $20, given gratis to every live man who will act as our agent in a business light & honorable. $300.00 per month. Saleable as flour. Everybody buys who sees it. Must have it. No humbug. Address, BOSWORTH & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sales, 10,000 in One Month, our LIVINGSTONE 28 YEARS IN AFRICA! Price, $3.50; cheap as dirt; above all others the book AGENTS WANT. It goes like WILDFIRE. Sells for only $2.50. It is the ONLY COMPLETE account of the Arduous Labors, Dreadful Hazards and Mighty Exploits of the PRINCE OF EXPLORERS. Beware of being deceived by misrepresentations and the palming off of high-priced inferior works. Do not be deceived by misrepresentations. Send for circulars and see PROOF of the GREAT SUCCESS of our agents. Circulars free. HURBARD BROS., Philadelphia or Boston.

WANTED AGENTS For the great sensation of hygienic literature, DIGESTION; or, JOLLY FRIENDS SECRET. Dr. Lewis' work is an immense success. Agents make money and save money, worry and precious health, and are selling well and grow fat on $1 a week. Ladies are coming women and doing a world of good. Don't delay, but address at once J. S. MACLEAN, Publisher, Philadelphia.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN JURUBEBA BLOOD PURIFIER

is unequaled by any known purifier. It will eradicate, extirpate and thoroughly destroy all poisonous substances in the Blood and will effectually dispel all predisposition to bilious derangement.

Is there want of action in your Liver and Spleen? Unless relieved at once, the blood becomes impure by deleterious secretions, producing scrofulous or skin diseases, Blotches, Felons, Pustules, Canker, Pimples, &c., &c.

Have you a Dyspeptic Stomach? Unless digestion is promptly aided the system is debilitated with loss of vital force, poverty of the Blood, Dropsical Tendency, General Weakness or Lassitude.

It will impart youthful vigor to weary sufferers.

Have you weakness of the Intestines? You are in danger of Chronic Diarrhœa or the dreadful Inflammation of the Bowels.

Have you weakness of the Uterine or Urinary Organs? You must procure instant relief or you are liable to suffering worse than death.

Are you dejected, drowsy, dull, sluggish or depressed in spirits, with head ache, back ache, coated tongue and bad tasting mouth?

For a certain remedy for all of these diseases, weaknesses and troubles; for cleansing and purifying the vitiated blood and imparting vigor to all the forces; for building up and restoring the weakened constitution, USE

JURUBEBA,

which is pronounced by the leading medical authorities of London and Paris "the most powerful tonic and alterative known to the medical world." This is no new and untried discovery, but has been long used by the leading physicians of other countries with *wonderful* curative results.

Don't weaken and impair the digestive organs by cathartics and physics. They give only temporary relief. Indigestion, flatulency and dyspepsia, with piles and kindred diseases, are sure to follow their use.

Keep the blood pure and health is assured.

JOHN Q. KELLOGG, 18 Platt St., N. Y., Sole Agent for the United States.

Price One Dollar per Bottle. Send for Circular.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE BOROUGH OF EBENSBURG from 25th of February, 1872, to 28th of February, 1873:

WILLIAM DAVIS, Treasurer. ..... DR.

To amount in hands of Treasurer at last settlement	$ 130 10
To am't rec'd from Collector, 1872	3,195 50
" " " " G. G. Owens, W'h M'r	149 75
" " " " John Lloyd, Sequestrator of Turnpike Company	480 97
To am't rec'd from F. H. Barker, Deputy Burgess	14 00
To am't rec'd from R. R. Davis	1 48
	$3,970 60

ASSETS OF THE BOROUGH.

Am't in hands of Wm. Davis, Treas'r	$ 279 24
" due from R. R. Thomas, late Weigh Master	94 75
Am't due from G. A. Berry, late Burgess	15 00
	$388 99

CR.

By amount paid—	
Work on High street	$ 931 95
" other streets and alleys	598 04
Fire Engine Bonds	900 00
Interest on Fire Engine Bonds	61 88
Fire Engine	342 20
Fire Engine and Engine House	461 64
Lumber	101 68
Merchandise	53 58
Rent for Council Room, 15 yrs.	52 50
Stationery and Printing	19 10
Clerk to Council	40 00
Auditing Borough Acc'ts, 1871	10 00
Police and Constables	19 50
Boarding and Jail Fees	6 00
Miscellaneous	32 80
Commission on $3,613,53 @ 2 per cent	72 27
Commission on $258.13, allowed by Council since last settlement	5 16
By amount in hands of Borough Treasurer	279 24
	$3,970 60

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding Orders for 1870 and years	$ 130 48
Outstanding Orders for 1871	10 00
Outstanding Orders sor 1872	112 79
	$253 27

We, the Auditors of the Borough of Ebensburg, respectfully report that we have examined the accounts of said Borough for the year ending Feb. 28, 1873, and find them to be correct according to the above statement.

WM. H. SECHLER, S. H. DAVIS, } Auditors.

Ebensburg, April 4, 1873.

$500 IN PREMIUMS!

TWO NEW POTATOES!

EXTRA EARLY VERMONT. Ten Days Earlier than Early Rose. ENORMOUSLY PRODUCTIVE and of EXCELLENT FLAVOR. 25 per pound; 4 pounds by mail, postpaid, for $3.50.

COMPTON'S SURPRISE. 326 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE. A little later than Early Rose. EQUAL IN QUALITY. 85 per pound by mail, postpaid.

$500 will be awarded as PREMIUMS to those who produce the Largest Quantity from one pound. Descriptive Circulars of the above, with list of 300 varieties of Potatoes, free to all.

ILLUSTRATED SEED CATALOGUE, 250 pages with Colored Chromo, 25 cents.

A New Tomato, the "ARLINGTON." Early, solid and productive. Price, 25c. per packet. Five packets for $1.

Miss E. SELECT Garden Seeds

B. K. BLISS & SON, 23 Park Place, New York.

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. Apply to 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.

Write for Large Illustrated Price List. Address,

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, No. 179 SMITHFIELD ST PITTSBURGH PA.

Breech-loading Shot Guns, $40 to $300. Double Shot Guns, $8 to $150. Single Guns, $5 to $20. Rifles, $8 to $75. Revolvers, $6 to $25. Pistols, $1 to $8. Gun Material, Fishing Tackle. Large discount to Dealers or Clubs. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bough or traded for. Goods sent by express C.O.D. to be examined before paid for.

Especial Attention

The GUIDE is published QUARTERLY. 25 cts. pays for the year, which is not half the cost.—Those who afterwards send money to amount of One Dollar or more for seeds may also order 5 cents worth extra—the price paid for GUIDE.

The *First Number* is beautiful, giving plans for making Rural Homes, Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and a mass of infor-

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, opposite Union School House, West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

DO AS NEAR RIGHT AS YOU CAN.

The world stretches widely before you,
A field for your muscle and brain;
And though clouds may often float o'er you,
And often come tempest and rain,
Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you—
Push forward through all like a man—
Good fortune will never forsake you
If you do as near right as you can.

Remember, the WILL to do rightly,
If used, will the evil confound;
Live daily by conscience, that nightly
Your sleep may be peaceful and sound.
In contests of right never waver—
Let honesty shape every plan,
And life will of Paradise savor,
If you do as near right as you can.

Though foes darkest scandals may utter,
And strive with their falsest of tact
To injure your fame, never mutter,
But justly and honestly act;
And ask of the Ruler of Heaven
To save your fair name as a man;
And all that you ask will be given,
If you do as near right as you can.

THE STORY OF A SPIKE.

BY MURAT.

Thirty miles north of Salem stood, many years ago, the house and barn of Asa Cuttle, farmer and cattle jobber. He was a rough specimen of his type, but as true as steel. The world in his boyhood had used him pretty badly; but the death of an uncle somewhat enriched him in this world's goods. Cuttle, being naturally industrious and a hard-working man, contrived in six years' time to greatly improve the property, and with the aid of his two boys had cleared a good portion of the land. He therefore stood pretty high in the pecuniary and moral credit of his section. His eldest boy, Ned, was a strong, healthy lad of sixteen, and Charley, his brother, was but a few years younger. The remainder of Cuttle's "olive branches" went down on a descending scale from eleven to zero.

One day Ned and his father were in the barn piling up wood for winter's use. Suddenly Asa Cuttle put his broad hand on Ned's shoulder and said:

"Do you see that spike, Ned?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your father can tell you a story about that spike."

"What story?"

"Sit down, boy, and I will tell you," continued the farmer, filling his pipe.

Ned quietly obeyed, and wondered what his respectable dad had to say to him.

"Your grandfather, Ned, was a hard drinker. He sold his land, his house, his furniture, and lastly himself, for rum. It was your Uncle Morris that bought the place up again after his death. I was born here, as you were, and always clung to the old spot. When the Britishers had their tea pitched over in Boston harbor to feed the fishes with, your grandfather went soldiering. The regiment he was in came this way, and the house he lived in, being then deserted, he entered it. Remorse seized him, and he picked up that rusty spike you see up there in that cross-beam. He was going to hang himself. Some comrades entered at that moment, and your grandfather did not hang. Reflection made him a better man. Returning to the house at night, he tied a piece of wood to the spike, on which he wrote these words:

"'This spike is not to be removed from its place until one hundred years have elapsed.'

"Well, when Uncle Morris took the place, the barn wanted a new coat. What was to be done? Why, Morris took that cross-beam out, rebuilt the barn, and nailed the timber, spike and all, as you see it now, over the new beam. It is fifty-six years ago to-day since your grandfather placed that spike up there and was going to hang himself. Now, Ned, it is not likely that I will ever be at the taking of it out. You may be, or Charley may be. Now, remember, don't you ever touch it until the one hundred years are passed. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"And tell Charley and Agnes all about it; do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go ahead; split and pile;" and Asa Cuttle filled the barn with smoke from his black clay pipe.

In an evil hour Ned Cuttle stole a sheep. It was once a hanging matter. But civilization has somewhat progressed since those days, so that young Cuttle escaped with as nice a beating as New England's boyhood ever got. Shame drove him from his father's roof; and off went Ned to Boston with all he had in the world, a bundle and seventeen cents in good, lawful copper.

Ned Cuttle had been about thirty hours without food, and felt preciously sheepish. He was standing near the theatre door, wondering where all the gay-dressed, laughing crowd were going to, when a voice said:

"Young man, take this note for me to Beacon street; run as hard as you can and bring the answer here."

The man was gone before Ned could speak. He performed his errand, and was back, panting, in half an hour. He looked around for his sender, but could not see him. He next looked at the superscription on the letter—Mr. Francis Curdoy, St. Charles Theatre, it read. Boldly went Ned to the box office and inquired for Mr. Curdoy.

"What do you want?" said the ticket-seller.

"I have a letter for him," replied Ned.

"Who from?"

"I don't know;" and then young Cuttle told his story.

At this moment Mr. Curdoy entered, and the letter was duly handed to him by Ned. He read it eagerly, smiled, and, putting his hand into his velvet waistcoat pocket, threw Ned a silver dollar. Ned felt no longer sheepish, for he regaled himself on mutton chops and ale.

Next night Ned was at the theatre door again, hoping to earn another dollar. Well, reader, such things do happen. Mr. Curdoy did come out of the box office with a letter in his hand, and again sent Ned on his errand to Beacon street. The result was another silver dollar and more mutton chops and ale.

Two weeks after Ned Cuttle was a Roman—a live Roman in armor behind the footlights, with a lance and armed cap-a-pie. Ned had turned "super." Two years after, our farmer boy was billed as Marcellus. Five years more, and he was at the St. Charles under the baton of Mr. Manager Curdoy, enacting the role of Laertes. Good for Ned Cuttle.

It was the 14th of April, 1862. Ned Cuttle was playing that night his farewell engagement. He had never set foot in his father's house since the day of that awful beating. He had written to his friends and told them he was doing well, and that was all.

Asa Cuttle and Martha his wife were now dead. Charley had gone to China, and Agnes was married and lived in the old house. The barn still stood, and the spike held good in the rotten beam. Ned had selected the part of Roy Roy as his "bowing exit" before the public. He had just dressed himself when a letter was handed to him. It simply contained these words: "The hundred years expire to-morrow at midnight."

Gray-headed Ned Cuttle entered the home of his boyhood after an absence of forty-four years. It was but little changed. The actor proposed to obey the wishes of his dead ancestors. Watch in hand, and axe uplifted, he stood there ready to strike the blow, his sister Agnes and her husband standing by.

It was twelve o'clock, one hundred years ago since grandfather Cuttle had placed that spike in that beam with the intention of committing suicide. The first blow was given. The iron did not move. A second and a third were repeated, and the rusty spike snapped in two, leaving a part embedded in the old wood. The beam was then removed from its position, chopped in two, and the remaining portion removed.

In giving the final blow, a piece of leather not bigger than a cent-piece fell out from a crevice in the wood. Ned picked it up. He examined it carefully. He saw that it had been sewn together, and was, in fact, two pieces of leather cut in circular shape. Opening them, he found a piece of tin, and on it these words: "Dig three feet beneath the spike."

Somewhat puzzled to solve the meaning of these words, the three at last understood that they signified that they were to dig three feet beneath the ground, a perpendicular line from where the spike had originally been placed by Grandfather Cuttle. A spade and pick being procured, the spot was hit upon, and the two men set to work. The ground was pretty hard, but at length their exertions were rewarded. The actor found a tin box, with a padlock and key attached; but the hinges were worn away by time. It was full of English gold.—On a piece of parchment was written these lines:

"I, Abraham Cuttle, bequeath this sum of gold to my eldest grandchild to be living when it is found. If not, to the next in age in succession male or female. It was placed here two weeks after I attempted to take my life. I found this money, I never could discover an owner for it. I request that it be expended in building a small school-house on the site where this barn now stands, and that it shall be known as the Cuttle School-house. May God bless you all. ABRAHAM CUTTLE."

The actor rigidly carried out his grandfather's wishes, and thus, reader, ends the curious story of a spike.

A DANBURY woman sent her boy down street for the following articles: A bar of soap, a piece of music, entitled "Waiting at the Gate, Love," three needles, a feather, a bottle of hair oil, the New York Weekly, a pound of starch, a mended earring, a half-pound of candy, ten cents' worth of lime, a basketfull of peaches and a paper of cinnamon. What the boy brought home was a half-pound of candy.

MASSACHUSETTS wonders at the rise of a Delaware millionaire who began his mercantile career as a poor boy "by borrowing $7 and investing it in apples." The thing that Massachusetts can't understand is how any one could be so imprudent as to lend $7 to a poor boy without good security for principal and interest.

THE Courier Journal thinks that a photograph album and a peddler are the only ties which bind most ladies to earth.

Don't Call a Man a Liar.

Never tell a man he is a liar unless you are certain that you can lick him, for, as a general rule, when you say that, it means fight.

I have arrived at this conclusion through sad experience. I know that it is not safe to give the lie to a muscular Christian.

I did it once. I am sorry for it now, as I never grieved for anything else in the whole course of my life.

We were standing on the sidewalk, in front of the club, when I made the statement. We were talking politics, and men who talk politics, and get hot over it, are, to put it mildly, lunatics, or else want an office, or have some friend who wants an office.

This man made an assertion touching the fair fame of my candidate. It is probable that if it had been as true as it was false, I should have taken the same course, because, you understand, a man who talks politics has no sense, anyhow. I think, I said this before, but it is all the same. I want to make it strong, and get you to understand how I got my ornamental eye.

I mildly suggested that a man who would make such a statement as that was lost to all sense of shame, and would be guilty of any bad crime.

He disagreed with me on the point. As for himself, he never made a statement except upon the most ample proof. My candidate was the meanest villain living.

I told him he lied.

I have been kicked by a mule; have fallen out of a second story window on a hard pavement; eaten green persimmons; heard Miss Blow read poetry for two hours and a half; skated, rode a sharp-backed horse of mustang parentage, an adept in the art of "backing;" suffered grief of various kinds, and still clung to life; but all of these are feathers in the balance as compared with the result of that little word liar!

Immediately after saying it, I sat down—not in the way people usually sit down. I sat down on the rim of my ear ten feet from the spot where I had been standing when I made use of the expression quoted above. I am not used to sitting in that position, and do not think it agrees with me.

I have heard of people who "got up on their ear," and walked off. I wish I knew how to do it, and would have propelled myself away from the spot immediately if I had possessed this happy faculty. I proceeded to get my myself perpendicularly, intending to use the locomotion which Nature had given me, but when I came right side up, something heavy ran against my nose and I felt very tired. I sat down on my other ear. I like a change; it is too monotonous doing the same thing over and over again.

Somebody took my large friend away, and I was quite pleased when he was gone. I have concluded to look twice at a man before I give him the lie again. My eye is in mourning, my nose swelled into the size of a citron, with the color of a blush rose, and my clothes look as if they had been run through a patent sausage machine. I would not have that man's temper for anything in the world.

BILLINGS ON THE POODLE.—The poodle iz a small dog, with sore eyes, and hid amungst a good deal ov promiskuss hair.

They are suratimes white for color, and their hair iz tangled all over them, like the head uv a yung turkey.

They are kept az pets, and like all other pets, are az stubborn az a setting hen.

A poodle iz a woman's pet, and that makes them kind ov sakred, whatever a woman luvs she worships.

I have seen poodles that I almost wanted tew swop places with, but the owners ov them didn't akt to me az tho they wanted tew trade for enny thing.

Thare iz but few things on the face ov this earth more utterly worthless than a poodle, and yet i am glad thare iz poodles, for if thare wasn't thare is some people who wouldn't have enny objekt in living and have nothing tew luv.

Thare iz nothing in this world made in vain, and poodles are good for fleas.

Fleas are good for poodles, for they keep their minds employed in scratching, and almost every body else's too about the house.

I never knu a man tew keep a poodle. Man's nature iz too koarse for poodles. A poodle would soon fade and die if a man waz tew nuss him.

I don't expekt enny poodle, but if enny-boddy duz giv me one he must make up hiz mind tew be tied onto a long stick every Saturday, and be used for washing the windows on the outside.

This kind of nussin would probably make the poodle mad, and probably he would quit, but i kant help it.

If i hav got tew keep a poodle, he haz got tew help wash the windows every Saturday. I am solid on this pint.

IT is reported that a son of Brigham Young is going to marry a newly established female seminary.

A GOOSE QUESTION.—A correspondent of Appleton's Journal is in a rather unsettled state of mind as to whether the contraction "don't" is really ungrammatical when used in the third person. The contraction "won't" he thinks more objectionable than "don't." As the former is a contraction of "will not," he makes the novel suggestion that it be called "win't" instead of "won't," that being more in accordance with principle and with the true spelling. For instance, "I win't go out this evening"—that has the merit of novelty, if nothing else. This writer is in as great a quandary as was the country hardware merchant who wanted to send to the city for two tailor's geese or gooses, whichever seemeth best. He sat down and wrote the order thus:

"Please send me two tailor's gooses."

But he didn't like the grammar, and was afraid he should be laughed at, so he destroyed that order and wrote:

"Please send me two tailor's geese."

After he had deposited the letter in the office, he was much troubled in mind lest he should have a couple of live geese sent to him, purchased of some tailor; so he returned to the post-office, got the letter out and destroyed it, and wandered two days in a maze of doubt and perplexity as to how he should ever get an order off so as to be understood, and grammatically worded. At last, in desperation he sat down and wrote:

"Please send me one tailor's goose, and, d—n it, send me another one just like it."

That hit the goose on the head, the man got his geese, or his gooses, or his one goose and another one. A correspondent of the Washington Capital, awhile ago, much exercised on this point, sent the story of the merchant to that paper for decision on the question. But it affected the editor like all the others who had pondered on it—pondering seemed to make matters worse. He said "the goose hung too high" for him. He consulted thirteen unabridged dictionaries, encyclopedias and learned treatises on ornithology, and found the question getting deeper and deeper the more he studied it.—His conclusion after much research, was this:

"Sometimes we believe the plural should be gooses, and then we don't. We don't no more frequently than we do. We will keep our inquiring friends advised of our progress."

"COMING THRO' THE RYE"—A NEW VERSION.—If a cat doth meet a cat upon a garden wall, and if a cat doth greet a cat, oh! need there be a squall? Every Tommy has his Tabby, waiting on the wall, and yet she welcomes his approach with an unearthly yawl.—And if a kitten wish to court a cat upon a wall, why don't he sit and sweetly smile, and not stand up and bawl, and lift his precious teeth, and moan and moan, as if 'twere colic more than love, that made the teller groan? Among the twain there is a swain—his voice is known full well—but what's his name and where's his shame, I do not care to tell. He's sweet upon the other sex, his valorous passions rise; he can't resist the tender glance of their seductive eyes; and so with groans and horrid threats he rends the evening air, and makes those midnight rendezvous impossible to bear.

If a body meet a body coming thro' the mud, and a body splash a body, need a body scud? Every highway has its crossing, none are always clean; so if a body's boots get dirty, do not call him green. If a lady meet a lady coming thro' the slush, need she frown to see some splatters on her silk and plush? All the lasses go a shopping when the days are bright; but oh, it is a tiresome job with gloves in such a plight. Every body has their trials, either dust or flood; but they should keep their temper down when coming thro' the mud.

THE brown curls fell with their wondrous grace, and the blue eyes met his own—shading the light of her beautiful face with a glory all her own. The moonlight stole, with a loving gleam, on the delicate upturned brow, and swept, with its pure, mysterious beam, down the soft arm's dazzling snow.—One hand lay on his loving breast, and one 'neath the lovely head; while the dimpled cheek to his heart was pressed, and parted the lips warm—red. On his shoulder floated the waving hair, shading the beautiful brow; and over all rested the moonlight fair, with its quivering silver glow. And he clasped her warm in his loving hold, and he spoke, in his yearning tone: "What is it my darling would have me told, little wife, my darling, my own!"—The blue eyes gleamed with a loving thrill, and a look so pure and sweet: "Our dinner to-morrow; O, dear me, Phil! has the butcher-boy brought up the meat?" When the sunbeam came with a loving thrill, and the air grew warm and sweet, and the moon had vanished behind the hill, the butcher-boy brought up the meat.

"You can't do that again," said the pig to the boy who cut his tail off.

A VERY SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.—A San Francisco paper gets off the following good one:

Returning home late one night, a man living on Mason street disrobed without lighting the gas, and lay peacefully down beside the partner of his joys. Sinking back upon the pillow, he straightway raised himself and remarked:

"I say, wife, how's your pillow—warm?"

"Why, what a foolish question?" returned she; "my pillow is all right."

"Is it real warm?" he asked.

"Certainly it is; I've had my head on it for three hours."

Apparently satisfied, he laid down and was silent for a time, when a vigorous nudging in the side of his wife proved he had another idea.

"I say, wife?"

"For goodness sake, what do you want?" petulantly answered the sleepy dame.

"I say, you don't use hair oil, do you?"

"Of course not; you know that as well as anybody else. Do, for mercy's sake, go to sleep."

Another half hour passed in silence, broken by the solemn ticking of the clock in the darkness. Then there was another spasmodic nudging.

"I say, wife, you didn't put that calf under the bed, did you?"

"Gracious me!" returned the matron, "what is the matter with you? Of course, the calf is not under the bed. Will you never go to sleep?"

"Well," continued the lord, sliding his legs sideways out of bed, "I'm d—d if there ain't something live under here."

There was the sound of scrambling around, a partial upheaval of the couch, the quick gleam of a white garment making for the open window, through which it disappeared, a thrashing sound in the rose bushes outside, and all was still again.

The custody of the children has been awarded to the husband.

ANOTHER GHOST STORY.—There have been a series of ghostly stories afloat in the papers of late that exceed in number and marvelousness anything in the recent literature of the supernatural. These include the spectral urchin who affects the school house at Newburyport; the spiritual operator who has been sending special telegrams from the other world to some office in Ohio; the engineer who haunts the engine that he managed in his former state, and several other such casual or chronic visitors from the other world. And now Virginia comes forward with her installment of the unearthly. The story is this: A woman named Silla Summers was lying at the point of death in the second story of her house at Matthews Courthouse. In a room below were her husband, who was confined to his bed with rheumatism, and a few neighbors. Suddenly Mr. Summers arose in his bed, and directed the attention of the other inmates of the room to the fireplace. They looked and saw the word "Silla" spelled in letters of fire on a charred log. The name was visible for perhaps a minute, when it gradually faded out and disappeared; and at that same instant a wail from the attendants in the room above told that Mrs. Summers was dead. How we would scout at a novelist who would tell such a story; yet this story is told and repeated by dozens of papers in the South and East as if it was a well-authenticated occurrence.

PUTTING a hoop on the family flour barrel is an operation that will hardly bear an encore. The woman generally attempts it before the man comes home to dinner. She sets the hoops up on the ends of the staves, takes a deliberate aim with the rolling-pin, and then shutting both eyes brings the pin down with all the force of one arm, while the other instinctively shields her face.—Then she makes a dive for the camphor and unbleached muslin, and when the man comes home she is sitting back of the stove, thinking of St. Stephen and the other martyrs, while a burnt dinner and the camphor are struggling heroically for the mastery. He says if she had kept her temper she wouldn't have got hurt. And he visits the barrel himself and puts the hoop on carefully, and adjusts it so nicely to the top of every stave that only a few smart knocks apparently are needed to bring it down all right, then he laughs to himself to think what a fuss his wife kicked up over a simple matter that only needed a little patience to adjust itself, and then he gets the hammer, and fetches the hoop a sharp rap on one side, and the other side flies up and catches him on the bridge of the nose, filling his soul with wrath and his eyes with tears, and the next instant that barrel is flying across the room, accompanied by the hammer, and another candidate for camphor and rag is enrolled in the great army that is unceasingly marching toward the grave.

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.