

Cambria Freeman.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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WATER RANGE. The best ever invented. For sale by the publisher.

AMERICAN BONELESS SARDINES. The most delicious and healthful food ever prepared. For sale by the publisher.

THE STORY OF JONAH. Revised and corrected by a trance medium. The story of Jonah you've all of you heard. And how he got whaled in a manner absurd. Because he was naughty and wouldn't obey. But madly attempted to have his own way; but you never heard it correctly, because it has been handed down through Rabbinical plays, and doctored, and tortured, and twisted about the tale of the fish is enveloped in doubt. Now the spirit of Jonah has whispered through me. That the common accounts are all fiddle-de-dee; and having thus braided the columns false, has told me the genuine facts of the case. Still many stories are afloat, and some badly stated. That Jonah went to fish for whales, and used himself for bait; that trying hard to cheat the fish, himself was taken in; in fact, "serenally chewed up," in payment for his sin. But let it here suffice to say, such stories are not true; so here we leave the old account and hasten to the new.

Now Jonah was a fisherman of credit and renown. Who owned a vessel long ago in old Nantucket town. A member of the church was he, and else an honest man. Thought of his spirits he refreshed with spirits from the can. He used to go on voyages, a fishing after whales; and they called him profit Jonah for his profitable sales.

One day when he was out at sea a whale appeared in sight. And taking to their hearts, the crew gave chase with all their might; but Jonah who was at the head had drunk too much that day. And though he couldn't stand erect, would have his willful way. He wished to do the deadly blow himself, and so to be brief. The sailors, much against their wills, gave way before their chief.

But when he came to try it on, he was so awfully drunk. He couldn't manage right at all, but made a fearful blunder; he didn't throw the steel harpoon; so muddled was his head. He never knew the difference; but threw himself instead. The whale perceived his mixed-up state, and with a quiet grunt. It acted like a gentleman and swallowed the affront.

A moment more the sailors stared in terror and amazement. Their master had gone up the spout, the whale had got him tight! And then they turned and pulled away, with all their might and main. Both at the oars and bottle too, and fell all hope in vain; they lost their cherished hopes to win the plunder of the captain's loss, mixed blubber with a wail.

Now Jonah was astonished when he found himself inside. A swimmer in the gastric juice which then was at high tide. He knew he wouldn't digest well, although he might just die; and blamed himself for going down, because he had not got tight.

And it went against his stomach, as he did against the whale's. To think so but a self should be the end of all his sals.

Now Jonah's breath was very bad, quite spirited in fact. And made the whale feel very queer, and very queerly ast; it swallowed lots of ocean brine to take away the taste. Which nearly drowned the captain in its dreadful watery waste. The saline water didn't make plain sailing for our friend. Who, like the seasick whale, but wished his troubles at an end.

The mighty creature swam for leagues in anguish and despair. And took no notice of its course—in fact it didn't care. Its inner life tormented it, and occupied its mind; it only wished for ease again, and that it couldn't find.

Live captain didn't suit its taste; it licked its victuals raw. And in a pretty jiffy was the inmate of its maw.

At last it reached Nantucket, and there it ran aground. Just opposite the skipper's house, and then relief it found. A mighty shock the creature felt in striking on the strand. And it threw up its commission, all square upon dry land.

A few tremendous flops it gave, and then again was free. And with a wondrous grin of joy it disappeared at sea.

In China, when a contractor engages to build a house, he encloses the premises and sets up cooking apparatus to supply his hired men with regular meals at the most economical rates. Having taken breakfast, they work till noon, rest one hour and leave off at 5 p. m., and return to their homes. On leaving, each takes a ticket, which admits him next morning. These tickets are daily vouchers of the artisan's presence. Counted up at any time a true account is rendered. A man on the ground throws several bricks to another ten feet above, and he to another still higher. Thus the masons are supplied as they ascend with the wall. Instead of carrying mortar in a hod, it is thrown by a shovel from one story to another, to any required elevation, without spilling a particle, so expert are they by continual practice.

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THE STORY OF A DUEL.

The Yosemite Falls of California, are no doubt the highest in America. The water makes three distinct leaps from the summit to the ledge before reaching the bed of the stream below. Not far from the head of these falls, and nearly concealed from the view of any passer-by on account of the thick trees which grew around it, stood a cabin of logs at the time of which we write, ten years since.

It was early one cold winter's morning that the master of this cabin, in company with his dog were returning from a hunt. They had been absent during the entire night, and now, just as daylight was dawning, they were approaching a home where they felt sure of a hearty welcome. The man, as he broke through the thicket in view of his cabin, paused, and gazed attentively upon it for a moment. Then he threw the buck he carried on his shoulder upon the snow, and shaking his head, he muttered:

"I don't know that anything is wrong here, but I don't feel just right."

At the same moment the dog ran toward the dwelling, and then, returning to his master, uttered a low growl. The man appeared very uneasy, but he hastened forward toward the cabin door. Before he had reached it, a woman appeared. It was plain to see that she had been weeping, and she was very pale.

"My God, Nancy! what has happened?" he inquired almost breathless.

"Be calm, Mark, be calm!" was the trembling response.

"But tell me what has happened?"

"The question was scarcely asked before a second face appeared at the cabin door. The instant Mark saw this, he suggested back and gasped:

"The dead returned to life!"

"Ah, Mark Webb, the dead has returned to life. But come in, I wish to talk with you."

Webb, finding that he had merely flesh and blood to deal with, entered the cabin, and, throwing himself upon a seat, eyed the intruder for some moments without speaking. Then he asked, "Philip Dark, how did you find me out, and what do you want here?"

"I have been searching for you, Mark Webb, for five years. You don't mind that, but you see that you were mistaken. And do you ask why I sought you?"

"Yes, I did ask it."

"It was to learn if the woman who calls you husband sustains you in your villainies, and if she did not, or was ignorant of them, to let her know the truth. I—"

"Be careful what you say, Philip Dark," exclaimed Mark, half raising his rifle.

"The other observed this and said: "Mark, I should be sorry to do you harm, but I know you. In your presence I shall relate all to Nancy—I will not call her your wife, for she is equally mine—and she shall decide between us."

"She has already decided."

"Yes, but your acts have rendered that decision void; they have rendered a second necessary. Now, Mark, heed what I say. As at first, so will I abide by Nancy's decision now. But I must tell her all, and if I see you attempt to place your hand upon that rifle, in self-defence I'll send a bullet through your head the instant you do so."

"Go on with your questions and you lies."

"Nancy," said Dick fixing his eyes upon her, "what reason did Mark give for bringing you to this part of the country?"

"Oh, Philip, you know that when I made my decision, five years ago, I told you that you possessed my love, but that Mark had the claim of duty from me."

"I remember well, and I resigned you, so that your duty might be performed."

"You did."

"Well, answer my question."

"Mark told me that he wished to be far away from you, because you possessed my love. And so I came here with him."

"You thought me still alive, in St. Louis?"

"I did."

"You never believed that Mark would harm me?"

"I certainly could not think so."

"Then listen while I repeat all the past. Some portions you are familiar with, and some you are not. But you shall have it all."

"I listen."

"Six years ago I formed your acquaintance, Nancy. I believed you to be a widow, and as such loved, won, and married you. I had a right to believe that you were a widow, for the proof of your first husband's death appeared positive. But, in a few months after our marriage, Mark Webb, your first husband, returned. There must now be a decision made. You believed your duty bound you to Mark, for the absence did not arise from his own fault. But you confessed that I held your love. I thought

as you did, that your first marriage was the binding one, and at once I consented to forego all claims upon you. More than this, I resolved to leave the country, in order that my presence might not cause you unhappiness. Could I do more than this?"

"But how did Mark act? I will tell you. He hated me because you loved me; and one night he met me in a lonely place, and, as he thought, drove a dagger to my heart."

"Oh, heaven!"

"Believing that he had murdered me, he left the country for fear of detection. That is the reason he brought you here."

"Oh, this is terrible."

"For a long time after receiving the wound, I lingered on the verge of the grave. But I recovered at last, and then set about looking for you. I have found you."

"And now that you have found her, what do you intend doing?" said Mark, in a surly manner.

"I will tell you, Nancy became my wife, and I loved her. But I would not see her dishonored. I resigned her because I thought you would be a generous and true husband to her. But you became at once a murderer and a deceiver. So I came to ask my wife—for I am the true husband now—if she will go with me?"

"Well, ask her."

"She hears my question. Will you answer it, Nancy?"

"Mark," said the woman, turning her pale face toward him, "speak, and deny this terrible accusation."

"I won't do it."

"Can you do it?"

"Of course, if I could I would."

"But has Philip spoken truly?"

"Every word of truth."

"Oh, Mark! is it possible?"

"It is true, I tell you. Do you think I'll let a second husband of yours live in the same world with me?—And that, especially after you have declared that you loved him? No! You must think that I am a fool, indeed."

"But he does live."

"I know it. But he and myself can't live long."

"You surely would not a second time try to take his life?"

"I tell you, he and I can't both live. Of course, you would decide for him."

"I shall never, knowingly, be the willing wife of one who has murdered his heart."

"I thought so. Now, Philip Dark, how do you propose to die?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mark.

"I mean that we must fight. Oh! I won't stab you in the back. But we must fight in such a manner that it will be certain death to one of us and most likely to both. Will you fight me as I propose, provided the chances are equal?"

"No; I won't fight you at all."

"Are you a coward?"

"No?"

"Then why will you not fight?"

"Because Nancy needs the protection of some better man than a murderer. A duel is a game of chance, and I might be the loser. In that event, she would still be left to you."

"She will have nothing to do with me, anyway. Is not that the case, Nancy?"

"It is."

"And you will be his wife?"

"If he claims me as such."

"And you, Philip Dark, will not fight me?"

"Not so long as another claims my protection."

In an instant after a rifle shot echoed through the room, and, throwing up her arms with a shriek, Nancy fell back upon the floor, bleeding and struggling in the last gasp of death. Dark was so horror-stricken by this dreadful act that for an instant he stood speechless. Then he bent over the dying woman, never for an instant thinking of his own safety. He closed her eyes and pressed his lips to her brow; he listened to the last faintly-drawn breath, and then, for the first time, thought of himself. Turning he saw Mark stand near, glistening like a fiend upon him. Observing that the villain did not even retain his rifle in his grasp, he asked:

"Why did you not kill me, Mark Webb?"

"Are you anxious to die?" was the sneering response.

"I care not to live after witnessing such a deed."

"Then I will give you a chance for death. It will be a double death for you."

"What do you mean?"

"You died in effect five years ago. You shall die again to-day."

"How do you propose to kill me?"

"I propose to fight, now that she no longer lives to claim your affection. Will you fight me?"

"Yes."

"Enough. You have a knife in your belt—that is all you want. I have the same. Come, follow me to death."

"Where do you go?"

"To the head of the falls. Do you fear to follow?"

"I do not. Lead on."

Mark took a coil of rope, probably

a hundred feet in length, off a peg, and bore it with him. Reaching the ledge flanking the falls he affixed one end of the cord around the root of a tree. This done he started down the cliff.

"Where are you going?" asked Philip, who had been watching him in silence.

"To the opposite ledge, across the falls. You see, in order to reach it, that I must go to the base of the cataract, cross the stream, and then ascend the other side."

"What is your purpose?"

"My purpose will soon develop itself."

It was not long before the villain was standing upon the opposite ledge. The yawning gulf of two thousand feet was between himself and foe, and the waters lashed the ragged rocks as it thundered over them.

"That rope is already coiled," said Mark, speaking across. "Throw me the other end."

This was done, and the line made fast upon the opposite side. A single cord now bridged that dreadful chasm.

"Meet me in the centre of the rope-bridge," said Mark. "We will fight only with our knives."

As he said this he began to advance. Philip Dark did the same, and both men crept carefully toward each other, the rope bending fearfully beneath their weight.

They were within ten feet of each other, when the courage of Mark began to fail him and he regretted the step he had taken. Why did he not kill his enemy at once and without incurring any danger to himself? But it was too late now? No.

He gazed into the eyes of Dark. He saw determination and absence of fear there, as he came slowly forward. He hesitated no longer, but drew a pistol from his breast, and fired at his victim. Dark waved to and fro, and appeared ready to fall. Mark considered his triumph sure.

But at that instant Dark raised his knife, and struck a desperate blow. The frail rope which sustained both men was severed in a twinkling; and down went their bodies, whirling through that fearful space, while the wail of the murderer arose on the air, mingling with the roar of the water.

The poor dog, who felt not the late which filled the breast of his master, was the only mourner, and most truly did he mourn, and that without any comforter, save time.

CALLING UP THE BOY.—The Danbury News says: Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is to get him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this is so; so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair-door and insinuatingly observes: "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John," followed a moment later by a prolonged and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to aid.

"You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there and give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth like a soda bottle ejects a cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stair-way goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his very nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

SINGULAR RELATIONSHIP.—A friend who married a widow, explains as follows how he got mixed up in his relationship: I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, and fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife had a son—(how is that for high?)—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i. e., my step-daughter, had also a son; he was of course my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.

LINA POSELLI.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The St. Louis Republican publishes the following: A poor girl, now about nineteen years of age, was born in Rome, and received the above name. Her father was probably an organist of the wandering Jew class, and her mother may have been a fish woman. There is no doubt her parents were poor, and they may have been honest. Lina very early conceived a distaste for life in Rome, and started out to make her fortune. She was pretty. Lina's sun burned in her veins, and Italy's skies shone in her eyes. She got away from home at fourteen, and threw herself upon the wide world with that dangerous companion, a beautiful face. She drifted to New York and soon became noted as a "pretty flower girl." She did not stand on the corner with her blooming basket, but carried it around in fashionable avenues, and to the brown stone mansions seated thereon. Her fresh stock of flowers every morning, and her bright eyes and the roses on her cheeks, and the perfect picture of beauty she made, harmonized with the aristocratic locality she loved to frequent. She always sold out and then glided away into the solitude of the great city, no one knew whither. Her swift foot defied followers.

She became a curiosity—and there a sensation. David Simmons, an old, rich, retired merchant, saw her and became one of her daily patrons. He was often seen talking to her on his marble steps, and afterwards with a noy in his button-hole. Then Mr. Simmons tried to find out where the beautiful vision vanished when the basket was empty, and because he could not become greatly distressed. Mr. Simmons was a widower, but he had a daughter who was married, and she and her husband lived with the old man in the house. The daughter saw the beautiful Italian girl, and did not like her. She objected to her father making an old dance of himself, and the quantity of flowers which old Mr. Simmons bought every day was something astonishing.

The more his daughter scolded the more he filled his room with flowers, and the more he displayed the choicest and rarest of them in his various button-holes. He was a walking conservatory and hot-house, though he could not be called a green house. His white hair too nearly resembled dead leaves. His daughter and her husband made an effort to get his property taken out of his hands, but failed to establish a case of insanity. This angered him, and when it was all over, he ordered his covetous children to leave his house entirely, and they went sorrowing away. The old man then turned all the property he possessed into money and disappeared from New York. The beautiful flower girl disappeared at the same time. She had made her fortune. The old man and his Italian charmer went by sea to Savannah, Georgia, where they were duly and properly married.

David Simmons on the same day executed an instrument whereby all his money and bonds were left to his wife. In a few days he met with an accident which injured his spinal cord, and he lay down and died. Nothing was heard in New York of the fate of Simmons for six months, and, in the meantime, the girl had left the country, and was safely back in her own sunny land. The only thing left to tell of David Simmons was an empty trunk, which was found in a New Orleans hotel.

Lina Poselli has been heard from. She had been seen in Rome, by one who, like old Simmons, had been infatuated with the bare legged flower girl of New York. It was at the carnival last spring. During the last days of this fantastic saturnalia, he saw a gorgeously apparelled woman in an elegant open carriage who attracted universal attention, and commanded the plaudits of the throng that best her carriage.

It was Lina Poselli. Her form was nearly lost amid the banks of roses and exquisite flowers that surrounded her. Her face was wreathed in smiles as she pelted with sugar plums the occupants of the carriage next in front or next behind her in the procession. Her eyes danced and sparkled like light in water. Her whole being was in a condition of bewitched madness and tumultuous merriment—the very intoxication of ecstatic enjoyment.—She had made her fortune. The fairy dream of her childhood was realized. She is nineteen, and rich and beautiful, and a native of Italy. A fortune for a prince—perhaps a future queen of the opera. What connection has Lina Poselli henceforth with the pretty flower girl of New York, and the old empty trunk in New Orleans?

BARNUM is going to make his animals fire-proof now. The elephant will wear a corrugated iron-overcoat, the baboons will have Babcock's extinguisher strapped on their backs, while the camels and other animals will be coated heavily with fire-proof paint.

A FRIEND AT HAND.—HOW A DOUBLE MARRIAGE OCCURRED.

A citizen of Wright county, Iowa, writing to friends in Dubuque, tells about a matrimonial scandal that occurred there recently which seems savory and interesting. Rice, a school-teacher living near Webster City, is the father of two blooming daughters, the eldest of whom was engaged to be married to a member of the interminable family of John Smiths. They burned the midnight oil and tallow-clips under the paternal roof to their heart's content, and were married last week.—John Smith had a friend called Peter Brown—another aristocratic cognomen of few possessors—and Peter was a bachelor; he had tried to marry, but always had ill luck making himself acceptable to the fair sex. Peter had confided to John the story of his reverses among the ladies, and a bond of sympathy was sealed between them.

One day, previous to his wedding, John told Peter he thought he could get him a wife, referring to the eldest-mother's younger daughter. "Come with me when I'm going to be married, to-morrow, Peter, and perhaps I can give you a lift." Peter assented and on the following day, at the appointed hour, the bridegroom and his friend appeared at the house of the bride's father, ready for the ceremony. The family group was assembled in the best parlor, a few friends were present, the country "squire wiped his glasses, and was about to begin the ceremony, when Smith stepped back and addressed his intended wife's sister with:

"See here, Jane, my friend Brown has been trying to get a wife; he's a good man, and if you expect me to marry your sister you've got to marry Brown—and we'll all be married at the same time. What do you say?"

The bride and her family winced somewhat under this demand in matrimony made by the groom, and the younger sister's face was wreathed in a coronation of blushes; there was a general family flutter. All eyes were turned towards the groom to see if he faltered in his demand, but he did not, and after some minutes' hesitation Jane consented, rather than break in upon her sister's matrimonial prospects. The "squire married the four there and then, and after the splicing was through with hearty congratulations followed, and the parties settled down to married life in comfortable homes near Webster City.

HOW OLD POMEROY WAS RELEASED.—Old Pomero, as the boys call him, who has since become so famous, or infamous, if you please (depends on which party you are a member of), as Senator from Kansas, had been captured the day previous in endeavoring to make his way into Lawrence. As soon as the governor heard of it he despatched me to ascertain the cause of his detention, and have him released. The only tent in the camp was appropriated to the prisoner, before which a sturdy Missourian, with a dilapidated double-barreled shotgun, was pacing slowly, apparently impressed with his great responsibility.

He informed me that he belonged to Capt. Demson's company, and him I found closely engaged at "seven-up."

"Captain, who is your prisoner?" I asked.

"Old Pomeroy," he replied, without looking up.

"When did you capture him?"

"Yesterday; high jack, game."

"Why did you arrest Pomeroy?"

"He's contraband—my deal."

"Gov. Shannon directed me to tell you to release Mr. Pomeroy."

"Tell old Shan to go to hell—I shan't do it—turn up jack."

"Very well, sir," I answered, "I will deliver your reply," and so I arted away.

"I say, Cap," shouted Demson after me; "don't make a deal—a fool of yourself; come back here and take a hand."

"No, thank you."

"Oh, well, if old Shan says so, I spose it's all right. Bill!" yelled the Captain at the top of his voice, "let old Pun go, Gov' nor says so; whose deal is it?"

The future Senator heard it all, and as I escorted him out of the camp and saw him safely on his road to Lawrence, he seemed disposed to ridicule our discipline.—*Lawrence Courier-Journal.*

BOYHOOD IN SPRINGFIELD.—Rafting is the prevailing popular amusement with the juveniles this month. The boy whose parents own the pond is generally chosen captain of the raft. The raft quite frequently consists of a couple of boards the captain's father has laid away to season. The captain stands at the bow and holds, and the other officers, whose claim to the berth principally rests on the fact that they have dry pants at home, stand at the stern, and spatter water on the outsiders who are on the shore with their hands in their breeches pockets and gule in their hearts. They thus navigate for hours at a time, and then fight over the distance they have made, and finally go home to see their parents about it, and are dried with a bed-cord, and are put to bed, where they can feel of their injuries without molestation.—*Danbury News.*