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, JUNE 13, 1873. NUMBER 21.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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12 SAMPLES sent by for 50c that retail quick for $10. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham-Square, New York.

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We Want an Agent in this township to canvass for the new, valuable and fast selling book by Dr. JOHN COWAN, The Science of a New Life. Recommended and endorsed by prominent ministers, physicians, religious and secular papers. No other book like it published. $40 per month guaranteed. Address JOHN COWAN & CO., 159 Eighth St., New York.

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STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT of the Supervisors of Allegheny Township for the year 1872:

CHARLES FLICK, *Supervisor*.....Dr.		
Amount of his Duplicate.....	$633 71	
" " due Twp. at last settlement	86 12	
		$719 83
Cr.		
Work done by Taxables	$195 28	
Township Orders paid.....	46 12	
Exonerations.....	14 85	
Time—91 days @ $1.50 ⅌ day.	136 50	
Work done with his own team	21 67	
Labor hired	22 43	
Putting up notices	1 12	
Mistake in last settlement.....	66	
Paid attending settlement	1 50	
One shovel broken.	50	—$729 83
PETER MELHORN, *Supervisor*.....Cr.		
Amount of Duplicate for 1872		$411 34
Cr.		
Work done by Taxables	$353 05	
Exonerations.....	2 10	
One order paid.....	2 45	
Time—83 days @ $1.50 ⅌ day.	49 50	—$407 10
Balance due Township.....		$ 4 24

We, the undersigned, Auditors of Allegheny Township, do hereby certify that we have carefully examined the above accounts and find them as above stated.

W. A. R. LITTLE, JNO. A. M'MULLEN, JOS. TOMLINSON, } Auditors.

Attest—JOSEPH HOGUE, Twp. Clerk.

Allegheny Twp., April 14, 1873. [5.30.-3t.]

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

JOSEPH RODGERS, of Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa., a Bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 26, 1867, having applied for a discharge from all his debts, and other claims under said Act—by order of the Court, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, to all Creditors who have proved their debts, and other persons interested, to appear on the **26th day of June**, A. D. 1873, at 10 o'clock, P. M., before JOHN BROTHERLIN, Esq., Register in Bankruptcy, at the Court House in Ebensburg, Pa., to show cause, if any they have, why a Discharge should not be granted to said Bankrupt.

S. C. M'CANDLESS, Clerk of U. S. District Court for said District.

[5.13.3t.-2t.]

LAND FOR SALE.—I will sell at private sale either or both of the following described properties: A TRACT OF LAND in Carroll township, adjoining lands of Frank Bonck, Henry Campbell, and others, containing 22 ACRES, all cleared. Building and orchard under. Price $1,350, on easy terms. Also, that certain PIECE OF LAND adjoining the borough of Carrolltown, lands of M. Boslet, Geo. and Jno. Flick, containing 1½ *Acres*, fence in good order. Price $700. Possession given immediately. Persons wishing to purchase will apply to F. Bearer, Esq., Carrolltown, or to

JOSEPH SHERAR.

[5.23.-3t.*

EXECUTORS' NOTICE. Estate of OTHO STYNER, dec'd. Letters Testamentary on the estate of OTHO STYNER, late of Washington township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

F. M. GEORGE, JOSEPH CRISTE, } Executors.

Blacklick, May 16, 1873.-6t.*

NOTICE is hereby given that I purchased at Constable's sale, on May 19, the following personal property of Robert Bell, and have left the same with him during pleasure: 1 corner cupboard, 1 breakfast table, 1 bureau, 2 clocks, 1 cook stove and pipe, 1 dough-tray, 6 chairs, 1 egg stove, 1 stand, 1 looking-glass. All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering with the same.

HENRY HOPPLE.

Johnstown, May 30, 1873.-3t.

ESTATE OF FRANCIS DRASS, DEC'D.—Letters Testamentary to the Estate of Francis Drass, late of Chest township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment as soon as possible, and those having claims against the estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ANNA DRASS, Executrix.

Chest Twp., May 23, 1873.-6t.*

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way with the household and kitchen furniture contained in the dwelling of David Watt, of Burr township, Cambria county, I have been purchased by me at constable sale and left with the said David D. Watt during my pleasure.

J. D. MARTIN.

Burr Twp., Indiana Co., May 30, 1873.-3t.*

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of the latest and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her store in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Hats, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking in all its branches. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.]

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor or fast-flying cloud;
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—
He passes from life to his rest in the grave!

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade—
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant and mother, attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all, are away in their mansions of rest.

The hand of the king the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave—
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread—
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the deaths we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling—
But it speeds from us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they meet on their pilgrimage road.

Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE CHAINED HOST.

The potato famine in Ireland was nowhere felt more severely than in that part of the country where the following story is told as a true tale.

In a small village in one of the most barren districts of the west of Ireland, there lived a very poor widow whose sole inheritance from her husband were two healthy children, girls, of the respective ages of three and five. Painfully and by the utmost effort she had contrived to pass two years of her sorrowful widowhood. Bad and scanty food, obtained only by labor too great for her delicate frame, had at last thrown her upon her sick bed, and death, in pity, removed her in a few days and without great suffering from her earthly troubles. The poverty of the whole parish was so great that nothing could be done for the poor orphans. All the neighbors, with the utmost desire to help, were too famine-stricken, and heard their own children too often cry in vain for bread, to assist others.

"If the children could only be got to Kilburn," a village some miles distant, said one of the neighbors, after the poor mother had been buried, "a brother of their father lives there, and he could not possibly refuse to take care of them."

"But matters are as bad there as here," replied another, "and I fear they will be no better off there."

"It cannot possibly be worse than here, for nothing but starvation stares them in the face. If we send them to their relations we have done our duty. We cannot possibly keep them here."

So a carrier, who was going near to Kilburn, as an act of charity, took the two girls—Lizzie was seven now, and Mary was five—in his cart with him. The timid children kept very quiet and close together, and the carrier hardly looked at them. Towards noon they reached the spot where the cart would turn off. The man lifted them out, showed them the road to the left, and bade them go straight forward, and if they did not turn from the high road they would in about two hours come to the place. He then drove off. The children sobbed out "good-bye," and looked after him as long as they could see the least speck of the cart, and then they both began to cry.

Lizzie ceased her crying first; she took hold of her little sister's hand, who had seated herself on the grass, and said, "Get up, Mary! We must not stay here, if we wish to get to Kilburn. We cannot stop here on the road."

"I am so hungry," sobbed Mary; "we have had nothing to eat all day." And again they both began to cry; for Lizzie was equally hungry.

The children were very weak, and could only drag themselves slowly along. Hand in hand they tottered on. At last Lizzie fancied she saw a house, and pointed towards the spot. But it took them more than a quarter of an hour before they reached the farm house, for such it proved to be. With hesitating steps they entered the yard, for they had never begged before in spite of their former misery. But at this moment they could think of nothing else but their terrible hunger.—When a few steps from the house they heard the farmer violently scolding one of his men. Then he went into the house, fiercely closed the door after him so as to make the windows rattle, continuing his abuse all the time. The children, terrified, stood still at the door until the voice ceased. Then Lizzie opened the door and both children entered. The farmer sat in an arm-chair by the fire.

"Well, what do you want?" he harshly asked the children, who were too frightened to utter a word and to tell their errand. "Can't you speak?" he asked more roughly.

Lizzie at last took courage, and said gently:

"Oh, if you would be so good as to give us the least little bite to eat—a small piece of bread or a few potatoes."

"I thought so," shouted the farmer; "I was sure you were nothing but beggars, although you do not seem to belong to this neighborhood. We have plenty of those here, and do not want them to come from other parts. We have no bread for ourselves in these hard times. You will get nothing here. Be off, this moment!"

The children, both dreadfully frightened, began to cry bitterly.

"That will not do you any good," continued the man; "that kind of whining is nothing new to me, and won't move me. Let your parents feed you; but they no doubt prefer idling rather than getting their living by honest labor."

"Our parents are both dead," said Lizzie.

"I thought so," replied the farmer. "Whenever children are sent out to beg, their father and mother are always dead, or at least their father. This is a mere excuse for begging. Be off this minute!"

"We have not eaten a morsel the whole day," pleaded Lizzie. "We are so tired that we cannot move a step. If you would but give us the least little bit to eat, we are so hungry."

"I have told you I would not. Beggars get nothing here."

The farmer got up with a threatening look. Lizzie quickly opened the door and drew her sister with her. The children again stood in the farm-yard, but knew not what to do. Suddenly little Mary drew her hand from her sister's clasp, and went to the other side of the yard; there was a fierce dog chained; his dinner stood before him in a wooden basin. Mary put her hand into the basin and began to eat with the dog. Lizzie went nearer and saw that in the basin there was some liquor, in which a few pieces of bread and some boiled potatoes were floating. She likewise, could not resist; she had but one feeling—that of the most gnawing hunger; she took some of the bread and potatoes, and ate them greedily.

The dog, not accustomed to such guests, looked at the children full of astonishment; he drew back, then sat down and left them his dinner, of which he had eaten very little. At this moment the farmer stepped into the yard; he wished to see whether the children had really left, and then he saw this singular scene. The dog was noted for his fierceness, and feared alike by old and young, he was obliged to be constantly chained. No one dared to come near him except his master. Even the servant put his food before him in the most cautious manner. In the first moment the man thought of nothing but the fearful danger in which the children were, and walking quickly toward them he exclaimed:

"Don't you see the dog? He will tear you to pieces!"

But suddenly he stopped as if rooted to the ground; the dog had got up again and gone near the children, then he looked at his master and wagged his tail. It seemed as if he wished to say:

"Don't drive my guests away!"

At that sight a great change came over the man; the spectacle before him acted like an electric shock, and feelings such as he never had before seemed to stir within him.

The children had risen, terrified at the call of the man, fearful of punishment for having eaten, with downcast eyes. At last, after several minutes' silence, the farmer asked:

"Are you really so fearfully hungry that you do not even despise the dog's food? Come in, then, you shall have something to eat, and as much as you like." And taking them by the hand, he led them into the house, calling out to the servant:

"Biddy, get some hot bread and milk, and be quick, for these children."

The dog had shamed his master—the brute had shamed the man. Touched by what he had seen, the farmer was anxious to make amends for what his conscience showed him to be a great sin. He seated the children at the table, sat down by them, and kindly asked their names.

"My name is Lizzie," said the eldest, "and my sister is called Mary."

"Have your parents been dead long?"

"Our father has been dead two years, but our mother only died last week."

At the thought of their recent loss both children began to weep.

"Don't cry, children," said the farmer, kindly. "God will in one way or another take care of you. But tell me now, where do you come from?"

"From Loughrea," replied the child.

"From Loughrea?" asked the man, "from Loughrea? That is strange!"

He began to suspect the truth and asked hesitatingly:

"What was your father's name?"

"Martin Sullivan," replied Lizzie.

"What—Martin—Martin Sullivan?" he exclaimed, jumping up at the same time, and casting a piercing look at the children, thoroughly frightening them.

His face grew red, then tears came into his eyes—at last he sobbed aloud. He took the youngest child in his arms, pressed her to his heart and kissed her. The child struggled and called to her sister for help; she could not think what the man meant. Then he put down the little one, and did the same to Lizzie, who took it more quietly, as she had seen that the man did not hurt her sister. At last becoming more composed, he dried his tears, and said.

"Do you know my name, children?"

"No," replied Lizzie.

"How happened it, then, that you have come to me?" he asked. "Has any one sent you to me?"

"Nobody has sent us," replied Lizzie. "We were to go to Kilburn, where a brother of our father lives, and they said he would gladly receive us. But I do not believe it, for our mother always said that he is a hard hearted man, who does not care for his relations."

"Your mother was quite right when she said so," said the farmer. "But what will you do if this hard-hearted man does not receive you?"

"Then we shall have to starve," answered Lizzie.

"No, no!" exclaimed the man quickly. "It shall never come to that—never! Dry your tears. The merciful God has had pity on your helplessness, and has made use of a fierce brute to soften the heart of your uncle, and therefore he will never forsake you—never."

The children looked at the man in utter bewilderment; they did not understand what he said—his words and his behavior were alike strange to them. This he soon perceived, for he added: "You are going to Kilburn to Patrick Sullivan; you are already there! I am your uncle, and now that you are the children of my brother Martin, I make you welcome."

The children's tears quickly changed into smiles, and the meal which Biddy just then put on the table for them made them forget their grief. Patrick Sullivan had taken this farm about a year before. A kind providence had directed the children's steps to him; but if the dog had not taught him a lesson of kindness, who knows what might after all have become of the poor orphans. But He, who is the Father of the fatherless, would not have forsaken them.

AN OLD WOMAN WANTS HER LEAN, LANK, LOST HUSBAND.—Under the heading, "Strayed or Stolen," Mrs. S. Susan Hundley, of Sheffey's Farm, Wythe county, advertises her husband, Andrew Jackson Hundley, in the Virginia Enterprise. She says he left her about two months ago in company with one Manda Wyrick, who she believes "conjured or bewildered" him by giving him "a cup of coffee to drink, upon the top of which he saw a blue gloss swimming." They were accompanied by her son "Bos, who left a wife and three children." The deserted matron says: "I want A. J. arrested and handcuffed, if necessary, and bro't back to me dead or alive, as he owes a good many debts he must pay, and he owes me a support in my old age. He is supposed to have gone to Tennessee, or Iowa, or out West. He is a long, lean, lank fellow, about six feet high, broad shoulders, thin beard, light hair and complexion, blue eyes, and about 45 years of age (being about twenty years younger than myself)." She offers to pay anybody a fair price who will return him to her "dead or alive," and requests all papers in the United States to copy the advertisement one time and forward their bills to her.

EVERYTHING in nature indulges in fun of some kind. The lightnings play, the winds whistles, the thunders roll, the snow flies, the rills and cascades sing and dance, the waves leap, the fields smile, the vines creep and run, and the buds shoot. But some of them have their seasons of melancholy. The tempest moans, the zephyrs sigh, the brooks, murmur, and the mountains look blue.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "I will state for the information of those who haven't had a chance tew lay in sekrit wisdom az freely as I have, that one single hornet, who feels well, can break up a whole camp meeting."

LAME HETTY.

A WORKINGMAN'S ROMANCE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

I am the foreman in a shirt and drawer factory. I am forty years old, and never was particularly handsome to look at. I don't suppose my manners are particularly fascinating either, for the girls mostly call me, as I am given to understand, "Old Crusty," and "Bear." Not that I mean to be cross, but some people haven't the agreeable ways of others.

I have sat behind the desk in Tape & Buttonbell's for nineteen years, and have seen a good many phases of life within that time; but the most curious of all happened to myself personally, and that is precisely what I am going to tell you about.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for five dollars," said Dennison.

Dennison had charge of the out-of-door department, and he came in that wet, drizzly February evening, to stand by the grate fire in my room. We had not lighted the gas yet; the press and hurry of work were over for the day, and it was very quiet and pleasant in the red shine of the coals. I was sitting on my high stool, biting the feather end of a quill pen, and thinking—thinking of I scarce knew what.

"What has happened now?" I said.

"It's Lame Hetty," said Dennison. "Two rolls of work missing, and Hetty declares she brought 'em here."

I laid down the goose quill. Lame Hetty had been in my thoughts, somehow, all that rainy twilight, just as people and things will take possession of your brain at times, and you can't help yourself. A soft eyed, low voiced girl who walked with a crutch, and always wore delicate grays and dove colors. I knew her from the throng because of the "tap, tap" of her crutch, and used always to speak to her when I saw her standing in the long line of girls who waited, on Saturday night, to deliver their work and receive their pay.

"That's bad!" said I.

"Ten dollars worth of shirts," said Dennison; "order shirts, too, and that makes it worse. I'm sorry for the girl, as I always liked her; but of course it's necessary to stand by the rules. Loses her deposit and no more work."

"But suppose she pays for the missing work?"

"It isn't likely she'll do that," said Dennison. "This sort of girl has seldom ten dollars ahead."

"I don't believe it's her fault, Dennison," insisted I.

"She's responsible, isn't she?"

"Yes, but—"

Just then Mr. Buttonbell came in with a great order in his hand from a New Orleans house. I looked at it.

"We shall have a tight pull of it, sir, to fill this," said I, dubiously.

"But it must be filled," said he; "put on all your hands. Turn on a full head of steam. It won't do to let Peck & Pattison go to any other place." And he bustled away.

"Very unfortunate," said Dennison. "Lame Hetty was one of our very best hands."

Hetty Dorrance came the next morning as usual to receive work, and she had a ten dollar bill in her hand.

"Some kind friend has sent this to pay for the lost rolls of work, sir," said she to me.

"You're in luck, Hetty," said I, frowning over a long column of figures and trying not to blush under the earnest look of her soft, brown eyes.

"And I'm much, oh, so much obliged to him, whoever he is," she added, in a low tone. "But I can't use it unless—unless you think I am innocent."

"Of course I do," said I, looking up, at the quiver of her voice. "I don't believe you would take a pin, Hetty. I have known you for four years, and I believe you are a good girl. It's an awkward mistake somehow, but there's not many mistakes, my girl, but that God clears up in his own good time. Now take your place in the line; there is no time to be lost this morning."

So the matter was settled; but somehow a cloud rested on Lame Hetty. Those who had been her fast friends before avoided her now; the coarser minded whispered and giggled when the "tap, tap" of her crutch sounded on the floor.

"Oh, Mr. Harvey," said poor Hetty one day, when Jennie Warren, the proudest and prettiest of our girls, refused to acknowledge her modest bow, "it's very, very hard to bear."

"Well, Hetty, only wait," said I, cheerily.

"But it's breaking my heart," said she. "They all think I am a thief."

"I don't, Hetty."

"I know that, sir. I should drown myself if at least one person in the world did not believe me innocent."

The winter wore itself away. The busy season was succeeded by one of comparative dullness, and among the hands struck off the list was Hetty Dorrance.

"Once a thief, always a thief," said old Jones, the cutter. "I'd just as soon that girl wouldn't work for us."

"I would stake my honor that she is no thief," said I, hotly.

"Well," retorted the old man, cautiously, "it's necessary to curtail the list a little, and it may as well be Lame Hetty as any one."

But Hetty Dorrance never came to learn her doom. Day after day went by, and the familiar tap of her crutch sounded no more on the floor. I grew uneasy.

Perhaps she is sick—alone, in want! thought I. And the more I pondered on the matter the more uneasy I felt.

Perhaps she is dead! And with that last, overwhelming thought came the full revelation of my own heart.

I had grown to love lame Hetty Dorrance. Well, and why not? I could afford a wife as well as most men; Hetty was only a sewing girl, and lame at that, but she had a face like one of God's angels, and a heart as white as a lily. Of that I felt certain. I loved her. Why should I not marry her?

So I sat down and wrote her a little note, saying simply that I loved her, and asking her to consent to become my wife; and I concluded by saying that I would call on the morrow to receive her answer.

Just after I had sent my letter off, there came a knock at the door.

"Mr. Harvey, are you alone—can I speak to you?"

"Is that you, Helena Arden? Why, I thought you were married and gone to California!"

"I am married to a spendthrift and a villain," said she, with a little horse laugh, "and I am going to California to-morrow, but I wanted to see you first. I wanted to pay you something."

"For what?"

"The roll of work that the people accused Hetty Dorrance, the lame girl, of taking."

"Helena, did you take it?"

"Yes," she replied, recklessly. "I took it! I wanted money sorely just then; the landlady wouldn't let me have my trunks to be married until I paid her what I owed her. I was standing by Lame Hetty that night. I saw her lay the piles of work on the desk; I saw them slip and fall off the heap. I was just going away, and it was an easy thing for me to stoop, as if for my own pocket handkerchief, and pick them up. I pawned them, thinking I could easily redeem them, but I never did. Here is the money to pay for them. I hope Hetty was not blamed."

"She was, though," said I, slowly.

"I can't help it," said Helena, flightily. "I've done my best. Will you see that she is righted?"

"As far as I can."

And Helena went away, muttering to herself about all her accounts being closed at last. I paid but little attention to it at the time, but remembered it afterward.

I went the next evening to Hetty's simple lodgings, over a baker shop.

"Miss Dorrance!" said the baker's wife, meeting me at the foot of the stairs with a baby in her arms. "Why, didn't you know? She has moved away."

"Moved! And my letter?"

"We got a letter here for her yesterday, sir, and we forwarded it to her. No. 36 Avenel Square, sir."

So I went to 36 Avenel Square, a little gem of a brown stone house, all bay windows and balconies, standing in its own grounds, and there was Hetty at the casement waiting for me.

"Hetty," said I, "did you get my letter?"

"Yes, Mr. Harvey."

"And what is your answer?"

"That I will be your wife, Mr. Harvey, and that I am, oh, so thankful, to have gained a good man's love."

I stooped and kissed her daisy face.

"I suppose you are sewing here, Hetty," said I. "It's a handsome house."

"No," said Hetty, half laughing and half crying. "I live here."

"You?"

"My grand uncle died," said Hetty. "He was an old bachelor, and hated us all, but he couldn't take his money with him. I have inherited it all."

"It cannot be possible!" said I, rubbing my forehead.

"But it is possible," said Hetty. "And it is true. I was just going to send to you to pay that ten dollar bill when I got your letter."

"I have been paid, my girl," said I, and I told her about Helena Arden.

The next day we saw a paragraph in the papers, how an unknown woman, with the words "Helena Arden," written on her handkerchief, had drowned herself at the foot of one of the crowded East river piers.

That is my story. It is simple enough, and I think it has elements of romance in it.

A VERY wealthy farmer of Titusville has this "notis" posted up in his field; "If any man's or woman's cows or exen gits in these here oats, his or her tail will be cut off, as the case may be. I am a Christian man, and pay my taxes, but dam a man who lets his critters run loose, say I."

A CRIMINAL COURT—sparking another man's wife.

"SICK HIM, TIGE!"

The Bowling Green (Ky.) *Democrat*, says:

A few nights ago, a gentleman of this city, as he was going home at a somewhat late hour, heard, in the distance, sweet strains of music, or at least what he supposed to be music, but which proved to be principally "straining," and other dismal sounds that seemed to come from a stomach overloaded with green fruit.

Softly he drew near, and at last discovered whence the sounds proceeded. A youth, over whose upper lip the barber could not have slipped the back of the razor blade more than twice, stood leaning against the gate post with his eyes fixed upon a chamber window in the second story of the house before him. In his hands he held a guitar, upon which he plinked with the air of one who is not certain he is on the right string, while from his parted lips came the following song:

I have lo-oved thee ha Zula Ze-long,
Fo-hor thy-by life was all a so-long,
Wa-wa has a cheerful smile,
Wa-wa has su-hanshine all the while.

There the young man paused to spit and fill up again with wind, and then struck into the chorus:

Oh, Zu-hulah! mouder-hing Zahulah
Si-hilent is the silver so-long;
Oh, Zu-hulah! da-harling Ze-hula!
De-hear departed Zu-hulah Zong-ang-ong!

The singer here took a rest of a few seconds, looked anxiously down the street to see that no policeman was in sight, then throwing a peculiar plaintive voice, he sang:

When the mo-hoon is shi-hi-ning o'er the lake;
Oh, the-hen I'll think of thee-he-hee—
Oh, the-hen I'll think of thee-he-hee!

Here the front door was suddenly opened, a sepulchral voice said, "Sick him, Tige!" and out jumped a dog about the size of a flour barrel, and with a good set of natural teeth. The singer turned a back somersault out of the gate, and, with a dog nipping at his coat tail at every jump, disappeared down toward the heart of the city. Here upon the gentleman who was a witness to the serio-comic drama, turned and left the spot, but not until he had seen a middle-aged man in a single garment, with an abbreviated narrative, rolling over in the hallway, convulsed with mirth, and saying, whenever he stopped laughing long enough to say anything, "Oh, the-hen!—Oh, the-hen I'll think of thee!" The gentleman had walked several squares from where the scene had occurred, passing a broken guitar that lay in the gutter, when he met the dog returning with a wild expression in his eye, and a pair of suspenders and a portion of a coat tail in his mouth.

PRIZE PROBLEMS.

If 19 grasshoppers can chew more tobacco than their shadows, how many kicks on the shins will it take to fatten a cast-iron monkey?

If the short rib of a Hoboken mosquito weighs two square inches, how many bow-legged boot-jacks will it take to shake the toe-nails off a bed-bug in an ounce of seconds.

If two eggs' worth of strap oil are required to cure a spanish fly of the small-pox, how many acres of saw-dust will it take to dissolve three pints of left-handed monkey wrenches.

If a wooden monkey can eat an iron peanut, how long will it take him to eat the shadow of a two legged flap-jack?

If it takes 2 June bugs 1 minute to carry 10 sacks of molasses up a ladder of soft soap, how long will it take 17 pounds of calico to draw an ant?

If it takes a mouse one day to knaw a hole through an iron safe, how long will it take a cat to get the hole large enough to get in the safe to catch the mouse?

If a pint of candles is worth one cent, how many darning needles will it take to make a lightning rod?

If it takes a peck of fleas' livers to fatten a splinter of the North Pole, how many pickled snakes' ears will it take to fill a pair of hen skin boots?

If it takes an educated mule a month and a half to eat a pan of chicken dough, how long will it take a blind fiddler to catch a ring-tailed babboon?

If it takes a pair of eel-skin garters to fit the leg of the chair the sun sets in, how many silver dollar bills will it take to make a patent hen's nest?

If it takes a box of brown bread pills to sober an intoxicated elam, how many papers of yeast powder will it take to raise a litter of black and tan pups.

If it takes four rotten eggs to whitewash a young five year old flea, how many horse-power will it take to pull the left hand hind leg out of a young mouse?

QUEER HOTEL.—There is a hotel in California composed of ten hollow trees, standing a few feet apart. The largest of these is sixty-five feet around, and is used as a bar and kitchen. For bed-chambers there are nine great hollow trees, whitewashed or papered, and having doors cut to fit the shape of the holes. Literature finds a place in a leading stump dubbed "the library."