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DUME VIII.

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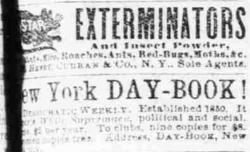
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Agents for Dr. Cornell's Dollar Fami-plendid premium to every subscriber-In the country-a rare shance-par-B. P. Bussell, Publ'r, Boston. Mass.



strain :

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT. and possessed themselves of all the stack of weapons. If I should die to-night, My friends would look upon my quiet face Before they laid it in its resting place, And deem that death had left it almost fair; "Yield at once!" shouted Jasper as they presented two fresh muskets at the unarmed guard, "or you die !" And, laying snow-white flowers against my The unarmed soldiers yielded, and the Would smooth it down with tearful tenderprisoners were rescued.

er and his friends.

clime.

for love-and Jasper and she parted with-

desperate encounters, the hair-breadth es-

Their love can scarce deserve the name ;

It was about six months after this, when

a stripling made his way into the depths

of one of those almost impenetrable mor-

asses where Marion was accustomed to

take shelter from Tarleton's dragoons,

when the latter were out in overwhelming

"You, my son ?" replied Marion with a

force, and asked to be enrolled as a mem-

ber of the famous band.

strong enough yet."

The cold in clime are cold in blood,

But hers was like the lava flood, That boils in Etna's breast of figme."

ness, And this is the famous story of "Jasper's And fold my hands with lingering caress. well." Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night ! But it is not the whole of it. Journey-

If I should die to-night, My friends would call to mind, with loving thought.

hair

Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought Some gentle word the frozen lips had said Errands on which the willing feet had sped; The memory of my selfishness and pride, My hasty words, would all be put aside, And so I should be loved and mourned to-

night. If I should die to-night, Even hearts estranged would turn once more

to me Recalling other days remorsefully, The eyes that chill me with averted glance Would look upon me as of yore, perchance, And soften, in the old familiar way. For who could war with dumb, unconscious

clay? So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night. Oh, friends. I pray to-night,

Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold The way is loadly, let me feel them now. Think gently of me; I am travel-worn, My faltering feet are pierced with many :

thorn Forgive, oh hearts estranged, forgive, 1 When dreamless rest is mine I shall not

The tenderness for which I long to-night.

[From the Saturday Evening Post.] JASPER'S WELL. BY ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

frame of the noted partisan himself-"1 The Quaker poet Whittier, in one of his do not think I should be so much smaller warlike lyrics-lyrics made up of the clash or weaker than my General." of cymbals, the peal of trumpets and the Marion laughed. "Frankly and truly roll of drums-breaks out in the following spoken, my boy-but my business is to

have streng arms. Look there !" "A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood -A wall where Camden's martyrs fell-By every sprine of patriot blood, From Moultrie's wall and Jasper,s well'! He pointed to his band-generally stout and strong, and some herculean fellows, Now, while doubtless nearly all of my ready to follow the flag of Freedom up to readers have heard of Entaw and Camden the cannon's mouth. "But still," continand Fort Moultrie, probably very few used he. "If you have connted the cost, and have heard of Sergeant Jasper, and even think well to stay you shall be welcome .-fewer of the exploit which has given the I will refuse no man the glory and honor

A Cradle and Carriage. REMARKABLE ROYAL RELICS. One of the most curious of all the relics

left us of bluff old Henry VIII., of England. his six wives, and the three children who successively wore the crown after him, is the cradle of his youngest daughter, Queen Elizabeth.

It is of English oak, very massive, with richly carved panels, six in number-two on ing back again into the interior of the each side-one of the same height composing country-into the hills, always the natural the foot, and a much higher one under the fortress of freedom-Sallie St. Clair lost her heart to the heroic rescuer of her fathhead-board. The length of the cradle is three feet two inches, and the height, to the

top of the ornaments, foar feet. At the But it was no time then for marriage, if foot is a large shield, with two cherubs supporting the royal crown, and in the centre out a word ; he for the active duties, the the initials "E. R.," namely, Elizabeth Regina. The whole of this ornamental work capes of a partisan's life-and she to dream is of silver, carved and engraved in quaint of one for whom she had conceived a pasdevices, that look strangely enough in our sion, such, perhaps, as is seldom found day of light and graceful ornaments. At save in the warm, rich blood of a Southern the head is the " Prince of Wales' " plame or crest, which is always the insignia of the reigning monarch's eldest son, or daughter where there is no son. Henry VIII., having no male heir at the time Elizabeth was born, she was created Princess of Wales by her

father; but her right to the title was set aside when her half-brother Edward was horn The crest at the head of the cradle, and

the ornamental work surrounding it, is richly gilded, and towering more than a foot above the roof of the head-piece, presents a very imposing appearance. I think it must have smile, "why you are not tall enough and looked very grand to the laughing, chubbychecked habe that lay below it, especially if The stripling glanced at the small, slight | she was as food of the display in her infancy

as she was when grown up. Qie Elizabeth had the weakness to delight in fine clothes, and be very vain of her personal appearance. To such an extent was this carried that she could never forgive any one lead. I am the head; but the body must about her for being more beautiful than herself. But this was after she grew up, and I suppose the dimpled habe, as she lay

brushes, mirror, glasses, and many other articles, some of which are of silver, some of gold, and all of exquisite make. Having completed his ablutions, the traveler pushes

back the wash-stand to its niche in the front projection, and, by touching another spring, brings before him an elegant toilet-table, with dressing-cases of mahogany, heavily bound with gold, and the imperial arms engraved on the cover. It contains nearly a hundred articles, most of them of solid gold more luxuries and conveniences, probably, than were elsewhere ever packed within the same space. Its arrangement had been superintended by the Empress, Marie Louise, in person, and it was her parting gift to her husband on his departure to Russia.

The toilet-table, when done with, may be returned to its place by a gentle push, and the movement of another spring brings to view a most convenient writing-table, with its capacious desk, pens, ink, paper, sand, wax, and, indeed, everything that could be needed in this line. It was here that was found Napoleon's celebrated portfolio, with the private papers that were so engerly examined by his foes, when the carriage fell into their hands.

But it is breakfast-time, and, a valet entering at the aspointed moment, the escritoire is exchanged by the touch of another spring, for a table laid with a service of pure gold. every article of which is superbly embossed with the imperial arms, and engraved with the Emperor's favorite "N." There are tea and coffee pots, cream-jug and sugarbowl, cups, saucers, plates, spoons, knives and forks, butter-stand and toast-rack, eggcops and saits, with the daintiest of damask, and many other articles that I cannot now recall.

There is also a liquor-case, and compartments for clothing, that are opened and closed in the same way ; and, when the hour for retiring comes, the whole interior of the coach is transformed into a cosy apartment, within which is deposited a bedstead of polished steel, with mattresses, pillows, and bedding of exquisite quality, and every per-

Putting Down a Carpet. THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF A FAMILY MAN.

There are times in the life of a man of family when he feels like throwing himself entirely away, never more to be heard from ; and one of these trying times is when he has a carpet to lay down, especially if the carpet is too small for the room, and it must be made to fit by stretching, and he has to do the stretching himself.

Smith fell upon trying times last night, and from my heart I pitied the poor fellow He laid in a supply of tacks, borrowed a hammer from his landlady, and went to work after supper. The carpet was unrolled and Smith noticed its shortcomings. He figured up the length and breadth of the put up on him. It is funny for every one room, then of the carpet. It was near nine but him : o'clock before he reached anything like a correct estimate of the fitness of his carpet for his room. His wife added her knowledge of arithmetic to his own scanty store, and between them the problem was solved, and preparations made to make a 16x18 carpet fit a 19x20 room.

Smith spread out the woolen plaster in me corner and commenced to tack down. The first tack turned over before the hammer reached it, and Smith stuck a mashed finger in his mouth, perhaps to prevent that organ from giving utterance to a well-leveloped 'cus-word." The next tack went home, and then Smith stretched the carpet for another drive. Finally, the carpet was fast in one corner, and then Smith bethought himself to tack it in another corner. Moving a couple of heavy tranks, turning over the wash-stand and breaking the bowl and pitcher, did not deter him in his purpose. Smith is a man of firm resolution.

When Smith had worn all the skin off his fingers stretching one side, his wife discovered that he had tacked down the wrong side. The double process of ripping up the carpet and ripping out Sanday-school words was here instituted, and now the thing went down right. The carpet-laying business me on swimmingle . Smith was how

his wife's stockings over the face of the

hammer, and attempted to drive home the

tacks; but the best stocking his wife ever

He started the tack with his though, then

hit it lightly with the hummer; then he'd

wait a while as if for the musical echo to

die away before he would give it another

lick. During these charming intervals Smith

mentally calculated how long it would take

him to put down the carpet at that rate.

He found that it would take him just two

weeks, including Sundays. Here he rested

from his labors. He sciatched his head and

bawled at the children. Eareka! He re-

Smith sat down on his wife's tallet set.

and wept-not because he wished the carpet

somewhere else, but because he was tired.

The children, bless their dear souls ! took in

the situation at a glance, and sympathized

with their dear pape by turning over the

centre table on his pet corn. But, as I said

before, Smith was a man of firm resolution

He did not howl with pain over the calamity

that had befallen his corn, nor give that as

an excuse for letting the carpet alone, as

many a fond parent would have done under

similar circumstances; but he took up an

idle razor-strop, and the way be caressed the

round places on his oldest boy's body was a

sight to see. Then he went back to his work

somewhat recuperated by the diversion. He

retacked the broken-loose carpet with two

licks to the tack, regardless of noise and the

sick boarder. Again the three sides were

attached to the floor, and an attempt was

made to stretch the fourth side into position

the plaguey tack would turn over before he

could get his hand on the hammer Smith

began to get excited. The piano in the

parlor beneath struck up the tune " I'm

Dying, Egypt, Dying ;" and if there is

anything in this world that Smith does really

despise, it is that. It was enough to drive

him crazy ; but in the firmness of his reso-

lution he hammered his tacks, mashed his

fingers, and smothered his oaths in silence.

NUMBER 11

'Twas a bad night's work for Smith. The neighbors called in, and not a soul of them went away without expressing admiration of the way in which the job was done ; and, besides, they all exacted from Mrs. Smith a promise that when they got their new carpet, Smith should lay it for them. I saw Smith this morning en route for the depot. He said he was going to the Springs. What a man of his health wants at the Springs this cold weather, is more than I can conjecture.

A Cooperstowner on Boils.

An afflicted person in Cooperstown, New York, writes to the Plainfield Register the following little piece about a Job that was

DEAR REGISTER-Useless | useless | If I've tried once I have a dozen times to sit down and write you a regular old scalppeeler and sky scraper of a letter.

It isn't that I love Casar less-I meant it isn't that I am unable to do the mental part of the proposition beautifully, but it is that I am unable to sit down.

How common the written sentence ; I sit down to pen a few lies-I mean lines, etc. But how much unwritten anguish may result from the attempt !

How gladly I would say it if I could: It is with pleasure, dear Register, that I sit down to announce to you the arrival of a boy, etc.

But, good gods, how can I?

The thought of sitting down makes me

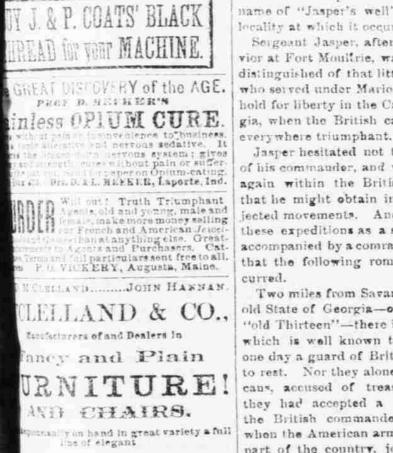
The thought of the boil prevents my sitting.

The fact of the boil makes me mad. And the act of sitting makes me leap like unte a hurried sky-rocket.

Why, my love, I haven't sat down in five weeks-or in anything else-to stay !

I am a most miserable, miserable man. Along at first I tried to do my writing for the Atlantic Monthly (ash!) at my desk.

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OATMAN, M. D., "hysician and Surgeon.

where

name of "Jasper's well" to the southern of serving his country in this desperate hour. Here, Jasper-here is a new relocality at which it occurred. Sergeant Jasper, after his gallant behaernit."

Sergeant Jasper started at the youth's vier at Fort Moultrie, was one of the most distinguished of that little band of heroes face, as if it was partly familiar to him. "I think Sergeant Jasper will know who who served under Marion, and kept a foothold for liberty in the Carolinas and Georgia, when the British cause seemed to be of Sallie St. Clair."

onts.

Jasper hesitated not to leave the camp "Ah, I thought your face looked very of his commander, and venture again and familiar," said Jasper. "Come with me." From that moment Jasper and Frank again within the British lines, in order St. Clair were sworn friends and comrades. that he might obtain information of projected movements. And it was in one of In camp, on the march, and in the strife these expeditions as a spy, when he was of battle where one was, there might be accompanied by a comrade named Newton, found the other. that the following romantic incident oc-

One thing often struck Jasper as very curious. He would waken up at night with a kind of half-consciousness that Two miles from Savannah, in the noble old State of Georgiz-one of the glorious somebody had been gazing earnestly into "old Thirteen"-there is a famous spring, his face-and find that young St. Clair | In it he returned to Paris on his restoration was awake beside him. Once he opened which is well known to travelers. Here one day a guard of British soldiers halted his eyes suddenly, and his young comrade to rest. Nor they alone. Captive Ameri- was leaning over him, his face very close cans, accused of treason-inasmuch as to his own.

they had accepted a "protection" from "What is it, Frank ?" the British commander, and afterward, when the American army had entered that part of the country, joined the ranks of soundly." their patriot countrymen-sad and downcast, for they knew their doom was death, also flung themselves down in the grateful shade of the trees that surrounded the well of the spring.

One of these sad-eved prisoners was a man whose only daughter was with himresolved to abide by her beloved father to

the last. She was a beautiful dark-eyed Southern girl, named Sallie St. Clair .--The writer of this would be proud to know that kindred blood to hers runs in his own veins.

Jasper and his comrade had marked this sad procession, slowly wending its with a wild shriek he sprang before Jasdusty way to Savannah and the gibbettouched by the sorrowful yet glorious beau- his life for his friend.

ty of Sallie St. Clair. "We will rescue them, or die !" exclaimed he to his brave known. It was Sallie St. Clair. Consumcompanion, with set lips. A bold thought-for they were two to had cut off her long black curls, and arrayten-and, besides, they were entirely un- ed herself in the garb of a man. By passarmed ! But in a great cause great souls count not the odds. Two men with God had removed the suspicion which otherare a match for a thousand mere myrmi- wise might have been aroused in the bos-

dons of tyranny. These men of Marion's pushed on and got in advance of the soldiers and their victims. A sudden thought struck Jasper, as he marked the cool shade of the in the grave. spring. "Here they will rest awhile-let us conceal ourselves in this thicket," said

others went to the spring for water. When the defiling grasp of the enemy.

leaned their muskets against a tree, pre- death wound. Little recked he however scopes; and below the ceiling, is a silken EBENSBURG, PA. wn Hall, Julian street, be unde. [4-4-N.] This was the auspicious moment. Leap- diant as an angel from Heaven, the beau- of personal convenience. paratory to dipping up the water. ing out from their ambush, Jasper and tiful face and form of his beloved. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Eby "True love can never die, Office in front room of T. ing out from their amusket. Clubbing Newton each seized a musket. Clubbing them, they knocked the two soldiers sense-them, they knocked the two soldiers sense-Flee you to yonder sky. Still shall you hover nigh. Sallie St. Clair." ons a specialty. [10-14.tf.] less-then springing like lions upon the McLAUGHLIN, Attorney-lohnstown, Pa. Office in the old diag. (up-stairs.) corner of Clin-terrans. Will strent to all bua-down bis preference. "belated sisters." the bis protention.

in this curious cradle, was far more interested in the bright and silver ornaments about could desire. The b-dstend folds up, and, her, than in admiring her own tiny form when not in use, is disposed in a small box and features.

In 1541, when the little princess was six | inches in width and thickness, and placed rears oid, and had outgrown her costly erg- beneath the coachman's seat, while the matdle, it was presented by the king to a family tresses and bodding are snugly packed under who munificently entertained him while olding his court at York. This royal

relic, now nearly three and a half centuries pons of Waterville, who are lineally descend-I am." said the young man in a calm but ed from the family to whom the cradle was very musical voice, "I am the twin brother given. It is an heir-loom of the house, of

which they are very proud, as memorializing the visit of the king and his court. It is tept in a room fitted up in great state, and s shown to visitors with evident pleasure. But quaint and carious as is this royal cradle of so long ago, I saw, in England, a carriage that interested me far more. It

was the celebrated and curious military carriage of the great Napoleon, in which he veyed him to the coast on his first exile. It was also used by the great warrior at Elba. to the throne, and it was this that bore him to the fatal field of Waterloo, where ended

his wonderful military career. The carriage was captured on the evening of the Battle of Waterloo, and sent by the

officers who took it to London, where it was "Oh, nothing. I could not sleep, and purchased by the Government by Mr. Bulwas wondering how you could sleep so lock for the enormous sum of \$25,000. Its

exterior is very much like a modern traveling One day, however, a sad end came to carriage, the color dark-blue, bordered with all this. Marion's brigade was attacked gold, and the imperial arms emblazoned on in camp by a party of Tarleton's dragoons. the panels of the doors. All the panels are They flew to their arms, however, and sucbullet-proof, and that at the lower part of ceeded finally in beating back the assailthe purpose of removing articles of baggage

Toward the close of the conflict, a hugh | without disturbing the occupant. dragoon suddenly spurred his horse to The doors of the carriage have locks and where Sergeant Jasper was standing, and bolts; the blinds behind the windows open with a blow of his sabre would have cleft and shut by means of springs, and may be him through the shoulder. It would have closed so as to form a barrier almost impreggone hardly with the sergeant, for he saw nable. Outside the windows are roller-blinds the danger too late. But the watchful of canvas, designed to exclude dampness, eyes of Frank were on his comrade, and and the light, when desirable.

The wheels, springs, and tires are of proper. The sabre descended, and Frank digious strength, and the pole is constructed and Jasper's heart had been especially fell heavily upon the earth. He had give as a lever that keeps the carriage level on every kind of road. In front there is a great projection of the body of the carriage, in order to make room for inside conveniences.

> forward that he can get no view of the interior, while those inside can see both the road and the horses distinctly.

and also one at the back, capable of brilliantly lighting up the interior of the coach. But it is of the inside, made to serve as office. bed and dressing room, kitchen and dining-

bronzed and rugged cheek as she was laid The seat is divided in the middle, giving the appearance of two easy arm-chairs, fur-As for Jasper he mourned as one who nished with springs and cushions, and the could not be comforted. Death no lon- daintiest of foot-stools. On one side hangs ger to him had any terrors. At the siege a large silver chronometer, of elaborate pets of theirs fill the aching void a little.

It was as he had supposed. Soon the of Savannah, he was among the bravest of workmanship, and close to the seat a holster British guard came up, halted and stacked the brave. And when the color-bearer of with a pair of double-barreled pistols; while their muske's. All but four-two of these the regiment was shot down, Jasper seized on the opposite door are two more holsters remained on guard by the muskets-two the failen colors and rescued them from containing pistols of larger size. In the upper portion of the front are many smaller the latter had reached the spring, they But in so doing he had received his compartments for books, maps, and tele--for he saw before his dying eyes, ra- network, in which were found several articles

sonal convenience that even a crowned head two and a half feet long, and about four comes up from the landlady saving that, as the seat on the inside.

All articles I have mentioned, and some sthers, still remain with the carriage ; but, old, is still carefully treasured by the Rip- of course, the diamonds and money were taken possession of when the wonderful equipage was captured.

> I saw also, at the same time a place, a had (so she said) soon presented the appeardesert service of twenty-eight pieces, used ance of having been chewed by hungry rats. by Napoleon at St. Helena, where he died; Smith's wife saw how her property was the little camp-bed upon which he slept durbeing destroyed, and laid an embargo on ing his seven years of exile ; his famous milthe proceeding, and a hot shovel on Smith, itary cloak, his gold repeating watch, and head. Then Smith tried a new plan. the identical sword worn in his Egyptian campaign.

Can any more wonderful piece of mechanism be conceived of than this curious carmade the campaign of Russia, and that con- riage? Almost a moving palace! Yet, strange to say, the illustrious owner's downfall seems to have commenced from the very hour by entered upon its use.

Some One to Love.

Perhaps one of the most positive proofs solved upon a new departure-one good lick we have of the soul's independence of the to each tack, and his wife to give the rest body, is our great need of love and of something to love. Were we mere animalscapital idea, and Smith put it into execution creatures doomed to perish after a few years of life in this world-that which contents the brute would also content us. To eat and sleep well, to have an easy time of it, would be enough. As it is, we may have all these sthings, and health to enjoy them, and yet be the back is so arranged as to be let down for utterly wretched. Neither can mental food satisfy us. "Some one to love" is our heart's the fortured carpet went adrift. It was really too bad !

When the atmosphere of tenderness is about us, we rejoice ; when people are harsh and unkind, we suffer. We begin life wish ing to love all people, and believing that they love us. Experience hardens us. Our dear ones grow fewer ; but, as long as reason lasts, we must love some one-we must at least imagine that some one loves us. The parents, sisters and brothers-that dearest friend whom we promise to love and cherish until death parts us-these come into our lives and fill them up. Afterwards come the little children-frail, helpless babies, who need our care so much, and friends to whom we are not kin, yet who grow dear to us, Some have many loved ones, and some but

one. Heaven help those who have none. though they are generally to blame for their empty-heartedness; for kindness wins love. They are always wretched, and they often show their craving for something to love by cherishing.some dumb animal-a dog, a kitten, a parrot, perhaps, on which they lavish caresses which, better spent, would have bound some human heart to theirs. Pride, or morbid sensitiveness, may have been at the bottom of their loneliness, and these

Some one to love! It is the cry of the human soul, the note to which every human heart responds ; the bond which will bind us all together in that other world where mourners shall be comforted and love shall reign forever.

Copper vessels, placed in the streams of Just about 2 o'clock in the morning he got

the richer mining districts of Nevada, ac- up, stretched his cramped limbs, yawned, down.

mering away hoppily, whistling " Down on but becoming absorbed in thoughts of those the carpet you must kneel;" the children | things that are before, and forgetting those were playing all sorts of didos; the wife things which are behind, I would pull forwas straining her work back trying to more ward my tall desk stool and settle. Then the bureau out of the way, when a message I would unsettle, quick.

And there would follow a prolonged and there was a sick boarder in the next room, dismal howl of pain, a wild tramping to and and company in the parlor underneath, less fro ; one arm waiving like our banner in the noise would be highly appreciated. To sky and the other holding the pautaloons comply with her request, Smith tied one of away f. on the young volcano.

So behold me now, supported under my arms by my Revolutionary grandmother's quilting frames, which reach from piano to mantle piece ; with a pair of light summer trousers on, which are kept distanded and away from that boil by a fish hook, a cord and a staple in the wall-all drawn taut. And yet I am not happy.

Why, if U. S. Treasurer Spinner should say to me, "Here, George, sit down on this half cord of greenbacks, and they are vours," I should answer, "Go 'way, Spinner ; I don't wart your ducats. I am not hungry. 'Tenl to your own knitting, I know my business."

My wife says my affliction ought to develope any religious tendency that may lav dormant in me. She thinks it has. In the earlier stages of my sufferings she says she awoke one silent night and heard me, she was sure, quoting Scripture and Watts' when the sick boarder got well. It was a hymns,

Lord love her ! but I wasn't, you know. at once, forgetting to let his wife know any- I was doing the other thing, i. r., reciting thing about it until the job was done. The | from profane history-from that part idea worked well; he got three sides of the where the D-amorites poured red hot room done in a jiffy. But when he went to pitch down upon the damsels who crossed stretch the carpet preparatory to mailing it the dam just where the lordly Tiber was down on the fourth side, the half-driven dam'd near the gates of Hellespont.

tacks broke loose from their moorings, and "George," said she softly, some time afterward, "George, I am afraid I was mistaken the other night. I now believe that your language, which I hopefully and joyally thought to be the expression of a contrite and grace-seeking soul, was swearing! Why, oh why, dear, dost thou not think more often of redemption and your latter end-

"Thunder, madam !" I screamed, "you don't know what you are talking about. Think of my latter end ! I'm always thinkng of it. I couldn't forget it if I was steeped in oblivion, or surrounded with cotton bales ! Why, I was telling a funny story to a party the other day, and he comes up to me, and he says : 'Old man, that was a bully thing ; you ought to be a minister, You could make a congregayou ought. tion cry by tellin' of 'em a joke,' and then he slapped me on the thigh-on that thigh, woman-on which Ann Grish and Miss Ery hold a first mortgage ! Think of redemp-tion ! Why, female, did you give half the attention to keeping the lumps out of my poultices that I do in pondering on the effusions of that old Bible scholar, Job, who used to soar so in blank verse, you'd be a better and a richer wife !"?

Withered, she wept. I was softened. I could not see these tears unmoved. What male man could? But it wouldn't stretch worth a cent. The more Smith would pull, the less the carpet approached her as she sat rocking to and would come ; and when he did get it right. tro in her chair.

"Dearest," I murmured, "why those weeps? Don't cry. I am sorry I said anything when I spoke. Too bad, too bac 1 I am a brate, a bear, burglar, a dentist, a dishonest thief. Forgive me-me who would not give your heart a pang for the whole round world. Let's kiss and forget. ducky," and I playfully at down on her She had a bunch of keys, a drawer Isp. knob, and a smelling bottle in her pocket. I sat down on these. On those I sat.

On the bottle, he knob, the keys, I sat

He! Then the truth was first made as well as to throw the driver's seat so far ed by the fires of love and absence, she ing herself as her own twin brother, she There is a lamp at each corner of the roof.

om of the man she so devotedly loved. They buried her in a beautiful spot near the Santee, and the tears wet many a room, that I wish to tell you mainly.

We will suppose the great man to have ennulate hundreds of dollars' worth of and announced the job completed. He had just arisen at his usual early hour, and quicksilver, mingled with gold-dust, upon down and slept an hour. Then he awake, about to make his toilet. He touches a their surfaces, in a few months. Owing to and looked at his-last night's adventure. spring, and immediately outsprends before its infinite divisibility, quicksilver exists in The carpet was on the floor-he knew that him a sort of light shelf, answering the such small particles as to be invisible to the much; and if the stripes looked like a row OLD MAIDS in Virginia are politely called purpose of a washstand, on which are basin and pitcher, soap and tawls, tooth and nail-

Small u active boys jeer at me through the window. I have no peace. I am a wreck.

I would not live always, I wouldn't if I could ; But ti ere ain't no use of talking, For I couldn't if I would. GEORGE.