EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1874.

NUMBER 19.

RIFF'S SALES,-By virtue of rits of Vend. Expon., Al. Vend. Faciax, issued out of the Court Cambria county and to me diborg, on Monday, the Ist

OLUME VIII.

nd interest of Joseph Smay, Cambria county, Pa., adg 100 acres, more or less, har cleared, having there-one-half story frame house barns and other outbuildings, yof Wm. Smay. Abo. all the est of Joseph Smay. of, in and land situate in Summerhi county, adjoining lands of Mar-M Connell, and others, containless unimproved Taken be sold at the suit of Z. En-

wht, title and interest of John o a piece or parcel of land situ-tion with the county, Pa., David Hubert, Jacob Mouse, g 50 acres, more or less, about cleared, having thereon erectstory plank house and a plank occurancy of John V. Crook. and to be sold at the suit of hi, title and interest of William

on piece or parcel of land situ-John Manion, Thos. J. Byrne, plug 40 acres, more or less, about re cleared, having thereon erect-

ht, title and interest of Thomas nd to a piece or parcel of land ewaship, Cambria county, Pa., William Selders, John Lloyd, others, containing 350 acres of Thos. T.Williams. Taken

bt_title and interest of F. Ful-Reginning at a post on the 65 feet to the Turnpike Road; h-west side of said road 55 feet to ming; -- known on Myers' extenhaving thereon erected a two as James. Taken in execution the suit of Thomas Donahoe, for

ght, title and interest of Anthony and to a certain messnage, tens-land, situate in White township, adjoining lands of Joseph Miller, Figart, and others, containing s. 30 neres of which are cleared, cted a one story frame house, Taken bexecut uit of John Cresswell, Trustee of

hanna township, Cambria county, lands of Washington Lloyd, Peter having thereon erected a one and ak house, now in the occupancy of and a one-and-a-half story plank aker shop, now in the occupancy Taken in execution and to be Abraham Bartlebaugh, br. little and interest of Michael

to a lot of ground situate it Augustine, Clearfield townsh a adjoining lots of Joseph M and others, having thereon mose, known as the "Wash-the occupancy of Harry Mar-ton and to be sold at the suit

BUAN BAUMER, Sheriff. usburg, May 15, 1874.

RIFF'S SALES .- By virtue write of Fieri Facius and Alias at of the Court of Commo Sale, at the Court House Saturday, the 30th day o

ck, P. M., the following Real tle and interest of Henry Martz. ng lands of John Hamil. others, having thereon-

ne house, now in the occu Taken in execution and to tile and interest of Edward on piece of parcel of land sit-waship. Cambria county, ad-er McGough, John Nagle,

of others, containing 15 acres, t 5 acres of which are cleared, weted a one story plank house now in the occupancy of John ors in execution and to be sold ord & Co., endersees of James ht title and interest of Joseph second parcel of land situa Cambria county, adjoining r. David Kring, Samuel Ful-laining 23 acres, more or less,

ted a one story plank house ERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff. LIST.—Causes set down

t June Term, A. D. 1874: vs. Foster, Paddock & Ad-

vs. Harter, vs. Harter Hips & Lloyd. Parrish.

McLaughtin et, al.

Humphreys.

Styner's Executors. HITE, Prothonotary. bensburg, May 4, 1874, 3t. APPRAISEMENTS. reby given that the folreal estate and personal dected and set apart for under the Act of Assem-I have been filed in the

urg, and will be pre

ement of certain person. and set apart for Magdalen frew Calaban, late of Chest ased—\$280.20

tisement of certain person-of set apart for Elizabeth Trefts, late of Johnstown

perty appraised and set many, widow of Francis M. SINGER, Register.

vicinity; Office ad-

The Rids of Collins Graves. An Incident of the Flood in Massachu-setts, on May 16th, 1874.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

No song of a soldier riding down To the raging fight at Winchester town; No song of a time that shook the earth With the nation's three at a nation's birth; But the song of a brave man, free from fear As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere; Who risked what they risked, free from And its promise of glorious pay-his life,

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred, And the answering echoes of life are heard; The dew still clings to the trees and grass, And the early toilers smiling pass, As they glance aside at the white-walled

Or up the valley, where merrily comes The brook that sparkles in diamond rills As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills. What was it, that passed like an ominous breath?

Like a shiver of fear or a touch of death? What was it? The valley is peaceful still, And the leaves are afire on top of the hill; It was not a sound, nor a thing of sense-But a pain, like the pang of the short sus-

en execution and to be sold | That wraps the being of those who see At their feet the gulf of Eternity!

The air of the valley has felt the chill; The workers pause at the door of the mill: The housewife, keen to the shivering air, Arrests her foot on the cottage stair, Instinctive taught by the mother-love, And thinks of the sleeping ones above

Why start the listeners? Why does the course Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse? Hark to the sound of his hoofs, they say, That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way?

God! what was that like a human shrick

From the winding valley? Will nobody Will nobody answer those women who cry As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And now they hear The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near; They watch the trend of the vale, and see The rider, who thunders so menacingly, With waving arms and warning scream To the home filled banks of the valley stream He araws no rein, but he shakes the street

To the hills for your lives! The flood is be-

And this the cry that he flings to the wind:

The treacherous Williamsburg dam has The basin that nourished their happy homes Is changed to a demon—It comes! it comes!

A monster in aspect, with shaggy front Of shattered dwellings, to take the brunt Of the dwellings they shatter—white-maned and hoarse, The merciless terror fills the course

Of the narrow valley, and rushing waves, Till cottage and street and crowded mill Are crumbled and crushed. But onward still. In front of the roaring flood is heard

The galloping horse and the warning word. Thank God, that the brave man's life is spared! From Williamsburg so noble dared

Fo race with the flood and to take the road In front of the terrible swath it moved. For miles it thundered and crashed behind, But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind 'They must be warned!" was all he said, As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown To this Yankee rider; send him down On the stream of time with the Curtius old; His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold And the tale can as noble a thrill awake, For he offered his life for the people's sake. -Boston Pilot.

TWO GREENBACKS.

One led a useless life and was guilty of enormous sins in the way of omission. The other passed through an honorable career of real service and well doing. To be sure, greenbacks are not endowed with life and free will; yet how people bow to them, and strive to get them and submit to their

The two particular greenbacks, the adventures of which it is the purpose of this story to relate, were each of the denomination of \$10. One was a bright new one vs. John P. and Catharine and was one of a pile that lay in the desk of a fat old fraud in the shape of a wea 1 thy citizen, whose small eyes sparkled and Manufacting Co. | complacently as he contemplated his hoard, and whose false tongue plead poverty in request for the payment of honest debts. That greenback's life was a monotonous one. If it had had a tongue to speak, it in different hands, began to chuckle. They would have lifted up its voice in loud protest at being penned up in such a lonely place, and begged to be allowed to see something of the world instead of being doomed to the dreary, useless life it was

Greenback No. 2 was a creature of more fortunate circumstances. It was not so which was due that very night. He paid crisp and clean as the one that was kept in Mr. Balcom, the owner of the building, confinement, but its scars were honorable who, in turn, promptly handed it over to ones, won in a life of activity and hard some workmen who had been making retour for approval and allow, the 3RD DAY OF JUNE service. We first beheld it passing over pairs. It so happened that a portion of it the black walnut counter of a large manu- went to a carpenter who had a sick child, and set apart for Florinda facturing establishment, into the hands of and who was thus enabled to purchase an honest looking man, with soiled clothes and a dust begrimmed face. For conve- saving the child's life. A dollar and a nience sake we will give the man a name- half of it went to a hod carrier, who imwe will call him Luke Preston-though mediately took it and bought of Skettle that is a matter of little consequence as sundry small packages of sugar, coffee, regards the adventures of the greenback. flour, etc. Skettle took the same dollar The first thing he did was to call at Sket- and a half and gave it to his wife, who tle's grocery on his way home, and pay his wished to pay a woman for doing some week's bill. This amounted to three dol- little job of cleaning and scrubbing. Now lars and forty cents, and handing over his this woman was the hed carrier's wife; ten dollar greenback he received six dol- and so the dollar and a half of Luke's lars and forty cents in change. Further greenback went first to Skettle again, then along he stopped at the meat market and to his wife, and then to the hod carrier's of Mrs. Bunn, on Craw- settled up, paying out two dollars and ten wife. It was not presumable that it lay [4-24-46] cents, having then remaining four dellars long idle in her hands. Curious, wasn't

this afternoon?" he asked. "Yes," was his wife's reply.

supper."

"No." was Luke's reply, "he has earned the money and may want it. It would be too bad to keep it from him. All he has comes from little jobs like this, you know."

And after the meal was finished Luke made his way through a driving snow storm to the home of old Garland. "Good evening Mr. Garland. I thought would step around and pay you for saw-

ing that wood. It's a dollar, I believe." "Thank ye, sir, thank ye," exclaimed old Garland, while his wife looked up over her spectacles from a pair of socks which she was darning. "Yes, sir, that's right; much obliged."

"Not at all, It belongs to you." "Yes, yes. You are right. But it ain't all of them as looks at it in this way!"

"Yes; there's lots of little debts standin' out that I can't collect, and there's Squire Clinch, in particular, has had ten cords of wood in his yard, which I took the sawin' of. I jest tinished the job yesterday and of course asked for my pay. But he allowed he had been doin' me a great favor in givin' me such a big job, and said I'd have to wait a week or two, as he

"Squire Clinch too hard up to pay for his wood sawing? That sounds like a joke."

"'Taint much of a joke for me, for I need the money. I had to borrow three dollars of John Brady the other day to buy some coal with, and he ought to be paid. But I only had enough to get a little flour with With a shout and the ring of the galloping to-night, and I was wonderin' how I'd put John off. Howsumever, I'll give him this dollar and perhaps he'll wait for the rest. I was going to get a pair of new He cries and is gone; but they know the boots, too. These old things let too much cold in when a man stands still all day sawin' wood. But I will have to wait until Squire Clinch isn't so hard up."

"Squire Clinch doesn't act on the right principle," said Luke, turning to go. "I know he will pay you before long. Good night."

On his way home Luke saw a light across the way in the village printing office. He crossed the way and entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Quill," he said, "my time for your paper is just out, I believe, and I wish to pay for another six months ahead."

"A thank you, Luke. I wish all my ubscribers acted on your plan."

"Don't they ?" asked Luke. "No, indeed. You would be surprised if I should mention the names of some of the most wealthy men who owe from two to five years back."

'Well, I hope that will never be said of me. The rich ones, I suppose, think such sums make no difference."

"There's where they are mistaken," replied Mr. Quill. "The life of trade is in these small sums. And a poor man's dollar is worth more than a rich man's promise, any time, for material and labor cannot be obtained without money."

Before returning home Luke bought some delicacies for a Sunday dinner, a week'y literary paper and his wife's religious magazine. Besides he gave ten cents to a little beggar girl, who held out a hand, blue with cold, from under the shreds of a tattered shawl. When he finally reached home his poeket-book felt considerably lighter, but his conscience was clear. Of the trifle over two dollars which he had left, he laid aside two dollars to deposit in the savings bank, where there was already quite a respectable sum

to his credit. Meanwhile the various divisions of his ten dollar greenback, now scattered about said with one voice: "That is what you like. I'll see something of the world and in all probability do some good."

Let us see how it was. The three dol lars and forty cents which he had left at Skettle's grocery went to help to make up the quarterly rent which Skettle owed, and some needed delicacies, thereby, perhaps,

"Lucy, did old Garland saw that wood it to his mother, who in turn paid it to this Squire Clinch-and a bold and suc-Carpenter Bailey for some repairs done on cessful one, too. His wealth increased her little cottage. Bailey settled up his year by year, for he was ever on the look-"It is so cold and stormy to-night, I to the butcher shop and paid for his week's desk waiting for the accomplishment of its would not go out. He can probably just meat and the butcher put the money with selfish purpose, while it ought to have as well wait until some time when you hap- another pile and paid it to the farmer for been in circulation, and a portion of it at a good fat cow. And what did the farmer least paying honest debts. do? Why he went and bought a wagon But few there are without an hour of at the factory that had paid the ten dollar disaster at some time in their careers, and bill to Luke Preston over its black walnut | Squire Clinch was no exception to the gen

The boy ran home in exultation to his stead of accomplishing the good it might rheumatic mother to inform her of his have done, it was now serving bad purgood luck.

And the dollar that went to Editor hands it went to a poor woman who made reer carried it over so many checkered him a coat, and who held body and soul scenes, and whose passage in its multiform ten cen cents bought a loaf of bread, thus promoter of property, or that of Squire

And the thirty odd cents expended at zines came from. These small sums, from New Yorker. five to forty cents, enabled the dealer to maintain his little stand, and greatly to the convenience of those who depended on it for their periodical supplies of reading

The two dollars remaining Luke depos-

"Ah, ha!" exclaims some surly, shortsighted reader who begin to see the point of this sketch, "so Luke hoards up money too. Isn't it just as bad in proportion for him to consign his two dollars to idle-"Good night, and many thanks to you." ness, as for the 'fat old fraud' to keep his

But pause and consider for a moment. The savings bank pays Luke five per cent. interest on his deposits, and how could it do that if the money lay idle in its vaults? No, such is not the case. The savings through the mails as he pleased. Therebank took Luke's money and put it with that of a few other depositors, and lent it to a well-to-do farmer who wished to make some improvements in the way of building fences and barns, and purchasing choice breeds of stock. The farmer laid out the money to good advantage, and paid the bank seven per cent. interest, the cial medium of communicating the inforextra two per cent. going to defray the running expenses of the institution, and affording its stockholders a small divi-

was slack in the establishment where Luke worked, and there was a prospect of his being thrown out of employment for a the mails. month or more. But he chanced to learn hat the farmer required some labor that was in his line, and straightway entered into an engagement with him. And so the money he had put into the savings bank was loaned to the farmer and by him paid ng interest on it all the time.

career will continue to be a busy one.

dependence on charity.

But the ten dollar greenback, along with cabinet. -St. Louis Republican. its fellows, lay in Squire Clinch's desk for me time. The Squire had in tow a grand stroke of business. He held a mortgage

"Then I'll go around and pay him after coal bill, the coal merchant paid one of out to turn the misfortunes of others to Then the night wore on, and we knew the his teamsters, the teamster walked straight his own gain. Still the money lay in his

> eral rule. There was a burglary one night. And the dollar that went to old Gar- The Squire's house was entered noiselessland? He did as he told Luke he should ly, and while all the inmates slept, his -paid it to John Brady as a part of the desk was silently and quickly opened. In borrowed sum. John Brady said he had the morning he found the lock lying on need of the whole amount, but would get the floor, the lid tipped back and the greenalong as best he could. Of this dollar, fifty backs gone! A great alarm was raised cents went for provisions, and the other and detectives set to work, but no clue to fifty to a poor old cobbler for mending the money or robbers could be found. His Johnny's shoes. This had to be expended money that had lain so secluded, and as he at the hardware store to replace a broken imagined sa safe, was gone beyond recovawl, and the hardware man paid it to a ery. And with it went the ten dollar boy for shoveling snow off the sidewalk. greenback which we have mentioned. In-

> poses in thieves' hands. What a fate! Which greenback was more to be en-Quill he sent to his "devil," from whose vied-that of Luke Preston's, whose catogether by the earnings of her needle. hand to hand was in every case a message The beggar girl to whom Luke had given of gladness, a token of honesty, and a allaying the pangs of hunger that were Clinch, whose only change from the dull torturing half a dozen brothers and sis- monotony of its useless, selfish life, was such a disastrous one?

> Let those in whose care the destiny of the newsroom went into a box of small greenbacks may be placed, take warning change, which was subsequently counted perous their neighbors glad, and themselves over and pinned in neat packeges of one from these two cases, and so act on the dollar each and sent to the News Company lesson taught as to make the world proswhere the supplies of papers and maga- richer in the return sure to follow .- Rural

ABOUT A POSTAL CARD.

A postal card may be the means of a prodigious amount of mischief. Mr. Johnson of St. Joseph sent one with the label ited, as has been mentioned before, in the of his firm pasted on it to a firm in Chicago, but before it was delivered to the Chicago firm the postmaster of that city demanded and received six cents extra postage. Mr. Johnson was notified of the fact and requested to make good the amount lost through his infraction of the postal laws. He took the matter to the St. Joseph postmaster and asked his advice. The St. Joseph postmaster declared the decision of the Chicago postmaster wrong, and told Mr. Johnson he might send as many postal cards, with labels pasted on them, upon Mr. Johnson sent another postal card to the Chicago firm with the superscription: "Our postmaster says your postmaster is an ass." That was all. But the Chicago postmaster wouldn't stand it. He didn't care particularly about being written down an ass, but to be made the offimation to a third person was a little to trying. He sent the obnoxious card to the head-centre, Mr. Creswell, and Mr. Creswell, after a profound and exhaustive con-Now, about the time the farmer was sideration of the matter, sent instructions ready to begin his improvement, business to the St. Joseph postmaster to have Mr. Johnson arrested on a charge of "sending obscene and scurrilous language" through

The question presented is novel and complex. It involves the accuracy of Mr. Johnson's classification of the Chicago postmaster-and here the fact may be against Mr. Johnson. The Chicago postmaster may not be an ass; if not, he can into Luke's hands again and Luke receiv- deny the classification and defy the classificator. But it involves, also, the reputa-And now we must leave Luke Preston's | tion of an animal of hitherto unimpeachgreenback to its fate. We have of course able respectability-and on this point we related only a tithe of its entire history, are bound to say that the overwhelming but we have seen it fairly launched on the testimony of history and experience is tide of life, and the prospect is that its against the Postmaster General. Things have come to a pretty pass, indeed, in this Now let us take a look at the idle green- age of Darwinian demonstration, if, by the back that lay in the desk of the "old fat edict of a Republican Postmaster General fraud." This individual was no other than the name of a proper, well behaved anithe same Squire Clinch that had refused mal of classic lineage is to be made synonoto pay old Garland for sawing wood. If he mous with obscenity and scurrility-to say had paid his debt promptly, Garland could nothing of the feelings of that large class have paid Brady in full and on time, and of inoffensive persons in Chicago and elseought the boots he so much needed. As where who are prejudiced by the Postmaswas he had to go without the boots, and ter General's decision. We do not care consequence his feet were severely frost- whether the postmaster in Chicago is an itten while on a bitter cold day he was ass or not; that is foreign to the more imengaged in sawing wood. This was a portant question we are trying to bring great misfortune, for he was disabled ex- out. We simply assert that the Postmascept to a limited extent, from following his ter General's association of asses with usual occupation, and forced idleness scurrility is a gratuitous and uncalled for brought with it a winter of hardship and insult to an ancient family which is not without representation in the presidential

THE following story, the truth of which is vouched for by a California paper, would seem to show that the noble traits attributon a certain piece of valuable property, ed to Indians by novelists and playwrights whose owner was embarrassed in his finan- have some foundation of fact to rest upon : dal matters. The mortgage would soon Six weeks ago seven male Indians and a become due, and then he meant to offer to young Indian worsan started to cross Clear buy the property at a price far below its boat, which was capsized three miles from Lake, near the northern end, in a small real value, and in the event of his victim's land. They righted it, but as the lake refusing to come to his terms, to threaten was rough they could not bail it out, and instant foreclosure. With this transaction while full of water it would not support in view (and he always had some similar schemes ahead) he kept his cash in readiness in his own private desk, preferring hausted and chilled through by the cold not to deposit in a bank, as the times are water, and then dropping off, sank one by probete jedge. The case is a highly inter-DAVIS & GRIFFITH are of the without delay, and of the source of the source will present the same will present

The Maiden's Last Farewell.

IN THE DAY OF CREMATION.

That the end of it all was night Three doctors they had from the very first-And what could one do but die?

"Oh, William!" she cried; "strew no blossoms of spring. For the new apparatus might rust; But say that a handful of shavings you'll bring And linger to see me combust.

Oh, promise me, love, by the fire-hole you'll And when mourners and stokers convene, on will see that they light me some solemn, slow match.

It would cheer me to know, ere these rude breezes wast My essences far to the pole, That one whom I love will look to the

And warn them against korosene.

And have a fond eye to the coal.

Then promise me, love"-and her voice fainter grew-While this losly of mine calcifles, on will stand just as near as you can to the

And gaze while my gases arise. For Thompson-Sir Henry-has found out (Of his process you've surely heard tell), And you burn like a parlor match gently

away. Nor even offend by a smell. So none of the dainty need sniff in disdain When my carbon floats up to the sky; And I'm sure, love, that you will never complain.

Though an ash should blow into your eye. Now promise me, love"-and she murmured low-"When the calcification is o'er,

You will sit by the grave in the twilight I mean by the furnace door. 'Yes, promise me, love, while the seasons revolve

On their noiseless axles, the years, ou will visit the kiln where you saw me And leach my pale ashes with tears."

-John Paul, in Harper's for June. Mary's Little Lamb.

[From the Cincinnati Guzette.] Mary possessed a diminutive sheep Whose external covering was as devoid of

color as the congealed aureous fluid which occasionally presents insurmountable barrier to railroad travel on the Sierras; And everywhere that Mary perceripated The juvenile Southdown was certain to get

up and get right after her. It tagged her to the alphabet dispensary one

Which was in contravention of established It caused the other youthful stadents to chatchinnate and skyfugle

To perceive an adolescent matton in the edifice devoted to the dissemination of knowl-And so the preceptor ejected him from the

And he continued to roam in the immediate vicinity, And remained in the neighborhood until

nce more became visible. What causes the juvenile sheep to hanker Queried the inquisitive children of their

Why Mary bestows much affection upon the little animal to which the wind is tempered when shorn, you must be aware,' The preceptor with alacrity responded.

Mormon Dome.

Among the events of the famous Mormon war was the barning of the Nauvoo temple, The structure was burned in the night time, and so successful was the party engaged in its firing that probably he was never even suspected. The recent death of the incendiary, however, has removed the necessity of further secrecy, and a short time ago we were put in possession of his name and the facts connected with the burning of the temple, by the only living person eognizant

The temple was fired by Joseph B. Agnew, who recently died in Appanoose township, Hancock County, in Illinois, at the age of fifty-eight years. It was always supposed that the party who burned the building had entered through the basement; but the facts are Mr. Agnew surreptitionsly obtained key to one of the doors of the temple some time before the act. No one was engaged with him, and only four knew he was the party. Agnew prepared his fire balls and other combustibles at his residence. Placing them in his saddle bags, he rode on horseback to Nauvoo, and in the night entered the temple with his key, passed up the eapola, arranged his materials and fired them, and then quietly escaped the way he

One informant, who is a responsible and prominent citizen of Illinois, says he can produce the key of the temple which Agnew secured in order to accomplish his work.

The Woman Question Again.

A young man who wished to marry a oung lady of Teleco, Ohio, about last lily .- (Springfield Republican. Christmas, was obliged, in order to get the n cessary papers, to swear that the lady was of lawful age; and, although it was a falsehood, he swore it before the deputy in the probate office, the deputy being a women. at the match, and vented her indignation by ness. A little selfishness is sometimes comhaving the young man arrested for perjury. The trial has just ended, and although the lefendant's counsel argued that a woman being incompetent to administer an eath no perjury was committed, the court over- Bide your time, and real sorrows will come. railed the phint, and the prisoner was convicted. The case will be carried before the It will only injure the pupil. Supreme Court on an error in the judge's cool and you will have enough. ruling, and the main issue then will be the Don't borrow a coach to please your eligibility of a woman to the office of deputy | wife. Better make her a little sulky.

A CONTEST FOR A BRIDE.

On Tuesday last Charles H. Walker of Hartford persuaded Lina Hoder of G.eenpoint to clope with him. There had been a courtship which was dampened only by Lina's parents, whe were opposed to the match. The pair were married and started for Connecticut. Mr. Hodes was soon on the trail, and be captured his daughter and brought her back to Greenpoint. The young bridegroom went to Judge Reynolds i Brooklyn on Saturday, and having made the necessary affidavits, obtained a writ of habeas curpus to obtain his wife. In obedience thereto Mr. and Mrs. Hodes, flanking the bride on either sides, marched into the court room yesterday morning. The girl is but 17 years old, is a pleasant looking brunette, and was neatly though plainly dressed. As the case was called Counsellor Bellows said to the Court that the usband had not been permitted to see his ride since she was taken from him. He did not doubt that if the pair were allowed to have a shourt interview they would agree to live together, which, of course would make further proceedings nuneces-

The Judge asked the bride's parents to step in an adjoining room. Then he took the girlaside and heard her story. She told him that they were legally and lawfully married; that her father had said that she was at liberty to do just what she pleased about living with her husband .-But, Judge," she added, "I don't know what to do. I love my husband, but he is not able to support me. He is dependent on his mother for money," Then she ourst into tears. "Would you like to talk with him?"

asked the Judge. "I promised my parents that I would not speak to him," was the reply between her sobs.

"That promise is not binding in a case like this," said the Judge. At this point Walker approached, "Won't you come with me, Lina," he asked with tears in his eyes also.

"If I wanted to live with you I should not wish to be supported by your mother's money." was her frank reply, adding after panse, "I will talk with you a little while though, if you desire me to." They was occupied by her parents.

Soon the Judge was summoned and then the bride's parents. "I shall die if you leave me," said her father, after they had

talked a few moments. The young bride mused for a short time and then turning to her har band, she said "Charte, I love you ; you are my husband. I am your wife. Go back and wait and work, and show yourself able to support me, and if you are true to me a year hence will then go and live with you."

Walker kissed his bride, with whom he had lived but four days, and sadly went from the room. The secretators were disappointed, for there was scarcely a person in the room who did not wish to see the girl restored to her husband. -N. Y. Sun.

The Massachusetts Disaster-Marvelous Escape.

As marvelous an experience as any related was that of the women of Selectman inigley's family, who were clearing up heir breakfast table when the water burst in at the cellar door. Mrs. Quigley and her two handsome, sprightly daughters, and a school ma'am visiting them, rushed up stairs to the second story of the L part, in which they were, and thence watched the tremendous spectacle. They had hardy reached their harborage when the front part of the house was wrenched off as swifty and easily as one would tear a paper, and he floor gaped widely beneath them with the fierce strain. They saw the great brick mansion crumble and collapse like a child's house of blocks, and the chapel rise and sail like a boat around the point, just below, there strike and fall to pieces. They saw a neighbor floating past on a roof, ex-tended their hands from a window and aided him to escape to their refuge. What emotions they felt in that hour of waiting they can never very clearly tell, except that they thought that the next moment they too would go. They did not talk very much, nor did they sing, and their prayers were not uttered aloud. It was a season of mute expectancy, and not so much resation as stunned and deadened acceptce of fate. The fate, however, passed them by. The wave that so lightly tossed the heavier main portion of the house and dashed into splinters the great barns, with all their contents, spared the lighter structure and left them safe. When shortly after they were at work in the mud-heaped confusion of their house, the girls were almost hysterically gay with the reaction from the fearful strain upon their nerves. Mr. Quigley, from the bank, a few rods off. watched the destruction of his bome and roperty and the environment of his famin an agony of anxiety impossible for

se who read this to appreciate. The sweeping away of four generations in one family was among the uncommon eldents of the flood at Leeds: Mrs. Dunlen, a woman of nearly 80 years; her daughter, Mrs. Robert Fitzgerald, aged about Mrs. Fitzgerald's son, a young man of 21, and four young children of the same woman; and, finally, the two little children of John Claney, grandetildren of Mrs. Fitzgeraid and great-granichildren of Mrs. Dunlea. Mrs. Claucy, by the way, died about a year ago of consumption, so that Clancy is now bereft of his whole fam-

DON'T DO IT. - Don't attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital. Don't say "I told you so?" Two to one

ou never said a word about it. Don't worry about another man's busimendable. Don't imagine that you can correct all

the evils in the world. A grain of sand is not prominent in a desert. Don't mourn over fancied grievances.

Don't throw dust in your teacher's eves. Don't worry about the ice crop. Keep