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 VIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1874. NUMBER 20.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCHOOL TEACHERS WANTED in each county for the Spring and Summer. $150 per month. Send for circular giving full particulars. ZEIGLER & McCURDY, Phila'da, Pa.

FLOWERS.

G. L. ALLEN offers his surplus stock of CHOICE MIXED GLADIOLAS at wholesale for $3 per 100, $20 per 1,000. Sent by express on receipt of price. Send for catalogue. Address J. P. ALLEN, Queens, N. Y.

THE LAST NEW BOOK OUT. The subject is all important, yet a puzzling one. It impoverishes the Government Treasury and impoverishes the people; makes the rich poor and the poor rich; makes fools of wise men; exhausts the wisdom of legislation; makes men run mad and women feel sad. The crusade has begun! on every hand. Men or women wanted to canvass every county. Address HENRY HOWE, Chicago, Ill.

FLORENCE $20 SAVED

The Long-Contested Suit of the FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO. against the Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, and Grover & Baker Companies, involving over $250,000 *Is finally decided by the Supreme Court of the United States* in favor of the FLORENCE, which alone has *Broken the Monopoly of High Prices.*

THE NEW FLORENCE *Is the ONLY machine that sews backward and forward, or to right and left. Simplest—Cheapest—Best.* Sold FOR CASH ONLY. SPECIAL TERMS TO CLUBS and DEALERS. April, 1874. FLORENCE, MASS.

1874 LIGHT RUNNING "DOMESTIC."

The Sewing Machine gives the best satisfaction to the user, is paid for most readily, and is the best to sell. If there is no "Domestic" agent in your town, apply to DOMESTIC S. M. CO., N.Y.

LATEST IMPROVED HORSE POWERS, GRAIN THRESHING AND WOOD SAWING MACHINES, Manufactured and sold by A. W. Gray & Sns, MIDDLETOWN, VT. Persons who wish to purchase machines that have proved to be superior to all others, will do well to send for circular and descriptive price list, which is forwarded upon application, free.

BUY J. & P. COATS' BLACK THREAD for your MACHINE.

STATEMENT OF AUDITORS' SETTLEMENT with the Road Supervisors of White Township for 1873:

[illegible] SITTERS, Supervisor—DR.	
Amount of taxes on duplicate	$717 61
Amount of his order	167 99—$885 60
CR.	
Amount of exonerations allowed	$ 3 97
Amount of bill for services	215 00
Amount of taxes worked on roads	656 64
Amount for collecting $145.03	
5 per cent	7 25
Amount of order of J. S. Galaher	2 74—$885 60
MICHAEL MYERS, Supervisor—DR.	
Amount of taxes on duplicate	$853 83
Amount of his order	132 13—$988 06
CR.	
Amount exonerations allowed	4 06
Amount of bill for services	142 00
Amount for collecting $167.32	
5 per cent	8 37
Amount of taxes worked on roads	833 63—$988 06

We, the undersigned, Auditors of White Township, report that we have examined the foregoing account of White Township for road purposes, and certify the same to be correct. Witness our hand this, the 2d day of May A. D. 1874.

SEBASTIAN KLOKE, S. W. TURNER, Auditors. [illegible] A. GATES, Clerk. [5-22-3t]

LITTLE CONFAB —ABOUT THE— Singer Sewing Machine And Where to Buy It.

[illegible]—See here, neighbor, can you tell me where I can buy the sewing machine people talk so much about?

[illegible] OF EBENSBURG—Yes, with pleasure. I suppose it is the Singer Sewing Machine that you mean.

[illegible]—That's the name of it.

[illegible]—Well, just down there, two doors east of [illegible], is the place, and my word for it you will be pleased with your purchase if you buy one of those machines. Messrs. BAILEY & [illegible], agents, have now on hand all styles of these indispensable machines, from the cheapest to the most valuable, and are accommodating men who will be pleased to show you all the merits of their various machines, whether you buy or not. They also keep thread, needles, oil, and all the other paraphrenalia of a sewing machine, and are at all times prepared to attend to the repairing of machines in a substantial and satisfactory manner, and at very moderate rates. Don't forget the place—High street, two doors east of Zahm's store, Ebensburg. [4-24.-tf.]

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE. Estate of OTTO HELLE, deceased. Letters of Administration on the estate of said Otto Helle, late of Washington township, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. MARGARET HELLE, Administratrix. Washington Twp., May 8, 1874.-6t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of JOHN J. WARNER, dec'd. Having been appointed Administrator of the estate of said decedent, late of St. Lawrence, Chest township, all persons indebted to said estate are requested that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. CHRISTOPHER WARNER, Adm'r. Chest Twp., May 1, 1874.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—Letters testamentary on the estate of HENRY [illegible], late of Carroll township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber by the Register of Cambria county, the customary notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. ANDREW STRITTMATTER, Executor. Carroll Twp., May 1, 1874.-6t.

NOTICE.—I hereby give notice that I have this day purchased from E. [illegible] all his household and kitchen furniture, consisting of tables, bedsteads, bedding, stoves, queensware, etc. Also, lumber, sewing machines, and machinery for [illegible], and have left with him during my pleasure. JOHN H. DOUGLASS. [illegible] Twp., May 16, 1874.-22-3t.

[illegible] PLANK, M. D., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office adjoining and immediately in the rear of [illegible] drug store. Night calls can be made at the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Crawford street. [4-24.-tf.]

A HOSIER "HABITUAL" ON THE CRUSADE.

The following pithy versification on the Crusade is by Frank Clive, of the Buffalo *Courier*. It will be a looking-glass to many an old "rounder":

Hullo, Jake! Hev ye been crusaded yet?
Anybody been around to close up yer shebang?
No? That's what I tole 'em. I says, says I—hic—
"Let 'em go for Jake Miller, fur he don't keer a dang!"

'S no use talkin', Jake; crusadin's—hic—played out!
'S jist a kind of spazzum, 'n I know'd it wouldn't wash.
'S'pose these wimmin 'sgwine to pray till we git shet
Uv takin' now 'n then a drop? I tell ye, Jake, it's bosh!

'N then ther ain't no law for prayin' 'round a man's saloon;
What does the cons--hic--tution say? "Pursuit uv happiness!"
But when these wimmin pray a man bald-headed--hic--ye see
He can't pursue his happiness with any--hic--success!

What's licker made—hic—out uv? Barley, 'n rye, 'n corn.
Why don't these yer crusaders go fur folks that raise the grain?
That's bizness on first principles! Jake, when they crusade you,
Shoot that conundrum at 'em, and ask 'em to explain!

I can't say I like the taste of licker worth a cuss;
'N I'm allus jist as sober as I am this minnit—hic—;
But libery's—hic—liberty! That's me—hic—every time!
'N when they crowd the mourners they rile me mighty quick!

Don't keer if I take a nip, seein' I've got a cold;
Pay yer to-morrer. Eh? What's that ye say?
"Trust is played out?" Sho, Jake, ye don't mean
To go back on me in no such ornery way?

"Drunk!" Who? Me? Hic—*Drunk!* You be durned!
I'm out o' sorts like, but jest as—hic—sober as a jedge!
Won't set 'em up, eh? Ye dog-goned galoot,
'Twould serve ye jist right 'f I'd go 'n sign the pledge!

Yer no great shakes enyhow! That's what's the matter uv you!
Ye kin keep yer old benzine, which it ain't wuth a dang!
Ye hear me, Mr. Miller! I ain't no temperance man,
But I'll help these yer crusaders to clean out yer shebang!

How Gadsley Kept House While His Wife Went Crusading.

Learning that Gadsley's wife had become a leading emotional force in the crusading party, leaving her husband in charge of home affairs, I took time one afternoon to call on him; and I may as well confess, now that I am out of his hearing, that it was purely a motive of curiosity that led me to Gadsley's house on that occasion. I was attracted thither by an uncontrollable desire to see how a poor, lone suffering man would manipulate a family of eight or nine children. How he would manage, curb, restrain, subdue, control them, feed them and wash them up in the way they should go. He met me at the door, and I immediately perceived by the signs of delight which shone from his eyes that he was glad to see a familiar face.

"Well, well," said he, "really I am overjoyed to see you. Come in, come in; havn't seen a soul before in three weeks. Sorry, though, only half of us is at home. Very sorry—sorry on your account. Fact is, Brown—here Emeline Rell, take Mr. Brown's hat—fact is, my wife is not in. A glance at the surroundings of the interior will prove sufficiently convincing to you that no gentle woman lends her cheering influence here. Wife is out in town to-day—Hoonchensphlizer's or somewhere—started promptly on time as usual early this morning. She is out doing what little she can in her feeble way, poor thing, to clog the wheels of the social Juggernaut. Samantha, daughter, bring in the shoe-brush and dust a chair for Mr. Brown. Whew! how the dust flies. There, that's better. Now, Brown, do take this armchair and make yourself easy; may as well be comfortable when you can. I do so like to see people comfortable. Well, as I was about to say, wife has been out battling manfully against the accursed rum traffic, now going on several weeks regular, and"—

"And meantime," interrupted I, "you have the supervision of affairs in the house and look after the children."

"Supervision? Well, yes; exactly! I am throwing in a few endeavors in that line. Am doing something in ——, only look at that child! Buddy, give them that poker! I do think in my heart! No, I don't want the window fixed. You have fixed windows enough already. Here! sit down here. There! fish away in that ash-pan and be quiet one minute, will you?"

"That baby," resumed Gadsley, "is insane on fixing things. He never rests from the labor of repair to the house. Look behind you at those windows—scarcely a whole pane to be found. See the array of old hats and things that I have crammed into the sash and only look at the wall paper where he has skinned it off until the walls resemble the ruin of a panorama or circus bill. I tell you, Brown, the very old boy is in that hope of ours. But, let me see. Where was I? I am supervising things here. I rather like that word, it is so fitting—doing something in an amateur way towards housekeeping. You remember the story of the man in Arkansas, how he kept hotel. Well, I am keeping house something as he kept tavern. I am a feeble imitator of the man in Arkansas; I am doing my levelest to keep the house from going to the dickens; but it will go there in the long run. It is bound to go there in spite of my administrative ability."

"Do I understand you to say," I ventured to inquire, "that you are taking care of this house and all these children without help?"

"Certainly! that's just what I am doing. I am devoting my whole time to it, giving the matter my exclusive personal attention. Why, bless me, yes! Yes, see, we fell out about a servant—I mean we disagreed. Wife wanted to get——"

"Hello! what's that? Don't you smell fire, Brown?"

"Yes," said I, "something burns. There it is, Gadsley—it's the baby—the baby's clothes are on fire?"

"Why, Buddy, what in this world! Never mind, don't cry. It's all out. There! Tush—there! Now, who would have thought there was fire in that ashes? Such a thing never occurred to me. There, n-e-v-e-r mind. Want down? Want to go to Charlotte Ann? Well, take him, my daughter. There! go to Charlotte Ann."

"Yes," Gadsley went on, "she wanted me to get a black woman—old Aunt Linda—to come and look after things and do the cooking. Well, to tell the truth, Aunt Linda isn't any too honest, and besides, the children don't like her, so I suggested that we get the white girl who formerly lived at Smith's and wanted a place. She is an excellent girl—honest as the day's long and neat as wax. But, no, wife wouldn't listen to the proposition, and would have old Aunt Linda or nobody. I can't understand why she should be so set in her ways. Can't fathom her motive in the matter, but at any rate I took the other alternative, and here I am, sole supervisor of this menagerie—supreme controller of the outfit—master of the ranche—and when led—"

Gadsley's attention was here drawn to the movements of the twins, who by means of some twine, appeared to be making a sort of lightning express train by coupling the cats together by their tails, but the father laid an injunction on the train and it failed to get out on the regular run.

"Now, Herbert Spencer, and you, John Stuart Mill, just untie those cats this moment! What is the earthly use in tangling up those cats in that cruel way? It does seem that you are trying to drive your father into a mad house. There! Now turn those cats loose and march yourselves off to the kitchen. Hush! No words to to me. March! I say.

"Those twins are more trouble to me than all the other children put together.

"I say, Brown, when you consider how short a time I have been engaged in this work, I think you will admit that I am doing about as well as could be expected. I am by no means perfect in it. Of course not. You cannot reasonably expect a man to make a situation like this in seven weeks. Really I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. At first I didn't like it—didn't regard it my duty—and undertook to express my views on the subject to Maria, but, Lor' bless you, she talked me right down! You know how she can talk on temperance and woman's rights and franchise and things when she warms to the subject a little. She is merely a mother, you understand, but she talked to me like a father, and the result was I became a convert to her ideas at once, as I always do after listening to one of her overflowing speeches. Then I settled down to my work and went at it with a will—went at it with just as much dead earnestness as if I was going to take a drink."

At this juncture there was a crashing noise in the adjoining room, as of broken glass, and soon Samantha peered through the door to say that Herbert Spencer had gone and broke mother's bottle of rheumatiz-liniment and spilled it all over things.

"Yes!" exclaimed Gadsley; "I knew it. I knew that liniment would go. Well, when your mother comes home with her rheumatiz in her knee joints there will be lively times in this house; that's all. There will be a storm in this locality that 'Old Probabilities' hasn't got down on his chart. You couldn't have broken the clock, or some furniture, or the looking-glass? No; you must break the liniment bottle and shatter your father's peace of mind for the next month to come. You couldn't have gone out in the yard and chopped down a few trees, or killed the canaries, or sawed the banisters, you! of the porch railings? Of course not. There is no amusement which is comparatively innocent that will satisfy you. Don't boo-hoo around here. It's not tears we want, its liniment. Hold on, Brown, you are not going?"

"Yes," said I; "I must be off. I have an engagement in town set for five o'clock. I merely dropped in for an hour to see if there was anything I could do for you. Well, good-bye, Gad. Good-bye, old fellow."

"No—but hold on, Brown; won't you stay for tea?"

"No, I can't possibly. You must excuse me to-day. Good afternoon!"

And I was off

I have given only the most prominent incidents which happened in this bedlam during my stay. There were many of those minor joys that sweeten and flavor domestic life, which came under my observation, and which need not be told. I have not time nor space to narrate them. The public is now, I believe, willing to admit that before his conversion, John Allen was the wickedest man. And only a day or two ago it discovered the meanest man; but if you are not fully settled upon for a verdict as to who is the most patient man—won't you please vote for Gadsley?

BOUND TO BE MARRIED.—A correspondent gives the Newtown (N. H.) *Register* an account of a recent wedding ceremony in Walpack township, near Flatbrookville, that State, which was somewhat in this way: A young woman in that vicinity had become enamored with a young man of Pennsylvania birth, who has been living in Stillwater township for some time. Desiring to get "spliced," they offered a certain local preacher $5 to do the job. He informed them, with many regrets, that he was unauthorized to perform the ceremony. They then despatched a messenger to a corpulent 'Squire, residing in the Flatbrook Valley, who agreed to come and marry them. Shortly after he arrived the mother of the would-be bride, who had been absent from home, returned and discovered the situation. Sezing a piece of board three or four feet long and six inches wide, she proceeded to belabor all parties concerned. She drove her daughter to the garret, and her would-be son-in-law out of doors. The 'Squire began to expostulate with the excited woman, when she sprang toward him and told him to leave. He obeyed the command, but when he reached the middle of the road, he told the sorrowing parties to come to him and he would make them one. This still further enraged the mother, and she charged upon the 'Squire and forced him to flee homeward. Later in the day the disappointed bride and groom were seen together weeping and bewailing the state of affairs. The result of this conference was that early the next morning they presented themselves before the 'Squire in his barn-yard. He asked them to go to the house, but having learned wisdom from experience, they declined, stating that they desired to be married on the spot, before the bride's mother should be out on the war-path. Without further delay the twain were made one, the only living witnesses being the cattle which surrounded them, and who stood by chewing their cuds.

WHY CUT OFF.—At a recent Sunday school service the clergyman was illustrating the necessity of Christian profession in order properly to enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world; and to make it apparent to the youthful mind, he said: "For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. I turn it on. The pipes and faucets and every convenience are in good order, but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I do not get water?" He expected the children to say that it was because he had not made connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run into his premises after such faultless plumbing. "Can no one tell what I have neglected?" reiterated the good man, looking over the sea of wondering faces bowed down by the weight of the problem. "I know," squeaked out a little five-year old, "You didn't pay!"

CONSIDERABLY CONDENSED.—Moonlight night—shady groves—two lovers—eternal fidelity—young lady rich—young man poor but proud—very handsome—very smart—sure to make a fortune—young lady's father very angry—won't consent—mother intercedes—No! no!—rich rival—very ugly—very hard-hearted—lovers in a bad fix—won't part—die first—moonlight again—garret window open—rope ladder—flight—pursuit—too late—marriage—old man in a rage—won't forgive them—disowns them—old man gets sick—sends for his daughter—all forgiven—all made up—old man dies—young couple get all the money—live in the old mansion—quite comfortable—have little children—much happiness—finis.

A WHITEHALL groceryman marks the prices of provisions on the covers of his barrels and casks. He had a new clerk the other day who mixed things. He got the cover of the very common sugar barrel, which was labelled "9 cents a lb.," upon the lard barrel, and straightway began to sell lard at nine cents. The sudden decline in the price attracted all the people in town, and the clerk thought he was doing a big thing until the proprietor of the store returned, paid him off and told him to emigrate to Troy, where smart people were in demand.

THE popular superstition regarding the days on which it is lucky or unlucky to trim the finger nails is expressed in an old rhyme thus:

Cut them on Monday, cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for health;
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, a new pair of shoes;
Cut them on Friday, you'll cut them for woe;
Cut them on Saturday, a journey to go;
Cut them on Sunday, you'll cut them for evil,
For all the next week you'll be ruled by the devil

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

BY E. SHERMAN SMITH.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child.
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look, yet keen,
"Is"—"Mary McGuire, if you please, sir,"
"And your age?"—"I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read—
"You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her tears in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir;
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brothers and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow the times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no employment;
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnnie's but four years old)—
"So, what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn;
I *took*—oh, was it *stealing?*
The bread to give it to them."

Every man in the court-room—
Gray beard and thoughtless youth—
Knew as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spake the truth.
Out from their pockets came kerchief,
Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study,
The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and muttered
Something about the *law*.
For one so learned in such matters—
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed on a simple question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered
When, at last, these words they heard—
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room,
Himself, the "guilty" child.

A WOMAN'S HEROISM.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

"Well, George, what is your decision?"

The speaker was a young and very pretty woman, with large, expressive eyes, plump cheeks of a delicate peach-like bloom and a sweet, firm mouth. Had he been a lover whom she addressed he would not have stood as he did now, with knit brows, twirling his handsome mustache with one hand while with the other he tapped the toe of his tightly-fitting boot with a small cane.

The lady was quiet but firm in her look and manner as she gazed steadily into the averted eyes of the young man.

"'Pon my word, Madge, you are very hard on a fellow," he blurted out impatiently at length; then, in a lower voice, "This comes of marrying an heiress."

The color deepened on Mrs. Howard's cheeks, and an expression of pain swept across the beautiful face. It was gone instantly, and the rose-bud lips settled into the old look of quiet determination again. They quivered slightly, however, as she spoke in a low, grieved tone:

"Do the dead know? Sometimes I imagine they do, and that my father looks reproachfully upon me, asking how the wealth he left is employed—my father who loved God and his fellow-man so truly, and whose life was such a blessing to all about him. And I, his daughter, whom he loved and trusted so much—I am the wife of a rumseller."

There was a world of scorn in the tone in which these last words were spoken. Her slight frame shook with emotion, but she went on:

"His money, which he held as such a sacred trust from God, employed in dealing out misery and ruin and eternal death to the souls he would have died to save!"

"Spare me, spare me," said the young man, mockingly. "Anything but a sermon from a woman. Seriously, Madge, I don't see how my business affects you at all. I am responsible for my own acts. It is my duty to support my family, you see. Now, I can do this handsomely out of the profits of my store. I tell you, woman, there is more money to be made from my choice stock of liquors than from everything else in my store. Now, I do hope I shall hear no more of your pious sniffling, for I am heartily sick of it. Just reconcile yourself to what can't be helped, will you?"

Mrs. Howard answered firmly: "This is the third time, George, I have asked you to get out of this business. The curse of God rests upon it. Your business, George! You very well know you haven't a dollar in the concern."

"Whose wife are you?—pray tell me that? You are mine, as I understand it, and all you have is mine. It is my duty to take care of you and your property, and I intend to do it." And Mr. Howard drew his cigar-case from his pocket, and, lighting a costly Havana, puffed the smoke deliberately in his wife's face.

She walked across the room, and, opening the door, turned upon the threshold:

"Mr. Howard," she said, "I have said all I have to say about this liquor business. I give you until this day fortnight to remove every trace of liquor from the store. If you do not do it within that time, I shall attend to it myself." And bowing coldly, she left the room.

"Indeed, she looks as though she meant business," said George Howard. "But, pshaw! she is only a woman, and its her own property, too. She won't think of destroying that. A man should be master in his own family. I did plenty of knuckling and playing pious before we were married. Too late for that now, my lady." And snapping his fingers in the direction of his wife's room, George Howard, the exquisite, opened the street door and walked rapidly down the street. A pair of tearful eyes were watching him.

"Did he ever love me?" murmured Mrs. Howard. "How sadly he is changed. Yet I must do my duty and walk through the world solitary and alone if need be. God help me." And sinking upon her knees, she spent a few moments in silent prayer and arose strengthened and refreshed.

"Madge has forgotten all about her threat," chuckled George Howard, as the fortnight had nearly passed by and no allusion had been made to the subject. "She's a darling anyway, only so terribly fanatic. You're a wise fellow, George, that you didn't give in to her silly whims." And the fellow actually hugged himself as he thought of his superior wisdom.

That very evening the "darling" had engaged three teams from the livery, and had written notes to scores of lady friends.

"Make yourself ready at eight to-morrow evening, for a short ride to the liquor store of George Howard," the note read. "A pair of rubbers, an axe, a hatchet or a hammer are all the outfit that will be needed.

"MADGE HOWARD."

"What's up?" said the dapper little clerk, who assisted Mr. Howard in dispensing his "choice liquors" to customers, as the three loaded sleighs drew up in front of the store and the ladies swarmed out.

George Howard began to comprehend what was "up" when his little wife, armed with a huge axe, and followed by a file of ladies which absolutely seemed to have no end, entered the store.

"Ladies, proceed to business," cylled the clear, ringing voice of Mrdge Howard, pointing to the glittering array of decanters, and the kegs and barrels around the place. Then came the crash of broken glass and the heavy blows of hatchets and axes upon the kegs and barrels, and the gurgle and swash of wine, brandy and whisky as they rose above the ankles of the fair invaders.

"Let the imps all out," cried Mrs. Howard, excitedly.

"Black spirits and white, blue and gray, mingle, mingle, while you may."

"Shall I call an officer?" cried the white, trembling clerk, vainly trying to avoid this *tremendous flow of spirits*.

"What could an officer do among so many women?" growled Mr. Howard. "No, let the little angels have it all their own way, since they are bound to. I'd rather fight a swarm of wasps any time than a swarm of women."

The "angels" only laughed at this spiteful sally, and went on singing at their work. In a short time it was accomplished, and when they left the store of George Howard, it was entirely free from the presence of the hated poison.

Honest trade and sure gains is now his motto, and the hatchet in his family is buried forever.—*C. C. Advocate.*

A Mexican Market-Place.

The male and female Indians squat on the ground near their fruit and vegetables, which are placed in layers on a mat, and cry their wares most discordantly. "Atole" and "tortillas" (boiled maize and maize bread) are offered by the Indian women, who fail not with their soft voices to announce their merits. Round them are assembled the muleteer, clad wholly in leather, the soldier from the neighboring barracks, and the laborer, all of the mestins class, to take their breakfast. Here roasted wild ducks are lauded, there a ragout of pork with Spanish pepper, whilst the Indian praises his pulque, or we are invited to drink lemonade, chia-water, and other refreshments in colored glasses, at a table prettily ornamented with flowers. Here we find the sun-burnt ranchero, the peasant and herdsman with his wife and daughter, or perhaps his sweet-heart; he, spurred, a whip in his hand, and the showy "sarape" picturesquely flung over his shoulder like the toga; she, with a broad-brimmed felt hat, or with a blue handkerchief round her head to keep off the sun. A brown, bare-footed fellow has a tray before him, on which are little wax figures representing popular subjects, while another offers lottery tickets for sale, and promises luck for the drawing which is to take place in the evening; a third recommends a political pamphlet as the newest and most important thing of the kind. In all the public places of the Mexican towns, we always meet with the "leperos" or lazaroni. They are found at every corner with a rope and porter's knot, offering their services as porters; they also officiate as day-laborers, scavengers, hawkers; their number is increased by peripatetic cobblers, cock-fighters, conjurors, and above all by the honorable guild of cheats, swindlers and pick-pockets.

ROMANCE IN REALITY.

APPEARANCES AGAINST HIM.

The history of English law contains few more startling judicial tragedies than that to which the statute against murder owed such humane amendment as to make the finding and positive identification of the body of the slain person essential to the conviction of the murderer; and as the same remarkable case had a peculiar moral and social significance for the young lovers of all times, who, in their passionate devotion to each other, are altogether too apt to disregard the fortunes of everybody else in the world, it may be recalled appropriately for modern reading.

Upon the death of Mr. George Perkins, a widower of considerable property in London, it was found that his will appointed a brother of his, living near Epping Forest, the sole guardian of his only daughter, and directed that said guardian should inherit the whole fortune devised in case his young ward should die either unmarried or without children. Implicit confidence in his brother, who was a middle-aged bachelor of limited means, had, of course, inspired the dying man to make such a will; but a number of family relatives pronounced the document an extraordinary fatuity, and darkly hinted that harm would ensue from it. This feeling caused an alienation between the occupants of the Epping Forest residence and the aforesaid prophets, and made the latter the bitterest prosecutors of the dead man's brother in the strange and tragic succeeding events, which have been described as follows:

Uncle and niece were both seen one day walking together in the forest, but the young lady suddenly disappeared and the uncle declared that he had sought her as soon as he missed her, and knew not whither she had gone or what had become of her. This account was considered improbable, and appearances being clearly suspicious, he was arrested and taken before a magistrate. Other circumstances, hourly coming to light, rendered his position serious. A young gentlemen in the neighborhood had been paying addresses to Miss Perkins. It was stated, and generally believed, that he had gone, a few days before she was missed, on a journey to the North, and that she had declared that she would marry him on his return. The uncle had repeatedly expressed his disapprobation of the match, and Miss Perkins had loudly reproached him with his unkindness and abuse of his authority over her as his ward. A woman named Margaret Oaks was produced, who swore that at about eleven o'clock on the day on which Miss Perkins was missed she was passing through the forest and heard the voice of a young lady earnestly expostulating with a gentleman. On drawing nearer the spot whence the sound came, Margaret Oaks testified that she heard the lady exclaim: "Don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me!" The woman was greatly terrified, and ran away from the spot. As she was doing so she heard the report of firearms. On this combination of circumstantial and positive evidence, coupled with the suspicion of interest, the uncle was tried, convicted of murder, and almost immediately afterward—according to the customs of those days—was hanged.

About ten days after the execution of the sentence upon the uncle, the niece reappeared, and, stranger still, showed by the history she related, that all the testimony given on the trial was strictly true. Miss Perkins said that, having resolved to elope with her lover, they had given out that he had gone on a journey to the North, whereas he had merely waited near the skirts of the forest until the time appointed for the elopement, which was the very day on which she had disappeared. Her lover had horses ready saddled for them both, and two servants in attendance on horseback. While walking with her uncle, he reproached her with her resolution to marry a man whom he disapproved, and after some remonstrance she passionately exclaimed:

"I have set my heart upon him. If I don't marry him it will be death to me; and don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me!"

Just as she proclaimed these words she heard a gun fired, at which she started, and she afterwards saw a man come from among the trees with a wood-pigeon in his hand, which he had shot. On approaching the spot appointed for the meeting with her lover, she formed a pretence to induce her uncle to go on before her. She then fled to the arms of her lover, who had been waiting for her, and they both mounted their horses and immediately rode off. Instead, however, of going to the North, they retired to Windsor, and about a week afterwards went on a tour of pleasure to France. There they passed some months so happily that in those days, when newspapers were scarce, when there was no regular postal communication and no telegraphs, they never heard of their uncle's sad fate until their return to England.

A MULE laden with salt and an ass laden with wood forded a stream together. By chance the mule's pack became wet and the salt became lighter. After they had passed, the mule told his good fortune to the ass, who, thinking to fare as well, allowed his pack to get wet at the next water; but his load thereon became heavier, and he broke down under it. Moral—That which helps one may hinder another.