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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1874.

TO LIZZIE. I oftentimes look o'er the past With feelings of regret; And mentally review those seen *6 I never can forget.

Like oases which bloom to bless The arid plains of sand, So will my life's most pleasaut scenes In mem'ry firmly stand.

They come and go like clouds which saft Over the breast of Heaven; When by the winds of fleeting years O'er life's dark sea they're driven. But there's one scene-a winter's night When 'mid the grave and gay We met as strangers meet, but soon That distance passed away.

For there was that about thee which Banished all outward form, As power of sunbeams melt the snow

When winter days are warm, I, 'heath the bright glance of thine eyes, Scemed under their control, And need I say their radiance thawed The ice which bound my soul.

Thou now art in thy girlhood, and Life's scenes look bright to thee-The future is a country which

We're fated not to see. But, if we could, those visions might Most painful scenes create, Which would all joy of present time Likely annihilate.

But I would throw not o'er thy mind, Those thoughts of sombre hue; For life cannot but teem with scenes Beneficent to you. But when you retrospect the past,

Recall a winter scene, And keep it, Lizzie, as I shall, In mem'ry ever green.

LIFE FOR LIFE.

"Save him! save my son! He cannot swim!" The mother's eyes were wild, her gray locks streaming on the wind, her hands

She was aboard a little schooner, bound from Axua to St. Domingo, on the island of Hayti-one of the West Indies. There were and besides the distracted woman severa passengers, among them Herbert Wentworth, a fine-looking midshipman of eighteen on his war to his sloop-of-war, the Congress, then at anchor in the harbor of St. Domingo.

Hearing the cries of the woman, he turned round, to see her amidships, now wildly addressing herself to a Spaniard, one of the

"Pedro, for the love of God, save my poor boy! You can swim !"

"Ay," answered the Spaniard, shrugging his shoulders, so can the sharks. There are pleaty of them hereabout, and, Santa Maria! I don't want to get in their jaws! Besides, the schooner has no boat to pick us up."

Wentworth, rashing to the rail and looking astern, as the schooner was now brought up into the wind, saw the woman's son who. as it afterward appeared, had been knocked overboard by the jibing of the main-boom, struggling in the sea.

Near the young midshipman lav a coil of rope. He fastened an end about his breast, beneath the armpits, and, throwing off his shoes, sprang overboard. Reaching the spot where he had last seen the drowning youth, he dove, and was fortunate enough to clutch his hair and bring him up to the surface. Soon the men aboard the schooner had hauled him and his burden to the vessel, and, a few minutes later, the youth was clasped to his

mother's breast. "God bless you, sir!" she said, to the young officer, and overwhelmed him with her thanks.

That same day the schooner arrived at St. Domingo, and parting from the mother and her son, Wentworth hired a boat and boarded his vessel, the Congress. As may be imagined, the youth in a few

years was promoted. Five years after the adventure above recorded he found himself in command of the Argus, a neat little gan-brig, making one of the fleet under Commodore Porter, sent

out to break up the nest of pirates at that time among the West India Islands. With him he took his beautiful young wife, Florence, who, having relatives at Cuba, was to remain there until her husband's cruise was ended.

At length, as the vessel neared the coast of Cuba, in the neighborhood of old Bahama Channel, whither she had been driven by head winds, Florence, standing on the quarter-deck by Herbert's side, could not repress her tears at the thought of their coming parting. She tossed her long, rippling tre-ses of brown hair back from her glorious shoulders, and her suple, well-developed form quivered. Had she and her husband been screened from observers, she would FIFTH AND LAST GIFT CONCERT | have thrown herself into his arms and wept

upon his breast. Ahead of the Argas was a low, suspiciouslooking schooner, standing, under full sail, for the shallow water among the reeds along the coast. Wentworth, who had been watching her keenly, crowded canvas in parsoit.

Meanwhile the sun dimmed by a yellowish mist, and dark, lowering clouds rolling along to windward betokened a gule at hand, so the captain made every effort to overtake the schooner before the storm. Just as she was within a quarter of a mile of the reefs, he sent a shot across her bows, compelling her enotain to heave to, the breeze having moderated so that at present he could not hope to escape his pursuer.

Wentworth kept on, until within half a mile of the schooner, when, not caring with his vessel's draught to stand up any closer 1,000 60 side the schooner.

Just as he sprung aboard, a squall struck the vessel, and down she went almost on her beam ends, driven with roaring bows toward

"Brace forward!" screamed a tall, fiercelooking fellow, evidently the captain, who, at the same time casting loose the cutter's warp, thus left the boat with its crew far astern.

Wentworth laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"No use, sir, you are my prisoner," said the schooner's captain.

He made a sign, and in a moment the young man found himself surrounded by armed cutthroats-brown, stalwart fellows with blue and red caps pushed back from their foreheads, showing their knitted brows and gleaming eyes.

"I see," said Herbert, betraying no outward sign of fear, while his heart beat fast; "it is as I thought; you are pirates!"

"Ay! with everlasting hatred against you naval officers, who hunt us like bloodhounds," answered the tall captain. "What say, men?"

"Ay ! ay ! ay !" screamed the savage crew, with one accord.

Then the points of thirty daggers covered the young man's breast.

"No," said the captain, "such a death would be too good for him."

He looked as he spoke toward the brig, on which Weatworth's anxious gaze was also now turned. The vessel was booming along on a course parallel with the outer line of reef rocks, the officers in command not daring to venture nearer, although, by this time, Herbert's perilous situation was known by all who had seen the other captain east loose the warp and set the cutter adrift. Unfortunately the first lieutenant could not follow in the wake of the schooner, which, with her light draught and her captain's knowledge of the locality, was, with skillful hand, steered directly through the hallow water of the channels among the rocks, nor would be discharge a single gan, fearing this would be the Sund for the inwebsite dorth of his communder.

Missawhile, far astern of the plate fol wed the catter, ber gullant erew pulling with might and main lowerd the reefs, but making little progress in the storm. And now it was a pitcons sight to see Placemon her long bair waving in the roaving gale ter white hands clasped, her brown eye large and wild, beyonding the pirates, who orld only each the faint tones of her voice without hearing her words, to spare her ishand.

But on sped the schooner, further and in ther in the anek and send of the storm, scaring the form of the loved one from her

The squall was of brief duration. Passing to leeward, it left a clear sky, and the schooner now distinctly revealed not a league distant, gliding landward through the mazes might and main.

Saddenly the lieutement who had been oking through a powerful spy-glass, turned deadly pale.

"Give me that glass, sir !" cried Florence, who noticed his emotion.

She would not be put off, and the officer was obliged to yield her the glass, which she immediately pointed toward the schooner. "I see!" she moaned, after a moment's survey. "I understand it all! They are reeving a rope to hang my husband at the

yard-arm! "I am afraid it is too true!" answered the lieutenant. "My God! And nothing can be done to

save him!" She bowed her head on the rail, gasping as if her heart would break.

Meanwhile aboard the schooner, the rope had been rove, and Wentworth led to the

Two men-one on each side of him, armed with a cutlass, and others with similar weapons a few feet in his front and rear, served as a guard to prevent his escape. The rope had been passed through a

strong block hung near the leeward end of the main yard. Two fierce fellows, as strong as bulls, stood ready to haul on one part, while a noose at the end of the other part was passed about the young man's neck:

"Your hour has come!" said the captain,

Wentworth looked to his right at the black-browed man with rolled-up sleeves and drawn cutlass. No hope of escape in that direction!

He looked to his left. No hope there either. The bearded young man who guarded him frowned fiercery, his black eyes snapping, while he shook his sharp cutlass and raven locks, menacingly. He was the only person between him and the open gangway. There was the blue water only a foot beyond, and, but for the rope about his neck, Herbert thought he might possibly have contrived to knock this fellow down and spring to the sea. As he was now situnted, however, this was impossible, and, composing his face to show no outward sign of fear, he resolved to die like a brave

One last look at his gallant little brig in the distance-one last look to sky and ocean !-then came the stern voice of the

"Now let him swing!"

just as they hauled, a sharp twang was heard-a quick flash of white light was seen above Wentworth's head, and down went the two rope-pullers on their backs!

The bearded young pirate guarding Wentjust at the right moment, with his keen catlass, the rope above the prisoner's head, birdie!" "prettie birdie!"

Then two splashes were heard, as he pushed Wentworth into the water, quickly follow-

The suddenness of the movement gave the two men an advantage. Ere the pirate captain could recover from his astonishment, they were many fathoms astern of the schooner, swimming toward the approaching cutter; whose crew, now aware of what had

taken place, redoubled their efforts. As soon as possible, the pirate lowered boats in pursuit, but they were many fathoms distant when Wentworth and his companion were picked up by the former's men. Shot after shot was discharged from the schooner without, however, striking the cutter, whose erew pulling bravely on were soon met by other boats from the beis when the parsang powers turning went back to their vessel.

"Now, then, who are you who have saved my life?" said Wentworth, addressing his pirate deliverer.

"But for my beard, you might remember one, who could never forget your face," was the reply.

"In Heaven's name, who are you?" "I am Henri Cardo, whom you saved five board from the schooner aboard which I had taken passage with my mother!"

"Ay, ay, I know you, now!" said Wentworth, recalling to mind the circumstance. Soon after he was aboard the brig with his wife in his arms. When he told her how he had been saved, she overwhelmed

Henri with her thanks. Afterward, however, the young pirate could not be prevailed upon to make a promise to give up his lawless life, and one morning he was found missing from the brig, from which, as was subsequently discovered, he had contrived, under cover of darkness, to swim to land, distant not a

The schooner was captured by the brig, on the next day, after a sharp chase, and toward into Havern

Subsequently the islands were completely swept of the lawless desperadoes there, and the days of piracy were ended.

Wentworth afterward met, in Havana, Henri Cardo, who had married a good wife, and settled down, through her influence, into the ways of a peaceable, law-abiling

A Jovial Vankee.

In 1847, some English officers were sto tlaned at the fort of Accra, on the coast of Africa, and it was of course their duty to suppress the slave trade as far as their power extended. One day a rakish-looking schoon appeared, and from it landed a very agree able Yankee skipper. He was asked to disof the reef rocks, with the brig's cutter still | ner, became very jovial, and invited all the oflowing astern, her crew pulling with officers to accompany him on board his ship for a few days' "poggi" fishing,

The invitation was accepted, but next morning the officers remembered in time that it might be rather awkward for them to be found by an English cruiser on board slaver. Their withdrawal was lucky, for to think how near he was to getting mad, next morning appeared H. M. S. Devasta- Then he puts his hand around to the tion, which immediately gave chase to the other side. He does not feel the opening. schooner. After a time, the schooner was He pushes a little further-now he has got overhauled, and brought into the roads of it-he shoves the hand down and is very

falls attended these postprandial athletics; as the fun grew boisterous the Yankee skipper avoided liquors and withdrew. The naval officers returned to their ship a little before dawn. When they got up next day the Yankee schooner had shipped her cargo and departed in safety.

Talking Canaries.

known three birds that could speak distinct- the pocket looks at him so exasporatingly at a gulp and without a wince, soon convinced his foster-mother that he was of the male gender, and a strong pair of lungs, as evinced by his impatient morning chirps for his rations, made glad the heart of his little inaid, and she laughed in her heart, and dimples reflected the smile on her lips, as she said to herself, "I have raised a bird that can sing." One bright June day, as she sat dream-

ingly swaving to and fro in her rockingchair, watching, with loving eyes, her pet, a change seemed to come over the bird-an idea seized him. Hastily polishing his beak on either side-that bill which had drunk in fondly into the mirror, flew to the highest perch, and preluded the richest gush of melody ever heard from feathered throat, with away fifteen years of his life in the study worth on his left had severed quickly, and the short—but, oh, h w sweet to anxious aware has discovered that a turnip field to ears!-recitative, "Proute birdie?" "prettie a string and hung to a hook will prevent a white terrier dog, except the head, which

COLLINS GRAVES' RIDE.

ANOTHER VERSION. Away he sped when the flood came down, Rattle-ty-bang, past village and town-Now hugging his beast with all his might, Now clutching its tail in a terrible fright; Now bouncing upon the animal tall, Bumpety bump, like a rubber ball— Away he sped till the race was o'er

Half breathless, he shricked, "The Mill Dam's bust, And I was the first to get up and dust. Rachel Rebecca, my darling wife, Thank Heaven, that spared your husband's

And the brute reined in at his cottage door.

Then he hung from his saddle as still as a To hear the soft voice of his gentle spouse. His eye grew bright and his heart beat fast, For he knew she was going to speak at last; And so she was, but the words he heard Were not so sweet as the voice of a bird. As they broke the calm of the morning of 'Why wasn't you drowned, you darned old fool?"

Woman's Pocket.

The most difficult thing to reach is a

woman's pocket. This is especially the case if the dress is hung up in the closet years ago, from drowning, when I fell over- and the man is in a hurry. We think we are safe in saying that he always is in a hurry on such an occasion. The owner of the dress is in the sitting room serenely engrossed in a book. Having told him that the article he is in quest of is in her dress pocket in the closet, she has discharged and sever. Oh! that in a sea of rapture, her whole duty in the matter, and can afford to feel serene. He goes at the task with a dim consciousness that he has been there before, but says nothing. On opening the closet door and finding himself confronted by a number of dresses all turned inside out, and presenting a most formidable front, he hastens back to ask "which dress," and being told the brown one, and also asked if she had so many dresses that there need be any great effort | whither-asking, caring not, now that \$50 to find the right one, he returns to the closet with alacrity, and soon has his hands on the brown dress. It is inside out like the rest-a fact he does not notice, however, until he has made several ineffectual attempts to get his hand into it. Then he turns it around very carefully and passes over the pocket several times without being aware of it. A nervous moving of his hands, and an appearance of perspiration ou his fine head, are perceptible. He now gun. Susan's knees shook fast and faster; dives one hand in at the back, and feeling around, finds a place, and proceeds to explore it, when he discovers that he is fid overhead. lowing up the inside of a lining. The nervonsness increases, also the prospiration. He twitches the dress on the hook, and suddenly the pocket, white, plump, and exas-

the relief be feels, and is mentally grateful

Accra. No slaves were actually on board, much surprised to see it appear opposite and the Yankee captain had taken good care his knees. He has made a mistake. He ere he pulled the trigger, thinking maybe to have his papers in order. Accordingly, tries again; he feels the entrance and another dinner took place, including the of- glides down it only to appear again as beficers of the Devastation, as well as the fore. This makes him open his eyes and straighten his face. He feels on the out-Dinner was very lively, and was followed | side of the pocket, pinches it cariously, by a game of leapfrog; after which the lifts it up, shakes it, and after peering guests tried how many chairs they could closely about the root of it, he says, "By clear at a standing jump. A good many gracious!" and commences again. He does it calmly this time, because hurrying carried two or three, and cocking it at only makes matters worse. He holds up breadth after breadth, goes over them then into the air again, (where it always surprises him, when it appears,) and finally | in his gore. William's well directed bullet, into a pocket, and is about to cry out in triumph, when he discovers that it is the pocket of another dress. He is mad now : spout. It may not be generally known that ca- the closet air almost stiffes him; he is so pary-birds can talk, yet they do. I have pervous he can hardly contain himself, and ly, and articulate clearly. One, an orphan that he cannot help but "plug" it with bird, forsaken in its tenderest infancy by its clenched fist, and immediately does it. Be-"cruel parients," was adopted and brought ling somewhat relieved by this performance, up "by hand," by a young lady, who never he has a chance to look around him, and tired of supplying all its wants, and com- sees that he has put his foot through a forting the poor little heart in the most af- band box and into the crown of his wife's fectionate and flattering language. Blessed bonnet; has broken the rim of his Panama with an excellent appetite, together with the | hat, which was hanging in the same closet, enormous doses of flattery he could swallow and torn about a yard of bugle trimming from a new cloak. All this trouble is due directly to his wife's infatuation in hanging up her dresses inside out. He immediatoly starts after her, and imposmously urging her to the closet, excitedly and almost profaucly intimates his doubts about there being a pocket in the dress, anyway. The cause of the unhappy disaster quietly inserts her hand inside the robe, and directly brings it forth with the sought for article in its clasp. He doesn't know why, but this makes him madder than anything else.

"I TELL YOU," said a Wisconsin man to the honey of her words as his first meal, but a neighbor next day after burying his wife, The two brutes at the rope guthered all not one kind word had be for her (the old "when I came to get into bed and lay than, their strength to jerk the fatal cord, but, tune!) -and, taking one hasty drop of and not hearing Lucinda jawing around water, slily he winked at his lady-love, and | for an hour and a half, it made me feel as (last, but never-comitted ovation), looked if I'd just moved into a strange country."

WHILE Prof. Watson Las been fooling rhoumatism from entering a house.

WILLIAM AND SUSAN.

NUMBER 22.

Susan Brown and William Brady, lovers in the Lone Star State, one calm night, all snug and shady, side by side in converse

'Twas on old man Brown's plazza; stars were brightening all the skies, and the moon above the piazza was just upon the rise. 'Twas the hour for love or liquorcalm, sweet hour in June ; love nor wine will never flicker on such a night with such

Susan was as fair as Hobe, dressed in all her Sunday clothes-fairer than her cousin Phoebe, who is fairer than a rose. As for William -never wildwood sheltered youth more stout and hale; he was from his childhood what the Texaus call a whale. There ·they sat for hours talking of their joys, and hopes, and fears-talking of their plans and chalking out their plans for all the A Danbury Man Tries to Reach a coming years; talked also of their marriage, hinted at a distant day, when a little crib and carriage might perchancecome

> Thus they sat, her band in prison-not a prison harsh and stern-for it was merely locked in his n as his lips were pressed

> But, alas! the course of true love smoothly runs, oh, never, never! Hearts enlinked in old or new love soon or late must sigh where the heart most sweetly floats, fate piratic's sure to capture half our joys and cut our throats.

Hark!-the smell of shot and powder rises like a funeral knell! Louder, louder, and still louder rumbles that heart-rending smell! Susan's sybil proplettic knew that rumbling meant but ill-knew that old man Brown, creatic, was upon the hunt for Bill -Bill, the lone star whom she follows were poor pay to see him shot.

Oh, the earnest love of woman! Little for itself it seeks; it is not a thing uncommon for its flames to last six weeks!

All at once a door is busted close to where the lovers sit-William had got up and dusted, but it was too late to git. Ere he dreamed of flight or fear once, or had time to cut and run, old man Brown made his appearance with his double-barreled William's also like an aspen sped, till they tumbled down the plaster from the ceiling

Susan screamed, her dark hair flying, like a moteor streaming far; springing to her feet and crying, "Please don't shoot, eruel pa!" But that pa, so cold and cruel, swore he'd send Bill to that clime where perating, comes to view. Then he sighs there's too much fire and fuel for to have he did not use any offensive expressions. a pleasant time. Then he raised his shoot-It is all right now. There is the pocket ing iron, raving much and swearing more, in plain view-not only the inside-and all | till the air was blue-but why be tiring in he has to do is to put his right hand right | telling how he swore? What, oh what was William doing, while thus raved the old around in the inside and take out the arof a ship which was well understood to be a ticle. That is all. He can't help but smile galoot? Seeing plainly what was brewing, he was likewise on the shoot.

"Hold, rash pa!" cried the daughter; all unheeded were her eries, as also the sweet sait water streaming from her lovely eyes. Standing there in all the rigor, old man Brown now aimed his gun, pausing Bill would run. Bill, though, was not of the cattle which neither dare nor do; but once shoved into battle he was sure to see it through. Never since the siege of Illum was felt suspension more profound; for a moment more and William had been made to bite the ground.

Quickly drawing a repeater, of which he short meter, he drew a bead on O. M. B. Few things swift as lightning are therecarefully, gets his hand first into a lining, swift thus came the pistol's roar, and poor Susan's hapless father lay there weltering without a room for doubt, took O. M. B. in the gullet, and he waltzed right up the And the coroner, living nigh him, came,

> but William didn't run, feeling sure they would justify him in the deed that he had done; which they did, for papa's fury, Susan, weeping, told it o'er and o'er, and to William said the jury, "Co, my son, and shoot no more!" Here my muse must stop and tarry-all

> she knew is in this lay-whether Bill and Sue will marry she is not propared to say; but as Bill, who is no joker with stocked cards, you understand, in that game of leaden poker played a square and honest hand. Should be, when there are no traces left

> of his unerring shot, meet Sue's hand with the four nees, he will no doubt take the pat; for Sue knows that ber pa was unable, though he tried it with a rush, with his full to sweep the table, because William

> HUMORS OF ADVERTISING. -- As a general rule, advertisers who write their own wishes, make them rather ambiguous in their meaning. The Centennial gets off a few of these, thus;

> Somebody wants "A young man to look after a horse of the Methodist personsion." "One pound reward.-Lost, a came; brooch representing Venus and Adonis on the Drumcondra road, about ten o'cloc c Tuesday evening."

> property of a gentleman with a moveable head, as good as new. "Ten shillings reward! Lost by a lady,

"To be sold, cheap-a male phaton, the

is black, to be brought," etc.