

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

A dressing which

Thin hair is thick-

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

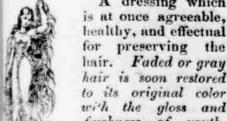
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## TOLUME VIII.

## EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1874.

## YEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

# Ayer's Hair Vigor, for restoring Gray Hair to snalural Vitality and Color.



for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth. A Shows

falling hair checked, and baldofien, though not always, cured a use. Nothing can restore the where the follicles are destroyed. is glands atrophied and decayed. such as remain can be saved for hes by this application. Instead inling the hair with a pasty sediit will keep it clean and vigorous. resional use will prevent the hair mining gray or falling off, and unity prevent baldness. Free se deleterious substances which sme preparations dangerous and to the hair, the Vigor can wheft but not harm it. If wanted tor a

## HAIR DRESSING.

gelse can be found so desirable. ing neither oil nor dye, it does s while cambric, and yet lasts the hair, giving it a rich glossy and a grateful perfume.

stared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., TEAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS, LOWELL, MASS.

PRICE \$1.00. AGENTS WANTED FO Her face was patient, sad and sweet, Her garments coarse and plain ; "Who is she, pray ?" I asked a friend, The red lips gave a curl,-"Really! I do not know her name;

SOMEBODY'S SERVANT GIRL.

She stood there leaning wearily

She's some one's servant girl." Again I saw her on the street With burden trudge along, Her face was sweet and patient still, Amid the jostling throng; Slowly but cheerfully she moved, Guarding with watchful care A market-basket much too large For her slight hands to bear.

A man, I thought a gentleman, Went pushing rudely by, Sweeping the basket from her hands, But turning not an eye; For these was no necessity, Amid that busy whirl, For him to be a gentleman-To "some one's servant girl."

Ah, well it is that God above Looks in upon the heart, And never judges any one By just the outer part; For if the soul be pure and good, He will not mind the rest, Nor question what the garments were In which the form was dressed.

And many a man and woman fair. By fortune reared and fed, Who v ill not mingle here below With those who earn their bread, When they have passed away from life, Beyond the gates of pearl, Will meet before their Father's throne With many a servant girl.

## THAT "SHARP," SMITH.

The Austen coach had left Murphy's ranch, and was climbing the steep hill just this side of the Echo canyon, when a man, springing out from under a big pine, hailed the driver. The solitary passenger in the coach, when

his revolvers, clinked back the hammers, and peered earnestly out of the window. This passenger was a man of thirty-five all strangers to me, but from Spur Uny and

sich a thing as a pack of keerds about you, Against the window frame, we might have a social game, jest to pass away the time." The passenger merely shook his head. "Ain't got no keerds, ch? Well, I hev ;

allers travel with 'em," and the persuasive stranger drew out a pack of cards from his pocket and shuffled them with a dexterity that gave evident proof of long practice "Won't you take a hand-jes' for fun, if you hev any objection ag'in' riskin' money on keerds?"

"Thank you : I never play," replied the passenger. "Aha!" cried the stranger, bringing the

cards together with a loud slap ; "I reckoned that you were my man. How are ye. Judge ?

Quick as thought the Judge-for it was Jadge Darell in person-drew a revolver from under his cloak and leveled it at the head of the stranger.

"Hold on, Judge !" cried the stranger "What in thander air you arter ?"

"You are one of these ruffians who are talking about hanging me to the first tree !' cried the Judge, trembling with great excirement.

"No sich thing !" replied the stranger "I'm a gentleman, I am, and a sport; I'm that 'sharp' Smith, as the bays in Austen call me. I follow the festive poker and the frolicsome faro fur a livin'. Now, jes. put up your shooting-irons; why, I'm right hyer to help you out of this little difficulty."

"I don't understan l," said the Judge dabiously.

"Let me corral the facts and spread 'em out for you. I was to meet a pard of min at Murphy's to-night, for to talk over a lee t'e plan to wool some of these sharps down to Spar City. It was hot this afternoon. you know, and I hay out under some pinehe heard the shout of the stranger, drew just above Marphy's ranche, amasing my all like a gentleman with handlin' the 'pr pc.s.' when ten or fifteen fellows rode by

"Correct; and do you remember a young

to a man in a quarrel over a game of

"And got him acquitted, too, and nary

cent would you take from his poor old

mother," and fust here Smith's voice be-

came a little choked and inaudible. "Well,

Jedge, I beer'd one of 'en gospel sharps say

one't somethin' 'bout casting your bread

upon the waters; I disremember exactly

how the chap he spoke of played his hand.

but I know that he beat the 'bank' at last

Now, Jedge, Smith, the 'sharp,' will jest

"Well, I reckon I don't look much as

used to, but the heart's the same. You've

"I've shaved off my mustache and goatee

so that I could escape from the valley.

kinder changed your looks someway since I

"I should not have recognized you."

saw you about a month ago in Austen."

president of the company."

Now, Jedge ; now's your time !"

claimed, grasping his weapons.

jumped out into the road.

a violent lash with his whip.

road beyond.

trick !"

dignation.

Smith leaned over and opened the coach

door, and as he did so the coach came to a

sudden stop, and Smith caught sight of a

group of masked horsemen blockading the

"Pard," he cried, as he drew his head

into the coach, "they've tramped our

"I'll sell my life dearly !" the Judge ex-

"Hold on ; I know a trick worth two of

that !" and Smith, as he spoke, grabbed the

semi-military cloak which the Judge wore

at the head of the coach horses, giving them

Away went the coach down into the defile

at headlong speed, the driver perfectly sat-

isfied that the single passenger inside was

squar' up Charley Winchell's debt."

"Of course ; I defended him."

or thereabouts, slenderly built, with a tharabout, as I jedged from their talk; a

time."

cards ?"

I reckon now that they'll be about an hour "Two minutes to send you to blazes !" more of light, and if you happened to have yelled Smith, suddenly producing a pair of self-cocking revolvers from under his cloak, and opening fire upon the crowd. Crack, crack, crack !

The sharp, quick reports sounded upon the air. Down went a masked man, shot through the temple ; away dashed a frightened horse, dismounting three or four more of the masked men in his headlong progress. Into the bushes at the side of the road went Smith, a dozen bullets pattering around him, and not one inflicting even as much as a scratch.

The lynchers returned to Spur City in sad disorder. On the return of the coach from Austen they learned that it was not Judge Durell who whipped them single-handed.

### The Fellow that Looks Like Me-

Max Adeler, who writes for a Philadelphia paper, has a friend named Slimmer. who deserves pity He was going up to Reading not long since and when reaching the depot he happened to look in the ladies' room: A woman sat there with a lot of baggage and three children, and when she saw Slimmer she rushed at him, and before he could defend himself she flung her arms about his neck, nestled her head upon his breast, and burst into tears. Slimmer was amazed, indignant; confounded; and ere he could find utterance for his feelings, she exclaimed,-

"O Henry, dear Henry ! We are united at last. Are you well? Is Aunt Martha still alive? Haven't you longed to see your own Louisa ?"

And she looked into Slimmer's face and smiled through her tears.

"Madam," said he solemnly, "if I am the person alluded to as Henry, permit me to say that you have made a mistake. My name is Lemuel, I have no Aunt Martha, and I don't own a solitary Louisa. Oblige me by letting go my coat, it will excite re- in the middle of the road, and made a mark."

Then she buried her bonnet deeper into his waist-coat, and began to cry harder than ever, and said,-

CATCHING A TARTAR.

There were four of them and they were young bloods : young bloods. You have seen a young blood. He is the son of his father and his father is rich. He is called a young blood because he bleeds the old man. The young blood toils not, neither does he spin-but his head spins once in a while. Well, there were four of them. It was Sunday night. They had been out to Rinkle's and were coming home on the St. Charles rock toad. They sat in a twoseated buggy, drawn by a dashing span of bays. Presently they come to the large

open common at the intersection of the rock road and King's highway. Here an episode occurred. You have all

owly truck-wagon drawn by an aged and nethodical gray horse. The young bloods came dashing up with their prancing bays. The young bloods were beery.

But the countryman had about two lrinks of whiskey in him and hence had the advantage.

A gill of whiskey contains the same amount of fight as a gallon of beer; and then it is so much handier and less cumber-

The young bloods drew -rein and the countryman hallooed whoa! The y. b. asked the c. if he could tell them where hey were going.

The profane c. told them "to hell." Then one of the y. b. said "you're a blank d- liar."

At this the countryman laid down his lines, and got out of his truck-wagon right speech as follows : "You roosters has lit on the wrong fence. Just one of you stay in the wagon and hold the horses and the other three git right out here. I ken lay

Some years ago, as Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor lad, whose intelligent eye fixed the gentleman's attention. The boy inquired, "Please, sir, can you tell me of any one who would like a boy to work for him and learn to read?"

George Wilson.

"Whose boy are you, and where do you live ?"

"I have no parents, sir," was the reply; "and have just come away from the workhouse, because they would not teach me to read ?"

The gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town; and took George into his family, where he soon acquired his benefactor's confidence by his faithfulness and honesty. George soon learned to read, and was al-

lowed the use of his master's library, whereby he made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge.

It became necessary, after a while that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, when he was apprenticed to a cabinetmaker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won him favor.

To gratify his inclination for study, his kind master had a little room fitted up for him in the upper part of the shop, where George devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits.

He made rapid progress in mathematics, as well as in French and in various branches of learning.

After being in this situation some years, as he sat at tea with the family one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France.

"Go to France !" said his master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation-"for what purpose ?"

"Please, sir, will you ask Mr. Gallaudet to call?" continued George, "and I will explain."

His kind friend was invited accordingly, and at tea-time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscript, in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France. "In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a prize was offered by the French Government for the simplest rule for measuring plane surfaces. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered." He then demonstrated his problem, to the surprise and gratification of his friends. who immediately furnished him with means of defraving his expenses, and with letters of introduction to Hon, Lewis Cass; then the American Minister to the Court of France. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of the king, nobles and plenipotentiaries, this youth demonstrated his problem, amid the plaudits of the court. He received the prize, besides valuable presents from the king. He then took letters of introduction, and went to the Court of St. James, and gained a similar prize, offered by the Royal Society. He then returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose Ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at London, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court. and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit. He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and became professor of mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the Emperor of all the Russias ! One to-day is worth two to-morrows, Boys ! use your spare moments well ! Had George Wilson been an idle boy, spending his evenings in the streets, or 'in bad company, he would never have "stood before kings."

NUMBER 34.

### A Lady Lawyer:

About the year 1776 Nicholas Linguet, the celebrated Parisian journalist and lawver, was at the height of his fame. He enjoyed a great reputation for his skill in getting up cases and surrounding them with such dramatic accessories as were likely to tell on the minds of excitable French judges. One day a beautiful lady, Madame de Bethune, came to ask his professional services in an action about some land, which she wished to bring against the Marshal Duke de Broglie, a great-grandfather of the present minister. Linguet had searcely heard her to an end when he said,-

"You are so lovely, madame, that your face is worth a speech in itself. What I'll do is this : I will write a speech, and you shall learn it by heart and then rehearse it to me. When you deliver it in court, you must be dressed in a light blue silk, the color best suited to your style of beauty ; and if you speak as I shall direct you, I defy any bench of Frenchmen to find hope for the defendant,"

The event proved that Linguet knew human nature and his own countrymen well. Madame de Bethune turned out the most apt of scholars. She learned her speech thoroughly, and she delivered it with all the graces of style and manner that might have belonged to a finished actress. It lasted seven hours, and for seven hours she held her judges enthralled.

Midway in the speech, and probably with gallant care for the lady's fatigue, they adjourned to dinner, but it was already pretty evident which way the judgment inclined Irascibility would seem indigenous to the De Broglie family. During the interval that the sitting was Suspended, the marshal sought out Linguet in the Pleader's Hall; and shaking his cane in his face, cried. angrily .-

"Just you make your client speak her own words and not yours, Master Linguet, or it will be worse for you-do you hear ?" Linguet bowed low, and replied, with ready wit,-

"My lord, you have taught Frenchmen cer to fear their enemies and I mean to remember the lesson." The delicate piece of flattery more than counter-balanced the unpalatable determination it conveyed, for we hear of no unpleasant consequences to Maitre Linguet, and we are told that the beautiful Madame de Bethune carried her snit without a dissenting voice. What will befall the lords of creation when we have lady lawyers as well as lady physicinns?

seen an episode. It is something sudden. And so unexpected. It seizes you with amazement. Transixes you with awe. In this instance the pisode mashed your nose. A countryman was driving home in a

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BUCK, M. D.

smoothly shaven face, clear gray eyes and dark brown bair.

He looked nervous and excited, and the hands that griped the revolvers trembled visibly, as he peered through the window and looked earnestly upon the stranger, who had sprang from the shelter of the pine

waitin' for yoa to arrive." just as the driver of the coach had eased his matter?" asked the Judge, just a his horses up on the "rest," preparatory to encountering the still steeper incline little suspicious. "Jedge, do you remember Tuskegee, Alwhich lay beyond, extending to the hill abana, in '59 ?" summit.

The person who had hailed the coach was a man just about the size of the passenger. and singularly like him in appearance. He had the same cool gray eyes, the same dark brown hair and long, oval face. He was bearded, though; a little mustache and goatee; and was dressed in a neat, dark business suit. As he sprung forward, his coat-tails swaying with the motion, the butts of a pair of silver-mounted revolvers peeped out.

The occupant of the coach seemed relieved when he discovered that there was but a single man in the road.

"Say, old man, hey you got room for another pilgrim inside your hearse?" quoth the pedestrian, addressing the driver. The solitary individual shuddered at the

word, hearse. "I reckon I kin accommodate you inside.

as the whale said to Jonah afore he swallowed him." replied the driver, with a friendly nod of recognition. It was evident that he knew the stranger. "All right ; I've been waiting for you at

Murphy's, and I really reckoned that you never would come : so I walked along the road apiece, thinkin', mebbe, you'd ketch me afore sundown."

"Mighty nigh that time now, ain't it?" queried the driver, with a look to the west where the sun, now a great ball of fiery hue, was sinking slowly behind the far-off peaks.

"What kept you? Getting lazy, old man ?"

"No: heap of excitement down to Sput City ; had to wait fur the mail ; the people were jist risin' onto their hind legs and 'howiin' about the bonds issued to this new marrow gauge railroad that's to come an through the valley. Thar's been a heap of gougin' by somebody, and the boys were talkin' to Judge Lynch pretty hot when I left."

And here again the solitary passenger shuddered and nervously grasped his revolvers ; they lay on his knees, concealed by the folds of his cloak which he had east over the weapons.

"This durned excitement jest kills business," growled the stranger, preparing to get into the coach. "I ginerally rake the sports down in the valley for a triffe when I peel and go fur 'em, but, really, this time they're all talkin' railroad and fight, and won't see the 'blind' nary time."

"All they want to see is that Judge Durell, the fellow that got the bonds and hasn't put down navy from hoss yet. I reckon he'll hey to fork or fight. I heered say that they were on his track. A big party passed Murphy's this afternoon ; on the war-path, too, I reckon." Again the passenger started, shivered,

and cast a nervous glance around. The stranger got into the coach, took

"O Henry, how, bow can you treat me the long and short of it is that they know so? How can you pretend you are not my that you're comin' up in this hyer coach, hushand?"

and they're goin' to lay in wait for you "Madam," screamed Slimmer "if you somewhar around Silver Creek. Jest as 1 to not cease sopping my shirt bosom, and heer'd this air lectle game, I kinder reckons remove your infernal umbrella from my d I'd take a hand in myself; so I've bin corn, I shall be obliged to call the police: Let me go, I say." "Why should you take any interest in

"The children are here," she persisted They recognize their dear father. Don't you, children ?"

"Yes, yes," they exclaimed, "it's pa, it our dear pa." "Certainly , I practiced law there at that And then they grabbed Slimmer by his

trowser legs and hung to his coat tail. "Woman," he shricked, "this is getting lip of a boy. Charley Winchell, who had a erious. Unband me. I say." narrer squeeze of it for sticking a knife in-

And he tried to disengage himself from per embrace-while all the brakemen, and the baggage master, and the newsboys stood around, and said his conduct was infamons. In the midst of the struggle a stranger entered with a carpet bag. He looked exactly like Slimmer-and when he saw his wife in stimmer's arms he became excited, and floored Slimmer with that carpet bag, and sat on him, and smote his nose and caromed m his head, and asked him what he meant: Slimmer was removed on a stretcher, and the enemy went off with his wife and family in a cab. He called next day to apologize. His wife had made the mistake because of Slimmer's likeness to him. And now Slimmer wishes he may soon be kicked in the face by a mule, so that he will resemble no other human being in the world.

#### Amusing Incident at Cards.

These men dre hot after my blood ; they say The author of "Some Time in Ireland" that I have made a fraudulent use of the esponsible for this story : bonds issued by the new railroad. I am

My father, being no card player, found hese meetings not at all to his taste. Ac-"Now, Jedge, you want to slip quietly cordingly, he never attended those which out of this liver coach, and hide in the bash, were held at other houses, and expressed make for Silver Creek, and strike off to the his desire of absenting himself from those left so as to reach the hills. After you pass at our own.

the crick you can come back to the road "But, my dear Mr. Rockford," argued again, and go for Austen. When they overmy mother, "surely common politeness dehaal this coach, I'll jest sw'ar that you got mands that you should receive your guests out jest this side of Murphy's, and in at your own house ; you can vanish in half course they'll go piling back therearter you. an hour if you like.'

"Agreed. I consent, then; for half an hour to be victimized at the shrine of politeness."

One evening a laughable mistake occurred. Among our guests was a middleaged spinster-remarkably prim and stiffnamed Lambert. My father, impatient to be off, and yet not quite sure whether the stip slated half an hour had expired, stole up softly to the table where the whist players were intent on their game, and taking it for granted that he was addressing his wife, stooped down and whispered in Miss ambert's ear :

and wrapped it around his own shoulders ; "My dear, may I go to bed now?" then, before Durell could say a word, Smith Down fell the offended spinster's cards up she started from her chair. "What is the meaning of this outrage?

"What have I got to do with your going Do you know that I am Judge Durell, of to bed, sir? What do you take me for Austen ?" He cried, apparently in great in-How dare you insult me thus-and in your own house ?" "Get on, driver !" yelled the masked man

The whole company was convulsed with aughter. My mother immediately comprehended the situation, and as soon as she could recover her composure, explained the mistake. It was long before Miss Lambert could be pacified, or brought to believe that that "sharp" Smith, and that the Judge it was either a bad joke or a deliberate

all the dust between here and town with ve. Oh, I'm the feller that ken keep the

flies off. I'm better than eny muskeeter bar. Just one of you hold them horsesmy old mare'll stand without hitchin' -and the balance just waltz to Joseph right here now Come on ! git out !" And the irate countryman announced his firm belief in the canine parentage of the young bloods. Then he danced and pranced up and down the road and kicked at the horse cars and gyrated his long arms and threw his old slouch hat high up in the air: "Oh, I'm a catamount, I am. I like to be stopped in the middle of the road, I do. I'm a four-year-old bull pawin' up big clouds rightout of the ground, I am. I'm a whole nenagerie of royal Bengal tigers, and a age of grizzly bears. I've fit in the ring, have. Git out here ! Git out, I say, and 'll show you whar you're goin' !"

Then three of the young bloods pulled off their coats and accepted the pressing nvitation. The other sat in the buggy and held the horses. He was the lucky one. He could go to see his girl the next night, if he wanted to, and not have to tell her that he had been out to the base ball match and got hit with the ball. The best place in that vicinity was in that buggy, holding the horses.

Well, the three bounded out. Then the countryman set those long arms going, and the three immediately imagined that the hot spell had bro't on a tornado, accompanied by an earthquake and enlivened by rapid strokes of lightning.

That countryman seemed to have about ffteen fists. "I'll tell you whar you're going," he

celled, as the first of the three tried to limb over the fence on his east ear. "Thar's whar you're goin'," he shrickd, as the second of the three executed a back somersault in the ditch.

"An' this is the way for you to travel," he yelled, as the last of the three tried to balance himself on his nose in the middle

He started for the lucky fellow who was in the wagon holding the horses; but the lucky fellow let the horses go and got out of the way.

Then he made another speech, as folows: "Oh, I'm an earthquake, I am. I'm a volcano right from the bowels of the earth. Give me some more puts to crack Give me some more raw meat to chaw up !" The three slid off behind the fence, down to where number four sat holding the horses, and then slid softly into that buggy, and the buggy slid quietly into town, and then the three slid furtively into a drug store. They had been out to see the base ball match and got hit with a ball. They knew where they were going the balance of that trip. At all events they did not inquire of any more countrymen, quietly driving home in their truck-wagons. -St. Louis Republican:

WHERE IT CAME FROM .--- It is stated hat the tomato was first grown in this onntry at Portland, Me., in 1816, from seeds brought from Cuba, which were called golden or love apple seeds, and which were planted with the expectation that a nice flowering plant would be the result. Fi

Pretty Superstitions.

There is a pretty superstition current that when a honey-bee enters a room he brings pleasant news, which seems to have come down to us from the days of Ovid, who makes a hamadryad despatch a bee to warn her careless lover that she pined in his ab-

Once when a child, I visited an aunt in the country, where an apiary had been for years in a lovely green enclosure, under arge, overhanging elms, whose graceful branches cast a tender shadow over the industrious and quiet community. Though scarcely nine years old, I was fond of taking a book and stealing away to this secluded spot, where only the birds, the squirrels and the bees, ever intruded. The latter liked me, and perhaps the former, more than I can tell just now ; for they alighted on my shoulders or book as they passed to and fro, and I imagined I stood in beautiful relation to all God's dear creatures.

There had been a sudden death in the family, and as there was no one who seemed to need my companionship, I sought my moss-grown stone in the apiary. Here, all was commotion. Bees flying about in wild disorder, not like swarming bees, but as if all were in the air. Some one afterward tied black badges to the hives. I was fold that unless this was done at the demise of a member of the family, the bees would desert their hives! Do not be to incredulous; what power comes from simple belief, based upon a sympathy with mea in all lesser creations !

LIVING ALONE.-The Elmira Gazette says : It may be very well to be an angil. and with the angels stand, but this being a hermit and living alone, is not quite so fpe. At the present writing we don't know much about the angel business, but as to living alone "we know how it is our-

self." For two long dreary weeks we have tried it. For two long dreary weeks we have been the only soul in the house. We have had no one to love us, none to ca-hug. All alone we went to bed, not a word to us was said. We got up in the morning just as quickly as we retired at night. There wasn't much house work to do, and the harn chores didn't consume much time. For the first few days we studied economy and boarded ourself. We soon got tired eating the outside slice of bread at every

meal, and threw the loaf away and bought crackers. Remembering the dificulty that Brother Beecher had with his dishcloth a few years ago, an account of which he gave in his miscellany at the time, we resolved not to wash any dishes, but just put the dirty ones to soak and use clean ones. As long as the dishes hold out, we shall get along with that part of housekeeping all right, but they won't last always, as the pile of clean ones is daily growing smaller, and the pile of dirty ones larger. The

crisis in this particular is approaching, and unless "the folks" come home pretty soon. we shall have to borrow some dishes, For the first few days we made the bed up nicely every morning. For the next few days we put if off till night, and for the last few days we have not made it at all We were charged paritcularly to water the house plants, and take care of the bird. The plants have caused us a great deal of trouble, but we left the door of the cage open about the first time we curried that animal off, and he hasn't troubled us much since. Of course, we'll "catch it" when the folks come home, but that is a good deal easier than it is to catch the bird. On the whole, we are free to say that we don't like housekeeping, and if every we should be "born again"-and according to very good authority, we have all got to undergo that operation-we earnestly hope we shan't be born a woman, and especially a

housekeeping oue. We would rather be an angel.

MYRON B. ADAMS, of Detroit, is a philosopher; Charles Taylor, of the same city, is not.; Observe the difference between the two men. In the absence of Adams, Taylor fell in love with Mrs. Adams, and, anxious to possess his charmer in as mhny editions as had been issued, eloped with herself and six children, the cidest a girl of fifteen, capable of choosing for herself. Adams, on returning home, decided to take back his children, as being comparatively decent, and told Taylor,

of the road.

