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, DECEMBER 11, 1874. NUMBER 46.

GREAT REDUCTION IN THE ... TO ... ISH BUYERS AT THE ... Furnishing STORE ... respectfully inform the ... public generally ... REDUCTION ... in all goods in ... LINES

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A NEW CHROMO FOR 1875.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

Will give every subscriber, whether Single or in a Club, who pays in Advance for 1875, and remits direct to this office, a copy of "THE RESCUE," the handsomest chromo ever offered by a publisher. Terms $3 per annum. For Circular, containing Terms for Clubs, etc., address L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia, Pa.

EVERYBODY'S OWN PHYSICIAN!

By C. W. GLEASON, M. D. A *magnificent volume* of 400 octavo pages—*beautifully illustrated* and *elegantly bound*. Contains matter just adapted to the wants of *every family*. *Over 250 engravings*. One agent sold 100 *copies in one week*, another $8 *in three days* and another 25 *in four days*. Circulars, with *complete index*, free. Liberal discount to agents. AGENTS WANTED ... territory. Address at once H. N. McKinney & Co., Pub'rs, 725 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED MARY CLEMMER AMES' new book "Ten Years in Washington." It portrays the "inner life," wonders, marvels, mysteries, secret doings, etc., of the Capital, as a "social volcano" Women read them. It is the raciest, brightest, and *best* new book out, actually overflowing with spicy revelations, humor, pathos, and good things for all. One Agent took 114 orders in one week; another has averaged 88 each week for 6 weeks. It outsells all other books, proof of over 20,000 copies already. It is splendidly illustrated, superbly bound. We want 5,000 more trusty agents NOW—men or women—and we will mail OUTFIT FREE to those who will canvass. Reader! do you want to make money? Then send for our large pamphlets, with full particulars, extra terms, etc.—they will tell you how to make money fast. They are free to all. Send for them. Address, A. D. WORTHINGTON & Co., Hartford, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED! Medals and Diploma Awarded. The HOLMAN'S PICTORIAL BIBLE. NEW 1500 Illustrations. Address for circulars A. J. HOLMAN & CO., 930 Arch Street, Phila.

108 VIRGINIA FARMS

Descriptive list and interesting information to all looking for desirable homes. Great bargains. Mild winters and many inducements. Growing seasons long, consuming ones short. Address WM. P. Mason & Co., Suffolk, Va.

TO HAVE GOOD HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE KEPT IN ORDER.

Sanford's LIVER Invigorator has become a staple family medicine. Purely vegetable—authentic and positive for all derangements of Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Will clear the complexion, cure sick-headache, &c. Shun Imitations. Try Sanford's Liver Invigorator.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their own locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars Free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

SAFE LIGHT IT Cannot be Exploded. ELAINE THE FAMILY SAFEGUARD OIL. WARDEN & OXNARD, PITTSBURGH, PA.

A New Subscription Book.

HISTORY OF THE NEW YORK TOMBS;

The Secrets, Mysteries and Romance of Prison Life in New York: Gathered by Charles Sutton, Warden of the Tombs.

LARGE 8VO., 650 PP., ILLUSTRATED, $3.50.

This is not a strictly sensational work, and is recommended by the best men as a MORAL REFORMER. Everybody it will not learn to be thieves, but will learn how thieves suffer. The story of John Sheppard, written by himself, is worth the price of the book. The best selling book ever published; easy all our agents. Exclusive territory given. Agent wanted in every town.

UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO., 13 UNIVERSITY PLACE, N. Y.

RARE CHANCE FOR INVESTMENT.—A SPLENDID FARM FOR SALE.—A valuable farm in Westmoreland county, Pa., within one-fourth of a mile of Blairsville and not far from the village of Tokeville, is offered for sale on accommodating terms. Said Farm contains 194 ACRES, 25 of which are cleared and in good meadow, and has thereon erected a good STONE HOUSE containing 7 rooms, a good LOG BARN, CARRIAGE HOUSE, GRANARIES, CORN CRIB, etc., and there is an excellent spring of pure water at the premises. There is no better farm in Western Pennsylvania for raising stock or carrying on the dairy business. For further information and terms apply on or address

A. FORD, Cresson, Pa., or Mrs. C. A. FORD, Blairsville, Pa.

Nov. 20.—4t.

STEAM TANNERY FOR SALE.—Following is a description of a Steam Tannery and Real Estate located in Ebensburg, Cambria County, Pa., which are offered for sale upon reasonable terms: The property contains 22 Acres of Land, on which is erected a TWO STORY BUILDING, 40 by 50, and a ONE STORY BUILDING, 20 by 80, 18 Vats, 6 Leaches, 1 large Leach Tank, 2 Limes, 1 Handler, 2 Bates, 1 good Engine of 10-horse power, 1 Bark Mill, 1 Macalite for rolling leather, and other fixtures. The establishment has a capacity for tanning 5,000 hides per year, and has advantages in the way of low prices of bark, convenience to railroad and market, etc. This is a rare chance for a tanner with a small capital. For terms, etc., apply to

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Ebensburg, Pa.

Nov. 20, 1874—tf.

SPLENDID TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.—A very elegant and commodious dwelling in Ebensburg borough will be sold on reasonable terms. The House is brick and contains 9 rooms, 8 feet hall and basement washroom, besides a good cellar divided into two separate apartments. The Lot is 126x204 feet and is well set with a variety of fruits and shrubbery. Large Stable, Ice House, and three Buildings used as law offices. This property is desirable for a large family, or with very little improvement would make a first-class hotel or summer boarding house.

JNO. E. SCANLAN, Agent.

Ebensburg, Aug. 21, 1874.—tf.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of PETER KAYLOR, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of Peter Kaylor, late of Munster 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 or demands against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN G. KAYLOR, THOMAS SARGENT, JOSEPH HOGUE, } Executor.

Nov. 20, 1874—6t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of SILAS J. PARRISH, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of said deceased, late of Munster township, Cambria county, have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment forthwith, and those having demands against the same will present them properly proven for settlement.

ELIZA PARRISH, Administratrix.

Ebensburg, Nov. 20, 1874.—6t.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Savings Institution building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

1875. THE 1875.

Pittsburgh Post

(*DAILY and WEEKLY.*)

The Weekly Established 1804
The Daily Established 1843

THE WEEKLY POST has no superior as a Family, Political and Literary Journal, and should find a place in every Democratic family in Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio, and West Virginia. It is

Without a Rival

among the great weekly journals of the country. Each issue containing fifty-six columns of carefully selected and edited matter, suited to the family circle, embracing Political editorials, General Editorials on all leading topics; Literary selections as well as original efforts both in Prose and Poetry; Bank and Art Reviews.

The Latest LIVE STOCK MARKETS

and the general Grain and Produce Markets of all the trade centres of the country, and Foreign Markets, General News and Select Miscellany.

THE GREAT POLITICAL REVOLUTION

of 1874 will work an entire change in the political management of the country, and it is highly important that Democratic ideas and Democratic arguments and principles should be spread before the people. This can be done in no better manner than by extending the already large circulation of

The PITTSBURGH WEEKLY POST

In the future as in the past, THE POST will be the undeviating advocate of the pure and undefiled principles of Democracy, as handed down to us by the founders of our government and will always be found advocating

HONESTY, ECONEMY and REFORM

in the administration of government. While THE POST will be the firm and undiscriminating advocate of Democracy, it will upset no man in its ranks who does not practice honesty in all official stations and public places. This paper will reserve to itself the right to maintain its

DEMOCRACY and INDEPENDENCE IN ALL THINGS,

and on all subjects; looking only to the best interests of the whole country and all classes of the community.

Owing to the recent changes in the

United States Postal Laws,

after the 1st of January, 1875, all newspaper postage must be paid by the subscribers, so that it will be necessary to add the postage to the subscription, to all subscribers residing outside of Allegheny Co. Those residing in the county are required to pay no postage. Subscribers will see that this does not increase the price of their papers, as they only transmit to me the postage they are compelled to pay to their local postmasters.

The DAILY POST,

which occupies the position of being the only Democratic Daily Paper of Western Pennsylvania and longest established Democratic Daily in the State will contain all the latest news and markets down to 4 o'clock A. M. of each morning, and will be furnished to all mail subscribers at $10.00 per year, postage paid by the proprietors.

Rates of Subscription.

WEEKLY POST.

Single Subscription in Allegheny Co unty.. $2.00
" " outside of " " .. 2.20
In Clubs of Five or over to " " .. 1.75
" " " " outside of " " .. 1.70

DAILY POST.

By Mail, per annum.....$10.00
" " Six Months..... 5.00
" " Three Months..... 2.50

We will make the Markets and Live Stock Reports a special feature in our WEEKLY POST, giving the news carefully down to the hour of going to press, and it will prove an invaluable companion to Farmers, Stock Raisers, Stock Dealers and all the industrial classes.

Specimen copies sent to any address free of charge. All orders should be addressed, and remittances in Eastern drafts, Post-office orders or by Express made to

JAS. P. BARR & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE SUN.

WEEKLY and DAILY for 1875.

The approach of the Presidential election gives unusual importance to the events and developments of 1875. We shall endeavor to describe them fully, faithfully, and fearlessly.

THE WEEKLY SUN has now attained a circulation of over seventy thousand copies. Its readers are found in every State and Territory, and its quality is well known to the public. We shall not only endeavor to keep it fully up to the old standard, but to improve and add to its variety and power.

THE WEEKLY SUN will continue to be a thorough newspaper. All the news of the day will be found in it, condensed when unimportant, at full length when of moment, and always, we trust, treated in a clear, interesting and instructive manner.

It is our aim to make the WEEKLY SUN the best family newspaper in the world. It will be full of entertaining and appropriate reading of every sort, but will print nothing to offend the most scrupulous and delicate taste. It will always contain the most interesting stories and romances of the day, carefully selected and legibly printed. The Agricultural Department is a prominent feature in the WEEKLY SUN, and its articles will always be found fresh and useful to the farmer.

The number of men independent in politics is increasing, and the WEEKLY SUN is their paper especially. It belongs to no party, and obeys no dictation, contending for principle and for the election of the best men. It exposes the corruption that disgraces the country and threatens the overthrow of republican institutions. It has no fear of knaves and seeks no favors from their supporters.

The markets of every kind and the fashions are regularly reported in its columns.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN is one dollar a year for a sheet of eight pages, and fifty-six columns. As this barely pays the expenses of paper and printing, we are not able to make any discount or allow any premium to friends who may make special efforts to extend its circulation. Under the new law, which requires payment of postage in advance, one dollar a year, with twenty cents the cost of prepaid postage added, is the rate of subscription. It is not necessary to get up a club in order to have the WEEKLY SUN at this rate. Anyone who sends one dollar and twenty cents will get the paper, post-paid, for a year.

We have no traveling agents.

The Weekly Sun.—Eight pages, fifty-six columns. Only $1.20 a year, *postage prepaid. No discounts from this rate.*

The Daily Sun.—A large four-page newspaper of twenty-eight columns. Daily circulation over 20,000. All the news for 2 cents. Subscription postage prepaid, 55 a month, or $6.50 a year. To clubs of 10 or over, a discount of 20 per cent.

Address, "THE SUN," NEW YORK CITY.

TRIAL LIST.—Causes set down for trial at the ensuing term of Court, commencing on Monday, December 7th, 1874:

SECOND WEEK.

Apple	vs. Irvins.
Little et al	vs. Kerr et al.
McGough	vs. Pattersons.
Cooper & Co	vs. Rist.
Cambria Iron Co	vs. Christy et al.
Patton	vs. Hipps et al.
Edwards	vs. Bower, Adm'r.
Heslop	vs. Heslop.
Caldwell & Kimmell	vs. Fields.
Guardian of M. A. Mc-	
Gonigle	vs. Woleslagles.
Lambour	vs. Bichel.
Dunegan	vs. Mellon.
Bingham	vs. Penna. Rail Road Co.
Burgoon's Ex'r	vs. Burk's Ex'r.
Burgoon's Ex'r	vs. Burk.
McMullen	vs. Bradley.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 9, 1874.

STRAY HEIFER.—Came into the enclosure of the subscriber, in Clearfield township, some time in the latter part of July last, a BRINDLE HEIFER, with white face, one year old last Spring. If the owner does not come forward, prove property and pay charges within the time specified, the heifer will be disposed of as the law directs.

DENNIS McCAULEY.

Clearfield Twp., Nov. 20, 1874.—3t.

THE BAR-TENDER'S STORY.

When I knowed him at first there was suthin'—
A sort of a general air—
That was very particular pleasin',
And what you might call debonair.
I'm aware the expression is Frenchy,
And rather high daddy, perhaps;
Which accounts that I have the acquaintance
Of several quality chaps.

But he got to increasin' his doses,
And took 'em more often, he did,
And it growed on him faster and faster
Till inter a bummer he slid.
I was grieved to observe this here fellow
A shovin' himself down the grade,
And I lectured him onto it sometimes
At the risk of spilin' the trade.

At last he got thunderin' seedy,
And he lost the respect for himself,
And all his high notions of honor
Was bundled away on the shelf.
But at times he was dreadful remorseful
Whenever he'd stop for to think,
And he'd swear to reform himself frequent,
And end it by taking a drink.

What saved the young feller? A woman!
She come it the singlerest way.
He come into the bar-room one evenin'
(He hadn't been drinkin' that day.)
And he set himself down to a table
With a terrible sorrowful face,
And he set there a groanin' repeated,
And callin' himself a gone case.

He was thinkin' and thinkin' and thinkin',
And cussin' himself for his fate,
And he ended his thinkin' as usual
By orderin' a Bourbon straight.
He was holdin' the glass in his fingers,
When into the place from the street
There came a young gal like a spirit,
With a face that was powerful sweet.

And she glided right up to the table
And took the glass gently away,
And she said to him, "George, it is over:
I am only a woman to-day!
I rejected you once in my anger,
But I come to you lowly and meek,
For I can't live without you, my darling,
I thought I was strong, but I'm weak.

"You are bound into terrible bondage,
And I come, love, to share it with you:
Is there shame in the deed? I can bear it,
For at last to my love I am true;
I have turned from the home of my childhood
And I come to my lover and friend,
Leaving comfort, contentment, and honor,
And I'll stay to the terrible end.

"Is there hunger and want in the future?
I will share it with you and not shrink!
And together we'll join in the pleasures,
The woes and the dangers of drink."
Then she raised up the glass firm and steady,
But her face was as pale as the dead—
"Here's to wine and the joy of carousals,
The songs and the laughter," she said.

Then he riz up, his face like a tempest,
And took the glass out of her hand,
And slung it away, stern and savage,
And I tell you his manner was grand!
And he says: "I have done with it, Nelly;
And I'll turn from the ways I have trod,
And I'll live to be worthy of you, dear,
So help me a merciful God!

"You have saved me, my love and my darling,
On a noble and womanly plan;
Go back to your home till I seek you
In the garb and the strength of a man!"

* * * * * * * * * *

I seen that same feller last Monday,
Lookin' nobby and handsome and game;
He was wheelin' a vehicle, gentlemen,
And a baby was into the same.

THE SNUFF-COLORED SUIT.

I scarcely know how it happened, but a timber must have fallen and struck me upon the head.

The first thing that I realized was that I was straight and still upon something hard, and when I tried to move myself and speak, I found it impossible to do so.

I concluded that I must be in some very tight, dark place, for I could not see; in fact I soon learned that; though conscious, I could do nothing but hear.

A door opened and footsteps and voices approached; I felt a cloth taken from my face, and a voice—which I recognized as that of Mr. Jones, the father of my wife that was to be,—said:

"He hasn't changed much," and his companion, whose voice I knew to be that of the village undertaker, Hopkins by name, said lightly:

"Better looking dead than alive. How does Jerusha feel about it? take on much?"

"O no, she had her eye on another fellow any now, and a better match too, excepting the money part. Though I had nothing against Ben, only he didn't know much, and was about the homiest man I ever knew. Such a mouth; why it really seemed as though he was going to swallow knife, fork, plate and all, when he opened it at dinner."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of Hopkins "he'll never open his mouth again, that's certain;" and then he proceeded to measure me for my coffin, for it seemed that I was dead, or they thought I was, which was all the same to the greedy pocket of the undertaker.

I had heard of undertakers who always whistled joyfully when they got a measure, but I never believed it before. But that man actually whistled a subdued dancing tune while measuring me, and it seemed to me that three or four icicles were rolling down my back, to the music of his whistle.

His duty done, they covered my face again and left me to my own reflections, which were not particularly comforting, although I often heard it remarked, that meditation was good for the soul, and this was the best chance I had ever had for it.

An hour must have passed when the door again opened, and two more persons came whispering along to where I lay, and the voice of my promised wife fell upon my ear:

"I dread to look at him, Bob; he was so mortal homely alive, he must be frightful, dead."

I ground my teeth in imagination, as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow, and expressive mouth; and how she had often declared that if I were taken from her, she would surely pine away and die.

One of them raised the cloth, and I knew they were looking at me. Bob was her second cousin, and I knew he was that "other fellow," whom her father had mentioned.

"Seems to me you don't feel very bad about his dying, 'Rusha," remarked Bob, meditatively.

"Well, to tell the truth," said my dear betrothed, "I don't care very much about it, If he had lived I should have married him, because he was rich, and father wanted me to; but I was getting about sick of my bargain, for I should always be ashamed of him, he looked so much like a baboon."

"But you loved him," remarked Bob.

"No I didn't! My affections were wasted long ago upon one who never returned my love;" and my fast-fading idol sighed heavily.

They had covered my face by this time, and were standing a few steps from where I lay.

"About how long ago, 'Rusha?" asked Bob.

"A year, or such a matter," with another deep sigh, which ended in a fit of sneezing.

"About the time I went away," interrogated the cautious Bob, coughing a little.

"Well, yes, somewhere's near," assented my dear affianced.

"Now Jerusha, you don't mean to insinuate that I—

"I don't mean to insinuate anything, Bob Smith!" and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened.

"Now, see here, 'Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee high to a gopher, but I thought when I came home, that you was sweet on that other chap; but, I swan, I believed you liked me the best all the time."

"O, Bob!" said my was-to-be, in a gushing sort of way.

"Mine own Jerusha," remarked Bob.

Then I heard a subdued rush accompanied by violent lip explosions.

I tried to kick, or grate my teeth, or do something to relieve my outraged feelings, but not a kick or a grate could I raise.

It was an awful fix to be in, but there was nothing to do but to stand it or rather to lay it, so I laid still and let 'em kiss until they got tired of it, and then they went out, and I was again left to my own pleasant reflections.

Night came, and so did a lot of young fellows with their girls, to sit up with me; and they had a jolly time of it, although it was against my principles to enjoy it, on so solemn an occasion.

It seemed an age till morning, but it came at last and they went away. I heard them say that I was to be buried that day at two o'clock, and I was beginning to feel decidedly shaky, when Jerusha and her mother came into the room and began arranging it for the funeral.

"Rusha," said her mother, "here is that snuff-colored suit of poor Ben's; of course he will never have any more use for his clothes, so just put them away among your carpet rags, they'll make a splendid stripe."

Now, that particular suit of clothes was just the neatest one I ever owned, armholes, collars, wristbands and buttons all just the thing, and my blood boiled to hear them talk so coolly of using them for a stripe in a rag carpet.

They kept on talking as they swept, dusted and cleaned up the room.

"Bob says he will take the Martin farm to work this year," said Jerusha cheerfully, "and as soon as we are married we shall go to keeping house in that little cottage close to the road. Now I must get my carpet done just as soon as possible, for I want it in that nice little front room. These duds of Ben's will make out rags enough I guess. His folks live so far away they will never inquire about his clothes. Now, if it wasn't for the looks of it, we could ask old mother Smith about coloring yellow; she's sure to be here to-day."

I was getting very mad now, indeed, I felt that the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode, if they did not let my snuff-colored suit alone.

Jerusha picked them up—I knew it, for I heard the buckles and buttons jingle—and made for the door.

I tried to shake my fist and yell at her, but all in vain. I laid there, outwardly as quiet as a lamb, inwardly boiling with wrath. It was too much; the deepest trance could not have held out against the loss of that suit.

With a powerful effort I sprang up and screamed.

Jerusha dropped my clothes and her mother the duster, and both fled from the room and house, never stopping until they reached Dr. Brown's across the street.

With difficulty I managed to get my clothes. I had just got them fairly on, when Mrs. Jones and her daughter, followed by a numerous company of men, women and children, came cautiously peering into the room. I sat on my board and looked at them.

Such a scared, comical looking crowd was enough to laugh an owl, so I laughed.

I know it was unbecoming, but I couldn't have helped it if they had chucked me into my coffin—which the undertaker was just then carrying by the window—and buried me the next minute.

I laughed until I jarred the chair out from under the one end of my board, and down I went with a crash.

Then the doctor ventured into the room, saying rather dubiously:

"So you are not dead after all, Ben?"

"Well, no, not exactly," I replied; "sorry to disappoint my friends about the funeral, however."

"Yes," he said, rather absently, "bad rather—that is—ahem!"

"*Fooled out of that snuff-colored stripe!*" I thought as I looked at Jerusha.

"Go and speak to him," said her father in a stage-whisper. "He's got the stamps and you had better marry him after all."

They began to crowd around me and congratulate me on my escape.

I noticed that they cried a great deal more now than they did when I was dead. Jerusha came and hung around my neck, snivling desperately.

I gave her a not over-gentle push and told her to wait next time until I was safely buried before you set on my old clothes.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she said sweetly, without appearing to notice what I said about the clothes—"that you are not dead, Benny dear. My heart seems all withered and broken too see you lying there so cold and white. I wept bitterly above your pale face, my beloved."

"Yes," I replied, I heard you and Bob talking on terribly. It was a lucky die for me."

"Could you hear?" she gasped.

"I rather think I could—some," I replied.

She looked toward the door, but it was crowded full, so she made a dive for the open window and went throug it like a deer.

She shut herself up in the smoke-house and would not come out until after I had left the house.

Bob would not fulfil his promise of marriage with his cousin because she tried to make up with me again; so she is living a life of single blessedness.

While I am writing, my wife is cutting up my snuff-colored clothes to make a stripe in a new carpet for our front room.

A VIRGINIA INCIDENT.—Old Mark Kallar, says the Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle, was a citizen of Augusta county, and it has not been a decade since he emigrated to the "undiscovered country." Mark was somewhat eccentric, as an evidence of which we may state that he procured his second wife by purchase for the extravagant sum of $5, and was married in a full suit of red flannel. The money for the spouse was paid to the agent who did the courting, and not to the fair dame, who gave herself up "without money and without price." As may be readily imagined, Mrs. Kallar was not the most exemplary of wives, and a brief aquaintance demonstrated the fact that she was as fond of the bottle as Mark himself. The couple in this particular were well mated, and passed many years together with great satisfaction and remarkable harmony.

One summer day, however, the old man was made a widower in a shocking manner. The couple started on foot for the county seat, and Mark, being more active than the old lady, had advanced considerably ahead. The madam trudged along leisurely, smoking her pipe, when by some means her clothing caught fire and she was burned there in the public road literally to a crisp. Two gentlemen on horseback on their way to Staunton, came suddenly on the roasted body of the poor creature, and stood horrified at the ghastly spectacle. One of them rode ahead, and overtaking the old man informed him of the terrible occurrence. Mark expressed no emotion, but turning around with a grunt, retraced his steps and soon reached the scene of the terrible catastrophe. There lay the blackened corpse of his wife, so charred and disfigured as scarcely to be recognized. Mark walked with a cane and hobbling up to the body he gave it a punch or so with the stick, standing over it in a half bent posture. After surveying it he paid the following eloquent and pathetic tribute to the memory of the deceased: "Humph! I told her she had better leave her pipe at home! Now what'll I do for a housekeeper?"

A "SPEEDY" CALCULATION.—While riding from South Paris to Portland some years ago, on the Grand Trunk R. R. of Maine, then newly opened, I overheard a middle-aged man, in the seat directly before me, expressing to a companion his wonder at the rapid advance of improvement.—He was evidently from the backwoods, and his speech gave proof that he was Yankee born and bred. Said he:

"Wal, I swan, It's curius haow we do git up. Now when I ain't a lookin' out'r the winder, it don't seem as though we was a scootin' it so dreadful; but when I look at the trees—Jerusha! don't they spin by! Only think—I can remember when it took dad an' I, onct, four days, of hard travelin', to git from Paudunk tew Bosting. Then, by'm by, the stage was put on the Gorman road, an' by hard pushin' we could git through tew Portland in a day. That made it three days. Then, by gracious, when they got on a steamboat, we could go in tew days. Naow look at it! Geewhittaker! Ken git up in Paudunk this mornin' an' milk the cows, an' eat breakfast, an' git my supper in Bosting—all in one day! Everlastsn' tarnation! Ef they keep on a few years to come as the've been doin' for a few years past, I do railly believe that a feller might be stompin' himself into int'r his bewts in Paudunk, *an' himself in Bosting afore he'd fairly got ready to start!*"

THE VINAIGRETTE.

A PROPOSAL MADE UNDER VERY DISCOURAGING CIRCUMSTANCES.

"It's not leavin' auld Ireland I'm cryin' about,
It's not leavin' my own native land,
But it's leavin' the arms of my Pollywog,
With never a kiss of her hand."

And so singing, Miss Jenny Van Kortland, New York belle and beauty, sat herself down upon a rock, and began trimming her companion's light summer hat very artistically with oak leaves, poking an absurd twig in here and there to render the effect, as she expressed it, more "distingue." "Was Pollywog a man or a woman?" asked the young gentleman whom you may call Tom Willing if you want to, and who lay at the girl's feet watching her, and philosophically chewing grass. "Goose! Pollywog was a woman of course; and her lover was obliged to leave the country without bidding her good-bye, I suppose and he was awfully in love with her, so he was, which is more than you will ever be with anybody—flirt!" "Ah—" and Tom began on another blade of grass. "Yes. Now sit up and let me put your hat on. See how delightful it looks. Sit up, sir! Don't lie there like a meditative sheep." Tom, thus admonished, lifted himself to a sitting position. "You don't mean to say you're going to make a fellow wear that thing," he said, gazing at the hat, which now bore a strong resemblance to a sort of diminutive oak tree. "Certainly, and you ought to feel very much obliged to Miss Van Kortland for dressing it up so prettily instead of laughing at her in that ungrateful way." "Oh, I do; excessively so. Let me see it a moment," and he held out his hand. "No, I'm going to put it on your head myself, and then you must not touch it." "Please let me look at it first. I'll only admire it." "You can admire it in the glass when you get home. Now hold your head still. There, that looks charming!" "It feels like the deuce," observed Tom, rather ruefully. "Don't swear." "Deuce isn't swearing, is it?" "Certainly. Now let's go up through the woods and find out where the rest of the party is. It must be almost time to go home;" and in spite of the young gentleman's assertions that it was only two o'clock, and that he was positive he could never climb up that hill unless he rested there another hour, Miss Jenny drew her light shawl about her shoulders, and taking Tom's cane in one hand, and her vinaigrette in the other (certainly a combination of articles which would never occur to any one but a young woman) began to make her way through the woods up the incline. But though the worthy daughter of the Van Kortlands was of an ambitious and adventurous disposition, she had not succeeded in climbing many feet above the level of the creek near which they had been sitting before she came to a large rock, upon whose top she fancied it would be well to rest awhile—say five minutes—and in clutching rather frantically after a hemlock bough, with which to assist herself to a tempting seat near by, the vinaigrette dropped from her hand, and rolling slowly and gracefully outward, settled itself, in the most contented manner possible, on the very verge of the rock. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the young lady. "There go my salts!" "There go what?" said her escort, who was somewhat behind, and had not noticed the little accident. "My salts—my vinaigrette! Oh, don't you see them—I mean it—right out there on the edge of the rock—more to the left—there!" and Miss Jenny pointed imploringly out towards where the article specified nestled under the shade of a protecting fern. "Ah! yes, I recognize the piece of furniture," said Tom presently. "Very touching situation, is it not?" "It would be a much more touching one ("ahem, a poor pun," interrupted her listener) if you would go out and get it for me. Why don't you be gallant and go?" "I intend to, though I shall probable break my neck. Good-bye." "Fare thee well, and if forever, then forever fare thee well," and Tom began to crawl out toward the rock. "But, wait a moment, Mr. Willing—please stop—you don't think there is really any danger, do you?" "'Drop a tear on his bier,'" quoth Tom, who was by this time pretty far out, and was stretching his hand cautiously toward the vinaigrette. Presently the hand went down over the bottle, and the next moment the owner of the hand, distressing to relate, also went down—over the rock. An immediately following splash certified to all above that Mr. Thomas Willing, of 21—Walnut street, Philadelphia, but at present visiting in a picturesque town near New York, had descended into the stream. Jenny was up in an instant; she could not help a slight scream escaping her as she saw the sudden disappearance of her companion. What if he should be seriously injured by the fall? What if he should drown? She ran to the edge of the rock, farther up toward the left, where it was not dangerous and looked over. At a short distance from the shore, with one hand holding something high above the water, and the other diligently engaged in supporting himself, appeared the drenched figure of the preserver of the vinaigrette, his countenance considerably enlivened by his plunge. Somewhat lower down the stream floated the fantastic chapeau, and Jenny, in spite of her alarm, could not entirely repress a smile as she surveyed the truly romantic scene. "I've got it see!" gasped Tom, as soon as he could articulate anything, and waving the vinaigrette rather wildly above his head. The result of this theatrical display, however, was only to send him under the surface again, from whence, after swallowing five or six immense mouthfuls of water, he presently emerged in a paroxysm of coughing. "Are you hurt, Mr. Willing? Can I do anything to assist you?" called Jenny from the rock. She didn't know exactly whether to laugh or cry. Tom considered the advisability of replying, but came to the conclusion that under the present unfavorably conditions it was more prudent to keep quiet. His attempt at conversation had not been happy. So, having at length recovered his breath, he put his lips firmly together, and pursued his way with a somewhat mournful expression of countenance toward a small rock, a short distance above the larger one, which he thought would make a good landing place. "I'll go down and help him up," said Miss Van Kortland to herself, and descending the bank reached the rock just in time to give Tom her hand as he clambered out of the water. "There's the salts," said the hero, rather ungramatically, and then sitting down. "Phew! I'm almost dead!" "Poor fellow, did he fall into the creek, and run the risk of being drowned, and swallow ever so many gallons of water, and get all his new clothes wet, just to get a bottle of salts for his Pollywog?" and Miss Jenny took off her shawl and wrapped it carefully around the young man's shoulders. "You'll catch your death of cold, Mr. Willing, if you don't put this on to keep you warm." "It feels jolly," said Tom, as Jenny fastened it under his chin. "You were awfully good to bring it along. I've a great mind to kiss you." "I wouldn't let you," said Jenny, retreating a little. "Give me a snuff at that bottle, anyhow?" "What, this?" holding up the vinaigrette. "Yes." "It would serve you rightly for your impertinence if you never saw it again, but considering you have been at so much trouble to get it out of the stream, I suppose I ought to let you have it," and she extended it toward him. Tom ignored the vinaigrette entirely, but taking hold of the fair, shapely hand, he laid his cheek against it for an instant, and then kissed it softly. "Dearie, do you know that I love you," he said presently with a slight laugh. The girl was silent, but he could feel her hand trembling as he pressed it once more against her face. Suddenly he rose and took her in his arms. He felt her heart beat upon his, her dark, scented hair blown by the summer breeze about his neck. "My own," he said, as he kissed the rare, gypsy face, "if this is not love which is with us as we stand together now there is no love beneath God's heaven." "Sweetheart," spoke the girl passionately, "it is God's heaven for me to be here within your arms." And so was their betrothal made. As Tom remarked before leaving for the Philadelphia train, on the temporary parting shortly after, he had certainly made his proposal under very discouraging circumstances of time and dress; but having been successful, he had thereby accomplished some extremely happy results—one of the happiest being that he was no longer under the same unfortunate restriction as the Irish gentleman in the song relative to

"Leavin' the arms of his Pollywog,
With never a kiss of her hand."

And here, I regret to say, Tom took a kiss.

A CONDUCTOR'S DOG.—A conductor on one of the trains of the C., D. and M. road had, until a couple of days since, a Scotch terrier dog, which was his inseparable companion and accompanied his master with unfailing regularity on all trips, the conductor going up to the north end of the line one day and back the next. The dog had his place in the baggage car, and kept it all the time the train was in motion; but when the train stopped at a station he would step out to take a look at things, and when the bell rang he would resume his place in the car. He understood all the signals as well as any of the men, and when the whistle sounded "cattle on the track," the dog would rush to the steps of the car and join his notes of warning with those of the whistle. Just this side of Guttenburg a year ago, while barking at the cattle from the steps of the car he fell overboard, and it was supposed that he had been killed. The next morning, however, when his master's train returned to Guttenburg, "Scipio" was there and jumped on board as if nothing had happened. He seemed to understand the time of the arrival and departure of his train, for many times when he has been absent at the house, his master has found him waiting at the depot. A couple of days since, however, he met his death. The whistle had sounded a cattle alarm, and he rushed to the platform as usual. Just then the brakes were suddenly applied giving the car a jerk that threw poor "Scipio" from his feet, and he rolled down between the cars and was killed. He had scarcely missed a train in three years and was a general favorite all along the line of road.—*Dubuque Times*, Nov. 25.

POOR THING! she fainted away at the washtub, and her pretty nose went kersplop into the soap suds. Some said it was overwork; others, however, whispered that her bean had peeped over the back fence and called out: "Hello, there, Bridget! Is Miss Alice at home?"