A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A PRESMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MARKS FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, 52 per year, ir advence

VOLUME IX.

## EBENSBU...G, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1875.

NUMBER 1

# MOTICE!

## TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCIRM

Owing to the great searcity of money and the long contimed neglect of many offmy customers to pay up their indebtedness for the past year or nore, I am compelled to adopt

## ANOTHER SYSTEM

of ding business. Very many of my customers have allowed their accounts to run for such an unreasonable length of time that a great loss to me, without any benefit to thunselves, has been the result. Hence it is that I find it

#### Impossible to Continue the Credit System and at the same time keep up my stock andjuset my obligations promptly.

I am sincerely thankful for the liberal patronage that has been extended to me, and not earnestly ask one and all who are indebted to me, no matter how large or how small the amount, to call and settle, either by cash or note,

BEFORE THE 1ST DAY OF JANUARY, 1875, as I need and must have money. Believing as I do from past experience (which I have pad well for) that it will be better for me as well as for my customers to adopt the reads pay system,

#### I WILL NOT, After the FIRST of JANUARY NEXT.

SELL ANY GOODS ON CREDIT. I am fully convinced that in three cases out of four persons buying goods never find alone. Their carbines rested on the they make their purchases, and as an inducement to my customers to buy for cash or in exchange for country produce, I will,

## KNOCK OFF ONE-HAIF the PROFIT heretofore realized in this place on goods

of the same class. Hoping that my old customers will take no offense at the new mode of doing business I am about to adopt, but will continue to favor me with their patronage on a strictly eash basis, which they will be sure to find the very best for all concerned, I pledge myself to mark my goods down to the lowest cash rates.

#### ONE PRICE TO ALL! AND COMPTITION DEFIED! IN GOODS AS WELL AS PRICES.

George Huntley. BEALER IN Stoves, Hardware, Tinware, Greceries,

Paints, Oils, &c., &c., EBENSBURG, PA. P. S. Manufacturers and others who sometimes had it necessary to send orders for goods through their employes, can make special ar-rangements, with the anderstanding that their accounts will be paid in fail at the end of each

PARE CHANCE FOR INVESTFARM FOR SALE — A valuable
Farm in Westmoreland county.
Par, within one-fourth of a mile
of Blairwills and not far from the
willage of Chacville, is offered for sale on recomodating terms. Said Farm contains 197 Across,
and has the conserved a good STONE HOUSE
containing 7 rooms, a good LOG BARN, CARRIAGE AGUSE, GRANARIES, CORN CRIB,
&c., and there is no excellent spring of pure water
on the premises. There is no better farm in West-

terms apply to or address
A. FORD, Crosson, Pa., or
Mrs. C. A. FORD, Blairsville, Pa.
Nov. 20.-4f.

STEAM TANNERY FOR SALE. —Following is a description of a Steam Tangery and Real Estate located in Ebensburg, Cambria County, Pa., which are offered for sale Cambria Cousty, Ps., which are offered for Sale on the most liberal terms: The property consists of it across of tauth, on which is erected a TWO STORY BI ILBING, 40 by 20, and a ONE STORY BUILDING, 20 by 80, 18 Vets. 6 Leaches, 1 large Leach Tank, 2 Limes, 1 Handler, 2 Bates, 1 good Engine of 10 horse power, 1 Bark Mill, 1 Machine for siling leather, and other fixtures. The establishment has a capacity for tanning 5,0 o hides per year, and has advantages in he way of low prices. for back, convenience to railroad and market, etc.
This is a rare chance for a anner with a small capital. For terms, etc., apply to
JOHNSTON & SCANLAN.
Nov. so, 1874.-tf.
Ebensburg, Pa.

SPLENDID TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE. - A very elegant and commodious residence in Ebensourg borough will be sold on reasonable terms. The House is brick and contains 12 rooms, 8 feet halls and basement wash-house, besides a good cellar divided into two apart-ments. The Lot is 125x264 feet and is well set with all kinds of fruits and shrubbery. Large Sta-ble, Ice House, and three Euiblings 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.

TOOR SALE OR FOR RENT .- No. ties is hareby given to all parties interested that I have several FARMS Horans and Leves, and Bullding Love for sale, any or all of which will be disposed of at low figures and on fair terms. I also procure tenants for those having Houses and Lots or Farms for rent, and having a full set of new fixing of Leases. Volkes it One, &c., I am prepared to canke rents assert. One me a sali and you will find my terms reasonable. GEO. W. OATALAN, Real Printe Agent. Ebensburg, Dec. 25, 18-4-11.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE. Letters of Administration on the extate of Brayand Mullin, late of Summerhill township, Cambris county, having been fissed to the undersigned, notice is hereby given that all debts due to said estate must be paid forthwith, and all claims against the same should be presented duly authenticated for settlement.

Dec. 25.-5t. FRANCIS MULLIN, Adm'r.

APPLICATION FOR PARDON. be made to the Governor for the pardon of HENRY SPIRES and MATHIAS BURNS, who were convicted of arson at September Term, 1874, of the Cambria Lounty Court.

JAMES M'CLOSKLY.

Gallitzin, Dec. 25, 1844-34.

As wet as a fish; as dry as a cone. As live as a bird; as dead as a stone. As plump as a partridge; as poor as a rat. As strong as a horse; as weak as a cat. As hard as flint; as soft as a mole. As white as a lily; as black as a coal. As plain as a pikestaff; as rough as a bear. As tight as a dram; as free as the air. As heavy as lead; as light as a feather. As steady as time; uncertain as weather. As hot as an oven; as cold as a frog. As gay as a lark; as sick as a dog. As slow as a tortoise; as swift as the wind As true as the gospel; as false as mankind-As thin as a horring; as fat as a pig. As proud as a peacock; as blithe as a grig. As savage as tigers; as mild as a dove, As stiff as a poker; as limp as a glove. As blind as a bat; as dent as a post. As cool as a encumber; as warm as a toast. As flat as a flounder; as round as a ball. As blunt as a hammer: as sharp as an awl. As red as a ferret; as safe as the stocks. As bold as a thief; as sly as a fox. As straight as an arrow; as crooked as a bow. As yellow as saffron: as black as a sloo As brittle as glas; as tough as a gristle. As nest as my nutl; as clean as a whisite. As good as a feast; as bad as a witch, As light as the day; a dark as is pitch. As while as a river; a- deep as a well. As still as a mouse; as foud as a belk As sure as a gun; as true as a clock. As fruit as a promise as firm as a rock. As brisk as a bee; as dull as an ass. As full as a tick, as could as brass.

#### THE LOST MINE

As lean as a grey bound; as rich as a Jew.

And ten thousand similes equally new.

"Let us go back." "To the States?"

"Yea." "To Buena Vista?" "Of course. Where else would we go?"

The last speaker was a dark-faced, brigandish-looking man of five and forty; his companion a han isome fellow at least fifteen years his junior. They sat in the light of a small fire in one of the famous guiches of New Mexico, and seemed to be

The words of the elder caused a sneer to ruffle the lips of the other, and determination flashed in his dark eyes.

"I am not going back to the States, much less to Buena Vista, before I have found the treasure.

"Then, by George! some sun will find you in a guich with a dozon feathered sticks in your body. Where's Pavis?"

"Dend!" "And Angerbright ?"

"Dead." "Yes, and if you'll go up the Rio Grande you'll find poor Knigh 's anatomy, and in the best heart that ever lived in Ohio is an Apache arrowhead. There were five of us when we left Buena Vista; you and I are all the Indians have spared. And Heaven

knows that they are after us now!" "You can go back if you wish, Kyle. I am going to find the t.e scure."

"What! go back and leave you here? Chalbert Ross, you don't know Kyle Bains I never more'n half believed the story about the lost silver mine, and we have been upon a wild-goose chase."

"I believe we are ne or the treasure." responded the younger siventurer, confidently. "I do not think that the information I gathered in Taos is altogether deceptive. But we will talk while we hunt to-morrow. Kyle, I guard to-night. Lie down and go

to sleep." Obedient, the bearded man drew a blanket about his person, and threw himself upon the ground. A mount later he was asleep, and it seemed that his guard, Chalbert Ross, was not far from the land of dreams. He seemed worn out with traveling; but there was a fire in his eye, and

his ear was on the abort for admonitions of

Perhaps he thought of the three Ohio boys who in high spirits had crossed the the date of his present encampment. Brave fellows and full of adventure they were; but there were Indian arrows in their bodies, and on the banks of unexplored streams they slept the sleep of the dead. Now but two of the little band of five men who left the Buckeye State to rediscover \ one of the many I'd lea silver mines of New Mexico remaine i, and they had hunted many weeks with the shadow of death's

wing above them, and dark mystery before: the gulches and chasms of the, to them, find the fire where his brother sleeps?" terra incognita of America. Would they ever escape? It was a question they could

Chalbert Ross felt that sleep was stealing over him while he watched his prestrate companion, and coveted the refreshing raled train, and getting a glimpse of the slumber that closed his heavy lids. He rose and paced up and down the canyon in the light of the fire. Far above him glittered the stars; on each side, dull, gray rocks, on which his giant-like shadow fell. Once he paused and drew a medallion portrait from his bosom, and looked at it.

He saw the beautiful features of girlhood, bright blue eyes, and a wealth of radiant hair, as aureate as the sunbeams.

silver-hunters get so haggard. I ought to girl. I'll attend to the business. go back to her; but not without the treas- sinned oftener than you, Chal Ross." ure. No! no! no!"

He repeated the monosyllable with determination, and the giant, talking in his in Buena Vista or elsewhere. It will give respect would not only save money, but tend dreams, seemed to respond propheticaly, for us the silver !" he said :

of h a we've got 19 die; ...

ghed when he saw that his burry . had spoken in his slumber, and a m ... · later having seated himself before the fire, was asleep himself.

He did not hear the stealthy footstep in the canyon; he did not see the figure that came from the gloom his eyes had failed to penetrate.

It was the figure of an Indian girl, who carried a bow, to the string of which was fitted an exquisitely-shaped arrow. She saw the sleeping men, and never took her eyes from them.

Hal she marked them for her shafts? We shall see.

Stealthily approaching, she stooped over Chalbert Ross, and touched his shoulder with her bow. The touch roused him, and he looked into her eves astonished. She touched her lips indicative of silence, and, stepping back, motioned him to rise. He glanced at Bains.

The giant still slept, and, confident that he would not awake for a while, the younger hunter arose and followed the Apache

Without a word, she led him down the canyon until she began to ascend. He followed her up the rough path to the country above, and on the edge of the gulch-the precipice-she pausel.

"The country so far as the white man can see belongs to Walpan, the Apache," she sail, sweeping her hand before her. "He owns a thousand ritles, and more horses than the two pale-fac is can count. Neva is his child, and the only child he has. She has followed the pale-face for many miles, and she knows what brought him to the land of the Apaches."

She smiled as she spoke the last sentence, nd Chalbert Ross started forward with ea-

"Tell me-tell me, Neva, where it is!"

"The lost mine of shining silver?" she "Yes! yes!"

"What will the pale-face do if Neva tells

"Anything, he say: " she said, triumphantly, in a low whisper. "He says he will do anything Neva asks if she tells him about the lost silver mine. She will try him. Neva will see if the pale-face is as

good as his word." "Try me girl. Chalbert Ross never broke a promise."

Then her right han . pointed to the west away from the canyon.

"Do the eyes of the silver-hunter behold fire?" she asked. "They do."

"There is a wagon-train from the white non's country," consinued the Apache. Walpan has said that it might halt in his and, for the pule-frees do not hant silvernines. In one of the wagons is a pale

Challert Ross start I again. "Will the white me, swear to obey Neva f she tells him where the silver is?' the

drief's dangator suddenly askel. "Yes." "Let him swere it."

The oath was taken. "Now!" cried the Apache girl, in tones of triumph, "Neva commands the silver-

nunter to slay the whole rose." With a cry of horror on his lips, Chalbert Ross started back, storing at the Apache, cursing himself for his rash

For a moment he did not speak. "Is the silver-hunter a coward?" she

"No! but you have ... ked too much, Neva. It would be murler."

The Indian girl hughed.

"Well, if the pale-face's word is worthless, he will die near the lost silver; but Arkansas at his side a short time prior to his eyes will never see it. Neva knows where it is. There are rocks of shining wealth; but the skeletons of the old Span-

iards guard them." "What care I for skeletons?" cried Ross. "I will keep my worl! Where is the mino?

"In a few words the Apache girl located the lost silver mine, and swore to guide the hunters thither.

"But first the white girl must step upon the long trail," she said. "If the hunter The ignis fature, invented perhaps by fails, Neva's shaft will find his heart. She some imaginative writer, had lured them to will meet him to morrow night. Can he "Yes," answered the young man, and

the next minute the Apache girl was gliding away.

For awhile he stood alone, undecided, He thought of making his way to the cortravelers; but, after some sober thinking. descended to the bed of the canyon, and rejoined his companion, whom he immediately awakened.

exacted from his friend.

"Look here," he said. "We can't find the silver without the girl, that's certain; ourselves of an abundant supply of nourishand she won't guide us until the white one ing food, decent raiment, and healthful shel-"She wouldn't know me now," he mur- is out of her road. A little case of jealousy. ter, but this affords no excuse for the prevalmured. "I look so old. I wonder if all Her red lover has been smitten by the pale ent sin of waste, nor does it justify spending man, "I thought I was in pretty good com-"But it will be murder."

That seemed to decide Chalbert Ross. in dress and in our whole manner of life.

s would escape the crime; but would be not be particeps criminis to the foul deed? In his eagerness to find the lost mine of untold wealth-lost for three hundred years

-he never thought of that! The men kept awake until the light of day dissipated the night, then, after dispatching a frugal meal, they secured their steeds, which they had turned out to graze, and gradu dly left the canyon.

"Yonder is the train! said Ross, pointing westward. "We'll ride down and see where it hails from."

They urged their horses into a brisk gallop, and were rapidly nearing the wagons, when Bains drew rein with an exclamation of surprise.

"I've been thinking for some time that that black mass was a party of Indians," said, with his eyes fixed upon a dark Lody'spproaching the wagon-train from the south west. "If they're Apaches, Ress, we want to keep our distance for the present."

"Yes," was the reponse. "We'll watch them from this point.'

It was soon distinctly seen that the moving mass was a band of savages, and some consternation seemed to prevail among the emigrants. Men were seen hurrying to and fro, seeing to their steeds, families and

By-and-by, the savages reached the train. and the silver-hunters saw them mingle with the whites.

For a few moments the intentions of the Indians seemed to be peaceful; but suddenly a yell rent the air, and the report of firearms followed. "Heavens! they're massacreing the

whites!" cried Ross. "We must help them, Kyle." "No!" was the response. "They are do-

ing the work you were to do." "I care not cried the young hunter. "I want to see that girl. They shall not kill

He unslung his carbine, and gave his steed the shining spura.

"He is mad!" ejaculated Bains, dashing after him. "But I'll follow him to the gates of Hades!"

He soon caught up with the excited Ohioan, and together the twain dashed among the combstants, and dealt deadly blows right and left. Several wagons were already in flames, and the emigrants old man; "I shouldn't wouder if Gr were fighting for their families like

Suddenly Chalbert Ress heard his name called in a weman's despuring He turned and beheld a white face in

one of the shattered wagons. The next instant, regardless of the lancer that glittered about him, he cleared a path and was alongside.

"Kate!" he cried, "how came you

"I had hoped to find you, Chalbert." was the weak reply. "I left Buena Vista-Ma

od! look, for your Hie!" He turned and struck the lance aside and slew the Apache whose hands clutched it madly. Then a press of fees bere him back; but again, after a minute's desporate

fighting, he came to Ure wagon. Kate Aylesford's face was still there; but it was so very pale.

"Kate! K Ja!" No answer. He lifted her head, and

"Dead! the devils have slain the woman How madly he turned, then, and

how ficreely he fought, the reader can By-and-by the fortunes of battle brought him face to face with Kyla

"Come!" he cried, we must eecape." "Agreed!" said the giant, and the two

men fought themselves clear of foes, and rode away like the wind. Hotly the Indians pursued; but they never caught the men who, for the life

of Kite Aylesford, took terrible ven-She was Chalbert Ross' Ohio love : hers was the face on the medallion, and it was

her life that the silver hunter had promised Neva to take. The Indian girl never met the hunters again. In their hunt for vengeance they forgot the lost mine, and years afterward

a man with gray hairs entered the village

It was Chalbert R ss, and he told a tale of vengeance that chilled many a heart, Kyle Bains fell before an Apache arrow; but not until he could boast of satisfying his hatred of the red race.

Where Kate Aylesford sleeps I do not know; but there is an old man who could tell you, reader.

## The Habit of Saving.

Wastefulness characterizes our domestic Kyle Bains was soon made acquainted economy to an extent nuheard of in more with Neva's visit, and the oath she had frugal countries, and we must always ent. drink, and be clothed with the best the marketuffords. There is no economy in depriving | we're war times, however." I've hard-won wages upon expensive delicacles, man, "I thought I was in pretty good comunnecessarily large habitations, or costly trifles. There is far to lavish a subserviency to "Well, what of it! Nobody will know it fashion among all classes. Economy in this to create a much needed independence, both

# How Jackson Green Deceived His Poor Old Grandfather.

Jackson Green is fourteen years old, and he lives on Sixth street. The other day while reading a dime novel, his grandfather came in with the paper and asked him to read the President's message. It irritated Jackson to break off the story just where the frapper was going to be scalped, so he made up his mind to have revenge on his grandfather. He took up the paper and started off as follows:

The business of the Patent Office shows a steady increase. Since 1836 over 155,000 pat-ents have been issued. Officer Deck of the station-house wants it distinctly understood that he is not the Deck confined there a few days since as a lunatic.

"What I" exclaimed the old man, "is that in the message?" "Right here, every word of it !" replied

Jackson, and he continued : The business of the Agricultural Bureau is rapidly growing, and the department grounds are being enlarged, and the highest cents, a. d the feilow who draws it has his name in the paper, and is looked upon as a

'What! what is that?" roared the old man. "I never heard of such a message as

"I can't help it," replied Jackson, "you asked me to read the President's message, and I'm reading it." And he went on : During the year, 5,753 new applications for army invalid pensions were allowed at an aggregate annual rate of 39,332, and kerosene oil is the best furniture oil; it cleanses, adds a polish and preserves from the ravages of insects.

"Lor' save me ! but I never heard of the likes before !" exclaimed the old man. "I've read every President's message since Jackson's time, but I never saw anything like this !"

plied Jackson, and he continued : During the year, 3,264,314 acres of the

"Well, I didn't write the message," res

public domain were certified to railroads. against over six million acres the preceding year, and you will save money by buying your Christmas presents in the brick block; prices.

"Jackson Green, does that message read that way ?" asked the old man.

"You don't suppose I'd lie to you, do you?" inquired Jackson, putting on au. "Well, it seems singular," mused the

was tired when he wrote that." Jackson went on : There was 17,620 survivors of the 1812 on the pension rolls, at a total rate of \$1,691,520, and still anothe

those one-dobar felt skirts; they go

cakes on a cold morning. "Hold on, Jackson-stop right a. said the old man as he rose up. "You needn't read another word of that message. If General Grant thinks he can insult the American people with impunity he will find himself mistaken. You may throw the paper in the stove, Jackson, and let this be an awful example to you never to taste

intoxicating drinks." Jackson tossed the paper away and resamed his dime novel, while the old man leaned back and pondered on the degradation of men in high places. - Detroit Free

A MULE WILLING TO GO .- A bad little boy in Portland lit a pack of shooting crackers, and threw them into the street to see them "go off." One of Ike Batman's mules came along and swallowed them before they "went off." The male walked about fifteen feet and thea stopped. Things wasn't acting right inside. He began to taste the smoke of the scrackers. He laid his left ear around against his ribs, and head something. It was them crackers having fun. The mule picked out about three and a half miles of straight road and started. A negro met him about a mile the other side of the alms-house, going south, white with perspiration, with streams of smoke shooting out of his nostrils, mouth, and ears, while his tail stuck straight up, and a stream of blue and green shoke about ten feet long followed in the rear. Ike found his mule resterday morning sticking half way through a farm-house near Paddy's Run, still sthoking. The man had got his family out and put 'em up into a lot of trees. Ike hauled his mule home, when he got cool enough, on a dray. The man is going to move his house further back off the road, and his wife and oldest daughter will be baptized when the water gets warm.

HAD SERN KINGS ENOUGH. - A gentleman at Washington was requested by a door?" friend to join him on a visit to the depot to witness the arrival of the !King of the Sandwiches.

"No, sir, not much," growled the gen-"Have you ever seen a king in your trav-

what at his short answer. "Yes, sir," replied the gentleman. "I was once guilty of seeing three kings." Then, after a moment's pause, went on to say: "And they cost me \$150, sir. Those

els?" inquired the friend, marveling some-

His friend suggested he must have been in bad company. "Well, I don't know," says the gentle-

another king, and an ace spot, and have never had any desire to see one of the royal family since." His friend saw the point. Sai 'te passed, and shuffled on.

### A New Grain Binder.

Professor Dana, in the Western New Yorker, thus talks of it : "A new era has dawned in the culture of the cereals, the golden age of farmers and farmers' wives, a day of deliverance from a crowd of hungry, high-priced laborers in harvest time. Mr. Daniel McPherson, of Caledonia, New York, has invented an attachment to the Marsh Harvester, which binds securely. with No. 19 annealed wire, the grain as fast as it is cut. A trial of the machine was held on the firm of the inventor, in the presence of several grain farmers and machinists. The trial was a perfect success. No better work was ever done in a harvest field. Every spear was bound in the sheaves; no rakings were left. This strip, fifteen feet wide, between the standing grain and the straight line of bound sheaves was perfectly smooth and clean. The line sheaves, arranged with military precision, looked like a battalion of soldiers. The iron fingers of the machine bind thistles as easily as grain, without gloves. The draft is about the same as that of ordinary reapers which do not bind. A team of medium weight made very easy work of it. In going six times around a five acre field of oats not a failure occurred which could be attributed to any fault of the binder. The wire, which was of a poor quality and badly reeled, was broken a low times. One circuit

was made without missing a single sheaf. "Mr. J. McKinnon, a skillful machinist, who has repeatedly examined the machine, says that it cannot possibly fail to do its work perfectly, and that, if well made of good material, will last a life-time. The machinery is very simple, very strong, and works with very little noise and friction. Major H. T. Brooks thought that the binder would save the wages and board of five strong men, say fifteen dollars a day, during harvest time. With it, a man can cut, rake and bind ten acres a day. It can be set to bind a sheaf once in any required the distance passed over can be varied for each sheaf by means of a lever worked by the foot. Sheaves may be bound tight or loose by varying the tension on the wire. All objection to the use of wire bands is obviated by the use at threshing time of a "air of nippers which cut the wires and hold

sister of the r. trial. Their delight be imagined. The nation will reiterate their joy. McPherson er mist be as world-renowned as McLo. mick's reaper. That the inventor may not in any way lose the konor or the pecuniary reward of his labors is the entirest wish of

MRS. I. of Eureka, Cal., is a firm | and let both be kept in activity. believer in woman's rights. Of English does nothing is in a fair way to do mische. her to believe that her solvere in life was add, a miserable one, too," tening to Laura de Force Gordon and the bad deed that is hidden make itself known, other suffragists, her mind was changed. A fault concealed is a fault doubled; and Since then Mr. L- has led a somewhat so you will find all through life. Never eventful life. The other night capped the bide your faults, but confess them, and take care of the baby, while she went to a them." Spiritualistic lecture. L--- resented; had business on hand, and would have explain- along, think of the half dozen proverbs gived, but was ad nonished to silence by a stew en you by Amos Atkins." pan flying across life room in close proximity to his head. He retaliated by kicking over the table. The time which for years | Moody, of New Orleans, who died recently the woman had scearnestly prayed for had by his own hand (says the Augusta Constiat length arrived, and gloriously she vindi- fution dist) while suffering from an intolercated outraged femininity. On his devoted able nemalgic attack, was a singular idan. shoulders came the horse whip; faster and He prospered when Louisiana Bas wealthy, faster rained the blows. In vain he implor- and he prospered when Louisiana was as ed, begged, beseeched her to let up, but his | poor as a rat. The secret of his continued words proved only an incentive to the vixen sucress was advertising. He knew how to at last her strength succumbed, and as slie | more persistently he kept himself and his laid aside the buttend of the cowhide care- wares before the public. He was known fully, she arrayed herself in her "meeting as "Shirt King of the Southwest." On harness," and, as she gently closed the every dead wall and on nearly every teledoor, said: "L-, if the baby cries, you graph pole in the Mississippi Valley the can borrow some sirep of Mrs. limin, next wayfarer was invited "to get his shirts at

An Akron physician tells of a little Akron boy who came to him and sa d: "Doctor, I want some inceae." "What do you want it for ?" "Never mind, just give it to me." "Who sent you here?" "Nobody sent me; came myself." "I can't let you have it unless you tell me what you are going to do with it." "Well, Docter, our hired girl has swallowed a silver quarter, and she said that if "I would give her something that tion. would bring it up, I might have it."

'v the one end until it is dropped The wire bands can thus be \*rawones can be cut.

with the frost. They are lower now that they have been picket fonce is very vivid. He expects the

BILLINGSIANA. - Ignorance is the nurse of prejudice.

Wit without sense is a razer without & handle.

Half the comfort of life is the result of getting tired of ourselves.

Benevolence is the cream on the milk of human kindness. People of good sense are those whose

opinions agree with ours. Face all things; even adversity is polite to a man's face.

Passion always lowers a great man, but sometimes elevates à little one. There are people who expect to escape hell because of the crowd going there.

Most people are like eggs-too full of themselves to hold any thing else. Time is money, and many people pay

their debts with it. We have made justice a luxury of civil-

Some men marry to get rid of themselves, and find that the game is one that two can play at, and neither win.

It is little trouble to a graven image to be patient, even in fly-time. Old age increases us in wisdom-and in rheumatism.

Adversity to a man is like training for a pugilist. It reduces him to his lighting Necessity is the mother of Invention but

Beware of the man with half-bet eyes -he's not dreaming. Man was built after all other thingshad been made and pronounced good. If not, he would have insisted on giving his orders. as to the rest of the job.

Mice fatten slowly in church. They

Patent Right is the father.

can't live on religion any more than a min-There are farmers so full of science that they won't set a gate-post till they have had the tarth under the gate-post analyzed.

PROVERBS, - Amos Atkins was very fond of proverbs. He read proverbs, wrote proverbs, and spoke proverbs; and, meet him where you would, he had always a proverb on his lips. When he once began to speak there was hardly any stopping him.

When I first met Amos I was on my way to my nucle's. Along walk it was : but I fild him I hoped to be there before night. "Ay, ay," said he. "Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper. Put your best foot foremost, boy, or else you will not be there. It is a good thing to hope; but he

"less way."

gins with folly and -

wed. who does nothing but hope is in a very a care of your temper, for a a pony that runsaway

"Look at your feet and yorigin, her education was such as caudid | An idie laid n.3kesa needy man, and I may below man, but in more advanced years, "If you put a hot coal in your rocket it after immigrating to "Hamerica" and lis- will barn its way cut. Ay, and so will a

climax. She told him to stay at home and seck, through God's help, to overcome "Now step forward, boy, and as yed walk

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS. - Colonel S. N. wife. Her impredations were fearful, but advertise, and the duller the season the S. N. Moody's." Such was his faith in the mecessary of captivating the fancy of the people and winning their attention, that it was seriously declared in New Orleans, years ago, he offered \$50,000 to help gay for a new steamboat intended for the St. Louis trade, provided he had the naming of the craft. His offer was pro- ptil act. cepted, but almost as suddenly declined. when it became knows that "Get Your Shirts at Moody's" was to be the appella-

An industrious citizen of San Juan prose A LAD who bortowed a dictionary to read a few mornings ago, while the festive lark returned it after he got through, with the was still snoring, and with a tin bucket remark : "It was werry nice reading, but | under his arm went to the barn to milk the it sensellow changed the subject werry of. family cow. It was dark and rainy, and fit first ice cream she tasted was a little touched the wrong pew and began to pail the off mule of his wagon team. He can't remenber now which side of the roof he went out Now is the time to buy thermometers, at, but his recollection of alighting or the bucket down in a few days.