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 IX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1875. NUMBER 4.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria county, for the year ending January 11, 1875:

Amount of property insured Jan. 12, 1874,	$1030,608.79	
Amount of property insured during year,	293,456.00	1,324,064.79
Deduct amount expired during year,	220,445.00	
Deduct amount surrendered and canceled,	16,101.00	236,546.00
Amt. of property insured Jan. 11, 1875,		1,087,518.79
Amt. of premium notes in force Jan. 12, 1874,	105 444.30	
Amt. of premium notes taken during year,	30,907.86	136,352.16
Deduct amount expired during year,	22,717.92	
Deduct amount surrendered and canceled,	2,659.00	25,376.92
Amount of premium notes in force Jan. 11, 1875,		110,975.24
No. of Policies issued during year,		235
No. of Policies in force Jan 11, 1875,		929

CASH ACCOUNT—RECEIPTS.

Am't. on hand at last settl'm't,	$1,285.83	
Cash for new insurance,	1,139.25	
Interest received,	21.20	
On account of assessment No. 4,	1,695.13	4,042.36

EXPENDITURES.

Losses to Caspar Hagar,	$125.00
C. T. Roberts,	8.18
Secretary's fees,	118.00
Treasurer's salary,	80.00
Rent,	40 00
Agent's commission,	179.00
Premiums returned for Policies canceled,	3.18
Printing, postage, stationery,	80.80
Fees for proving acct. of F. Beck,	1.25
Commission on assessment col'd,	80.25
Ex. exchange,	66. 8
Bal. amt. No. 4 in hands asses'd,	41.69
Amount paid for safe,	100.00
Amt. have ted in Borough Water Bonds,	500.00
Compensation of Ex. Committe,	46.00 — 1,559.33
Balance in hands of Treasurer,	$2,482.83

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY.

Premium notes in force Jan. 11, 1875,	$110,975.24
Balance in hands of Treasurer,	2,482.83
Amount Borough Water Bonds,	500.00
	$113,958,07

LIABILITIES.

Losses unpaid not yet due, $600.00

The foregoing account, audited, found correct, and approved. GEO. HUNTLEY, F. ROBERTS, Ex. Com.
Jan. 28, 75.-3t. GEO. M. READE,

ORDINANCE of the Borough of Carrolltown, Cambria County, Pa.—Be it enacted and ordained by the Council and Burgess of the Borough of Carrolltown, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by the authority of the same, That a Weigh Scales should and must be erected for the use of Carrolltown Borough, the same to be procured by the Council and Burgess and to be paid for out of the Borough funds. The Scales are to weigh five tons or more and as low as one pound, and are to be erected in the middle of the town, on Main street.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the Weighmaster to weigh all hay, coal or live stock, or such other articles or things as may be presented for weighing at the Weigh Scales of the Borough, and to furnish a properly numbered certificate of the quantity in weight or bushels of the article or thing weighed to the party having the same weighed, and when the name of the purchaser can be ascertained, his name shall be inserted in the certificate.

SECTION 2. No person shall be permitted to sell or deliver any hay, straw or coal within the limits of the Borough, on cart, wagon, sled, or other vehicle, until the same shall have been first weighed by the Borough Weigh Scales of the Borough, and to furnish a properly numbered certificate of the quantity in weight or bushels of the article or thing weighed to the party having the same weighed, and when the name of the purchaser can be ascertained, his name shall be inserted in the certificate.

SECTION 2. No person shall be permitted to sell or deliver any hay, straw or coal within the limits of the Borough, on cart, wagon, sled, or other vehicle, until the same shall have been first weighed by the Borough Weigh Scales, and have received a certificate therefor from the Weighmaster, or, having received such certificate, shall sell or receive payment for such load or part thereof without delivering the certificate to the purchaser, such person shall be subject to a fine of not less than one nor more than ten dollars for each offense.

SECTION 3. It shall be the duty of the Weighmaster to keep the Borough Scales in good order. If mud, dirt, or other extraneous substances shall adhere to the load to be weighed, it shall be his duty to make a suitable deduction on account thereof, as also for any undue moisture on hay or other articles weighed. If any person shall present or make use of a false certificate, or of one issued on some other load than that on which it is fraudulently used, he shall pay a fine of not less than five nor more than twenty dollars.

SECTION 4. The following shall be the rates of charges by the Weighmaster:

For a load of Coal drawn by one horse	10 cts.
" " " two horses,	15 "
" " " more than " "	20 "
Live Stock, 1,000 lbs. or less,	20 "
" " 1,000 to 4,000 lbs	25 "
" " more than 4,000 lbs	50 "
Hay and Straw, 1,000 lbs. or more	25 "
" " less than 1,000 lbs	20 "

SECTION 5. All fines that may be imposed and collected for a violation of this Ordinance shall be paid over to the Borough Treasurer, and are to be used and applied as Borough taxes.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of office, at Carrolltown, this 1st day of August, A. D. 1874.
JOHN BUCK, Burgess.
Attest—E. L. BINDER, Clerk. [1-29.-3t.]

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the District Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Opera House, Johnstown, on TUESDAY, 16TH DAY OF FEBRUARY next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Thomas A. Carroll, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the Fourth Ward of Johnstown, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Bedford street on the north, and adjoining lot of John Carroll on the east and lot of George Carroll on the west and the Feeder on the south, having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of Daniel Shoop. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of William Young.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Daniel Fulton, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the Borough of Conemaugh, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Locust street, and adjoining lot of Charles Litzinger on the one side and lot of Frederick Ritweiger on the other side, and extending back to the Franktown road, having thereon erected a two story plank house and a plank stable, now in the occupancy of David Fulton. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Geo. Maben.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds at the confirmation of the Deed.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Johnstown, Jan. 18, 1875.

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Ebensburg, as required by Act of Assembly passed April 20th, 1874:

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

Actual indebtedness		$ 4,117.10
Amount of Funded Debt (Boro'h Bonds)		4,065.00
" " Floating "		52.10
Valuation of Taxable Property		292,887.00
Balance due on Duplicate,	$550.50	
" in hands of Burgess	233.16	

CHARACTER OF ASSETS.

Date of maturity of Borough Bonds—13th August, 1884.

D. H. KINKEAD, Burgess.
T. W. DICK, Secretary. [1-29. 3t.]

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Commissioners of Cambria County, intend making application to the present Legislature for the passage of an Act entitled "A further Supplement to and Act entitled 'An Act establishing an additional Court in Cambria County,'" the purpose of said Act being to create a Court of Common Pleas, and their Clerk to attend each session of said Court, and perform the duties, touching all the expenses of the same, that are now imposed on the Associate Judges of said Court by the 9th Section of the Supplement to the original Act, which said Supplement was approved April 4th, 1874.

ANTHONY ANNA,
WM. D. MCCLELLAND,
MARTIN F. CAMPBELL, Co. Com'rs.
Ebensburg, Jan. 29, 1875.-4t.

A CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

BY OLIN GREY.

I suppose that there are not many folks that would expect to hear of anything romantic about the life of us street car conductors, and there isn't much. We get used to our business very soon, and don't often pay any attention to our passengers; hardly look at them when they get on or off. But once in a while it is different, and I expect that I could tell you a story that would sound about as well as the stories you see in the papers. And I know it is true, too, because it happened to me.

You say you want to hear it? Very well, if you ain't in a hurry, for it's quite a long yarn.

I was about twenty-three years old when I went to New York to get a place on the street cars. I suppose some folks thought that it was sort of a come down for me to do, for my father was a well-to-do doctor in a county village, but I didn't care about books or being shut up in a store or office. I always liked to be out-doors and see people, and I think that any honest business is respectable enough, if you make it so by being respectable yourself. I got a place right away on one of the Second avenue cars, and stayed right along for more than three years. I soon got used to the business, and left people come and go without giving anybody a second thought. In the meantime my father died, and mother came to live with me. She had enough, so that with my salary we lived very comfortably indeed. My two sisters were well married, and we had as little to bother us as most folks.

My car started from the city hall at six o'clock in the morning. I came to know pretty well the faces that went with me at that time in the morning. They were seamstresses and clerks, and workmen of all sorts; many of them came over from Brooklyn.

One dreary, drizzly morning in November, I was just about starting for up town, when a young girl came hurrying up. The car was crowded and she had to stand. I asked her for her fare, and she gave me a three-cent piece. If it had not been for that I don't suppose I should have looked at her a second time. We have such tricks played on us very often, and I suppose I spoke very cross, and I told her she gave me a three-cent piece.—She looked up in a frightened way as she gave me the right change. I could not help seeing that she was unusually pretty, and very pale. She couldn't be more than sixteen years old, and had a childish kind of a look in her big, brown eyes, that I could not forget. I looked at her two or three times, hoping that she would look up again, but she wouldn't. I saw she was comfortably enough dressed. She got out at the corner of Sixteenth street and went up rapidly toward Union Square.

I didn't know what was the matter, but all day I could not forget her face, with its scared look, as she gave me the right money, and I puzzled my head a good deal about what she was. I had come to make pretty good guesses, and I was quite sure she wasn't a clerk or seamstress, and she seemed too young for a teacher. Besides it was too early for a teacher to be going up town.

I laughed at myself well, and called myself a fool a dozen times that day. "What's a little pale chit of a girl, that you will likely never see again, to you," I said to myself, but I couldn't tell any more than I could help breathing.

At six o'clock I went down, and I could not help watching Sixteenth street, as I went by, and, sure enough, there she was. She gave me the right change this time, and did not look at me again. At City Hall she got out and went on down Park Row.

It was more than a week before I saw her again. If she went up and down she went on some other car; but at the end of that time she went up in my car. I was worse off than ever after that, she looked so pretty that morning, and again at night she rode down with me.

After that I lost sight of her for a long while, and it bothered me, I can tell you. I grew so cross and moody that mother did not know what to do with me, for when a man has got to be twenty-five years old without being hit, it goes pretty hard with him when it does come, and I was about ready to confess that I was in love, that is, to myself. But what could I do about it? I began to get restless and think of leaving the line, when one dark, rainy evening in February my heart gave a great jump as I looked out at Sixteenth street. I always looked out when we passed there. She was coming, sure enough, but with a heavy veil over her face. As she stepped on the platform of the car her foot slipped, and if I had not caught her she would have had a hard fall; as it was she sprained her foot enough to make her cry out a little, but I heard her. As she couldn't step down firm, I helped her to a seat.

Fortunately there was only one other passenger, an old woman with a basket huddled up in one end of the car, and I made her partly lie down on the seat. As she raised her veil to find the change, and to thank me, I found that she had been crying. If I hadn't known before what was the matter with me, I should have found out then by my "sudden anger at whoever had made her cry." I wanted to kill somebody, but I couldn't do a thing. I didn't even dare to speak to her, for I can tell you she wasn't any of your bold girls, and if I am only a street car conductor, I know better than to be rude to ladies, and she was a lady if she wasn't dressed to kill. When we stopped I was desperate, and, though it was against the rule, I got off the car and helped her to the sidewalk, and the sweet smile she gave me when she thanked me was all I had to live on for a long time, for I lost her again, and this time I almost gave her up.

By May I was so miserable that mother said I must have a holiday. I went to the Super and told him I wasn't well and wanted to get off for a month. He was very kind, said that I looked pale, and I could go, and he would save me a place when I got back. You see I hadn't been in the habit of running about, and I hadn't asked for a holiday before while I had been on the line.

So one bright morning I found myself free to go and do what I liked for four long weeks. Of course you can guess a thing I meant to do if it could be done. Perhaps if I had seen the girl as often as I wanted to I might have stopped caring anything about her; but I am one of those men that don't like to have to give up anything. For a week I went every morning to the starting place of the cars, and every night to the corner of Sixteenth street. Then I was sure there was no use looking for her there. She was off that beat, at any rate, and I did begin to despair. But New York is a queer place. You may live there for years, and know that a certain person lives there too, and yet you may never meet; and then again you may meet day after day the same person, with no reason for it, or you may stumble upon somebody in the queerest way; and that was what happened to me.

I was getting tired of roaming around, looking into stages and cars, when one day, after two weeks of my vacation were gone, an old friend asked me to go with him to Brooklyn. We wanted to go to the navy yard and half a dozen other places we had never seen, so we agreed to take an early start and spend the day. It was hardly seven when we reached the Fulton Ferry. A boat had just come in, and crowds of men and women were coming through the gates. Joe had got seperated from me a little and was ahead, and as I was pushing to catch him I ran against somebody. I turned in a hurry to apologize, and there was the very girl I had been looking for so long. As she looked up I imagined that she knew my face, but she gave no sign, but hurried on to a Fifth avenue stage. Of course Joe made his trip across the ferry alone, and I always have to laugh when I think how astonished he told me he was when he looked all over the boat and couldn't find me, and then came back and I had disappeared from this side, too. It cost me several plates of oysters and glasses of ale to get straight with him again. But I forgot all about him.

I did not want to attract her attention by getting on the same stage, so I jumped into a carriage and told the driver to follow that stage, and he did so well that when at last it stopped at the corner of Thirty-fifth street, we were only a few steps behind. I let her get out and go down the street before I got out; then I paid the driver and watched her till she went up the steps of a nice-looking house. Then I began to wonder what I should do next.

You are getting tired of my story? No? Well, I'll make the rest of it as short as I can. I found a bakery over on Sixth avenue, bought some crackers and cheese and put them in my pocket; then I bought a newspaper and a book and prepared to keep watch of that house till night, for all I knew. I stayed mostly on the avenue, near the corner, leaning up against lamp-posts and reading. The police looked at me a little, but as I didn't trouble anybody nobody troubled me. I was just finishing my lunch, a little after 12, when to my great joy I looked down the street and perceived that part of my watch was over, for the little grey figure was coming quickly to the corner. I looked up the avenue and saw a stage more than a block away. She had not noticed me, as I was on the opposite corner, and as quickly as I could, without attracting her attention, I crossed the street and began as nearly a run for the stage as I dared.

I caught it just as it reached Thirty-Sixth street and jumped in. I got a seat at the further end and pulled up the collar of my overcoat, for it was rather chilly, and I had worn one thinking we should go on the water, pulled my hat brim down and took out my book. Fortunately, before we reached her corner, a party of five got in, so that when we stopped for her she had to take a seat by the door on my side, and could not see me even had she tried. So down we went to the ferry. We crossed the ferry and walked up Fulton avenue for a short distance, until she went into a small, neat looking fancy store, and did not come out. Then I put on my thinking cap again. I first looked at the name on the store. It was Smith—Mrs. Z. R. Smith.

I suddenly remembered that my mother or somebody else wanted some ribbons, and after I had looked to be sure she was not there, I went in.

I bought the ribbon from a nice little woman, then I got desperate and made up my mind that I would find out the girl's name at any rate.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but may I trouble you to give a note to the young lady who has just came in here?"

"To Miss Holland?" said she, with a look of surprise.

I could have kissed her for falling into the trap so nicely.

"Yes," said I, "I am a friend of her's"—and so I was, bless her—"but I have been out of town, and could not find her direction. I could not speak to her just now, she was so far ahead of me, but if you will take a note to her I shall feel much obliged."

The pretty little woman hesitated a minute. I knew the story was clumsy, but it was the best I could think of, and trembled in my shoes before she spoke again.

"Miss Nora hasn't been here but a little while," she said, after a minute; I knew all her name now—Nora Holland—"and I don't know much about her friends. Her mother is so much trouble that she doesn't get a chance to get out much after she comes from her teaching."

"Isn't her mother any better?" I said, as innocently as I could.

"No; I don't think she is. She can't walk any."

"I am sorry," I said. "I know it may look a little strange, but if you will let me write a note to Miss Holland, I assure you that it will be all right."

"Very well," she said, after giving me a hard look once more; "you can come to the desk."

So I wrote, and this is what I said, as well as I can remember:

"Miss Holland:—My name is Henry Hunter. I am a street car conductor on Second avenue, in New York City. I am an honest man, and I have come to tell you a true story, though it may look strange to you. I have seen you ride on my car, and I have watched you when you did not know it. I do not know you and have only just learned your name, but I know I think of you as I never did of anybody before, and I beg of you to let me make your acquaintance. If I had known any other way to become acquainted with you I should have done so, but I did not. I have told this lady that I am a friend of yours—I am—there is nothing I would not do for you that any friend would. I can refer you as to my character to Mr.———, the superintendent of the Second avenue car line, and to Rev. Mr.———, the pastor of the church where my mother and I attend. I have tried to forget you, but I cannot.

"I beg of you to see me, if only once, and I assure you that I am honest and sincere in what I have said.

"Yours, respectfully,
HENRY HUNTER."

This note I folded and directed to Miss Nora Holland, and waited while little Mrs. Smith trotted up stairs with it. She was gone perhaps ten minutes, but it seemed like ten hours. I grew cold and hot by turns, and trembled so I could hardly keep my seat. At last I heard her quick little footstep.

"You can come up stairs, Mr. Hunter," she said, opening the door. She pointed out the stairway, and went back to the shop. I fairly staggered up the stairs. At the right of the landing was an open door. The chairs and tables danced before my eyes as I looked in, but by a great effort of will I controlled myself as the same figure that I knew so well, though I had seen it so little, with a face, not pale now, but with a pretty blush on each cheek, came forward.

"I could not speak. She held out hand. "I remember you," she said, simply. "Here is my mother," she said as she led the way to the grate-fire, by the side of which an old lady with gray hair and a sweet face was sitting. "Mother," said she, "this is Mr. Hunter, the gentleman who was so kind to me when I hurt my foot getting into the car. You remember."

"Yes," said the old lady; "that was when the Gibson's were so kind to you."

"Never mind that," said the daughter.

I remembered how the hot tears were in her eyes that day.

"You never went back to Sixteenth street?" I said.

"No," she replied, "but I did much better soon after. I only teach from half-past eight to twelve, now, and have two dear little pupils on Thirty-fifth street."

We both felt a little awkward, and hardly knew what to say next; but it soon wore away, and if Mrs. Smith was not convinced before that I was an old friend, the length of my visit should have made her believe it.

I never troubled her with any more notes. If I had any to write I either

dear mother, who went over there very soon for my sake, and after that very often for her own sake. I used the rest of my vacation to make all sorts of little trips around the city and Brooklyn, and if I met Miss Holland by chance in the stage at the corner of Thirty-fifth street, I didn't think it was worth while to ride in a corner or pull down my hat.

"And what came of it all?"

"Well, if you'll go home with me to-night I'll show you the cosiest little home within twenty miles, and Nora can give you a dinner as good as you can get anywhere. She has three little pupils of her own now, and the two grandmas sit over the fire and talk about their younger days and pet the children, and it is astonishing how many mutual acquaintances they have hunted up."

SOME FUN.

HUCKERS WOULDN'T TAKE THE COFFIN.

Over in Wilmington, the other day, a man named William D. Shuckers died. It seems that there was another man in the city bearing precisely the same name, and when the death was announced, a good many of his friends thought he was dead, and they resolved to go to the funeral. On the day of the funeral the living Shuckers also thought *he* would go, partly for the purpose of ascertaining how it felt to participate in the obsequies of a man named Wm. D. Shuckers. He took up a position in the vestibule, and just as the mourners were about to come out, a friend of his, named Jones, saw him. The first impulse of Jones was to rush through the kitchen, and climb suddenly over the back fence, but he controlled himself, and after poking Shuckers in the ribs with his umbrella to determine positively that he was not a ghost, he remarked:

"Why, Shuckers, what on earth are you doing here? Why aint you in your coffin?"

"Coffin!" exclaimed Shuckers; what d' you mean? What do I want with a coffin?"

"Mr. Shuckers, you know you are dead. Why, they got up all this gorgeous funeral for you, all these carriages and pall-bearers and things, and the clergyman's just been paying you splendid compliments that any dead man might be proud of."

"But I tell you I'm not dead. I'm as much alive as you are."

"There is no use of arguing the point, Shuckers; the occasion is too solemn for controversy. But if you have any consideration for the feelings of your bereaved family, who are weeping like mad up stairs, and for the undertaker, who is waiting inside there with the screw-driver, you will go and get into your coffin and behave. It's indecent to carry on so at your own funeral."

"Jones," my boy," said Shuckers, "you have mistaken——

"No, I'm not mistaken. You're dead—technically dead—anyhow. It has been announced in all the papers, your relations have gone into mourning, the Board of Trade has passed resolutions of regret, the sepulchre has been dug, up there in the cemetery, and the undertaker has gone to considerable expense to inter you comfortably. Now, go and lie down, won't you?"

"Hang the undertaker!" said Shuckers. "No, I'll not go and lie down. I'll see you in Kansas first."

"Now, see here, Shuckers, I came here to attend your funeral, and I'm not going to be baffled by any unseemly conduct on the part of the corpse. Oh! you needn't look at me. Either you get back into that coffin, so's the lid can be screwed on, and the procession can move off, or I'll put you in there by force. If inanimate remains like you can go scooting 'round in this incendiary manner, we'll soon have the cemeteries unloading, and the unnumbered dead crowding out and wanting to vote."

Then Jones called the undertaker, who knocked Shuckers down with a cane, and held him until he explained, and until the scared undertaker recovered his equanimity, which left him at the bare suggestion that the corpse was loose. Then the funeral moved on to the cemetery, and Jones went home, while Shuckers proceeded to an alderman's office to swear out a warrant against the undertaker for assault and battery. He intends to change his name to Duykinck.

IT WAS ONLY A LITTLE FUN.

I happened to be in the *Argus* office the other day, talking with Colonel Bangs, the editor, when a red-whiskered man entered and saluted the colonel by throwing a chair at him. Then he seized Bangs by the hair, bumped his head against the table three or four times, and then kicked him on the shins. When this exhilerating exercise was over, the visitor shook his fist very close to the colonel's nose, and said.

"You mutton-headed outcast, if you don't put that notice in to-morrow I'll come round yer and smash you up! Do you hear me?"

Then he cuffed Bangs' ears a couple of times, kicked him some more, emptied the inkstand over his head, poured the sand from the sand-box in the same place, knocked over the table and went out. During all this time the colonel sat still with a sickly kind of a smile on his face, and never uttered a word. When the man left, Bangs picked up the table, wiped the ink and sand from his face, and turning to me

"Gus will have his little fun, you see!"

"He is a somewhat exuberant humorist," I replied. "What was the object of the joke?"

"Well, he's going to sell his furniture at auction, and I promised to notice the fact in to-day's *Argus*, but I forgot it, and he called to remind me of it."

"Do all your friends refresh your memory in that vivid manner? If I'd been in your place, I'd have knocked him down."

"No you wouldn't," said Bangs; "no you wouldn't. Gus is sheriff, and he controls two thousand dollars worth of advertising. I'd sooner he'd kick me from here to Borneo and back again than to take that advertising away from the *Argus*. What's a few bumps and a sore shin or two along side of all that fatness? No, sir, he can have all the fun he wants out of me."

The *Argus*, I believe, is particularly proud of the fact that it exists in a land where the press is free and independent.

THE CORONER AND THE FLOOD.

I have referred in my book to that coroner of ours who seized an Egyptian mummy that was brought into town, summoned a jury, held an inquest, on the mummy, brought in a verdict of "Death from causes unknown," and charged the county with the usual fees, with compound interest from the time of Moses. Well, that coroner is still in office, and he is still enthusiastic about his profession. Last Sunday night he was at church. The minister preached a very solemn sermon upon Noah's flood, and after it was over, I met the coroner in the isle and said to him:

"Very impressive discourse, Mr. Wheeler, wasn't it?"

"Beautiful, sir! Beautiful," replied Wheeler. "And yet it seemed to be kinder mournful, too."

"Indeed! Why it didn't strike me in that way. It was solemn, of course, but its tendency certainly should be to fill the heart of every truly good man with cheerfulness and hope."

"Oh! I know all that," said Wheeler, "but didn't he say there were several million people drowned in that flood?"

"I believe he did."

"Well, then, I say that when I think of all that mortality, and remember that I wasn't coroner then, and ain't likely to be when ther's another such a freshet, it makes me sick. There ain't nothing cheerful about such reflections. I feel's if I hadn't been treated right; 's if I'd been robbed."

I would like to know how Wheeler feels when he reads the story of the destruction of Sennacherib.

WAITING FOR INFORMATION.

A young man the other day sent me a story entitled "My Grandfathers wedding," which begins in this way:

"When my grandfather was first married, you may be sure that I, young as I was, had looked forward to the occasion with intense interest."

I have not published the narrative yet because it strikes me that there is a hitch in it somewhere; and I cannot find the author to ask him to shed light upon it. For one thing, I want to ascertain just how young he was when that wedding occurred. I have a kind of an indistinct idea that he must have been a good deal of a child. But even then I can't exactly make the thing jibe with some of the natural inferences from the case. Where, for instance, was the author's father all this time? and where—but perhaps we had better wait until we hear from the author. I feel somehow as if he has a mission to write fiction—fiction of the awful and deadly kind.

A QUESTION FOR PROFESSOR TYNDELL.

If Professor Tyndell drops in upon you, I wish you would ask him why it is that when I yawn everybody near me feels an irresistible desire to yawn, and will yawn in spite of everything. The mystery in which this phenomenon is enveloped ought to be dispelled. I venture to say that nine people out of ten when they read this paragraph will want to yawn.

An Enterprising Country Editor.

He was once out on a jaunt in the township of White Oak, Ingham Co., striking to every farmer until he got his name and money, and it so happened that he came to a house where death had called a few hours before. The farmer's wife was laid out, and husbandman and his children were grieving over her loss when the editor knocked at the door.

"What's up?" inquired the editor as he saw the farmer's solemn countenance before him.

"My wife is dead, replied the farmer.

"Is that so?" mused the editor a little disappointed. "Did she die easy?"

"Dropped off like a lamb."

"Did she say anything?"

"Not a word—just went right to sleep like."

"I didn't know," continued the editor, a sad look on his face, "but what she might have requested you to subscribe for the Cascade, which you know is the best paper in the country. If you want it I'll take your name right in, and under the circumstances, I won't charge a cent for the obituary notice!"

The farmer hung off for awhile, but before the editor went away he had two additional dollars in his pocket, and had written out an obituary notice for publication in the next issue which the bereaved hus-