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LUME IX.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1875.

NOTICE TO ALL M IT MAY CONCERN!

Owing to the great scarcity of money and the long conneglect of many of my customers to their indebtedness for the past year I am compelled to adopt

OTHER SYSTEM

business. Very many of my cushave allowed their accounts to run au unreasonable length of time reat loss to me, without any benefit selves, has been the result. Hence t I find it

to Continue the Credit System

the same time keep up my stock et my obligations promptly. sincerely thankful for the liberal re that has been extended to me, earnestly ask one and all who are to me, no matter how large or il the amount, to call and settle, cash or note.

THE IST DAY OF JANUARY, 1875, and must have money. Believdo from past experience (which I well for) that it will be better well as for my customers to adopt pay system,

WIL NOT. FIRST of JANUARY, 1875. TELL ANY GOODS ON CREDIT.

fully convinced that in three cases ur persons buying goods never find convenient time to pay than when ke their purchases, and as an into my customers to buy for eash hauge for country produce, I will, above date, OFF ONE-HALF the PROFIT

a realized in this place on goods me class. that my old customers will take Sarsaparilla Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the sys-tem and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ayer's

Intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great cor-ruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful anti-

dote, and disappear. Aence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Ulcers, Eruptions, and eruptive disorders of the skin, Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipe-las, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, and internal Ul-

cerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver. It also cures other com-plaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as Dropsy, Dyspep-sia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility, and Leucorrhoea, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Practical and Analytical Chemisto. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVEN

It is strange what a deal of trouble we take, What a sacrifice most of us willingly make, How the lips will smile though the heart may ache, And we bend to the ways of the world for the sake Of its poor and scanty praises. And time runs on with such pitiless flow That our lives are wasted before we know What work to fluish before we go To our long rest under the daisies.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

And too often we fall iu a useless fight, For wrong is so much in the place of right, And the end is so far beyond our sight, Tis as when one starts on a chase by night An unknown shade pursuing.

Even so do we see, when our race is run, That of all we have striven for little is won, And of all the work our strength has done, How little was worth the doing. So most of us travel with very poor speed,

Failing in thought where we conquer in deed ; Least brave in the hour of greatest need, And making a riddle that few may read,

Of our life's intricate mazes. Such a labyrinth of right and wrong, Is it strange that a heart once brave an strong Should falter at last, and most earnestly long

For a calm sleep under the daisies? But if one poor troubled heart can say, "His kindness softened my life's rough way,"

And the tears fail over the lifeless clay, We shall stand up in heaven in brighter array Than if all earth rang with our praises; For the good we have done shall never fade Though the work be wrought and wages paid

And the wearied frame of the laborer laid All peacefully under the daisies,

THE MAIL CARRIER.

A Story of the Winter of 1861. In a frontier town of Nebraska lived John Dalton. This name had fallen into such a state of neglect and non-use that it would scarcely have been recognized by the old associates of its lawful owner, and even to him, I doubt not, would have sounded

strangely. He was better known, particularly on the borders, as Captain Jack.

After his own simple fashion he was character with a history. His title he won gallantly, and wore easily. One day in the Rocky Mountains a small

party of miners, surrounded by an overwering number of Indians, retreated inte

were a little boy and girl, each mounted | trembling with exhaustion, and could not i on a chair, the better to get a last look at go another step. He tottered and fell althe father who was so dear to them. This was the good-bye that warmed the gering about in the deep snow, struck

man's blood, made his lips quiver with a beavily against an upright object. smile, and sent him on his way rejoicing. The sun shone brightly, making the stood on the little knoll just east of his frost-covered prairie glisten ; the sky was home. deep and blue.

Between its terminals, the road had two distinctive features, about five miles apart. All those terrible hours he had been movy One was a tall tree, known as the Lone ing in a circle !

tree, the other was called Bacon's Run, a ravine bordered by a thingrowth of stunted ing. Here was a crisis. One minute of timber. On the line of the read, or in indecision, and the paralyzing cold would proximity to it, there was no habitation or | conquer ; but early training and a noble shelter for man or beast. The prairie was nature decided. Faithful to the last, Dalhigh and rolling.

The first part of the journey was made in the usual way. At half-past two o'clock and then went floundering in the snow to in the afternoon, Dalton started on his reach-wherever his destiny should lead return. He was not twenty yards away him. when he was overtaken by the postmaster,

who charged him to be diligent in the the cautioner was a "new hand." Had Dalton ever failed?

At this time a change had taken place in the weather. A thick haze overspread the sun, paling it to the hue of silver ; the wind had shifted to the northeast. These signs had not escaped Dalton's notice. The mountaineer, like the sailor, soon learns that life itself often depends on the quick recognition of the friendly warnings which nature gives to the wayfarer. He scanned

the narrowing horizon, and urged his horse to a brisk trot. He reached Bacon's Run, passed it, and mounted to the level of the prairie. From this point, on a clear day, the top of the Lone tree could be outlined; but now the clouds had become so heavy and lowering, and the haze had so thickened, that objects near at hand were in. distinct. Melancholy, fitful gusts came

most on his rider, who rising, and stag-Could it be the sign-board post which

Oh no ! Horror more chilling than the wind and snow ! It was the Lone Tree !

All his brave struggle had been for nothton quickly took the mail-bag from the saddle, nerved himself for the final effort,

Time wore on. Strength and will were ebbing fast. In desperation the unfortundelivery of a highly important letter, a ate man endeavored to cry out for help, caution which made potent the fact that but his indistinct utterances were forced numbered. A faintness came over him. Was it a cruel mirage that came over him? Over the drifts, through the night, inviting him to comfort and home.

> fell in the soft, yielding, deceptive snow. The storm was victor.

Jane Dalton was a cheery, chubby little woman. Of education she could not boast; books and figures were to her unknown quantities. Her world was limited to the little town in which she lived, the capital being bounded by the white fence of her little cottage. But, withal, she was of an humble nature, knew how to love, and fulfilled her every duty as John Dalton's pressing the traveler from all quarters, as if wife. Thrifty and tidy, she managed well telling him to hasten. As he looked at the scanty means at her command, and the clouds his countenance wore an air of kept the tins and children's faces shining. apprehension. He was not kept long in a A happy wife and mother.

Quickly, almost flercely, als snatched | The Beductive Wiles of the Auc from his body the jealous snow. She rubbed his breast; she chafed his wrists and hands. There was an electricity of love in her touch, which quickly restored warmth and life.

John Dalton rose from that bed of death, saved by his wife.

Together in the little home, by the bright fire, a heartfelt prayer, a kiss for the little ones, an embrace-yes, more than one-for the wife, the supper finished, the contents of the snug little kettle not forgotten, John Dalton pressed his hand on his forehead, his face wore a troubled look, then he turned to Jane and said :

"Wife, I almost forget the mail ; there's an important letter in the bag, and it must be delivered to-night."

A tender voice replied : "No, John, to-morrow will do."

NO SCHOOLMASTER WANTED.-Some years ago some emigrants from Ohio and Illinois settled in a little town in this Stata and soon began to agitate for the erection back by the hissing, merciless wind. He of a school house and the employment of a was fast losing his mind. His steps were teacher. A town-meeting was called to consider the proposition ; and one of the Northerners made a neat little speech, telling of the blessings which education had shone the bright, cheerful light of a fire, brought with it to Ohio and Illinois. When he had sat down an old man in the corper Too late ! He uttered a faint cry, then arose, gave the customary hitch to his corduroys, pushed back his hat a trifle and answered thus : "Stranger, up in yer Ohio State you've got a big penitentiary full of people ; h'aint yer ? Well, yer've got a larnin' up that ! Up in yer Illinois State yer've got a big penitentiary full of people ; yer've got larnin' thar ! But I've lived here for thirty-seven years in peace and happiness. I've raised nine boys and tew gals, and I sleep perfickly sound o' night, 'cos I ain't 'fraid any of my boys 'll go to the penitentiary for forgin' notes, 'cos they can't none of 'em write !'' (Sensation in the audience and sympathy manifested.) Another of the new-comers then spoke, aruing in favor of education ; and then tall, lank native stood up and "fixing the Northerner with his glittering eve." made his speech. "See here, mister, ain't you the machine man ?" "Yes," said he : "I did sell some machines here last year." "Wa'al, when the wheat got ripe, all the people went to neighbor Johnson's to see how yer mowia' machine would operate. We got the tarnel thing into the field, and neighbor Johnson he hitched his young filly into the shafts. She allers was a fractious critter, and the first thing we knowed she give a flounce and caught neighbor Johnson's boy Bill's leg an' cut it clean orf! (Manifest sensation.) Then, mister, in just about two weeks yer pardner come around peddlin' wooden legs, and neighbor Johnson had to buy one of them 'ere things. Nice eddicated people you are ! You understand it, you do ! Fust you sell the machines, and then yer pardner he furnishes wooden legs !" This ended the matter, and no schoolmaster will be welcome in that village for some time to come. -San Antonia Herald. AN OLD TIME WINTER -- Talk about your severe winters and heavy snow storms, now would you like to have lived in Boston, during the year 1717? We find the following notice of it in an exchange : The greatest snow storm on record is that which occurred on the 18th of February, 1717, and continued for four days without ceasing. The account is in the Massachusetts Histor rical collection. When it ceased the snow was about eight feet deep on a level, and in narrow streets much deeper. In many places it was blown into banks of a wonderful height. The day after it ceased mowing. it rained sufficiently to wet the snow about of instinct or liveliness of affection, but an four inches deep, when it cleared up intensly cold and froze hard enough to bear held recently in an English town tends to both man and beast. In Boston paths were show that this mild, dull animal is somedug out under the snow, so that opposite times endowed with considerable feeling neighbors could pass across the street to and sagadity. In the case in question, a each other's houses and they would also farmer's wife was assaulted by her husband cross on the crust to their chamber windows to visit each other. It was in vain to try to had greatly petted. On seeing the man make roads through the snow. Vast numbers of animals of all descriptions perished. Many persons who had not a supply of wood laid in were compelled to burn their furnis ture. Snow was melted for drink and cooking, and what few mails there were then took up a defensive position by the were compelled to stop for a long time. STORY OF A RAT. - A story is told by a farmer residing at Bloomfield, in this State, which seems to indicate reasoning power and a bit of heroic element in a rat. Two rats, an old grey matron of the corn-crib and her offspring, had been caught together in a common box trap. Through a crack the pair could be seen together within, loving enough, till the farm dog was brought to the mouth of the trap. As soon as the mother rat scented the dog she seemed immediately to divine the approaching fate, and, giving a terrible squeal, she caught the little rat by the neck and bit him sharply, causing almost instant death. The trap was opened an instant after, and the old rat, which had thus killed her offspring rather than have it murdered by the dog, quietly submitted to her fate.

Mrs. M. H. Burnham writes to the St. Louis Republican an account of how her household goods were auctioned off when she "broke up" recently and went to boarding. "The auctioneer was an artist," she says, "and between legends and anecdotes, the chattels were knocked down at splendid prices. I admired the ingenuity of the auctioneer who hade little heaps of my effects, christened 'em 'lots' and iparaded them over the floor so that one sort of fair article pulled through a number of worthless traps. Thus a good preserving kettle formed the basis of fot No. 10,' and had two broken castors, a soup-ladle with a bole in it, a section of an Old Dominion coffeepot, a spice-box without a bottom, a pudding-steamer without a cover, the thrasher out of an ice cream freezer and two bald old blacking brushes stuck inside of it. That made it a lot.' There were about twenty of these lots, which looked rich and attractive, especially after the man went round with an armful of stair rods and put a few in each lot to bristle up and call attention. The different styles of Toodles grouped over these little combinations and bid high for them, and they went off like rockets at two. three and four dollars a lot. I could have cried as I thought of the wealth I had thrown away in empty wine bottles, old hoop-skirts and rusty pokers. You can buy a bran new clothes wringer for five dollars. but mine had lost its handle and went for \$5 20. You can occupy a feather duster for a couple of dollars-the motis had gone into mine and it brought me two dollars and a half. A new fluting iron can be purchased for five dollars ; the heater was lost out of mine, but Toodles got it cheap for five dollars and seventy-five cents. 'Here,' said the auctioneer, as the colored assistant elevated a clumsy old chair whose threadsbare seat had been embroidered by the subscriber at the age of fifteen, here I offer you a rare and curious old chair, over one hundred years old, without doubt. At one time it was the property of Charles Carrol, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. In this chair sat numberless times the great George Washington. You observe the clip on the nigh side. I cannot tell a lie : he did it with his little hatchet." That chair sold for twenty dollars and forthwith my mind was made up. The road to fortune lies in working tapestry chair seate for George Washington to sit in."

NUMBER 13

tioncer.

at the new mode of doing busite at the new mode of doing busi-m about to adopt, but will contin-vor me with their patronage on a cash basis, which they will be sure the very best for all concerned. I myself to mark my goods down to est cash rates.

NE PRICE TO ALL! PETITION DEFIED! N GOUDS AS WELL AS PRICES. George Huntley, DEALER IN over Hardware, Tinware, Groceries, aints, Cils, &c., &c., EBENSBURG, PA.

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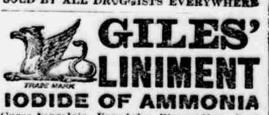
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A Practising Physician, at 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md., (who has paid much attention to nervous diseases.) has discovered that extract of celesy and camonile combined in a certain pro-portion invariably cures headache, either bilious, dyspeptic, nervous or sick headache, neuralgia and nervousness. This is a triumph in medical chemistry, and sufferers all over the country are ordering by mail. He prepares it in pills, at 50 cents per box. The Doctor is largely known and highly respected in Baltimore. — Episc't Methodist. A Fortune for \$1.00!

WYOMING MONTHLY LOTTERY By authority of an act of the Legislature. TICKETS \$1 EACH, SIX FOR \$5. 1 Chance In Fifth Extraordinary Drawing. 51,025 Cash Prizes. - \$350.000 Capital Prize, - - - \$100.000 poor.

Judge Haskell, President of the Senate, presi-ded over the last drawing. Agents Wanted, Liberal pay. For full par-ticulars send for circulars. Address the Manager, J. M. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming. N. B. Laramie City is on the Union Pacific Rail-road, between Chicago and Ogden. (4-2.-im.)

\$5 CASH and the N. Y. Satarday Journal, the for onelyear for the Begular Subceription Price, \$5. Postage VIZ : Names entered impartially as re-Paid. VIZ : ceived, and Five Bollars Cash sent

At once to every fifth subscriber. Clubs of five (at at once to every fifth subscriber. Clubs of five (at Second) may retain the S5 to every fifth subscriber. ber! The firm name is a sufficient guaranty of fairness and fulfiliment. Seend money order or registered letter to BEADLE & ADAMS, Pub-lishers, 98 William Street, New York. He took the old familiar road, passed by his humble home without appearing to notice it, and, as was his wont, stopped on the summit of a kuoll commanding the lishers, 98 William Street, New York. He took the old familiar road, passed by his humble home without appearing to notice it, and, as was his wont, stopped on the summit of a kuoll commanding the lishers, 98 William Street, New York. He took the old familiar road, passed by his humble home without appearing to notice it, and, as was his wont, stopped on the summit of a kuoll commanding the lishers of the setters of the

state of expectancy. a canon. For three days and nights,

with little intermission, the combat continued. On the first day the leader of the gallant little band fell, and Dalton, then a wonth, was selected, on account of his cool, determined bravery, to carry on the de-

When relief came, he was found behind an extemporized barricade, at the entrance of the canon, his companions either dead or wounded, holding his post with a desperate courage which would have abated with death only.

His lines had not fallen in pleasant places. He had been a participant and leader in the wild scenes of adventure and danger which, like so many throes, attended the development of the great West.

He had belonged to that hard class which forms the first line of the advance guard of civilization-those who go thead and open the way, throw the first rude bridge across the mountain torrent, first penetrate into the wilds of the enemy, are the scouts and videttes, fall bravely and die in remote

places, unknown and unnoticed. When the history of the conflicts is written, their names are not on the rolls of fame.

Firm, brave, honest and true. Dalton early acquired an ascendency over his companions. Quiet and unassuming, his words always carried weight. His life had been furrowed by hardship ; his body bore the marks of many struggles, but his neture had escaped without a blemish. A nobler. kindlier beart never beat. As husband,

father and friend, he had no superior. At the time I presented him to the reader he was fully fifty years old, but still in his prime. Tall and swarthy, no flesh to spare. plenty of bone and muscle and awkwardness, his head covered with a shock of

sandy hair, flecked with gray, his beard he stopped, with an abruptness which shaggy, his features angular. Held to the accepted standard of beauty, he had nothng to commend him unless we except his large blue eyes, as gentle in expression as those of a maiden, and beaming with good tree, and then all doubt disappeared.

will to man. Naturally methodical and fond of quiet, he sought a peaceful ending to a stormy career, and had, as he expressed it "set-

tled down." With his small earnings he bought a cottage, and for an avocation carried the mail between two little towns in Nebraska, some fifteen miles apart.

The winter of 1864 is memorable for its country added to the long lists of suffering and death. Many perished with cold at of cities, where relief was on every side, strong men fell and were buried in the

One morning of that year, the thermometer way down below zero, John Dalton, mounted on his faithful horse, received the mail. For five years, come and go. promptly to the minute, in good weather and bad, excepting only Sundays, and the

day when his first born was buried in the churchyard, he had made hisdaily journey. brute creation.

down, buffeted by the wind, now here, return. The children in bed asleep, and now there, uncertain where to go. It finally sought refuge on Dalton's furred zing fire on the hearth, supper prepared, coat. Others soon followed with hesitation, now stopping and ascending, as though to raturn to the home whence they come, but

finally descending, and seeking rest in obscure hiding places. These insignificant specks became larger, more numerous, bolder, took possession, and covered all things with a garment of white.

The situation was plain, a snow-storm on the prairie was at hand. Brave men are keenly sensitive to the

approach of a danger with which they resolutely meet. Dalton thought of the comfortable little

it contained. One night in the mountains was out in the storm, and might at that he had battled against the snow, and out moment be perishing with cold on the of ten companions he was the only survivor prairie. of that terrible experience.

The snow now raged with increasing power. The snow-flakes were blown about in blinding myriads. All traces of the road, at best never very clearly defined, were covered. The biting wintry blast went moaning by; night came prematurely of her humble life. She paced to and fro in a wall of darkness ; all was a wild waste for the sport of the elements.

Dalton, unable to see an inch ahead, or to form the remotest idea which direction to take, let the reins fall on the horse's neck, leaving him unrestrained to take his way-a cutting commentary on man's night would make instinct sublime. the lonely, desolate unknown. Suddenly find him.

nearly threw the rider, who, reaching, grasped what was certainly the limb of a would never see them again.

He was at the Lone tree, only five miles from home and safety. Here, indeed, was hope, but not unalloy-

Two elements entered to vitiate. One the horse seemed failing : the other, the tree was one hundred yards from the high- by one who desired entrance. To Jane way, a variation which showed that the Dalton's overwrought senses there was the faithful animal had so far erred, and severity. Accounts from all parts of the binted, why not a further variation in pro- rushed to the door to admit her busband; portion as he lost strength and confidence, she opened it to let in the howling blast, The only solution was to move on. It which almost dashed her to the floor. Sadtheir very thresholds; in the thoroughfares might be at the bidding of chance ; still, ly disappointed, but still courageous, she metion was absolutely essential to prevent returned to the place before the clock. the blood from congealing to the very In five minutes more the time would be

them, the fellowship of peril, almosr re- to freeze her blood. moved the barrier between the human and

his humble home without appearing to many hours-but his only measure of time ving the storm. Where should she go? notice it, and, as was his wont, stopped on was his bodily and mental suffering. He She could not tell. She went blindly on.

At 6 o'clock of the day in question every-A mote, pure and white, came fluttering | thing was in readiness for her good man's the easy shoes and warm coat near the blaand some mysterious liquid in a snug little kettle, emitting odorous, tempting fumes. It was time for his arrival, and he was usually very prompt. Yet he tarried.

The change in the weather had not taken place unnoticed, but had produced in her a kind of definite uneasiness, a slight reatlessness, and yet it had no peculiar importance in connection with the absence of her husband until the clock on the mantle struck seven. Then the wind, whistling around the house corners, rattling the doors and shutters, and the snow beating so persistently against the window panes, accottage by the road side, and the dear ones quired a painful significance. Her husband

This dreadful thought transformed her whole being : the genial expression of her face changed to a terrified look. She went to the window, and drew wide the curtain that the bright firelight might shine out as a beacon to guide him who was the light under a rapidly increasing excitement. The weird sounds made by the storm messengers as they whirled by in the fulfillment of their mission made her start and tremble. It had grown late, it was half-past eight. and yet no tidings. She fell into a chair, and burst into tears ; but this weakness boasted reason pitted against an animal's was temporary only. She looked resoluteinstinct. But to guide aright in such a ly down into the fire, and made her plan. It was a desperate one, but love is more The noble steed moved confidently on, desperate than hate. If John Dalton did plunging into the blackness and darkness - not come by nine o'clock she would go and

Rising with firmness, she went first to her children. They were sleeping peacetouched what seemed to be the trunk of a fully. A kiss for each, a long, lingering tree. Extending his hand higher, he look of affection, but no thought that she

She took from a closet a pair of overshoes and a closk for herself, a blanket and a flask of brandy for him she was going to seek. Her simple preparations completed, she stood waiting.

It lasked a quarter of nine. There was a noise at the door, like knocks repeated sound of a hand on the door-knob. She

snow. A black year in the annals of the heart. The rider found it necessary to up. Her cloak and hood were on, and she make the horse feel the rein, to endeavor was ready for whatever God had in store for to impart confidence to him, and to urge her. She watched the clock like one who him forward. The poor beast was readily waits for some supreme moment in life. obedient, and showed that, his own re- The winds seemed to be roughly calling sources being exhausted, he relied on his her. Then they lulled a few seconds and master. The sympathy existing between she heard a cry-a moan-which seemed

"That is John," she cried : "he calls

Instantly she was out in the night, bra-

A HUBBAND's WRONS. --- Her mother had told her not to marry until she was able to support a husband ; but she beeded not her gentle warning ; she went and got civilcontracted to a man who was a fine, longwinded talker, and who could sit round and Leep a stove warm better than any one she ever saw in her life. And then how proficient he was lying in bed and snoring, on a December morning, while she got up and split the wood, made the fire, fed the horses, swept the floor, boiled the coffee. blacked his boots, monded that hole in his coat, sewed on that shirt button, and laid a pipeful of tobacco and the matches alongside his pillow. And how loving she must have feit toward him, when he got up at last about ten o'clock, cursing her for making a noise, and wanted to know why there was no beefsteak and eggs on the table, and why she hadn't pawned her watch -it was a dying mother's gift-in order to give him whisky money. And when, after three years of this, she left him, and went to work as a sewing girl, people spoke of the depravity of the woman who loft her

A SAGACIOUS Cow .- The sow has not hitherto been suspected of much acuteness incident developed at the Petty Sessions in a field where was a cow that the woman beating his wife, tearing her hair and clothes, and otherwise maltreating ber, the cow came charging up the field, and attacked the man with such ferocity that he was glad to retreat summarily. The cow woman's side, and stood perfectly still while the latter struggled to her feet and supported herself by leaning on its flank until she had sufficiently recovered to take refuge from her husband in flight. It may be taken as additional evidence of the uncommon good sense of the cow, that it had always manifested a strong antipathy to the brute who could descend so low as to beat his

WHAT IS GUN ARABIC ?- After the rainy season in Morocco, a gummy juice ezudes spontaneously from the trunk and branches of the acacia. It gradually thickens in the furrow down which it runs, and assumes the form of oval and round drops, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as it comes down from the red or white gum tree. About the middle of December the Moors encamp on the border of the forest, and the harvest lasts a full month. The gum is packed in large leather sacks, and

