Terms, \$2 per year, in advance.

OLUME IX.

CANTILE APPRAISEMENT.

TOWN HOROUGH.

ETAILERS OF FOREIGN AND DO-

Lie'se. These. Lie'se.

owsship.

AUGH BOROUGH.

00 H Isaac Evans . 00 H M. L. Oatman.

maskirs nonough.

on it John Muller.

A Stellimutter.

14 J. P. Murray .. 7.00

no Hannan... Males & Co... on F. Barnes

y & Hay.

twens & Son

Vagner&Son

on James

. Trent.

o la Blough & Stutz-

30 14 Fockler & Lev-

14 John Porter.

14 Crawford &

THE ROWSERS.

OWNSHIP.

100 11 W. A. Ford.

TOURS TOWNSHIP,

BIGEWERIES.

g. Loretto Bornogh.

BULLIARD TABLES.

Stiller, Washington Township.

m. Johnstawn Borough Washington Township V. Loretto Borough Maker, Ebensturg Borough

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

A PMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of CATHARINE TODD, dec'd.

settled to said estate are required to are payment, and those having unsted to present them duly pro-

ediate payment, and those having the same will present them duly

benchurg, April 30, 1876, etc.

JAMES MYERS, Administrator,

Conemaugh Borough.

00 14 W Sanderson ... 7.50

Register's Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, in and for the County of Cambra, and will be presented to the Orphans Court of said county, for confirmation and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of JUNE, A. D. 1875, to wit: 1. The final account of Sam'l Blough, guardian of Mattle and Catharine Ann Blough, miner chil-dren of Samuel S. Blough, late of Cambria coun-

 The first and final account of Joseph Croyle, Maucher... 7.50 on it J. E. Maucher... 7.50 on it A. Walters...... 7.00 on it Study Schroth... 7.00 on it A.A. Burkera Son 7.00 administrator of the estate of Andrew Knepper, late or Summerhill township, deceased.

3. The first and partial account of Samuel Var-ner and Abraham Varner, executors of George Ner and Adraham Varner, executors of George Varner, late of Jackson township, deceased.

4. The account of Edmund J. Waters, trustee appointed to sell the real estate of Ann Evans, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased.

5. The second account of John Fritz, James Mc-Millin and Wm. R. Tucker, executors of George Fritz, late of Johnstown borough, deceased. Total Adam Pfarr ... 7.50 The account of Charles B. Ellis, guardian of aiel M. Parks, a minor child of Samuel Parks, 35 H George Myer .. 7.00

Daniel M. Parks, a minor child of Samuel Parks, late of Cambria county, deceased.

7. The account of Joseph S. Strayer, guardian of Mary E., Clarissa and Margaret E. Goughnour, minor children of Christian Goughnour, late of Taylor township, deceased.

8. The first and final account of Josephine M. Edic, administratrix of Rev. J. W. Edic, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased.

9. The account of Margaret Kaylor and Sarah E. Scanlan, administrators of William Kaylor, late of Allegheny township, deceased.

10. The first and partial account of Jacob Yest, administrator of Leonard Ott, late of Blacklick township, deceased. 14 G. B. Stineman, 7,00 1,0 14 P.M.& J. Brown 7,00

sparsus nonoven. 1000 H Cooper & Mellon 7.00 township, deceased.

11. The first and final account of John Back and Benjamin Wertner, administrators of Augustine Farabaugh, late of Carrolltown borough, dec'd, The second and final account of Solomor Benshoof, executor of Peter Allbaugh, late of

Jackson township.

13. The first and final account of John Arthurs, executor of John Kooken, late of Johnstown borough deceased.

14. The third account of Harriet Orr and W. C. town borough, deceased.

15 The second and final account of W. Horace Rose, executor of Reuben Haynes, late of Johns town borough, deceased.

16. The first and final account of P. F. Custer,

deceased.
The first and final account of P. F. Custer and Wm. H. Sechler, executors of Samuel Stilles, late of Jackson township, deceased.

18. The first and final account of J. D. and D. P. Brown, executors of John S. Brown, late of Jackson township, deceased. son township, deceased.

19. The first and final account of John Buck, executor of Joseph Buck, late of Allegheny town-ship, deceased.

20. The partial account of Christopher A. War-

er, administrator of John J. Warner, rate of Chest township, deceased.

21. The first and partial account of Emma Rabb. administratrix of Augustus Rabb, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

22. The first account of David J. Horner, admin-

istrator de houis non, cum testamento annexo, of Isaac Horner, late of Richland township, dec'd. 23 The first and final account of Jacob Trefts and George Schrader, administrators of John J. Freftz, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

21. The first and partial account of Geo. C. K. ell, late of Cumbria township, deceased.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register. Register's Office, Ebensburg, Pa., May 10, 1875.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS. -Notice is hereby given that the fol--Notice is hereby given that the following named appraisements of personal property of decedents, selected and set apart for the wid ws of intestates, under the Act of Assembly of the 14th day of April, A. D. 1851, have been filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on Wednesday, the 9th day of June, A. D. 1855, to wit:

1. Inventory and appraisement of certain perto the state of th

township, deceased, \$57.50.

2. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Cathar ne Horner, widow of Jacob Horner, late of Johnstowa borough, deceased, \$155.00.

3. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Catharine Fresh, widow of Clement Fresh, late of Cambria township, deceased, \$298.65.

4. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Rebecca Kring, widow of Gideon Kring, late of Adams township, deceased, \$290.00. r ne Horner, widow of Jacob Horner, late of Johns

township, deceased, \$300.00.
5. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Mary widow of James Phalen, late of Carroll Pha en, widow of James Phalen, late of Carroll township, deceased, \$222,65.

6. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Elizabeth McDonald, widow of Daniel McDonald, late of Cambria borough, deceased, \$298.00.

7. Inventory and appraisement of certain per-

sonal property appraised and set apart for Bridget Met by, widow of William McCoy, late of Clear-field township, deceased, \$300.60. 8. Inventory and appraisement of certain per-sonal property appraised and set apart for Su-anland township, deceased, \$300.00.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register,
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Pa., May 10, 1875. 50 H F X Haid . 7.00

THE WALTER A. WOOD MOWING & REAPING MACHINE

Strong Local Endorsement. PHE following letter fully explains itself, and

EBENSBURG, PA., April 16, 1875.

To Walter A. Wood, President, etc. DEAR SIR—This is to certify that I purchased from L. & S. W. Davis, your agents in this place, during the year 1872, one of your NEW IRON MOWERS, which I have operated during the past three seasons with entire suc-cess. I have used it in cutting fully 200 acres of grass, and have not expended one cent on it for repairs. Like all other machines, it is not perfect, of course, but the only fault I find with it is that it is not arranged with shafts for one horse instead of two, as one horse can very easily operate it in anything like fair ground.

1.50 14 J. C. Gates. . . 7.00 1.00 14 A.H.Fiske & Co 7.00 JOHN T. HUGHES, Residing 4 miles south of Ebensburg. Parties interested who wish to see the Parties interested who wish to see the shove named Mower or examine the merits of Hotlein's Mower and Reaper, Pratt's, Sabine, Clipper and Myers' Hay Rake, Stoner's Fanning Mill, the renowned Imperial Plow, and other first class farming machinery, are invited to call at the Livery and Sale Stable of

L. & S. W. DAVIS,

Agents for Cambria County,

Ebensburg, April 23, 1875.-3m.

1	LIST OF CAUSES set down fo
١	meneing on the FIRST MONDAY of JUNE BEXT:
	FIRST WEEK.
d	Christyvs. Allegheny Mountain Coal and Lumber Co.
1	Wehn vs. Walters.
	McGarityvs. Shumate,
	Burns vs. Van Ormer.
9	Zuckvs. Lloyd.
	Davis vs. Dunn.
Ĥ,	SECOND WE. K.

Appeal will be held at the Treasurer's in Ehenst arg, on Monday, the 7th day Enext, at 2 o clock, p. M. D. A. LUTHER, Arble, McLaughlin, Penna, Rail Road Co Haven & Co .vs. The Twp. of White. Adams' Ex'r. Griffith & Davis. by the Register of Cambria Lite of Carnanian Todo, inte Berkey

B. McCOLGAN, Prothonotary, Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, May 10, 1875. NOTICE.-HANDS OFF!-We, the undersigned, have bought at Sheriff's sale the following described personal proper-ty, to wit: 1 clock, bar fixtures and tumblers, 2 tables, I cupboard and dishes, I stove and fixtures, I clothes press, I sewing machine, lot of carpet, I bureau, carpet and stand, 2 bedsteads and carpet, earpet and clock, 3 sets chairs, I3 bedsteads and bedding, and 3 stands, which we have left in care of S. A. McGough during our pleasure.

H. J. HADS,

HENRY ELLON,

JOSEPH CRAMER,

JOSEPH WERTNER.

Chest Springs, May 12, 1875.-3t. dimento dimero, on the estate of ann, late of Blacklick Township, granted to the undersigned. All of to said estate are hereby notified diate payment.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1875.

The Cld Farm House.

At the foot of the ! ill, near the old red mill, In a quiet, shady spot, Just peeping through half hid from view. Stands a little, mess-grown cot.

And straying through at the open door, The sunbeams play on the sanded floor. The easy hair all patched with care,

Is placed by the old hearth-stone;

With witching grace, in the old fireplace. The ever reens are strewn. And the pictures hang on the whitened wall. And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window sill, The dew-eyed flowers rest; While 'midst the leaves on the grass-grown

The martin builds her nest. And al. day long the summer breeze Is whispering love to the bended trees. Over the floor all covered o'er

Lies a musket old, whose worth is told In the events of other days; And the powder flask, and the hunter's horn, Have hung beside it for many a morn. For years have fied, with noiscless tread,

W th a sack of dark green baize,

Like fairy dreams away, And left in their flight, all shorn of his might, A father-old and gray; And the soft wind plays with his snow-white

Inside the door on the sauded floor. Light, airy footsteps glide, And a maiden fair, with flaxen bair, Kneels by the old man's side-An old oak wrecked by the angry storm, While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

And the old man sleeps in his easy chair.

MRS. JONES' ELOPEMENT.

Mr. Jones came home that afternoon feeling cross and tired. Business had been dull, and the clerks had been provoking. When he felt out of sorts, as he did that day, a nice supper and his wife's company were the best antidotes he knew of, and he hoped to have them effect a cure in this instance, as they often had in other

But Mrs. Jones was out, the girl said She had been busy in her room all the afternoon; she didn't know what she was doing. About an hour ago she had put on her bonnet and gone out, and had came home, that she should not be back until late in the evening. "Gone out on particular business, she said," added

"On particular business," growled Jones. "I'd like to know what particular business she has. I should say it was a wife's business to stay at home. She knew, of course, that I was coming home completely tired out, but that doesn't interfere with her pleasure in the least. She can enjoy herself just the same-probably all the more, because I am out of the way. I wish I knew where she'd gone."

He went up to her room to see if sh had worn some of her best clothes.

"Because, if she has," reasoned Mr. Jones, "she's gone off to have a good time, with some one she cares more for than she Mr. Jones' brow was black as any thun-

der-cloud, at the thought. He was in precisely the right frame of mind to make mountains out of mole-hills.

But she hadn't worn any of her new

"It can't be she's going to a party, then," concluded Mr. Jones, "or she'd have rigged up more. It must be she's going somewhere else, and wants to keep dark. It begins to look mysterious. A woman don't generally go off in this way, without saying something to her husband, and wear her old clothes, without its meaning something, I've observed," said Mr. Jones, Solemnly, to the Mr. Jones in the glass. "I'd like to know what it all does mean.

It was just at this juncture that Mr. Jones discovered a letter on Mrs. Jones' writing-desk. It was a freshly-written page, beginning:

"DEAR EDWARD:" Mr. Jones, hair raised on end when his eagle eye caught the sight of that name. What awful thing had he discovered? Could it be that his wife was in the habit of writing letters to gentlemen? Perhaps she has gone out to meet one now.

He read the letter through without stopping to take breath, from beginning to

It read as follows: "DEAR EDWARD!

"I have read your touching appeal over and over, until every word of it is stamped upon my heart. It has caused me to fight a terrible battle with myself. I love you, and there is no use for me to deny it. I cannot deceive myself, nor you, by so doing. But my duty is to stay with my husbund. I loathe him-I despise him ; he is a tyrant-but, he is my husband, and as such, I suppose he has a claim upon me, in the eyes of the world, that you have not. But, my darling, I love you, and I have come to the conclusion to cast my lot with yours. I will do as you wish me to.

I will meet you at the oak tree to-night at ten o'clock. I hope I shall-" And here, at the bottom of the page, the letter broke off very abruptly. The other side of the page was blank.

"Great Jehosophat!" That was the awful word that broke from Mr. Jones' lips. when he had finished reading. It was the nearest to swearing of any word he indulged in. If ever he felt justified in using it, he did now. His face was a sight to behold. It was full of anger and surprise, and complete bewilderment.

faintly. "And I'm a tyrant, am I? The wretched creature! She loathes me, and despises me, does she? I'll show her a thing or two. Let me see-ten o'clock, at promised to meet him here at ten o'clock? dies. The bill was 5,000f- Western civil

I'll learn your "dear Edward" something Joshua, indignantly. "You were always he won't forget. I'll go out this blessed minute and get a couple of officers, and we'll wait for you. I fancy we'll surprise you a little. Great Jehosophat! and she's actually been deceiving me all the time, and letting some other man talk love to her, and coax her to elope with him! I can't believe it, and yet I can't doubt it, for here it is in her own writing. I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen it in black and white. Dear me! I wonder if I can bear up under the swful blow? What will folks say? I shall be ashamed to meet anybody. It's awful-awful!" and Mr. Jones wiped his face with his handkerchief, and looked the complete picture of

grief. Mr. Jones was so "struck all of a heap." to use his own expression, by the terrible intellig mee that he didn't stop to reason over the matter. He never once thought that "Dear Edward" couldn't by any possibility have received this letter, since it hadn't been sent. He only realized that his wife was going to run away, and that she was going to meet her lover at ten o'clock.

"I'll be there, my lady," said Mr. Jones, significantly, putting on his overcoat, preparatory to setting out in search of the proper officers. "I'll be there, and I'll give your 'Dear Edward' something he didn't bargain for. I'll 'Dear Edward'

About nine o'clock Mr. Jones and a couple of officers came up the road stealthily, and secreted themselves behind a clump of bushes near the place where the two mainroads crossed each other.

"Now you mind what I say," said Mr. Jones. "I'll go for him, and you keep out of the way, till I am done with him. I'll make him wish he'd never thought of such a thing as making love to other men's wives, see if I don't, I'll pommel him! I'll trounce him within an inch of his life, the contemptible puppy!" and Mr. Jones struck out right and left at his visionary rival in a way that made the

They waited, and waited and kept waiting. The ten o'clock train came in, whistling shrilly. And still no sign of either woman or man for whom they were wait-

Presently Mr. Jones bade them listen: he heard steps down the road.

The night was dark, and they could not see a rod off. But he was right in thinking he heard steps. Some one was

"It's him, curse him," muttered Mr. Jones. "Now you lay low, and mind what I say, Don't come till I tell you to. I dare say I shall half-kill him, but you keep off, and let me be. I'll take the consequences, if I do kill him completely. Great Jehosophat! I just yearn to get my hands on the wretch."

"He's close by now," whispered one of

"I see him," answered Mr. Jones, in an awful whisper: "Here, hold my hat I'm going for him, and may the Lord have mercy upon his soul !"

Accordingly, Mr. Jones "went for him." He made a rush at the tall, black figure coming leisurely up the road. He gave it a punch in the stomach with one fist, and another in the ribs with his other fist. snorting like a wild bull. He was too excited to talk intelligibly, at first. The unsuspecting recipient of such an extraordinary greeting seemed half-inclined to run at first, but, on second thought, seemed to think better of it, and turned upon his

"Take that, and that, and that," cried Mr. Jones, who had got so he could utter words a trifle more coherently by this time. dealing blows right and left. "Run away with my wife, will you? You old villain, I'll learn you to swoop round the Jones family trying to break it up. Take that

-and that! and-oh, great Jehosophat!" Mr. Jones' tune suddenly changed; the victim of a husband's righteous wrath had brought his cane to bear upon his foe and was doing good work with it.

"Smith-Dobson! help, help!" shricked Jones, as the cane fell upon his head and shoulders in unmerciful blows. "Murder! help!"

The officers came to his assistance and

succeeded in securing the stranger. "I'd like to know what this means!" h demanded. "I supposed this neighborhood was respectable, but I should think you've all gone crazy, or else turned highway robbers."

"We'll let you know what it means," cried Jones. "I don't believe you will want to run away with Samuel Jones' wife

"Is that you, Samuel Jones?" asked the prisoner. "I thought your voice sounded kind of familiar, before, but you bellowed so I couldn't make it out. Are you insame, or idiotic-or what?"

"Lord bless me, if you ain't uncle to him, saying she'd meet him here at ten "She loves him. does she," he ejaculated, o'clock, and I got these men to help me, and we waited for him, and I thought you ;

were the man !" "Fell in love with another man and

the biggest fool! You're crazy!"

"But I tell you I sa " her own letter." exclaimed Mr. Jones. "I ain't crazy now, but I shouldn't wonder if I was before

"You've lost all the sense you used to have, and that wasn't enough to brag of," said uncle Joshua, rather uncomplimentary. "Come along to the house, and we'll ask Amelia what it mears."

Uncle Joshua led the way, with a pair in his stomach, caused by Mr. Jones' energetic attempt to teach his supposed rival not to meddle with the Jones family, and Mr. Jones followed in his wake, with a sore head and a very black eye.

There was a light in the sitting-room Mrs. Jones was there.

"See here, Amelia," exclaimed uncle Joshua,, bursting in like a thunderstorm. "Your fool of a husband says you've fell in love with some one, and that you wrote him a letter saying you'd meet him at ten o'clock to night and run away with him, and he says he's seen this letter. Now, I don't believe a word of it, but I'd like to have you explain, if you can.

"I never wrote any such thing," declared Mrs Jones, indignantly.

"You did!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, "It's no use for you to lie about it, Amelia-You've broke my heart, and you did write that letter. I found it on your desk, and here it is. It begins-'Dear Edward."

"Oh, I knew all about it now," cried Mrs. Jones, beginning to laugh. "Oh, dear me! You see, Laura Wade and I agreed to write a story, and I had got mine half-done, and went over to read it to her this afternoon, and when I got there I found that I'd lost a page of it. I must have left it on my desk. It was about a woman who was going to elope-my story was-and she wrote that she would go with her lover, and then, when she thought it all over, concluded to stay at home and do her duty. The page that was missing was the one that had the letter on it that he wrote to her lover Von found it and thought I was going to run away! Oh dear, I never heard of anything so funny Oh, dear me!" and Mrs. Jones laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"I can't see anything very funny about it," said Mr. Jones, feeling rather sheepish. "How was I to know that you were writing stories? You've no business to spend your time in that way."

"That's so," growled uncle Joshua, whose stomach began to feel sore and bruised, night. "You're a fool for writing stories, and Jones is a fool any way."

Which was poor consolation for Jones. The story of the whole affair leaked out and he will never hear the last of Mrs. Jones' elopement.

GETTING MARRIED.

Every young girl, now-a-days, expects to get a rich husband : and therefore rich men ought to be abundant. In the country, we admit that girls are sometimes brought up with an idea of work, and with a suspicion that each may chance to wed a sober, steady, good-looking, industrious young man, who will be compelled to earn by severe labor the subsistence of himself and family, There are not so many brought up with such ideas, now, even in the country, as there used to be; but there are some, and they, consequently, learn how to become worthy helpmates to such worthy partners. But in town it is different. From the highest to the lowest class in life, the prevailing idea with all is, that marriage is to lift them, at once, above all necessity for exertion; and even the servant-girl dresses and reasons as if she entertained a romantic confidence in her Cinderella-like destiny of marrying a prince, or, at least, of being fallen in love with and married by some wealthy gentleman if not by some nobleman in dis-

This is why so many young men fear to marry. The young women they meet with are all so imbued with notions of murriage so utterly incompatible with the ordinary relations of life in their station; they are so wholly inexperienced in the economy of the household; they have been taught, or have taught themselves, such a 'noble disdain" for all kinds of family industry; they have acquired such expectations of lady-like ease and elegance in the matrimonial connection, that to wed any one of them is to secure a life-long lease domestic unhappiness, and purcha wretchedness, poverty, and despair. All this is wrong, and should be amen

ed. Such fallacies do not become a sensible age nor a sensible people. Our grandfathers and mothers had more wisdom than this. The present age is much too fast a one in this respect. Let us sober down a little. Let every young woman be taught ideas of life and expectations of marriage suitable to her condition, and she will not be so frequently disappointed. Should she be fortunate and wed above that con-Joshua!" said Mr. Jones faintly. He felt dition, she may readily learn the new dusmall enough, just then, to crawl through ties becoming to it, and will not have been a knot-hole. "I'm awful sorry that this injured by having possessed herself of has happened, but I couldn't helpit, I didn't | those fitting a station below. Let her anknow it was you. You see, Amelia's feil in ticipate always a marriage with one in the love with some fellow, and I came across a humbler walks of life and then, should letter this afternoon that she had written she happen to do better, her good fortune will be only the more delightful

A PACKET of fifty bonnets, the latest broadbrim fashion, has just been forwarded to the Shah of Persia for the use of his lathe oak tree; I'll be there, my dear, and Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed uncle isation is finding its way to Teheran.

KEYSER'S DREAM.

HOW HE ANTICIPATED DEATH.

Last December my friend Keyser dreamed one night that he would die on the 13th of January. So strongly was he assured of the fact that the vision would prove true that he began at once to make preparations for his departure. He got measured for a burial suit, he drew up his will, he picked out a nice lot in the cemetery and had it fenced in; he joined the church, and selected six of the deacons as his pall bearers. He also requested the choir to sing at the funeral, and he got them to run over a favorite hymn of his to see how it would sound. Then he got Toombs, the undertaker, to knock together a burial casket, with silver-plated handles, and cushions inside, and he instructed the undertaker to rush out his best hearse, and to buy sixty pairs of black gloves to be distributed among the mourners. He had some trouble deciding upon a tombstone. The man at the marble-yard wanted to shove off on him a second-hand one, with an ange! weeping over a kind of a flower-pot; but Keyser finally ordered a new one, with a design representing a rosebud with a broken stem, and the legend, "Not lost, but gone before."

Then he got the village newspaper to put a good obituary notice of him in type, and he told his wife that he would be gratified if she would come out in the spring and plant violets upon his grave. He said it was hard to leave her and the children, but she must try to bear up under it. These afflictions are for our good, and when he was an angel he would come and watch over her, and keep his eye on her. He said she might marry again if she wanted to, for, although the mere thought of it nearly broke his heart, he wished her above all to be happy, and to have some one to a closing word of counsel, advised her not claws; the boy following close after he

On the night of the 12th of January there was a fiood in the creek, and Keyser got up Salter arose. He did not let his temper at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 13th, and worked until night trying to save his buildings and his woodpile. He was so busy that he forgot all about its being the day of his death, and, as he was very tired. he went to bed early and slept soundly all

About 6 o'clock on the morning of the 14th there was a ring at the door bell. Keyser jumped out of bed, threw up the front window and exclaimed :

"Who's there?"

"It's me-Toombs," said the undertaker. "What do you want at this time of the morning?" demanded Keyser.

"Want," said Toombs, not recognizing Keyser, "Why, I've brought around the ce to pack Keyser in, so he'll keep until the funeral. The corpse'd spoil this kinder weather if we didn't."

Then Keyser remembered, and it made him feel mad when he thought how the day had passed and left him still alive, and low he had made a fool of himself. So the corpse said :

"Well you can just skeet around home again with that ice; the corpse is not yet dead. You're a leetle too anxious, it strikes me. You're not goin' to chuck me into a sepulchre yet, if you have got everything ready. So you can haul off and unload."

About half-past 10 that morning the Deacons came around, with crape on their hats and gloom on their faces, to carry the body to the grave, and while they were on the front steps the marble-yard man drove up with the resebud tembstone and shovel, and stepped in to ask the widow how deep she wanted the grave dug. Just then the choir arrived with the minister, and the company was assembled in the parlor, when Keyser came in from the stable, where he had been dosing a horse with patent medicine and mash for the glanders. He was surprised, but he proceeded to explain that there had been a little mistake somehow. He was also pained to find that everybody seemed to be a good deal disappointed, particulary the tombstone man, who went away mad, declaring that such an old fraud ought to be rammed into the ground anyhow, dead or alive. Just as the Deacons left in a huff, the tailor's boy arrived with the burial snit, and before Keyser could kick him off the steps the paper carrier flung into the door the Morning Argus, in which that obituary occupied a prominent place.

Anybody who wants a good reliable tombstone that has a broken rosebud on it. and that has never been used, can buy one of that kind at a sacrifice for cash, from Keyser. He thinks that bad dream must have been caused by eating too much sausage at supper. - Max Adler.

HERE are some of the devious ways and

wanderings of a love-letter : A Boston lady, while in Paris two years ago, sent a letter to her sweetheart, a ship captain, addressing it to St. Helena. It missed the wanderer and follwed him about the world, finally returning to Paris, where the captain's banker forwarded it to Boston. It reached him one evening as he was bouncing a sixweeks-old baby on his knee, he having married the writer of the letter a year ago. more persistently if it had been a dun.

SALTER'S BOY.

NUMBER 19.

Salter had a boy who was not worth the starch in his shirt collar to any one. His name was Noble. He was appropriately named. He was a noble fraud. Salter

hired him for a dollar a week to tend office. He stayed with Salter just half an hour, when he discharged bim. ilis discharge was summary. The boy came to the office at 10 o'clack. Salter, after telling him what to do, went across the street to see a friend, leaving the boy dusting the furnis-

After having quite a chat with his friend, during which he had told him he had got a boy to work for him, and that he hoped he could leave the office oftener now, he returned. He had been gone just fourteen minutes by the watch. It is astonishing how much cussedness a good healthy boy can accomplish in fourteen minutes.

As Salter approached the door, he heard a medley of indescribable sounds within his office. He opened the door, and there was that noble boy flying around the room with a broom after a strange cat. As he entered, the boy shouted

"Doggon it, boss, hurry up and shut the door, or she'll get out. Oh, Lord, can't she skin around, tho' ?"

And making a pass at the cat with the broom, he mashed all the glass out of the book-case. Did Salter get mad? Oh, no! He kept his temper and started for the boy, who, thinking he was after the cat too, got more excited than ever, and yell-

"There she goes, blast her old hide. Head her off, boss; head her off! Oh, glory ain't we havin' a time!" and, making another pass at the cat, he hit Salter on the head with the broom, and, running against him, upset him in a coal-scuttle, and rushed

The cat making the circuit of the room love her and protect her from the storms of before Salter could arise, dashed across his the rude world. Then he, and Mrs. Key- outstretched body, and ripped great gashes ser, and the children cried, and Keyser, as in his pants and shirt bosom with his fell over him. Picking himself up, he sat down to take a rest, while the cat, hiding on a book-case, mewed piteously. Then get the better of his judgment, but he was very pale. He reached for the boy. He got a firm grip on his collar, and started for the door. When he got outside, he placed that noble boy in front of bim, and kicked him clear out of his coat. Then he dragged him to the stairs, and pitched him down a flight of ten steps and then jumped down on him. Then he plucked a handful of the boy's hair, and tossed him out on the walk. The boy picked bimself up, gazed wistfully up the stairs, and while great tears of serrow rolled down his cheeks, he sighed !

"What a bully time I could have had with that cat !"

Salter has concluded that he can get along until spring without a boy. He bas adopted the cat, and has posted up & notice to the effect that any boy caught in the building will be shot on sight.

PY SHIMINY! ISH DOT SO ?- There is doubtless such a thing as excessive promptness in emergencies. Presence of mind and determination are admirable qualities in themselves, but it sometimes happens that a decision made upon the spur of the moment is regretted upon a more deliberate survey of the field. This remorse seems to have evertaken lately a worthy Dutchman of Anaka county, Minnesota. The Dutchman was seeking to reach a town at some distance from Sauk Centre, and to accomplish this must drive over the prairie from the latter town. He was unaccustomed to the road and night overtook him with his vehicle fast in a slough and no town in sight. He sought the solitary farm house visible and asked permission to stay till morning, the farmer telling the traveler. however, that it would be necessary for him to sleep with the children or with the farmer himself, as their accommodations were limited. Quick as lightning, the Dutchman expressed his resolution not to sleep with the "bodderation shiltren." so he slept with the farmer. The rest of the story may be given in his own lan-

"Vell, in der mornin', ven we comes mit der sthairs down, I see two girls apout seventeen und nineteen vears old, und I ask der old man : Pees dem girls die shiltren you told me apout?' und be say 'yaw; dem ish mine only shiltren !' und I says to myself, 'py shiminy ! ish dot so?' - N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

As old couple from Camden were wandering through an Eastern market, when the man became so deeply engaged in watching two handsome ladies that be failed to reply to his wife's inquiries. She saw what ailed him, and catching him by the coat tails she slung him "kerwhop" against a stall, then taking him by the collar, she said :

"Samuel Hanover, don't attempt to triffe with me! You know me, Samuel, and you know that I'll break your old neck if I

eatch you trying to play off on me !" He turned his attention to the vegetables

"Why do you use paint?" asked a violinist of his daughter. "For the same rea-The letter could not have followed him that you use rosin, papa." "How is that?" "Why, to help me draw my bean."