DLUME IX.

PHANS' COURT SALE

turday, June 5, 1875,

Hundred and Ten Acres.

THERE TENANT HOUSES. ee Veins of Coal. ed, and the coal is of supeouring purposes. It is so not dramage that the coal imparatively little expense, ing this Lind with the Pa. R. Styner and the Mining and a cost of \$7,000. The inter-Styner, dec'd, in said framthe land, or separately, juligment bonds and mort

FOR SALE.

ACRE OF CROUND. ng and Crosson Railroa

CE PLANING MILL all machinery consists of one SE POWER ENGINE AND BOILER.

ed Planer. 24 inches wide, for sur-chains: I Surface Planer, 20 in-renter Kip Saws, with lift tables; or Cross-out Saws, with slide taning Circular Prosector Saw: leated Shaping Machine, with fre strictathe: I Hand Lathe, with con 1 Polishing Drum, 12 feet long the lide heads. The above Hooring, siding h blocks, ballusters, etc. sugar, beech, maple and at moderate prices. fory Frame Dwelling House

JOHN A. BLAIR, Ebensburg, JOHN LEWIS, W. B. BONACKER, Johnstown, rg. May 14, 1874, 206.

uday. JUNE 21st. 2 n'einete, 1 W., the following real ACRES OF TIMBER LAND. Tumpike, 2% railes west of Ebens-

ionary Steam SAW MILL. or HOUSES, a large FR 5 M E of 1, 00,000 feet of Beeled Hust

MERES OF LAND which known as the "Morgan The from Eleathing, well a Portion and Henrices, or logging down the Blackarmy purposes. Also, the ded One-Half of 106 Acres Land

m flact town him, Clambria county; in ... One half of the purchase mon-the delivery of the Deed, and the mafter with interest, to JOHN A. BLAIR.

NSE NOTICE -Petitions for ave been filed in the office of of Ouarter Sessions of a by the following named presented to the Court of of said County at June Ses

uch S. A. McGough, John L. Swires, h-Lawrence Schroth, An-

o Ott, George Crook. W Adams, Frank Kariz, John Pitzharris, West Athert Bender, Col. John Me hael McMorris, M. F. N. Hald, Florian Bengele, The W. Mullen, Chris-

> deroth, Jos. Horner. Blum, Julius Stieh. B. McLanghlin. F Kirby, John Schroth, ULGAN, Prothonotary, Elensburg, May 10, 18,5.

AUSES set down for suing term of Court, con-Clear Monday of June next:

AND RESIDENCE vs. Arnie, vs. McLaughlin, vs. Penna, Rail Road Co The Twp. of White. Adams' Ex'r. Griffith & Davis.

vs. Christy, vs. Christy, vs. Driskell,

R McCCLeran, Prothonotary. Ebensburg, May 10, 1875.

MARSHAL'S OFFICE, VESTERN DISTRICT OF PENN'A, that on the 27th day of varrant in Bunkruptey was is-tate of Charles A. McGost-the County of Cambria, and ima, who has been adjudged sown petition: that the pay-nd delivery of any property be-nkrupt, to him or for his use, any property by him, are for-ta meeting of the Creditors of force their debts, and to choose ove their debts, and to choose es of his Estate, will be held ruptey, to be holden at the durg. Pa., before John BrothNEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

N. F. BURNHAM'S TURBIN WATER WHEEL as selected, 4 years ago, and put work in the U.S. Patent Office. B. C., and has proved to be the best. Nineteen sizes made. Pri-ces lower than any other first-class wheel. Pamphlet free. N. F. BURNHAM, YORK, PA.

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THE WALTER A. WOOD MOWING & REAPING MACHINE. Strong Local Endorsement.

THE following letter fully explains itself, and EBENSBURG, PA., April 16, 1875.

To Walter A. Wood, President, etc. that I purchased from L. & S. W. DAY'S, your agents in this place, during the year 1872, one of your NEW IRON MOWERS, which I have operated ated 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 pairs. Like all other machines, it is not perfe f course, but the only fault I find with it is that is not arranged with shafts for one horse instead

of two, as one horse can very easily operate it in anything like fair ground.

John T. Huones, Residing 4 miles south of Ebensburg. Parties interested who wish to see the above named Mower or examine the merits of Hoffein'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.

AGENTS WANTED!

MALE OR FEMALE. For an article that sells well for a low price,

at sight, to lady or gent. The goods will reminend themselves.

NO CAPITAL REQUIRED, As we will furnish the goods to parties wh can give satisfactory reference, to be paid for

after they are sold.

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PRINT, STRAW, RAG & MANILLA PAPERS, COTTON AND HEMP TWINES. Flour Sacks, Crocers' Bags, me this time?" Wooden Ware,

121 SECOND AVENUE. BETWEEN SMITHFIELD AND WOOD STREETS. [3-19:] PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Heavy and Light Wagors, all kinds of Carts and Wheelbarrows, manufactured and for sale cheap at DUQUESNE WAGON WORKS.

Corner Craig street and Allegheny river, 2 squares below Suspension Bridge, Allegheny City, Pa. Repairing promptly done. C. COLEMAN & SON.

GOLDEN HARVEST FOR AGENTS. S50 A WEEK made selling the 7 Wonders, or Gem Pastry Cup—wanted in every family. Send 35 cents for sample. Twenty other articles for agents. Address CONKLOIN & CO. No. 122 FIFTH AVENUE, (above Smithfield street.) PITTS-BURGH, PA. [5-21.-6m]

PATENTS PROCURED. Also bought and sold. After procuring your Patents will sell them for you. Call on, or address for circular, O. D. LEVIS, Solicitor, 122 Figure AVENUE, (above Smithfield street,) Pittisuegon, PA. [1-21.-6m.]

J. B. McCONNELL, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, The state day of Jusz,
JOHN HALL.

U. S. Marshal, as Messenger.

Office formerly occupied by Dr. Jamison. Night oalls can be made at Myers Hotel. [5-14.-5m.*] "Ten," s

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1875. DON'T STAY AFTER TEN.

I have just a word to say to you When me you come to see— You know that none in all the world

Is half as dear to me; 'Tis this I would request of you, That when you come again To see me in the evening You won't stay after ten.

For after ten, as moments fly, I tremble o'er and o'er, Lest papa's visage I should see Come peeping at the door. He's there to execute his threat;

He said he'd surely come If ever again you stayed so late, And tell you to go home. And when I down to breakfast go

Papa will frown at me, And say, "My child, that bean of yours Will surely hear from me! This sort of thing I will not have, So when he comes again, I'll just go down and show him cut,

If he's not gone at ten." And so, though your society Makes heart and soul throb warm, I have a sigh of vast relief

You know that you are welcome aye, O! best beloved of men; But many a scolding you have caused By staying after ten.

At your retreating form

A CAPITAL STORY.

One rainy night, about half past eight o'clock, the train had run into McKibben's Corners, and the mail had been delivered at the store and postoflice.

John Fairjohn, the postmaster, had counted the letters. There were, as he made it out, just ten, and one was larger on the newspaper in the back room, and without his glasses he could not read a line; and so, of course, he had gone after them, returning to find two persons in the store-Farmer Roper and Squire McKib. that makes a difference." bon, whose ancestors had given name to

Squire, "Mail's in I see. That train came bed. near running into my truck, too. Wasn't time to save myself. Any letters for me?" "I'll see," said Mr. Fairjohn,

He turned to the little pile of envelopes and told them over in his hand like a pack

"Why, there's only nine," he said. was there, Squire?"

"Only Roper and I," said the Squire,

"No," said old Roper. "I don't think somewhere."

"Well," said the postmaster, after anoth-Yes, there is a letter for you-your folks, on her way to her poor home. anyway-and something for you, Mr. Roper. And I suppose you wouldn't mind tossing that in at the Smith's as you pass?"

"Oh, no," said Farmer Roper. "Give any of 'em to stay and farm."

"Your son, Job, did," said the Squire. "Oh, my son, Job. He'd try the patience an hour." of his namesake," said Farmer Roper. 'My son, Job, hah!"

Just at this moment the door of the store when I must seem so bad to you." opened and there entered at it a little wo. in a thin and faded shawl.

She looked timidly about the store, still more timidly at the heap of letters, and sat down beside her. then, in an appealing voice like that of a frightened child, said :

The postmaster, who is a little deaf. she spoke again. She was a faded little to marry me for?" woman, and her face had signs of grief written upon it, but she was not either in the damp curls clustering under the

"Is there a letter for me this time, Mr. Fairjohn?" she said again, and this time the postmastor looked up.

"No, there ain't; and you're a fool for taking such a walk to ask," said he with if it had a come, Mrs. Lester ?" "Well, you see I felt in a hurry to get

it," said she. "You can't blame me for being in a burry, it's so very long." "That's true," said the postmaster.

"Well better luck next time. But why don't you wait? Mr. McKibbon will take you I've been crazy all this time, and if you over when he goes. He passes your cor-

"Yes, wait, Mrs. Lester," cried Mr. McKibbon, "I'll take ye, and welcome." But she had answered: "Thank you. I don't mind walking,"

and was gone. "Keeps it up, don't she?" asked the he stopped and looked back. postmaster. "It's a shame," said Mr. McKibbon.

"Ten," said the postmaster. "I know

for it was the day I came here. She was ter with a great red seal upon it, looked at as pretty a woman as was here. She was it for a moment, and hid it away again. as prelty a woman as you'd want to see then, wasn't she?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. McKibbon.

master. "And we all know that the Job was furnishing his house-had furnish-Sphynx went down on that voyage, all ed it-for on the morrow his wedding was hands along with her. The rest of the to take place. And it was night again. A women put on widow's weeds, them that month from that night, when she had come lost husbands-four in this town itself. for the last time, as every one thought, rain They took what the Almighty sent, and and mud, to make her sadly foolish query, didn't rebel. She set up that her husband she was sensible at last-very sensible. wasn't dead, and would come back. She's She had chosen the substance instead of kept it up ever since; comes for his letters the shadow. regular, and he was drowned along with all the rest, of course, ten years ago. She must be thirty. Well, she's changed a for Mr. Fairjohn had closed the store, and good deal in that time,"

my son Job wild over her yet. He'd ofter water, lemons and sugar, and was sipping himself again any day-ready to be a father to her boy and a good husband to her. He's better off than i be. His mother's father left him all he had. He's crazy, is of the rain a dripping figure-that of Jessie Job-crazy I call it. Plenty of pretty gals, Lester, the bride who was to be on the and healthy, smart widows, and he sees morrow. THE RED SEALED LETTER. no one but that pale, slim little thing that's just gone out into the mud; and she-why of course she lost her senses, or she'd have him. Works like a slave to keep herself and the child, lives in a rickety shanty, waiting for a drowned man to come back again. Why every one knows Charlie Lester was drowned in the Sphynx. There wasn't a soul saved, not one. It was in the paper how a bottle was found with than the others, and had a red seal; and a letter in it, written by some one just dress for 25 cents. Office, No. 41 Park Row, New then he found that he had left his glasses before the ship sunk. And she's wait- Charlie came to me and said: 'Go to the ing for him yet!"

"Crazy on that point," said the postmaster. "Well, poor soul, she'd only been married a week when the Sphyux sailed ;

"Oh," said the farmer. Then, the parcels being ready, they "Wet, ain't it?" said Fairjohn, nodding. went out to their wagons, and Mr. Fairjohn hand. "Wet or not, our folks am't going to do having stared out into the rainy night

Meanwhile the woman plodded through noticing the flag, and drove across just in the mud. "Walking off her disappointment," she should have been used to, and now the absurdity of it seems to strike her for the first time in all these years.

"They laugh at me," she muttered to herself. "I know they laugh at me, Perhaps I am mad; but they don't know what I'm sure I counted right. I counted ten, love is. Charlie wouldn't have left me and I thought one had a red seal. I might like that. If he had died he would have as well give up keeping the office if I'm, given me some sign; and yet-yet if he going to lose my senses like that. There were alive, it would be stranger still, No. wasn't any one in here, while I was gone, no; they are right-I am wrong. He must surely be dead."

And as though the news had just been and Roper's son. But he didn't come in, whispered to her, she elasped her hand to Job Roper. her forehead, gave a cry and sauk down on

her knees in the road. that Job came in at all. He just went off. She knelt there a few moments and then arose. In this interval the wind had blown the clouds from the sky, and the mooner search; "well, I must be mistaken, light lay white upon the path and lit her

There at the door sat a man-a strong, determined looking fellow, who arose as | glance.

she approached, and held out his hand. "Here you come," he said, "tired to it to me. That's from Smith that's clerk- death, worn out, still on that fruitless ering it in New York, I reckon, Can't get rand. Jessie Lester, can't you give up this nonsense and think of the living a little. Think of me, Jessie, for just half

"I do think of you," she said. "I'm very sorry you should be so good to me

Then she sat down on the porch and man, dressed in a cheap calico and wrapped took her little bood off, and leaned her head wearily against the wall of the house, and the man arose and crossed over and

"Give it a softer resting place, Jessie," he said, "here on my heart."

"Mr. Fairjohn, is there any letter for She looked out into the night, not at him, as she spoke.

"Job," she said, "I begin to think you TEAS. TOBACCO, CIGARS. &c. had turned his head away and did not know are right; that he went down on the Sphynx she had entered, and she came closer to with the rest ten years ago. But what the counter and the light upon it before good would I do you? What do you want

The man drew closer still as be answered: "Before you were married to Charles old or ugly yet, and there was something Lester I loved you. While you were a married woman I loved you. All these ten PUT up in cases of all sizes and colors, ready to put the brush in and use. Any one can be his own painter or make a business by using it. It is the cheapest and best. Try a sample can. Sold at dimpled chin absolutely child like even you. A man must have the woman be

loves if he gives his soul for her." "What a horrible thought !" said she. "His sou! !"

"I should have said his life," said Job. "I don't want to shock you. But you don't know what it would be to me to have you. rough kindness. "Wouldn't I have sent it And then I'll do everything for your boy." "Yes," she answered; "I know you would."

There was a pease. Then she gave him her hand.

"Job," she said very softly, "I shall pretend nothing I don't feel, but I know want me you may have me. It's very good of you to love me so." And then it seemed to have ended, that

ten years' watching and waiting, and there was triumph in Job's eyes as he turned away and left her with his first kiss upon her lips. But at the end of the green lane "I told her the truth," he said, "when I

said that when a man loved a woman as I "How many years is it now since Lester loved her, he must have her, if the price were his soul itself." And then he drew from his breast a let- the coffin up in the garret.

Married? Yes they were to be married. Every one at McKibbon's Corners knew that now. Jessie Lester went no more to "Sailed in the Sphynx," said the post- the postoffice for her long expected letter.

And now, as we have said, it was night, and a wetter one than the other-later, too, was compounding himself what he called 'Yes," said the other man; "but there's a "nightcap" of some fragrant liquor, warm it by the stove, when there came upon his door a feeble knock and when being repeated he heard it, there staggered in out

> She was trembling with cold, and as he led her to the fire she burst into a flood of

"I'm frightened," she said. "Some one followed me all the way. I heard them." "You've no business to be alone at night," said old Falrjohn, bluntly. "But what's the matter?"

She looked up piteously, "I thought there would be a letter," said slie. "I dreamt there was one. I thought office once more. I have written, I have written,' and I thought I saw a letter with a red seal."

"So did I," muttered old Fairjohn to himself

He went to the box where the letters were kept, and brought them to her in his

"Look for yourself," he said. "And now, Mrs. Lester, I'm an old man. Take my advice. Remember what your duty will be after to-morrow. Remember not to go crazy. Ten years have gone since your husband left this place. If he's alive he's a rascal, and you are free of him by law; but we all know that every man on board the Sphynx was drowned. So be a good wife to Job Roper and forget this folly,

but dou't come here again. She made no answer, but only tossed the

letters over in her lan, and said : "I seemed to know it had a red seal." And as she spoke, Fairjohn, gazing at the door, saw a dark shadow there; saw it grow darker; saw it enter, and standing upon his defense, if need was, recognized

He was very pale, and he took no notice of Fairjohn, but crossing the store, stood beside Jessie Lester.

"You love that man best, even now," he said. "You'd rather have found a letter from him than not, though to-morrow is our wedding day."

She looked up into his face with a piteous "I never lied to you, Job," said she,

"You know that." He grew whiter still. "I told you a man would lose his soul for such love as mine," said he. "Did you think those were idle words?" Then he plunged his hands into his bosom, and the next instant a letter with a red seal lay in

"I've made you happy, and now I'll go," he said. "Fairjohn, I stole that letter a month ago, off the counter yonder. I knew who wrote it at a glance ;" and then the door closed behind him and he was

But Jessie had torn open the letter and never looked after him.

And these were the words she read and Fairjohn read over her shoulder :

"ABOARD THE SILVER STAR .- Jessie Darling: I don't know what makes me believe that I shall find you mine still, after all these years; but something does. Five of us were cast on a desert island when the Sphyux went down. The of us was yet alive were taken off it yesterday in skins, with our beards to our knees. We must go to Eagland first-then bome. Jessie, Jessie, if I do not find you as I left you I shall go

mad. Your husband, CHARLES LESTER. And so Jessie's letter had come at tast, and as John Fairjohn looked into her face he saw how angels look in Paradise.

Job. Job was found drowned in the Kill the next morning. Jessie never knew it, perhaps, for she and her boy were on the way to New York to meet the Silver Star when it made port.

An old man up in Connecticat had a

poor cranky bit of a wife, who regularly once a week got up in the night and invited the family to see her die. She gave away her things, spoke her last words, and made peace with Heaven, and then about 8 she got up in her usual way and disappointed everybody by going at her household duties as if nothing had happened. The old man got sick of it finally, and went and bought a coffin, a real nice, shrond, a wreath of immortelles, with "Farewell Mary Ann" worked in, and a handful of silver-plated screws. Laying the screw-driver beside the collection, he invited her to holler die once more. "Do it," said he, "and in you go, and this farewell business is over." Mary Ann is at this moment making tea cakes for a large and admiring family, while they dry apples in

THE HOPPER GRASS.

HE COMETH, FROM WHENCE AND HOW-A ROCKY MOUNTAIN PASTORAL EFIC.

The grasshopper; He cometh : He cometh numerously : He bringeth his family : Also his relatives :

And his friends. Likewise his mother-in-law: And her friends : As well as all that hate her.

And they are legions; The wisdom of man computeth them They spread over the land,

And there is no place where they are not. They nip the springing grass; They devour the fragrant onion sprout; And the savory celery. The wheat field is left desolate,

And no green thing remaineth where the hopper hath been. His path way is the abomination of desolation. The ranchman mourneth for his green

fields that were, but are not; Mayhap he sweareth; Possibly he saith audibly, and crieth

alond-dameth. What careth the hopper-grass? It troubled him not. Ask the prophets of Kansas; And the wise men of Nebraska:

And they will answer likewise :

But the relief committee agent lifteth up his voice and calleth the hopper blessed. The patriotic grasshopper cometh from the mythical western land, where the glorious orb of day sinks in reseate splender

The realm of Brigham; The land of Mormons: Whence cometh many bad things and

to his evening couch;

some that are good.

The hopper is one of them : Several of them But he is not good. He cometh in the latter summer days :

In sun-darkening myriads; As the winds come when forests are ren-

As the waves come when pavies are stranded. Like unto a Democratic victory. He alieth on the potato-vine ; And on the fragrant tomato-tree;

t is yet in the milk and toothsome; And upon all other fruits of the field that cometh late into market; And they all disappear and are seen af

And the succulent roasting ear, whils

ter that evil day no more forever. And the lady grasshopper maketh straightway her nest "down in the cornfield :" And in the wheat stubble;

And upon the hill-side; And all over the sandy plain And everywhere else under the sun. And she filleth the nest with eggs; And then she continueth to make nests and fill them likewise with eggs, every day,

until the winter days confeth and the ground freezeth hard, when no grasshop-

And the eggs, are they not ranch eggs? With double yolks? And warranted to hatch? Yea, verily, and the warranty is good. And the lady grasshopper's mate, what

Verily, I say unto you, he sitteth upon the sweet potato vine and singeth all the gladsome summer day; He climbeth up the corn-stalk and lop-

He taketh no heed for the morrow Nor of the groans and curses of the irate ranchman. And in the hottest autumn days he lead-

eth the fisherman beside the babbling

peth off its verdant tranches;

And up the steep mountain side : And over prickly pears : And through soap weeds;

And among thorny bushes ; And when at last the fisherman falls upon his knees and puts his hands upon Mr. Hopper, where, is he? Alas he is not there;

And laugheth out of his left optic at the fisherman, who is seated on the hillside. Digging cactus thorns from his bands and knees. And framing cuss words. Alas he will never kneel any more.

And cracketh his heels together;

But he seareth aloft;

wintry days have come; And stilled his voice in death; With Frost's icy wantle about him, be goeth hence to his fathers;

And when in the fullness of time the

Content with the fitting close to a well-And happy in the reflection that he will

live again in his children, When gentle spring shall come again, And again, And again, forever.

In the returning cycle of returning Winter bath loosed his icy fetters; Robin redbreasts carol in the cotton-

woods The beecher-tilton trial is well on; Jenkins busyeth himself writing pardone :

NUMBER 21. And genial sanshine again bathes the

narth. Are those eggs spoiled?

Not by a jug-full. In the earliest warm sunny days; Forth come a few millions of the juvenile

hoppers. Tiny, mitey, midget : The pickets, the scouts, the avaunt couriers of the countless hosts that will soon

follow: Ye "honest ranchmen" laugheth in his sleeve; and sayeth : "The hoppers are liatching, spring fro te

and snows will fix them." Alas the fallacy of man's faith ; The little hopper relies on Providence; And his reliance is sublime;

It putteth the "shoddy" religion of man to shame. Drown him in the floods that would

bave appalled Noah . Du y him in Arctic snows ! Subject him to frosts that freezeth the

ears off a brass monkey; Eucase him in the heart of an iceberg ; Let Old Boreas caress him with Chicago winds, or fondle him in his icy embrace. the little martyr calmly folds up his arms;

draws up his nether limbs, and waiteth; Waiteth for the pext sunrise, when he cometh forth to breakfast, gay as a school girl, and with an appetite that is always a positive luxury.

He dieth only of old age, and very late

You can't kill him :

Neither can you scare him :

Nor can be be discouraged;

in the fall .- D aver News. DOMESTIC BARBERING. - You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his bair. Not because the edges of the hair look as if they had been chewed off by an absentminded horse, but you tell it by the way he stops on the street and wiggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has cut her boy's hair she is careful to avoid any anneyance and muss by laying a sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front bair

over his eyes and leaves it there while she

ents that which is at the back. The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be on fire. She has unconstitutely continued to push his head forward until his nose presses his breast, and is too Lusily engaged to notice the snuffling sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the meantime he is seized with an irresistible desire to blow his nose, but recollects that his bandkeachief is in the other room; Then a fly lights on his fiest, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntary dodges and catches the points of the sheare in his left ear. At this he commences to ery and wishes he was a man.

But his mother doesn't notice him. She merely hits him on the other ear to inspire him with confidence. When she is through: she holds his jacket collar back from his neck, and with her mouth blows the short bits from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to this fact; but she looks for a new place on his head and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully disfigured head to the mirror and looks at it, and, young as he is, shudders as he thinks of what the boys on the street will say.

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.—Very painful is the situation of a certain clerk in a grocery store near the town of Stamford; Kentucky. He was standing behind the counter out a few mornings ago, sniffing pleasantly the odor of dried herrings and kerosene and cheese which hung about him and waiting for a customer, when there ran in, in a great harry, a young lady from a house near by. She had forgetten the flour needed for some dish in course of preparation, and had come in haste to the store to get it, taking out of a bureau drawer and bringing over what she supposed to be a clean pillow-slip to serve as a bag. The obliging clerk seized the pillow-slip in one hand and a scoop in the other, and dibping from a flour barrel a scoop-full, began filling the bag. The first scoop-full went not only in but through the receptacle, and the astonished cferk held up the pillow-slip to see that it consisted of two parts with fringed outlets at the bottom, through which the flour had gone to the The girl saw the thing at the same time, and with a shrick, but without a word, ran home. The grocery-str 6 clerk earefully dusted the garments and laid them away to be returned when called for, but they haven't been called for yet. And so, because of a carelessness not his own, that unfortunate clerk is in a painful situation, and the store in which he is employed has lost a customer. It was a dreadful affair.

A FUNNY FREAK OF THE TELEGRAPH. Of all the freaks of the telegraph, the following is the most languable which has come under our personal knowledge: Not long since a graduate from one of our eastern theological schools was called to the pastoral charge of a church in the exfor his new parish he was unexpectedly detained by the incapability of his prest; tery to ordain him. In order to explain his non-arrival at the appointed time, he sent the following telegram to the deacons of the church. "Presbytery lacked a queney the message got strangely metamorphosed, and reached the astonished deacons in this shape: "Presbytery tacked a worm on to Adam I" The sober church officers were greatly discomposed and mystified, but after grave consultation concluded it was the minister's facetious way of announcing that he had got married, and accordingly proceeded to provide lodgings for two instead of one.