Terms, \$2 per year, in advance:

LUME IX.

TERIFF'S SALES. y writs of Wand, Expon., pin Vend, Expon, Leveri linux and Fi. Fn., Issued

and PL. PR. Issued amon Pleas of Cambria etcl. there will be ex-the Court House in Eb-the 2d day of August the following real esat interest of Michael Nicktown, Barr town-Penn'a, tronting on the mwn, and adjoining an X. Lambour on the west can erected a two scory le, now in the occu-Taken in execution of dame Crawford. neard interest of Maria a piece or lot of ground Nicktoen. Barr town-renn'a, fronting on the news, and addedning an N. Lambetr on the west concrected a two story stable, now in the oconly. Taken in execution suit of Mary Heitrer. inte and interest of John or piece or parcel of land waship Crathria coun-nd of James Courad, F. worgh, and others, conor less, about 10 acres in creeted a one-and a-and pume stable, now

m'i Lonz. Also, a piece in the village of Lilly's, Cambria county, Penn., duing lots of Theirens d others, having there-plank house and plank yet John Hamilton, a in the occupancy of ind-a-half story plank y of James Brawley. S Waters & Co. title and enterest of John piece or parcel of land fr. Cambria county, Pa., epl. Eurkey, Jos. Vance, h having thereon erected

and hig been, row in the inhart. Taken in execu-he suit of Simon Schreib, title and interest of S. A. in two lets of ground sit-borough, Cambria couninto street and extending ers, having therean erected rame house (known as the in the occupancy of S. A. line is lot of ground situ-borough, Cambria county, mails street and extendoming lots of Ellen Mcthereon erected a two burn, in the occupancy Alex a piece or lot of Springs borough, Camer on Main street and they, adjoining lots of ying therein erected a or lot of ground situate igh, Cambria county, Pe., A. Blair and Mrs. Weakand winder fonce; in the occu-miningh. Taken in execution the sort of S. Klinordiinger &

to a piece or pureet of land and township, Cambria coun-ng lands of Joshus Riblett, Mears, and others, conere or less, about 30 acres. a reon erected a one-and-aar, in the occupancy of Barie story log house, log stable in the occupancy of Mrs. on in execution and to be sold

n & Co. sud interest of in and to a piece or parce namerhili township, Cam-joining lands of George W. im, Samuel M. Kern, and larres, more or less, about by thereon erected a onehouse and frame staof Abraham Crum. A Son, now for use of

to a piece or parcel of thill township, Cambria ands of Daniel Coleman, Peter Bartnett, contesting I a one story log leonse the occupancy of the in execution and to be vansand W. H. Sechler,

and interest of Wm. ck, of in and to a piece in Washington townadjoining other lands ade. Jacob Burgoon, bich are cleared having tory frame house and a acceptancy of John aution and to be said at executor of the last

te and interest of H. C. Cambria county, Pastreet, adjoining for of the reon erected a part at the suit of R. L. Johns-

itle and interest of John bling is a dwelling aving a front of 66 fee Station, Washington D. Pa. fronting on the the occupancy of John veention and to be sold

the and interest of John Portage Station. Cambria county, Pa. two stories, size 24 by standing on a lot of James C. Allenbaug! R., and bounded by lot

Rose McGough. Taken sold at the suit of Marcandinterest of Henry to a piece of parcel of waship, Cambria coun-of Henry Hartman, F. thers, containing 54 25 acres cleared, hav--and-a-half-story plank

now in the occupancy laken in execution and Henry Hoppie. and to a piece or parcer

klick township. Cambria lands of Samuel Wilson, in Edwards, containing about 45 acres of which reon erected a two story Rumel. Taken in exe-the suit of John Martin, life and interest of An-be hands of his adminisin and to a prece or a Jackson township, during lands of Jacob John Kelly, and others, here or less, about 15 having thereon story log cabin, in the s, and a coal bank, in

possession of Nancy Ra-ion and to be sold at the to a piece or parcel of land hanna township, Cambria ling lands of Jacob Johns-Whitehead, and to nores, more or less, about iving thereon erected a one-

of Henry Mesener, for use of Collins, Johnston & Co. Arso, all the right, title and interest of Valentine Luttringer, of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situate in the West Ward of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, corner of lot of Mrs. Rosanna K. Me-Cann; throng along the south side of Horner street, east 30 feet, to a private alley; thence south by said private alley; thence south by said private alley; thence west by said private alley; thence west by said private alley, 30 feet, to a post corner of lot of Mrs. Rosanna K. McCann, 126 feet, to the place of beginning. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suft of Wm. Fuller & Co.
Also, all the right title and interest of John Wright, of, in to a piece or parcel of land strate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa., affoining lands of Joseph Wright, heirs of the Suny exists. Catherine Command Strate. the Smay estate, Catharine Crum, and others, containing 47 acres more or less, about six acres cleared in the possession of John Wright, Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of P. M. Woleslagle & Son, now for use of Thomas J. Hughes.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Fenlon, of in said to a lot of ground Situate the

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Fenlon, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on High street and extending back to Lloyd street, bounded by lot of E. R. Dunegan on the west and by an alley on the cast, known and designated on the general plan of Ebensburg as Lot No. —, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, an office and a stable, now in the occupancy of John Fenlon. Also, all the right, title and interest of John Fenlon, of, in and to a piece of percel of land sithate in Cambria. and to a prece or p recel of land stitute in Cambria township. Cambria county, Pa., on the south side of the Borough of Ebensburg, adjoining lands of R. L. Jourston, Thomas Griffith, and others, containing 2', acres, more or less, all fenced. Also, all the right, title and interest of John Fenlon, of, all the right, title and interest of John Fenlen, of, it and to a piece or parcel of land struate in the Borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: The square or piece of ground bounded on the south by the Ebensburg and Cresson Rail Road, on the east by the road leading from Ebensburg to Wilnere, on the north by Tramph street, and on the west by Centre tirect containing a arres, more or less, all of which are cleared and fenced, now in the occupancy of Thomas Griffith. Taken in execution paney of Thomas Griffith. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Patrick F. Howley. Also, all the right, title and interest of John W. Luther, of, in to a piece or parcel of land situ-are in Usrroll township, Cambria county, Penn'a, admining lands of John Snyder, John Davis, Wm. Reighter, and others, containing 52 acres, more or less, about 38 acres cleared, having thereon creeted a one-and-a-lest story plank home and log batrs, in the occupancy of John W. Luther. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jacob Sharbaugh.

Area 811 the right title and interest of George

Also, all the right, title and interest of George Mears, of, in and to a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Sammerhill township, Cambria county, Penn'a, adjoining lands of Henry Weaver, Jacob Weaver, Wm. Brookbanks' heirs, and others, cantaining 428 acres, more or less, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon creeted a steam saw mill, two two story plank houses, and a plank stable, a one-and-a-half story plank house for now occupied, a two story double house, part plank and part log, and a plank stable, occupied plack and part log, and a plank stable, occupied by Jacob Himes and Harmah Crum, and a two story plank house occupied by Margaret Weaver, Abo, a certain piece or parcel of land adjoining lands of James Burk, Daniel Neff, heirs of Daniel Fienner, and others, containing 22 stress, more or less, unimproved. Abo, a piece or parcel of land situate at Portage Station, Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Pa. R. R. and adjoining lots of Wm Griffith, Philip Hopfer, and others, containing 2 acress, more or less, having others, containing 2 acres, more or less, having thereon exceted a two story plank house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Wilson Woodward. Taken in excention and to be sold at the suit of

Arso, all the right, title and interest of S. A. Methough, of, in and to the following described building and lot of ground, to wit: All that cer-tain large frame and weather boarded two story house, stituate on Visio street, in the town of Chest Springs, fronting of feet on Main street and run-ning back 2s feet to another house or old building, or piece of ground and carrilage at retremant thereto. Taken in excention and to be TERMS OF SALE. - One-third of the purchase

strongy to be paid when the property is knock-ed down, and the remaining two-thirds upon confirmation of the Deed. HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 13, 1875.-31.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Allegheny Twp. for the year 187-JOHN C. MELOY, Supervisor, DR.

To amount of his Duplicate, \$549 71

	on Work Dupl	icate.	6 3
			45
	Ca.		
131	work done by taxables	108 21	
40	Orders paid	41 55	
**	Exonerations	8.29	
5.8		150 00	
**	Cash patd for sleeper for bridge	50	
91		9 14	
	thin Clerk	12 00	
144	am't paid for use of office	75-	47

Balance due Township. \$ 63.41 | by mistake !' THOMAS MULLEN, Supervisor, DR By work done by taxables \$428 19

exonerations 6 38 orders paid 21 33 amount paid for hammer 2 50 services, 7114 days at \$1.50 p. d., 107 25 " additional exonerations for land re urned to Commissioners... 2 59 " commission on each tax...... 774—\$387 30 Balance due Tewnship \$ 31 79

JOSEPH CRAMER, Treasurer of Allegheny

DR. To amount of Duplicate \$1,000 57 received from county for use of school house for election purposes...

By vouchers paid. ... \$1,480 41 com'n on State appropriation 4 10-\$1,622 08 Balance due School District 55 02

WE, the undersigned Auditors of Allegheny Township, do hereby certify that we carefully examined the duplicates and vouchers of J. C. Meloy amined the dapheates and vouchers of J. C. Meloy and Thomas Mallen, Supervisors, and of Joseph Cramer, Treasurer of Allegheny Township School District, and find the above to be true statements.

Witness our hands, this 12th day of June, 1875.

J. TOMLINSON,

JOHN C. BRADLLY,

Auditors.

J. A. ECKENRODE.

Attest-Joseph Hogue, Twp. Clerk. [1-16.-3m.]

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of Vend. Expon., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Opera House in Johnstown, on SATURDAY, the 31st day of JULY, inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit ALL the right, title and interest of Henry Barnhart, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Yoder township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Jacob Barkley on the west, Joseph Miller on the north, Turnpike on the east, Mich'l Barnhart on the south, containing ten acres, all cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and plank barn, now in the occupancy of Henry Barnhart. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. Anderson, D. F. Brown, John L. Chambers, and John Taliman, trading under the firm and style of Brown & Co. Also, all the right, title and interest of William Seivers, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the Sixth Ward, Johnstown borough, Cambria county, Pa₁ fronting on Somerset street and adjoining lot of John Dibert on one side and lot of Joseph Thomas on the other side, and extending back

the Stony Creek, having thereon erected a two story plank house, a plank slaughter house, and plank stable, now in the occupancy of Sam'l Long. Taken in execution and to be said at the suit of Isaac Kauffman. TERMS OF SALE .- One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds upon con-firmation of the Deed. HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July Lt, 1875.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1875. A Quiet Life.

You scorn my diveiling as you pass it by; I do not say, come in; You are a stranger to the company

I entertain therein. My house is humble, yet within its walls Contentment doth abide;

And from the wings of Peace a blessing falls, Like dew at eventide. You think my soul is narrow, like the room

Wherein I toil for bread, And that, because oblivion is my doom, I might as well be dead.

Yet are you sure the riches are not mine, The poverty your wn? Is he not rich who finds his lot divine. In hovel or on throne?

You judge me by the narrow boundaries Twixt which my body moves; But I behold a wider land that lies Free to the soul that loves.

Is that not mire in which I hourly take My largness of delight? Are not all things created for his sake Who reads their meaning right?

Is it not mine, this landscape I behold ?-Mine to enjoy and use For all life's noblest uses, though no gold Ha, made it mine to lose?

MAD IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

"Everything goes wrong," said Mr. Tripler, laying down his knife and fork with the

There are some people in the world with whom "everything" seems chronically to go wrong-there are some whose first infantine wail is attered in the minor key, and who go on lumenting through life; and of this much abused class Mr. Nathan Tripler was a burning and a shining light.

"What's the matter, dear?" questioned Mrs. Tripler, who sat opposite her husband with a round eyed baby on her knee, and two or three little ones clamoring for their share of the matatinal meal on either side

Mrs. Tripler was a trim, neatly-made little woman, with blue eyes and flaxen hair-a woman who might have been pretty, could she have divested herself of a certain frightened, apprehensive look that came over her face whenever her liege lord spoke or looked toward her. Not that Dorothy Tripler was actually afraid-her husband had never either beaten her or used coercive measures, but when a man begins to find fault, a woman never is easy in her mind lest some domestic screw should be waxing

"I can't eat a mouthful, Dorothy," croaked Mr. Tripler, dolefully. "Such cooking! and such food! You may as well turn that new cook of yours into the street at once."

"But, Nathan, I-I am very sorry, but I cooked the breakfast myself, dear, this morning. Isn't it nice?"

"Nice?" Yes-very nice for those who oan digest leather and drink dish-water!" "The biscuits are fresh and hot, Nathan."

"I don't want to be poisoned with hot bread."

"And I thought the steak was unusually tender. No reply. Mr. Tripler had folded his arms and was gazing with an expression of

abstracted despair at the ceiling.

"Will you have another cap of coffee?" timidly questioned his wife, "Coffee? Is that coffee? Really I thought

it was hot water that had got into the ura "I will order some fresh made," said Mrs. Tripler, with her hand on the bell-rope.

"You will do no such thing, ma'am, if you please," said Mr. Tripler, shortly. "My

appetite is completely destroyed." "Will you have an egg boiled?"

"There's some very nice ham in the

pantry." "I dare say-there always is when I don't want it.

"I am very sorry, Nathan," said poor little Mrs. Tripler, despairingly. Yes she was sorry, this faithful, much en-

during wife; nor did the frequent repetition of this domestic storm at all abate her penitence and sense of guilt. Some women would have got accustomed to the daily disturbance and thrown it off as a robin casts the dew-drops from her wing. Not so Dorothy Tripler. She was too sensitive, too conscientions, too delicately organized to laugh off her troubles as some surface deep characters would have done. So when her busband had departed, still grombling under his breath, as he slammed the door, she leaned her throbbing head upon one weary little hand and murmured softly to herself .-

"Oh, I wish Nathan was different!" Then, as if she had uttered high treason, she started to her feet, checking the sensation of repining, and began industriously to prepare the three apple-checcked, tow-headed little Triplers for school.

"It's Monday morning and Nathan don't like them to be too late," thought the meekspirited wife.

Meanwhile Mr. Tripler was slowly walking down the path through the wild and solitary glen that led to the road where, twice a day, the Lendville stage rolled by, conveying passengers to the train at Martin's Station. It was cheaper to live in the country, and so Mr. Tripler lived there, although, as far as actual tastes went, he didn't know a buttercup from a burdock.

As Nathan trudged along, thinking how best to get rid of some troublesome shares of railway stock that were sinking uncomortably on his hands, he suddenly became conscious of the presence of a man, stout and | Tripler ate it under a sort of mental protest middle aged, with a head as smooth and to relieve the grawing sensation of faintness shining as a billiard ball, who was sitting on | that was at his vitals. a boulder of moss-grown stone just where "What would I give for one of Dorothy's to provide the needed increase of water the pathway merged into the Lendville road. hot biscuits," thought the wretched captive, rupply for the Centennial.

"Good morning, sir," said the stranger. 'Have a sent?"

Mr. Tripler had no very strong social elements in his nature, so he stifly inclined his head and kept on his way. But the first he knew two iron grasps were on his shoulder, he felt himself twirled suddenly round, like a human humming top, and seated with

more force than was exactly agreeable on the boulder "What do you mean -"

"Dear me!" suddenly intercapted this uncomfortable companion, "what a very nice hat you have. Now, what do you say to exchanging hats? Mine is a very nios straw, but I find it's somehow heating to the brain."

"You are quite welcome, sir," faltered the tremulous Nathan, speaking all the more rapidly in that the freakish maniac had already deftly affected the change.

"And your coat, too-pice cool linen. Upon my word, now, that coat is infinitely preferable to this swallow-tailed concern of mine, with the brass buttons. Yes-it fits me very nicely. I hope you don't object sir, to the accommodation?"

"N-no!" faltered Mr. Tripler.

"Well, good morning," said the stranger, looking round with a bewildered air. "I don't really see where my chief orderly is-I told him to be here precisely at nine o'clock-and everything will be in confusion if I don't attend to it personally."

He plunged into the green, dense fastnesses of the woods, talking restlessly to himself as he went, and Mr Nathan Tripler was left sohis in a coarse straw hat and a coat of coarse blue cloth, garnished with huge metal buttons, whose brilliance was considerably tarnished.

"Dear me, what a figure I cut," grouned Mr. Tripler, eveing himself with disgust. "I must go directly home and get on something decent. A man would be booted through the streets of New York if he ventured to make his appearance in such a costume as this?"

He rose, brushed away the chill drops of perspiration from his forehead, and was just replacing the crimson silk packet handkerchief in its resting-place when he was suddenly grasped from behind and throw skillfully upon the ground.

"Well, we've cotch you at last, my hearty," said a burly man who stood over him, while another man had bound both his hands and feet together before he could find words or breath to remonstrate. "You thought you was goin' to give us the slip, hey? Come, it isn't worth white to cut up like that, you know, unless you want the strait jacket brought out."

"Strait jacket?" gasped Tripler, "what do I want of a strait jacket?" "Nothing; unless yea behave yourself unruly like. Steady, then! Tom, bring up

the wagon." "Where are you taking me to?" remonstrated our hero, as he was tumbled into a

"To the asylum to be sure, where you'd have been two hours ago if you hadn't been

a little too spry for the stage-driver and your keeper." Light began to dawn on the troubled chaos

of Mr. Tripler's much bewildered mind. "It's all a mistake, my good fellows-a ridiculous mistake," he exclaimed, "I'm not a mad man!"

"No, of course not; we know you're not," responded the larger of the two, with a wink at his companion- Drive on, Tom."

"But I am not, indeed; you are mistaking me for somebody else-a man who just forced me to exchange hats and coats with him, and went down into the woods-he is the madman!"

"Oh, no-I guess not," said the big keeper, with a fearful attempt at pleasant

"My good men, you are laboring under some very singular delusion," remonstrated the victim, trying to speak plainly between the jolting of the wagon and his own excitement. "I am Mr. Nathan Tripler, of No .-- , John Street.,

"Oh, Yes," said the keeper, lighting a vigar, "yesterday you was Napoleo Bonaparte, and to-day you're Nathan Tripler, and to-morrow-likely as not-you'll be the king of the Sandwich Islands. I've heard this kind o' talk afore."

Tripler's heart began to stand still with undefined horror. Was this a hideous dream? or was he to be actually immured within the high stone walls of the asylum he had so often walked past with a feeling of dread and horror beyond all description, the lifelong victim of some scarce credible mistake? In vain he reasoned, argued, protested; his words fell on the unheeding ears of his two conductors like drops of rain pattering on the stony surface of Table Rock, until at length he was carried-more dead than alive-into a narrow apartment at the end

of a long row of similar ones. It was lighted and ventilated by an iron grating in the door, with a corresponding window high up on the wall, and furnished with only a narrow couch and a stand built into the wall; and there, Mr. Nathan Tripler, released from his confining bonds, was left to enjoy the uninterrupted society of his own cheerless meditations.

"It can't be possible!" I must be asleen and dreaming!" thought Nathan. But it was possible, and he never was

wider awake in his life! Toward evening, a pitcher of water and a piece of bread were dealt out to him. Mr.

"My poor little Dorothy! I have been too hard upon her. Suppose-just suppose I

should die without being able to tell how ashamed I am of baving been such a brute !" It was not the dry bread that choked Nathan Tripler just then-it was the humiliating sense of his own sins and shortcomings.

Next morning it was bread and water again. Nathan thought of Dorothy's despised coffee and grumbled at steak.

"I've deserved it," thought Nathan;" "there's no mistake about that. Poor, darling little Dorothy! how her heart is aching for me now. I wish I could stroke down her hair just once. "Oh, it's hard to be treated so, even though I know I'm served exactly right. If I ever get out of this hole alive, Dorothy will find me a changed man."

The confused current of thoughts was just eddying vaguely through his mind when there was a sound of steps and voices in the

long corrodor without. "I suppose they're going to put on a strait waisfcoat now," thought Mr. Tripler, with a resign dair. "Well, there's nothing left for me but to endure. I don't think I'm mad; but how long I shall hold out sane under these interesting concatenation of cir-

comstances is rather a doubtful question." But Mr. Tripler was mistaken about the strait waistcoat-it was his keeper instead, accompanied br two or three gentlemenejaculations.

"Such a mistake!" said one old gentleman, with a bald head.

"So awkward for you, my dear sir!" said another middle-aged gentleman, with a Roman nose "But entirely unintentional, I assure you,

sir." chimed in a third. While Mr. Tripler looked vaguely from

one to another he said .-"Then I'm not mad, it seems?" he de-

manded. "Not a particle, sir!" cried the three committee men in chorus.

"Oh!" said Mr. Tripler, "I'm glad to hear it!" Then the committee proceeded to inform, their involuntary guest how the mistake had | fast express !" happened by which his identity had been confounded with that of his mysterious ac-

quaintance of the woods. "We are very sorry," said the first committee-man, shaking Mr. Tripler's hand as if it had been the town pump.

"So am L," said Mr. Tripler, laconically. "Here is your hat and coat, sir," said the second committee-man. "We had great difficulty in getting them away from our poor friend in the Incurable Ward, who fancied they were the last dying bequest of President

Lincoln." "And anything we can do to make any atonement for the awkward mistake would be a pleasure," said the third; while the keeper eved Mr. Tripler dubiously, as if not altogether certain but that he was a little

mad after all. When Mr. Nathan Tripler reached his home, all was the wildest grief and confusion there. Dorothy had had the woods searched, the river dragged, and the whole vicinage ransacked, and was now in hysterics in the nursery. Nathan walked straight in,

and put both arms around her. "Here I am, Dottie!" Don't cry any

But Mrs. Tripler eried more than ever. "It's only a dream," she sobled forth. "Nathan is dead."

"No, I'm not dead," said Mr. Tripler, with a grim sense of humor, "only I've been mad." And quieting his wife's sobs after a while, he told her all his adventures. "And now is dinner ready?" he asked, "for I'am as hungry as a bear."

"I haven't a thing in the house fit to eat,

Nathan dear," wailed his wife. "I don't care if it's nothing but dry bread and molasses, Dottie," said the husband. "I can tell you that a-ylam took some of the nonsense out of me. I shall never gramble | the bacon.

again, don't be afraid." And Dorothy brightened up. It was the first time he had called her "Dottie," or spoken so tenderly, since their honeymoon

was in its crescent glow. He adhered to his good resolutions-he never did grumble again. The asylum had done him genuine good!

THE WORLD'S POPULATION.

A paper was read before the Manchester Statistical Society a short time ago, calling attention to the researches of the German statisticians, Behm and Wagner, with respect to the population of the world. Of the many estimates of the number of inhabitants of our globe, none are accounted trustworthy. In 1685, Vorsius estimated that there were 5,000,000,000. Behm and Wagner set down the manber at the present time at 1,391,030,000. The subjects of Victoria are rated at 300,000,000. Russia has a population of 82,000,000. India supposed to get loose. It was successful, and just to be the most populous country on the then she satigglobe, has probably 300,000,000 inhabitants. China is said to have 400,000,000 inhabitants, but the estimate is undoubtedly grossexaggerated. The population of South America has been checked by internal discord. In Paraguay there is said to have been an actual loss of 337,000. An estimate based upon the growth of Great Britain and the United States gives to the former country in the year 2,000 a population of 91,000,-

Philadelphia has got to expend \$1,600,000

PREPARATORY BAPTISM.

He is an industrious colored man, living in a small cabin down the river, and his wife is a corpulent, good-natured woman, but very deaf.

Some weeks age Reuben began to ponder, He had never been a bad nigger, but he had never embraced Christianity, much to the sorrow of Aunt Sasan, his wife, who has been prepared for heaven, lo ! these many years past. The more he pondered the more he became convinced that he ought to become a Christian, and Aunt Susan encouraged him with tender words and tearful eyes.

The old man came to town several days ago to see about joining a church, and was informed that he would have to be baptized before he could become a member. He didn't relish the idea very much, but he informed his wife that he would consent, and she clasped her hands and replied :

"Glory to Richmond-de angels am a

day, that he'd like to try the water alone out of magnetic ore, and the consequence before being publicly baptized, and, while | was that when young Mr. Tannahill tried. his wife was getting breakfast ready he to rise, for the purpose of going home, he slipped down to the river bank to take a found that the affection of the patch for the preparatory dip. He removed his coat, hat pig-iron held him fast. He couldn't imagand boots, placed them on a log, and, as he | ine what was the matter and he felt scared descended the bank, his broad feet slipped about it, but after several ineffectual strugall profuse in apologies and sympathetic and the convert came down on the back of gles he abandoned hope, and began to cry.

his neck. "What de debbil- !" he commenced as the boy, he said ! he picked himself up; but, suddenly remembering that he was to join the church, he checked himself and remarked:

"I'm ashamed of dat, and I hope de augels will 'souse me !" He put one foot into the water, drew back with a shiver, put in the other, and

looked longingly toward the house. At

that moment Annt Susan began singing : "We's gwine up to glory-We's gwine on de cars' And old Reuben braced up and entered

the water. "Yes, we's gwine up to giory !" he renarked as he waded along-"gwine on de

At the next step his foot struck a sunken log, and he pitched over it and under water head first. As soon as he came to the surface and blew the water from his mouth

formance?" In rising up, his foot slid over a log and under a limb in such a manner that the old darkey was caught fast. He could hang to

"Woosh! what in blazes is dis yet per-

the stub of a limb, but he could not pull himself forward enough to slip his foot out of the trap. "Whar's de angels now !" he velled out

as he kicked the water higher than his head. Aunt Susan answered with-

"De angels are a-comin' I hear de music play When the old man realized that he was fast, and must have help from the shore,

he yelled out : "Ho! dare, old woman-hi?" She couldn't have heard a cannon fired

on the bank of the river, and went on sing-"Dare's a seat for me in Heaven-I'se gwine to Jine de band

"Hi! dare-I'll jine yer old black head off if yer don't hear me !" yelled old Reu-He struggled and kicked, got his head under water and out, and yelled :

"Cuss dat old woman! why don't she hear me "Uncle Reube's a-gwine To be an angel, sho came the song.

"It's a lie-a big debbil lie!" he yelled, pulling his head under water again, "And he'll fly among de angels, And play upon a harp!

continued the old woman as she turned over "Hi! dare-woosh! whoop!" he yelled, floundering around and pulling at his lega "De Lawd has got his name,

And dere is a place for him !" howled the old woman. "Angels be cussed-whoa! dar, you old black villum !" yelled uncle Reube.

"Dey'il dress him up in white Wid a crown upon his brow!" wailed aunt Susan as she poured the water off the potatoes. "If I ebber git out of dis ribber alive,

I'll break her old deaf head, I will!" growled the victim, and then raising his voice he shouted : "You dar, old Satan-hi! hi!" As if in

direct answer came the song,

"He struggles wid de evil one. But he'il gain de vict'ry, shure!" "Susan-old cuss Susan-if I had ye by de weol I'd bang dat ele head agin de cabin till yer eyes couldn't see!" he screamed, and he made another tremendous effort

"Oh, whar's de angel now, Send him 'long-send him long!" "De augel am a comin' !" growled Uncle Reuben as he waded ashore-"an' he'll turn dat cabin inside out !"

He limped up to the house. She was placing the meal on the table singing, "He's gwine to be baptized= He's gwine

Then he entered the house and gave her cuff on the ear, which nearly loosened the roots of her hair.

"Oh! yes-Ize an angel wid wings on, I is!" he yelled, as he brought her another cuff--"and Ize gwine to glory-and I'll ABRAHAM was the first sick man. He knock yer ole head off-and Ize gwine to had Hagar in the wilderness.

jine de band-and you deaf ole alligatorand Ize a gwine up to heaven-and blast yer old deaf ears-and de glory am a

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People who know Uncle Renben say that he swears again with great relish, and it is certain that he hasn't been up to Vicksburg to be baptized and become a church member. - Vicksburg Herall,

WHY HE DIDN'T GET UP.

Widow Tannahill's boy was very hard upon his trowsers last winter. He would slide down hills on shingles and play seesaw upon unplaned boards. And so his mother, at last, in desperation placed a sheet-iron patch upon the seat of his pantaldons, and informed him that when that was worn out he might go barelegged. A few days ago the boy was hanging around the foundry just outside the town, and after a while he took as eat upon a pile of pig-iron so that he could watch the men running the molten lead into the moulds. Uncle Reuben got the idea, the other It happened to be iron that bad been made Just then the foreman came out, and seeing

"What's the matter, sonny?"

"Nothin'."

"Anything ail you?" "You never mind."

"Why don't you hush up and go home?" "'Cause I want to sit here. I want to sit here and think about sumfin."

"Well, now you must git down off of

them pigs, and leave. Come, now, skip!" "No I won't, nuther." "Hurry up now, or I'll lick you like

thunder. "I bet you won't." "You get down off that pile or I'll boost

you down quicker'n lightnin' "I'd like to see you do it." Then the foreman, in a rage, dashed at Tannahill and tried to haul him off; but he was amazed to find that the boy was too heavy for him. He was a little scared, but he called one of the workmen, and after a struggle they stood Tannahill on the ground. Then they observed that he had two pigs of iron permanently attached crosswise to his trowsers, so that as soon as they let go of him he suddenly had to sit

Finally they gave him a terrific wrench and got him loose, but the sheet-iron patch stuck to the iron, and Mr. Tannahill's shirt fluttered through an opening big enough to set a bay window in. Then the boy went home, and now the Widow Tannahill has brought suit against the foreman for the value of the wrecked trowsers. The case excites much interest, for the question is was the sheet iron patch to blame, or the foreman for trying to keep the boy from going through the world with two hundred pounds of pig-iron on his rear? Black: stone's Commentaries doesn't say a word about such cases, and the lawyers are wild because they can't find any authorities.

SAD END OF A "FONETIC."-From an Eastern plas, with a frekled fas and a very Roman nos, the stranger cam and announced his aim a sistem to disclos. In tons profectic he sed "fonetic" spelling must prov the thing, that silent leters were jenyus' feters-and his name was Professor Bing. When he sat or wanked, by tho bour he tauked conserning his sistem strang, and opend a skool wher he tout by rul to spel at the shortest rang. In the skool a yooth, who, to tell the trooth, was the wickedst boy in toun, just mad a not when the techer rot an exampel of spelling down. And he rased a row by shoing old How (indeed 'twas a cruel sel' a not on his string from Professor Bing relating to "meeting How's Bel." The whole truth to tel, it was "meeting hous bell" the "fonetie" man had ritten, but old How delinded, at once concluded his dauter Bell was smitten. In a pashum hot, a big charge of shot he lodged in Professor Bing; and the voice profetic which sod "fouetic" cest saing anything.-Selected

Is the island of Gon, near Bombay, there is a singular tree called "the sorrowfun tree"-because it only flourishes in the night. At stinset no flowers are to be seen, and yet, half an hour after, it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell; but the sun no sooner begins to shine than some of them fall off, and thus it continues flowering in the night during the whole

THE little Hartford girl who gave u terance to the following idea was puzzling her mind with a problem that has bothered the world for ages. She was reproved for some childish act, and seating herself on the floor at her mother's feet, reflected for a long time and then looking up said "Ma, why is it that naughty things are so nice?"

ACTIVE natures are rarely inclancholy. Activity and melancholy are entirely incompatible.