DLUME IX.

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RE YOU GOING TO PAINT? erill Chemical Paint

all sizes and colors, ready to business by using it. It is Try a sample can. Sold at ONIONS, BALDWIN & CO.,

63 Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR SALE.

PLAIN SPRING WAGONS, PLAIN SPRING WAGONS, Light Wagons, all kinds of Carts and afactured and for sale cheap at

WAGON WORKS, t and Allegheny river, 2 squares Bridge, Allegheny City, Pa.

C. COLEMAN & SON. PLANK, M. D., respectfully

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1875.

BLOOD and if it is impure the whole system will be diseased. You cannot purify a stream while the spring is corrupt; neither can you impart good health to the human body while the blood is conveying the seeds of disease to all parts of it. Therefore PURIFY the BLOOD, and nature will heal the disease. No remedy has ever been disease. LINDSEY'S

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is rapidly acquiring a national reputation for the cure of Scrofulous Affections, Cancerous Formations, Erysipelas, Boils,

Pimples, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Mercurial and all Skin Diseases.

The remedy is a Vegetable Compound, and cannot harm the most tender infant. Ladies who suffer from the debilitating diseases known as FRALE COMPLAINTS will find speedy relief by using this remedy. Beware of counterfeits. The genuine has our name—R. E. SELLERS & CO., Pittsburgh,—on the bottom of each bottle.

For sale by all Druggists and Country Dealers, and by A. A. BARKER & Son, Agents. Ebensburg, Pa. [Sept. 10, 1875.-3m.]

QUIT BUSINESS!

\$10,000

Fine CLOTHING

BARNES' CLOTHING STORE

Opposite the Post Office. JOHNSTOWN, Pa. Also, HATS and CAPS, together with a large assortment of SHIRTS, DRAWERS, Overalls, Jackets, Bows, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Handker-Having determined to quit the business, will sell Clothing, and all other goods in the store. CHEAP-ER THAN THEY HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR FIFTEEN YEARS PAST. Don't forget the place—across the street from the Post Office—and as I am deter-to close out, you; will get

BARGAINS! Bargains! BARGAINS! JOHN F. BARNES. Johnstown, Aug 20, 1875, 2m.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER

A Good Family Newspaper. The Lancaster Weekly Intelligencer is unsurpassed as a family journal. Equal in size to any paper published in Pennsylvania, each issue contains a varied store of Literary. Political and Scientific matter, together with ALL THE

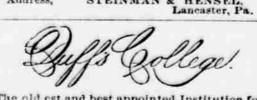
NEWS OF THE WE K.

Its agricultural department alone is worth more than the price of the paper.

It is the oldest Democratic journal in Pennsylania, having been established in 1794, and all po-itieal questions are freely and fairly discussed in Its large circulation makes it a very valuable

dvertising medium.
Terms.—Single copies, \$2 a year. To clubs of TERMS,—Single copies, 22 a year. To clubs of en or more, \$1.50 a year.

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THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER IS published every lay, Sundays excepted. Price \$5 a year. It is one of the best advertising mediums dvertising mediums
STEINMAN & HENSEL,
Lancaster, Pa.



The old est and best appointed Institution for obtaining a Business Education. For circulars address

Estate of JOSEPH MOYER, dec'd. township, Cambria county, deceased, hereby noti-fy all persons indebted to the estate of said dece-dent that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will

Clearfield Twp., Aug. 20, 1875. 6t.

Legalized by the Legislature. Draws on the 15th and 30th of each month. Tickets \$1 each, 6 for \$5. I chance in 5. \$200,000 cash prizes. Capital Prize \$50,000. Agents wanted. Particulars. Address J. M. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of M. H. BURK, dec'd Burk, late of Adams township, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly aurainst the same training the same training the same training to the same training the same training training the same training tr

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO., BANKERS.

Ebensburg, Pa. WILL receive money on deposit, discound and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept.20.tf. JAS. P. MURPHY, Cashier.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified that I have purchased at Sher-If it's sale the following personal property, which I have left in care of James E. Ncason, of Clearfield township, until I see fit to remove the same, to wit: One sorrel horse, one lot of rye, one lot of wheat, one lot of oats, and one shingle machine.

THOMAS MCENRUE.

St. Augustine, Sept. 3, 1875.-3t.

AMES J. OATMAN, M. D. Physician and Surgeon,
Enemsnurg, PA.
Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's
Hotel. Residence: nTown Hall. Julian street
where night calls should be made [4-4.-tf.]

B. McCONNELL, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office formerly occupied by Dr. Jamison. Night calls can be made at Myers' Hotel. [5-14.-6m.*]

M. J. BUCK, M. D., Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night alls may be made the residence of John Kors, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

DANIEL MCLAUGHLIN, Attorney at-Law, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs,) corner of Clin-ton and Locust streets. Will attend to all busi-ness connected with his profession.

SHOEMAKER & SECHLER, Attorneys-at-Law.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS. Beautiful faces are those that wear,— It matters but little if dark or fair—

Whole-souled honesty printed there. Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below. Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like songs of birds, Yet whose utterances produce girds. Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is earnest and brave and true, Moment by moment, the whole day throug

Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly ministries to and fro— Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so. Beautiful shoulders are those that bear Ceaseless burdens of homely care, With patient grace and daily prayer. Beautiful lives are those that bless-Silent rivers of happiness, Whose hidden fountains but few may gue

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun, Beautiful goal with races well won, Beautiful rest, with work well done. Beautiful graves, where grasses creep, Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie

Over worn-out hands! O, beautiful, beautiful

THE LOST ONE RESTORED.

BY PAUL PLUME.

The wind blew furiously, and the rain had ridden all day, and night overtook not discovered. him and found him lost in what appeared an impenetrable forest. The vines and underbush grew so thickly that he was compelled to halt, and dismounting from his beast, sheltered himself, as best he could, from the storm. His servant, a young man some eighteen years old, accompanied him, and was very much terrified at the situation in which he found himself, never having been outside the limits of a city until

pany him on his journey. Journeys in those days were generally made on horseback or stages, for railroads country as at the present day.

"I fear," replied Mr. Randolph, "we have lost the road entirely. In fact I am positive of it. We can do nothing but wait until it becomes light enough for us to resume our way." While Mr. Randolph was speaking the

wind lulled for a few moments, and there came a cry that caused John Glover to start with terror. Mr. Randolph, who was crouched beneath a tree, started to his feet and laid his hand on his pistol. Again the cry broke forth, and Mr. Randolph commanded John to search in the saddle-

bag for a box of matches. "It's some wild animal, I suppose," said

Glover, his teeth chattering with fright. "No," replied Mr. Randolph, whose practiced ear knew the cries of beasts too well to be deceived, "'tis a human voice, and the cry is one of distress."

In a few moments Mr. Randolph had lighted a pocket-lantern and was peering about him with John Glover cautiously standing in the rear. "Follow me," he said to Glover, and immediately he pushed his way among the bushes, where he listened for a repetition of the cry. Once again it came, and it seemed so near to him that be started backward and stood perplexed. Just then a vivid flash of lightning lit up the forest, and he saw something white lying upon the ground, about

a dozen yards in his front, Mr. Randolph darted forward and seized the object, which proved, to his astonishment, to be a female child of some eighteen months old, who was badly bitten in the shoulder by some wild animal. He took the little creature to his arms, and carried her back to where the horses were tied.

If Mr. Randolph could have seen John Glover's face he would have noticed that it wore a perplexed look; but it was dark, and he could not observe the expression of his man's countenance.

"What are you going to do with it?" in quired John.

"That thought was crossing my own mind at the moment," replied Mr. Randolph. "I can scarcely imagine. First I must try and discover who has lost a child in this part of the country, and by that means endeavor to find the parents of this poor little creature."

gested John.

"Then I suppose I shall have to adopt her as my daughter," said Mr. Randolph. "But you are not married," said John

"And never am likely to be," responded Mr. Randolph, upon whose mind came the memory of one he loved who had passed "To-morrow may bring the parents of the but refused to let me have it, and it was child to light."

When daylight came Mr. Randolph burried away, bearing me off a captive. Attorneys-at-Law, cosional services to the and vicinity. Office adviced by the relate if I could. I was often tempted to began with mutiny—the defense itself is

the name of Stubbs. He gave Mr. Ran- child might have been providentially found, in preparing breakfast.

"Well, I never heard of such a thing before," said Stubbs, looking at the child with curiosity. "There's no one living within twenty miles of this place, and I can't imagine how she came in the woods. Old Bill Smoot's cabin is good twenty miles from here, and Dan Neil is ten miles from him, and that's all the people there are this side the State line. Neither Bill or Dan is married, and it's passing strange where that young one came from."

"I wish you to take a ride through the forest," said Mr. Randolph to Stubbs .-"Take the whole day to search for some person claiming this child. I will remain here until your return," and he placed a piece of gold in the hunter's palm.

The sun's rays were slanting low among the trees in the west when Bill Stubbs returned to his cabin.

"I'm afraid you'll have to father that oung one," he exclaimed, addressidg Mr. Randolph. "I've ridden nearly forty miles to-day, and can hear nothing of anybody who has lost a child. Perhaps she's been lost purposely."

Mr. Randolph looked serious. Such an idea had not before occurred to him, but fell in torrents, when a traveler, one night from the moment he heard the words of in July, was traversing a thickly-wooded the old hunter he mentally vowed that he portion of the country in Missouri. He would adopt the child if her parents were

Seventeen years later and Madge Randolph, as the foundling was denominated. had become the reigning belle of the town

Mr. Randolph had an occasion to make a trip to the State of Durango, in Mexico, and for that purpose joined a party of traders who were starting from Independence. All the men were well armed and had much Mr. Randolph had employed him to accom- experience in Indian fighting; so they felt pretty much at ease on that score.

After two weeks travel beyond Smokyhill Fork they came upon a camp of Sioux had not then intersected all parts of our Indians who had a white woman in bond- The contraction and expansion of iron bars age. Several of the traders offered to pur- by fire heat has frequently been used to have to remain here until daylight; there is a chief who refused to listen to any pro- Broken walls and strained roofs and archno possibility of finding our way in the position involving her leaving him. The es have been brought into place by simply poor creature seemed particularly desirous | heating iron rods till they expand, then "If we are on the right road," replied of entering into conversation with her taking in the slack by screws and nuts John, "we must surely be near the cabin countrymen, but the Indians rudely thrust and allowing contraction by cold to pull we were told about at the blacksmith's her back when she implored to be taken the wall or roof into place. back to civilized life.

That afternoon the Indians broke up their camp and went away westward. The traders had doubled their offers to the Indians, but they would not release their captive. The same night when the traders were in camp, they were suddenly aroused by the sound of approaching horse hoofs coming at a rapid gallop. A few minutes later and the woman whose freedom they had been trying to obtain, sprang from a pony, exclaiming, "For heaven's sake, my countrymen, do not give me up. I have

escaped, but they will soon be after me." The traders instantly held a council. The savages outnumbered them twenty to one; there was no hope of making a successful resistance.

"Some one must fly with the woman back to Independence-and there's not an instant to be lost," cried several voices.

"Who'll do it?" asked the leader. No one spoke; the men all had goods upon the train, and could not desert them. "I have no property at risk," said Mr. Randolph, after a few moments' reflection: 'my business is urgent, 'tis true, but I'll take her back or perish in the attempt."

A few minutes later, and Randolph and the woman were flying as fast as horses could take them back to Missourt.

Just before the break of day the Indians appeared at the traders' camp and demanded the woman. They were assured she was not present, neither did they know where she was. It was not until the savages made a strict search of the wagons that they were convinced they were on the wrong 'rail; but their disappointment was so great that they made an attack upon the traders. A smart fight revealed to them that they would have to obtain re-enforcements if they desired to capture the train, so they withdrew and left the traders in

After two days' hard riding, Mr. Ran dolph and the woman reached a post of dragoon soldiers, and were given an escort, who saw them safely to Fort Leavenworth. The following is the story the poor woman told Mr. Randolph:

"I was born of respectable parents, my

father being a farmer in Western Missouri. I was married at an early age, and, after the birth of a daughter, my husband started to go to Independance for the purpose "And suppose you can't find them ?" sug- of entering into business, taking the child and myself with him. And after traveling some days we entered a great forest, and, before we were aware of it, we found ourselves surrounded by a dozen Indians, who had crossed the line on a stealing expedition. They shot my husband before my eyes, and were going to kill my babe, when I begged for its life. One of the away from earth and left him a lonely man. savages, who seemed to have some author-"We must not anticipate," he continued. ity, prevented my child being murdered,

left upon the ground to die, while they

dolph a hearty welcome, and was not long stayed my hand when I would have taken my own life." Such, in brief, was the history given by

the woman, whose name was Baker. Mr. Randolph listened with breathless interest to her narrative, and when she had concluded, he asked her on what day of the month and year it occurred. Her

and stated that it was upon the 16th of July, the day being Sunday. "I shall never forget it while I live," she continued. "Life has been a burden to me

reply was prompt. She named the year,

Mr. Randolph was satisfied that the mother of his adopted daughter was before

With some little circumlocution he gave an account of his adventure in the forest, and stated the manner in which the infant he found was dressed. When the poor woman heard this she threw herself at Mr. Randolph's feet and wept tears of gratitude and joy, while she kissed his bands.

Madge Raudolph married well, and contimued through life to honor and love her adopted father, while she became a comfort and solace to her unfortunate mother.

How the SUN MOVED A BRIDGE. - During the recent building of a bridge in Holland one of the traverses, 460 feet long, was misplaced on the supports. It was an inch out of line, and the problem was how to replace it. Experiments proved that the iron work expanded a small fraction of an inch to every degree of heat received. It was noticed that the night and day temperature differed by about 25 degrees, and it was thought this might be made to move the bridge. In the morning one end of the piece was bolted down securely and the other end left free. In the heat of the sun the iron expanded, and towards night the free end was loosened. The contraction then dragged the whole; mass the other way. For two days this experiment was repeated, and the desired place reached.

AN "INJUN" YARN.-The following thrilling story comes from Georgia, and is

move heavy weights over short distances.

told by the Atlanta Constitution : When Mrs. B. went home from shopping esterday she entered upon a scene of thrill ig horror being enacted in the back yard. In the centre of the yard a dry goods box was in flames, and the baby was lying in front of it squealing lustily from heat and fright. Down behind the current bushes were two of the neighboring boys, skulking around with painted faces, chicken feathers in their hair, and bows in their hands, while her hopeful son had on his father's moccasin slippers, his cap turned wrong side out upon his head, and an old army gun in his hand. He was creeping

ward the roosters behind the bushes. "What on earth is the matter?" cried the alarmed lady.
"Sh! sh!" said her hopeful, "don't you see them Injuns has burned down Hawkin's cabin and nearly killed his baby,

along with evident murderous intent to-

burned up the family, and I'm the Lean Worlf going to bring down vengince on the sculps of the varmints!" But in about fifeen seconds after he went down to the wood pile, wishing he was the fat woman in the museum or the big medicine man of the Pawnees. He had been reading an Indian tale in a New York pa-

PARENTAL LOVE. - No love is so true and tender as the love our parents give us, and for none are we so ungrateful. We take it as a matter of course as something we deserve. Especially may our mothers and labor all day, without receiving any thanks whatever. From the day when she walks all night with us, while we cry, to man had been discharged had strongly the day when she helps to make our wed-suspected him of mutinous designs, ding dress and gives us those cherished pearls which she wore in her girlhood, we in my ship," replied the commodore. do not half recognize her love for us. Never until we are parents ourselves do we quite comprehend. Yet is there anything like frigate. it? The lover may desert us for some brighter beauty; the husband grow indifferent when we have been his a little while; the friend be only a summer friend, and fly when riches vanish, or when we are too sad to amuse ; but our parents love us best in our sorrow, and hold us dearer for any change or disfigurement. There isn't much of heaven here on earth, but what there is of it is chiefly given in a parent's

BASE BALL -- As the season draws to close, and nobody has yet been killed, the obituary poet of the Chambersburg Valley Spiret has become disgusted at not being able to show his towering genius in the Ledger style. Other towns and cities may not be so fortunate, however, and for the benefit of contemporaries that journal a defunct base-ball player.

A "red dead" ball, so swiftly hurled. Removed our pet from this festive world. Entirely free from a base-ball's sting, He's "out on a fly" on an angel's wing. Gone to "jaw the Captain.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

The long, shrill whistle of the boatswain's call was heard in every part of the frigate; faintly, perhaps, in just one place -the locker far down below the berthdeck, where the boatswain's yeoman kept account of everything that was used for the ship, and panted, almost in vain, for a mouthful of air. Yet even to him reached the little silver instrument, and he paused, in common with the rest, to hear what was to follow. The words came soon enough : "All hands on deck to witness punish-

Laying down his pen, the young man came up the long, winding stairs, and appeared on the spar-deck along with the rest of the crew, pale and wan, a livid ghost

standing among the living. Only one man bore any resemblance to him. That was the individual whom the master-at-arms had just escorted from the brig-the place on the gun-deck where prisoners are confined and guarded by a marine, who, with loaded musket, marches backward and forward continually, in front

of the men in durance. This prisoner, just brought upon deck. and the irons taken from his wrists, looked nearly as pale and deathly as the young yeoman from the depths of the frigate. Though he betrayed his feelings in no other manner, he carried his head erect, his step was firm, and his well opened eyes were fixed upon the gratings, the worming, the sheathed cat-o-nine-tails, and all the preparations for torture, without quailing, if not with calm indifference. He was a tall fine looking man, between thirty and forty years of age, who, it was easy to perceive, this stay in the proceedings. only required that the rust and tarpaulin gear of a seaman should be removed from his person, to enable him to compete, in outward appearance, with any officer on

But all that availed him nothing. While under the influence of auguadente -the liquor of the country-he had met the commodore on the beach, near Calao, and he had said some things which gave great of-

fense to that gentleman He was ordered on board immediately. and he came off to the ship in the same boat with the commodore. When they got on board the crew were electrified by the violent manner of the commodore, calling for the master-at-arms, and ordering that Lewis should be put in double irons and confined in the brig. The offender, who was by this time partly sobered, took off his hat and tried to apologize; but the commodore would hear nothing. Waiving him aside, the latter cried in the most wrathful tones: "Get out of my sight, you scoundrel; I'll have you tried by a court-

Every one present knew what that meant Trial by court-martial meant conviction and terrible punishment. No common sailor ever passed through the ordeal of a Lewis to be released immediately. court-martial unscathed. The trial was a mere form; it meant that the commodore intended to punish Lewis for insulting him, cabin, the commodore soon following after. and Lewis knew that perfectly well.

Still every sailor about to be tried made his defense. He employed somebody to write it for him, and that defense was always ready at the trial. On the present occasion, writing a defense was somewhat delicate, if not a perilous matter. For the commodore himself was the aggrieved party, and the commodore was no lawyer. Vested with absolute authority in the squadron, he was not prepared to recognize the fact that the n an who had insultas if he had only insulted or otherwise in-

jured the black cook. It so happened also that the young seaman whom Lewis engaged to write his defense had fallen under the eye of the United States Consul at Valparaiso; and when consul had warned the commodore that the legally cutitled to an income of £10,000 per captain of the ship from which the young annum.

"Im not afraid that he'll create a mutiny

With such a prestige as this the young writer of defenses had come on board our

Such as it was Lewis' defense was read way-according to the code, in fact. at the time. It took the ground that, at This subject was discussed very earnestthe time the offense was given, Lewis was ly by the principal officers of the frigate, ashore on liberty, and that during the and it might have led to something serious forty-eight hours accorded him he did not had not the young fellow who wrote Lewis's belong to the ship, and was not under the defense written out his opinion on the command of the commodore any more subject and sent it to the first lientenant than the President of Peru himself. If, who showed it to the commodore houself. therefore, Lewis insulted the commodore during those forty-eight hours, it was not common sailor, subject to martial law, and as one of the crew of the frigate, but as a was under the orders of the commodore,

private citizen of Callao. What then? Must Lewis be punished because he being only a common sailor would still have been though the sailor spoke offensively to one who was socially his superior? Certainly not. Our laws the commodore had a right to forgive an recognized no such difference, and the offense committed by one of the crew, that Declaration of Independence asserts "all was the end of the whole matter. men are born equal." Therefore, the defense went on to say, the offense of which gives its only original epitaph suitable to a Lewis had been guilty was precisely the replied the commodore. same as if he had insulted one of his ship-

> mates on shore, common sailor like himself. The commodore was highly exasperated

Ehensburg and vicinity. Office adding and immediately in the rear of the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Craw. Elensburg, Pa. Office with the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Craw. Elensburg, Pa. Office with the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Craw. Elensburg, Pa. Office with the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Craw. Elensburg, Pa. Office with the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Craw. Elensburg, Pa. Office with the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Craw. Elensburg, Pa. Office with the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Craw. Elensburg, Pa. Office with the sun was well up ere the gained the cabin at the edge of the fortest. It was inhabited by an old hunter by the freedom, and the hope that my watch to his pocket, he cannot tell you.

In what place are two heads better than beginning to end, it appears!"

In what place are two heads better than beginning to end, it appears!"

one? In a barrel.

NUMBER 24

These were the circumstances under which poor Lewis was brought up for punishment. The culprit was immediately placed upon the grating, to which his feet were fastened down, with worming attached to his ankles. His arms were spread out, and his wrists fastened with worming to the rail.

The sentence of the court-martial was read: "one hundred and fifty lashes,"

Not only the crew looked in each other's faces, but the junior officers gave a start of surprise. The Doctor looked meaningly at the surgeon. It was evident that he thought their services might be required

before this terrible infliction was completed. The commodore spoke: "Before the boatswain's mates commence their duty," said he, "I wish to say a word to those who write defenses for men on trial. In future, they will be held accountable for the sentiments they express in making up those

defenses. Let this be a warning to them." By this time Barrett, the chief boatswain's mate, had drawn his scourge from his sheath, and was engaged in disentangling its tail. Every eye was fixed on the smooth white back of the prisoner, so soon

to be one mass of mangled, bleeding flest "Go on, boatswain's mate!" said the

Barret drew back his scourge and was about to strike the first blow when the captain, glancing toward the gangway, on the other side of the frigate, motioned to the petty officer, and he dropped his arm, looking surprised at the unwonted inter-

A midshipman stepped across the deck, and the crew then perceived the cause of

A cholar of ordinary appearance had come alongside in his canoe and mounted the deck. As it was contrary to rule to administer punishment in the presence of outsiders, the midshipman, in no pleasant tone, ordered the intruder to make himself

For answer the cholar fumbled in the folds of his dress, and soon drew out a letter which he handed to the midshipma The latter looked at the back of the letter, and saw that it was directed to the commodore. It was, of course, given to him The commodore broke the seal rather

had not read far before he looked up at the visoner. He read on. He started visibly, nd his features betrayed the utmost as-Every one looked at the commodors, wondering at his agitation, and trying to

impatiently, and commenced reading. He

surmise what that letter centained that the commodore appeared so deeply interested Having finished reading the letter, the commodore said something to the captain,

who gave a start of surprise, and ordered As soon as Lewis had put on his shirt and jacket, the captain took him into the

Of course the officers left upon deck were bursting with curiosity, and they were observed to talk earnestly among themselves. After waiting an hour for further developments, the crew saw somebody emerge from the cabin in the dress of a gentleman and as he passed over the side with the captain and took his place in the gig with the latter, it was thought that his features very nearly resembled those of the culprit so recently stretched out at the gangway with a fair prospect of being cut ed him was entitled to as impartial a trial nearly in two by the cat-o'-nine-tails. But secrets come out at last on board ship. The letter so opportunely received by the commodore was from a distinguished lawver in London, n rming the recipient that George Lewis was hear to the title and estates of an English lord-his elder brothtoil and deny themselves, think all night he entered the service at that port the er having died recently-and that he was

> But here arose a question with the chily alrous commodore of the U.S. squadre If he had been insulted by a gentleman stead of a common sailor, and, therefore could not administer corporal punishment. was it not necessary to the preservation of his honor to seek satisfaction in some other

He took the ground that as Lewis was a when the offense was given, it was only an insult from a common sailor, and such it were the Prince of Wales himself. And as

"But I did not forgive him as a common sailor; I forgave him as an English lord,"

"I am glad to hear that you forgave him," said the lieutenant.

The commodore looked puzzled a mowhen the judge advocate read the defense ment; but that was the last that was said on the subject; and Lewis sailed for Eng-