

# Cambridge Freeman.

McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, \$2 per year, in advance.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1875.

NUMBER 41.

## PLANING MILL AT PUBLIC SALE!

Underwritten will offer at Public Sale, on Monday, Nov. 13th, 1875, at 2 o'clock, P. M.,

the following described property, to-wit: A planing mill, with all the machinery, and a large quantity of lumber, situated on the Pennsylvania and Chesapeake Railroad, near the town of Ebensburg, Pa.

## ACRE OF GROUND

Containing one acre of ground, situated on the Pennsylvania and Chesapeake Railroad, near the town of Ebensburg, Pa.

## PLANING MILL, HORSE POWER ENGINE AND BOILER.

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## COURT SALE

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## LAND AND TIMBER LAND.

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## PARCEL OF LAND

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### A Lost Hour.

A golden hour on a Summer morn,  
When half the world was still,  
The dew was fresh on the new-mown hay,  
And the bridal veil of the fair young day  
Hung o'er the purple hill.

The sheep-bells tinkled across the slopes,  
Sweet as an elfin chiming;  
Butterflies flitted about the down,  
Bees went murmuring, busy and brown,  
Over the fragrant thyme.

A languid calm and a dull content,  
Silence instead of speech;  
The wind sighed low, and the lark sang high,  
But the golden hour of our lives went by,  
And drifted out of reach.

We both went back to an eager life  
But in its pause to-day  
The dream of that golden hour returns,  
And my jaded spirit frets and yearns  
For one chance swept away.

The years creep on, and the heart grows tired  
Even of hopes fulfilled,  
And turns away from the world's strong wine  
With fevered lips, that must ever pine  
For that pure draught we spilled.

And yet perchance when our long day wanes  
(Age hath its joys late born),  
We shall meet again on the green hill-side,  
And find, in the solemn eve-tide,  
The hour we lost in morn.

—Good Words.

### KIDNAPPING A ROBBER.

The post-office at Oberville, a small western town in the United States, was a very important place. The worthy postmaster kept a country store, where he dispensed goods of every description.

The district was comparatively new, and formed one of those prairie villages that spring into existence miles away from other towns, and are a sort of nucleus or trading post for a large extent of country. Saturday was the principal trading day; and Mr. Harmon, the postmaster, and his assistants were always overwhelmed with business on that day.

But on the particular Saturday afternoon of which we wish to speak, trade had slackened earlier than usual, and the proprietor and his men were enjoying a breathing time, and chatting with several rough-looking fellows, who had gathered about the store, many of them being strangers, for a stranger attracted but little notice in that community of new comers.

"Here comes Charley Gilbert, the very man I want to see," remarked Harmon, as a horseman dashed up to the store and dismounted.

It was a tall, broad-shouldered young Hercules; and the large bay horse he rode looked well adapted to carrying such a weight, and exhibited due equine pride in serving his young master. Both horse and rider were well-known and respected throughout the settlement. Leaving his well-trained animal standing unhitched, Gilbert entered the store.

"You are just the person I wanted to see Charley," said Mr. Harmon.

"Singular," said Gilbert. "I should think you would rather not see me, as you know the object of my call. People are not generally so welcome when they come for money."

"Well, I am an exception in this instance, for I am anxious to get rid of the amount I owe you. Fact is, there have been burglars about and they tried to break into my store last night, but were frightened away; so I prefer you would hold this money against more successful attempts of the kind."

And Mr. Harmon proceeded to count out a large roll of notes, which Gilbert placed carefully in his pocket.

"Now, Charley," said neighbor Hill, one of the party seated around the stove; "you had better keep a look-out, 'cause some one might stop you to-night before you return from Cranston."

The allusion to Cranston brought a slight blush to Charley's cheeks, for it was well-known that he was on his usual Saturday evening visit to a certain young school-mistress, who dwelt in the neighboring settlement.

"How do you know I am going to Cranston?" asked Gilbert.

"Well, I only suppose so, 'cause I've heard said you do go that way about this time to the week," and Hill winked to the crowd, who laughed; and Charley Gilbert, not wishing to discuss the subject further, left the store, and mounting old Hero, was soon out of sight.

"Mighty fine chap, that Gilbert is," resumed Hill to his fellow loungers; "been in the army and won his way, and now he has got his allotment of land out here, and will soon have one of the finest farms in this country."

The short autumn day came to a close, and it was long after dark ere Gilbert reached his destination, and received his usual hearty welcome from Sarah Denton.

Saturday nights were the bright spots in her dull life as a schoolmistress, and were sure to bring her Charley. Old Hero had carried his master over the road so often, that he knew just what was required of him, and needed no urging.

It was late when Charley took his leave of his sweetheart.

"Now, do be careful," were her last words, "for you know there might be danger on the road, so many robberies have been committed lately."

"Never fear, Sarah; Old Hero will take me home safely."

And, with a good-by kiss, he mounted and rode away.

The night was dark—no light except the stars that sparkled crisply from a clear sky. But, had it been ever so dark, it would have made no difference to Charley.

His thoughts were of the sweet girl he had just left, and paying no attention to his horse, he rode slowly along, intent upon plans for the future.

"The money I have received to-day will enable me to complete my home; then Sarah will be my wife, and we shall live on the farm such a happy life," he mused.

A long, dark patch of forest loomed ahead, through which the prairie road ran, and not until he had entered its dark shadows, did the horseman arouse from his blissful reverie.

"What if I should be attacked?" thought he. "I have nothing to defend me, and enough money to make it a good haul for such gentry. Hump! I don't believe there is any danger—"

"Halt!"

And two dark forms sprang into the road, seized his horse, and the steady glitter of pistols leveled at him, within a few feet of his breast, started him.

Like a flash, his good right arm struck the weapon from the hand of the robber, and fell heavily upon the shoulder of the fellow; and with a sudden jerk of the powerful arm he was hauled over the saddle-bow, while old Hero, in response to a dig of the spur, sprang away, jerking the other robber off his feet, and causing his bullet to spread wide of its intended victim.

On through the gloomy woods, and out again upon the open prairie, dashed the horse with his double burden, while the robber struggled like a child in the powerful grasp of his captor. A closing of the fingers over his neck soon reduced him to quiet; and, held in this manner, he rode an unwilling captive, and, at last, the lights of Oberville appeared, and soon they were in the village. At a word from his master, Hero stopped in front of the post-office, from the window of which a cheery light shone, denoting that the assistants were still busy replacing the goods that had been taken down during the day's traffic.

"Hilloo!" cried Gilbert.

A head appeared at the door, and a voice answered, "Hilloo! Who's there?"

"It's me, John, and I have got something nice here; come help me in with it," answered Charley.

"It's Gilbert," said John, addressing his fellow-shopman. "What's that you've got, Charley? a saddle of venison?" asked John as he approached.

"Better than that, John. It is a real live little deer. Come and lift him down, but hold him fast," said Gilbert.

The astonished shopmen gathered about, and Charley told them of his adventure. Soon the robber was released from his unpleasant position on the saddle and taken into the store, where his captor followed.

Here he was safely bound.

"I think I have seen this fellow before," remarked John, as he took a survey of the captive. "He is the stranger that was sitting at the stove here when Mr. Harmon paid your money, Charley."

"Let's search him, and see what sort of plunder he has about him," suggested one of the shopmen.

The prisoner's pockets revealed a small flask of liquor, a pack of cards, some little money, and a savage-looking dirk knife.

"Hilloo, what's this?" exclaimed Gilbert, picking up a piece of paper that fell on the floor, and opening it, read—"One thousand dollars reward for the capture of one William Larkin, the supposed leader of a gang of robbers and horse-stealers. He is a short, slim man, about five feet six inches in height, dark hair, heavy black eyebrows, and moustache, and peculiar-looking, small black eyes—"

"Answers the description to a T," broke in John.

"Aha! William Larkin, or Curly Bill! I've heard of him. Charley, you're in luck! This fellow is a prize, indeed!" added one of the assistants.

"Yes; this placard is from the sheriff of St. Joe, and is dated only a week ago," said Charley, after finishing the reading.

"Gentlemen," said the robber, "you have got the original Curly Bill, and when you deliver me up, you will get that reward. I am in your power; but these strings are bound around my wrists most unmercifully tight,"—with a grimace of pain. "Can't you afford to make 'em easier?"

"Yes, let them out a little, Jones," said John, addressing his fellow-assistant. "Make them safe, but not too tight, and I will watch the bird mean while."

So Jones proceeded cautiously to re-arrange the bonds on the wrists of the prisoner, while the others gathered around him.

With a sudden jerk of prodigious strength, Curly Bill got his bonds free, dashed his fist into the face of John, and sprang to the door, which had not been locked.

So sudden was his movement, that ere the rest of the group could comprehend the scene, he was clear of the store, and as Gilbert reached the door, he saw the robber spring into the saddle on old Hero's back, and dash away.

Pursuit was not to be thought of; but Gilbert placed his fingers to his mouth, and gave a shrill whistle hearing which, old Hero, despite the urging of his rider, wheeled suddenly, and at the same wild gallop, started back to his master.

Seeing this, Curly Bill attempted to throw himself from the saddle; but, in so doing, his foot caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged helplessly over the hard road.

Fortunately for the poor victim of this mishap, the distance was not great, or the result might have been far more serious.

How often is it that the merest trifling accident contributes to the ends of justice! Villains may successfully carry on their work for years, and in their fancied security forget the fate that must eventually overtake them—a slip, an accident, and the law claims her own.

Gilbert hastened to secure his horse, and the insensible form of Curly Bill was again carried into the store, where an examination revealed a broken head and a fractured leg, which would detain their prisoner as effectually as shackles and chain.

In a few days the sheriff came up from St. Joseph, and took charge of the maimed man, and through his confession, many of his gang of desperadoes were taken or killed, and the country freed of their presence.

Charley Gilbert received his well-earned reward, and the money enabled him to complete his home handsomely and stock the farm, over which Sarah Gilbert presides as mistress.

### MR. DICKSON'S BUMP.

We had a lecture on phrenology in Mueser's Hall a few nights ago, from a traveling professor of that science, and part of it was quite entertaining. He had on the stand several plaster heads mapped out in town lots, and after he explained what they meant, he invited persons in the audience to come up and let him feel their bumps and explain their characters. Several times he hit it pretty accurately, and excited a considerable amount of applause; but after awhile old Dickson stepped up for examination. He is an absent-minded man, and he wears a wig. While dressing himself before coming to the lecture, he had placed his wig on the bureau and accidentally tossed his plug of tobacco into it. When he put the wig on, it was just like him not to notice the plug, and so, when he mounted the platform he had a lump just over his bump of combatativeness as big as half a hen's egg. The professor fingered about awhile over Dickson's head, and then said:

"We have here a somewhat remarkable skull. The perceptive faculties strongly developed; reflective faculties quite good; ideality large; reverence so great as to be unusual, and benevolence very prominent. Secretiveness is small, and the subject, therefore, is a man of candor and frankness; he communicates what he knows freely. We have also," said the professor, still plowing his fingers through Dickson's hair, "acquisitiveness not large; the subject is not a grasping, avaricious man, he gives liberally, he—he—Why, it can't be? Yes, Why, what in the—! Monificent Moses! that's the most awful development of combatativeness I ever heard of! Are you a prize-fighter, sir?"

"Prize-fighter!" exclaimed Dickson.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Never been a soldier, or a pirate, or anything like that?"

"You certainly must be crazy," said Dickson.

"Ain't you fond of going into scrimmages, and rows, and plugging people on the nose?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, sir, then you're untrue to your nature. The way your head's built qualifies you, I should say, in a special manner, as a knocker-down and dragger-out. If you want to fulfil your mission you will devote the remainder of your life to battering-up your fellow man and keeping yourself in your infernal and eternal miasm. You've got the awfullest fighting bump that ever decorated a human skull. It's phenomenal. What'll you take for your head when you die? Gentlemen, this man is liable at any moment to commence raging around this community like a wild-cat, banging you with a club or anything that comes handy. It isn't safe for him to be at large."

Then Dickson put his hand up to feel the bump and he noticed the tobacco. He pulled off his wig, and there was the plug sticking just behind his left ear. Then the professor, looking at it a moment in confusion, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will now—the lecture is—that is, I have no more—Boy, turn out those lights!"

Then the audience laughed, and Dickson put on his wig, and the professor started to catch the late train.

The science of phrenology is not as popular in our town as it was, and Dickson still remains peaceable.—Max Adler.

### WEARY OF LIFE.

Two peasants, husband and wife, named Retty, live at Plesois-sur-Marne, near Paris. They have a little boy, aged six, to whom they are uniformly brutal. The other day the child became weary of life from being beaten so often, and descending to the court-yard where a ferocious bull-dog was chained, he approached the animal resolutely and said: "Tom, do you want to eat me up?" The dog looked up and growled, but did not move. "Tom," said the little one, "you must eat me, because papa beats me too much; and then I promise you I am good to eat. See! I shall not resist" and he threw a pebble at the dog, who, springing fiercely at the boy, threw him down and fastened his teeth in the shoulder. At this instant a neighbor jumped through the window and, driving the bull-dog away, saved the child.

### DOMESTIC DIPLOMACY.

She was watching at the window.  
As I hurried down the street,  
In the simple brown merino  
That I fancy looks so neat,  
And her smile I thought portentous,  
It was so exceeding sweet.

Then she met me at the threshold  
With a very loving kiss,  
That recalled the early stages  
Of our matrimonial bliss,  
And I felt at once a tremor—  
Was there anything amiss?

No! The children were all quiet,  
And the hearth was very bright,  
And my pet—our English Charlie—  
Was quite festive in his white;  
Yet I braced myself for something,  
Be that something what it might.

My chair was near the fire  
And my slippers by its side,  
My pipe was very handy,  
And my papers open wide,  
And she wore the pretty breastpin  
That I gave her when a bride.

The dinner was perfection—  
It was lavish without waste;  
The soup was vermicelli,  
And exactly to my taste,  
While the desert was a triumph  
Of artistic skill in paste.

And when the meal was over,  
And the inner man at rest,  
She drew her chair beside me,  
With her baby on her breast,  
I felt, and so I told her,  
I was one among the blest.

Oh! the smile of tender radiance  
That illumined all her face,  
As I clasped her to my bosom,  
In a lover's fond embrace—  
It was then she softly whispered,  
"Won't you let me have that lace?"

### THE SOLITARY SETTLER.

Fifteen miles below Natchez there is a deep bend in the Mississippi, where steamers used to stop for a supply of wood. The point has a name, but I have long since forgotten it. I was a passenger on board the steamer Prairie Belle, when we ran alongside of the river bank, at the point above indicated, for the purpose of taking in fuel. Freight there was none awaiting us, and as we had none to land, our stay was very brief. Far as the eye could reach over the clearing, there was no habitation to be seen, unless the poor hut that stood about a hundred feet from the bank could be dignified by that appellation.

Seated upon the bank, with his legs swinging in indolent ease, sat the most singular looking individual I ever beheld. He was chewing tobacco vigorously, and paying not the least attention to the steamer or any one connected with her. His face was long and his cheeks hollow, and his hair of grayish hue, tangled and thick, hung upon his shoulders in disordered masses. His eyes were small, of a pale blue, but very bright, and he seemed to have but three upper and the same number of lower teeth, which were directly in front of his mouth. His dress was extremely ridiculous. On his head he wore an unpleasing black hat, that was as full of indentations as the river bank on which he was perched, while a blue cotton shirt with an immense collar, and a pair of jean pants and heavy cowhide boots completed his attire.

Dave Perkins, the mate (whose acquaintance I cultivated, for I found him a very amusing fellow,) came to my side and remarked:

"There's a very queer genius sitting on the bank. Some people say he is crazed, but I don't think so. His odd ways have, no doubt, given credence to the rumor, but the poor fellow had a big misfortune once, and it has rendered him indifferent to everything and everybody."

"He certainly is a singular looking character," I replied. "If his story is interesting I should like to hear it."

"Wait until we get under way," replied Perkins, "and I'll tell it to you." So saying he turned toward the man in question, and asked:

"Well, Andy, how goes it to-day with you?"

A tremendous squirt of tobacco juice and a nod of the head was the only reply the mate received, and the queer man gazed up the river. As soon as we were once more steaming over the muddy waters, I sat down beside the captain and reminded the mate of his promise. The following were his words as nearly as I can remember them:

About a half mile above the spot where we wooded, there once stood a snug house, and a nicely cultivated patch that belonged to Andy Robbins. He was a pretty industrious fellow, as the times went. His wife was a good woman, but, like all girls who live isolated lives, she had very little idea of the world; and, beyond seeing a passing steambot and her passengers, she had no idea of what the world was like.

Andy was a great hunter, and you couldn't find a better rifle shot than he was anywhere along the Mississippi. It was astonishing the number of squirrels that man would shoot in a day; if I told you, you wouldn't believe me. He always had his rifle with him, even when he went out for a stroll with his wife.

Andy had one child, an infant about a year old, when his troubles came on him. I don't think there was anything he doted on like that little thing he used to carry in his arms to look at the boat wading.

It was an afternoon in October, when the leaves were just tinted with yellow and red, that Andy, with his child in his arms and his wife by his side, started out to take a walk. The afternoon was calm as sleep. I recollect it well. Not a cloud was visible,

and not a breath moved the water or stirred a leaf. The stillness was deep almost to melancholy, and it seemed as if nature had sunk to a repose from which she could hardly be awakened.

Andy and his wife walked down by the river for a couple of miles, and seated themselves beneath some large trees, where they passed the afternoon, and it was not until his wife called his attention to the growing darkness that he was aware that a storm was at hand.

"It certainly is very dark," he said, "though it's not sunset yet. Come, wife, we must hasten home, or baby will have a wet skin."

They arose and commenced to walk hastily. Every instant the darkness seemed to increase with uncommon rapidity, and Andy felt very anxious for his child. There was not a breath of air and the water was still and motionless; but some bright flashes in the west and a distant muttering of thunder warned them to hurry on.

Faster and faster traveled Andy and his wife, and now his horse was in sight and he would soon reach it. He laughed and hugged his boy to his heart. At length the house was gained, and Andy stood on the threshold, having given the baby to its mother. He was gazing at a queer-shaped cloud that was coming down upon them very fast. It looked like an inverted mountain.

"What's the matter?" called out his wife. "What are you looking at Andy?"

He did not reply at once, but after awhile he said: "Don't undress the baby, and don't you take your things off either."

"Why, what's the matter, Andy?" again questioned his wife.

"Well," he replied in a low voice, "I'm afraid we are going to have a whirlwind, and it may be necessary to seek the old cave just back of the house, especially if yonder cloud be a waterspout."

Mrs. Robbins went to the door and gazed westward; as she did so her cheeks grew pale.

"I do believe you are correct," she said; "perhaps we had better go to the cave at once."

Before her husband could reply the storm burst upon them with all its fury, and they were compelled to retreat in-doors. Mrs. Robbins clasped her child to her arms, while the building rocked as if it were at sea. She gazed out of the windows only to see giant trees uprooted and carried through the air on the wings of the tornado.

"Is it not awful?" she asked, with trembling breath.

Andy nodded; he was trying to trace the course of the cloud, but the air was so thick with leaves and darkness, that he was not able to see a dozen yards beyond him.

All at once there came an awful crash, the house was lifted from its foundation, and a piercing scream came from his wife's lips. The next moment the dwelling burst wide open, and the water crashed the wreck as you would a handful of straw. I often have heard Andy relate his sensations. The first feeling he had was as if he were struggling for his life at sea. A huge wave dashed him high in the air, as he shrieked the name of his wife. He heard the roar of waters in his ears and then he became insensible. He never knew how he escaped but his preservation was wonderful. The following day, he found himself nearly a mile from his home, bruised and sore. As fast as he could he traveled to the spot where his house had stood, and looked upon the scene of desolation, making the woods ring with his voice as he called upon the name of his wife.

For days after he traveled the country through, searching for those of his family who had been swept into the river by the whirlwind. 'Twas hard to make him believe that he was alone in the world, and it was only when the bodies of his wife and child were discovered, some days later, that he seemed to realize the fact.

Some hands on a boat buried the unfortunate ones near by where their bodies were found. Then it was that Andy Robbins built the sorry old cabin you behold. It stands within a few feet of the spot where the grave of his wife and child are made, and nothing can tempt the old fellow to leave it.

Some years ago an eccentric bachelor died in New Orleans and left a good slice of his property to Andy Robbins. Many supposed this unexpected good luck would induce Robbins to leave his solitude and go to live in the city. But all such surmises were vain. The old fellow refused to leave his haunt, and heard of his good fortune without the least appearance of exultation.

Andy Robbins was still living a few months ago, and should the reader ever pass along the Mississippi river at the point I have indicated, he may see the cabin, and, perhaps, its occupant sitting on the river bank, looking as it were for those who will never come to revisit him this side of eternity.

Those gray-headed girls who go about the country complaining that their raven locks turned white in a single night, may now seal up their mouths. The British Royal Society has made researches extending over a period of more than two hundred years, and failed to discover a single case of sudden change in the color of human hair.

A NOOSE PAPER—A death warrant.

### ROASTING THE PRISONER.

Europeans say that our language is the most difficult of all known tongues to master, not even the Russ being an exception. True or not, some of our adopted citizens are slow to speak it fluently and correctly. A humorous illustration of the folly of placing in an important public position any one ignorant of the ordinary signification of well known English words, is happily told in the subjoined anecdote:

The immense popular reprint given to the sketch of Sheriff Ruth, of Zanesville, Ohio, opening court, prompt us to relate his experience in wrestling with the writ of fieri facias. Shortly after his induction into office, Judge Wood, of Morgan county, on the bench, a motion was made to confirm the sale of certain lands made by the sheriff. Looking over the papers, which were evidently incomplete, Judge Wood inquired whether the sale had been made upon a fieri facias or upon an alias writ. Col. Bull, of counsel, responded that the sale had been made on a fieri facias.

"The writ is not with the papers," replied Judge Wood. "Mr. Sheriff, will you bring in the fieri facias in the case of Lemon vs. Woodruff?" "Vat ish dot, your honor?" asked Mr. Ruth, with a deeply puzzled expression of countenance. "Bring in the fieri facias in the case of Lemon vs. Woodruff." "But, your honor," remonstrated Mr. Ruth, "dot ish coalstone vo burn mit the gort haus." "It was now the turn of Judge Wood and the bar to look puzzled. "I don't see, Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, "what particular difference it makes whether we burn stonecoal or wood we want the fieri facias in the case of Lemon vs. Woodruff." "Vell, shudge, you need not get mat, I will bring him in." As he went out at the rear door of his office in the jail he met Sam Chapman, a waggish member of the bar, and accosted him with: "Vell, Mister Chapman, vat for does dot shudge vat dem fire faces? Do dey roasht der prisoner like a packlog?" "Certainly," replied Sam, who saw fun ahead; "of course they do when they can't get a confession out of him any other way." "Vell, dot beats de bucks. Dot ish worse than in der old country. Vell, py shimming, they will roasht old Woodruff like a packlog. He garry his township for me, and now I roasht him like a pig. Dot ish pad ven I run mit de sheriffs office an nder time."

In a few minutes Sheriff Ruth came into court and was received with a perfect hurricane of laughter from the bench, bar, and bystanders. Under each arm he had an old fashioned and iron, surmounted by huge brass masks or casts of the heads of Minus, polished like mirrors. Striding them down on the green baize table with the utmost gravity, he said: "Dere, Mister Shudge, ish de fire faces dot I haf in mine office, and oof you roasht old Mr. Woodruff, I vash my hands mit der proceeding. Oof a man garry his township for me I not make him like a pack log and roasht him like a pig. Old Mr. Woodruff was not roasht, and Mr. Ruth was indicted into the mysteries of the fi-fa

INIOS.

### FEATS ON THE TIGHT ROPE.

The excitement caused by a mishap of "Jove the Thunderer," the other day at the Crystal Palace, London, recalls a similar scene that took place some fifty years since at Aachen. A vast gathering of people of all nations were met on the Platz to see a celebrated rope-dancer, an Englishman, mount on a line from the ground to the top of a high tower. It was the first time, so it was given out, that such a mode of ascent had been attempted. The anxiety of the spectators was strained to the utmost in watching the performer, who with careful steps was making his way up the line, when suddenly from one of the windows of the tower a rival was seen to come out and rapidly march down the rope. Certain death to both seemed inevitable. But just as they met, the man going up crouched down clinging to the rope, his opponent took a flying leap over the prostrate figure, regaining his footing on the rope, and finished his descent in safety. The daring performer of this feat was a German student who had been brought forward by King Frederick William III., jealous of the national honor even in rope-dancing, to east the much boasted performance of the English acrobat into the shade. The young man has since become known as the celebrated Kutter—a name as well known in Germany as Blondin at the Crystal Palace.

A BY D HEATH B LADY was reproved on one occasion by a friend for giving money to a stranger, who seemed to be very poor, and asked charity in the streets. "Suppose he spend the money for rum," said the suspecting and censorious friend. The quick and generous answer was, "If you must suppose at all, why not suppose that he had spent the money for bread? Why suppose what is evil about any one when you are at liberty to suppose what is good and noble?" That lady had the true Christian spirit.

—Susan B. Anthony said recently that she would "just like to catch a burglar in her room once." The remark having been reported the next day received a note signed "A. Burglar," which read as follows: "Dear Miss, if you intend to honor me I wouldn't mind climbing to your room's summit as you request."