

# Cambria 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.

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THE 1876 Centennial Post!  
The proprietors of the Cambria Freeman have the honor to announce that they have made arrangements to publish a special issue of the Freeman for the purpose of celebrating the centennial of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Centennial Year!  
The year 1876 will be the most important in our history. It will be the year of our centennial. It will be the year of our greatest achievements. It will be the year of our greatest glory.

Presidential Election.  
The election of a President is a matter of great importance. It is a matter which affects the whole country. It is a matter which should be carefully considered.

Stock Markets.  
The stock markets are in a state of great excitement. There is a great deal of buying and selling. There is a great deal of speculation.

Special Inducement.  
We offer a special inducement to our subscribers. We will give a year's subscription for the price of six months.

Handsome Engraving.  
We have a handsome engraving of the Declaration of Independence. It is a beautiful work of art. It is a work of great interest.

Our Terms.  
We charge a small fee for our services. We charge a small fee for our services. We charge a small fee for our services.

Weekly Sun.  
The Weekly Sun is a paper of great interest. It is a paper of great value. It is a paper of great importance.

Real Estate Sale.  
We have a real estate sale. We have a real estate sale. We have a real estate sale.

Real Estate.  
We have a real estate. We have a real estate. We have a real estate.

House and a Frame Barn.  
We have a house and a frame barn. We have a house and a frame barn. We have a house and a frame barn.

Imperial Soap.  
We have imperial soap. We have imperial soap. We have imperial soap.

**To-Day.**  
Only from day to day  
The life of a wise man runs;  
What matter if seasons far away  
Have gloom or have double sun?  
To climb the unreal path,  
We lose the roadway here,  
We swim the rivers of woe,  
And tunnel the hills of fear.  
Our feet on the torrent's brink,  
Our eyes on the cloud afar,  
We fear the things we think,  
Instead of the things that are.  
Like a tile our work should rise,  
Each later wave the best,  
Tomorrow forever flies,  
To-day is the special test.  
Like a sawyer's work is life;  
The present makes the law,  
And the only field for strife  
Is the inch before the saw.  
—Independent.

### THE RIGOLETTA'S ENGINEER.

"Hetty, wouldn't you like to go down on the engine to-morrow night?"  
The speaker, a good-looking young fellow of nineteen, leaned against one of the monster drive-wheels of the Rigoletta, which stood puffing before Stanton's unpretentious depot.  
The girl addressed looked up into his face, with a smile that displayed two rows of pearly teeth.  
"You want somebody to bother you," she said. "Why, Jule, all the time I would be in the road, and John would stop the Rigoletta, and leave her in disgust. If you know what is good for yourself, keep away from me!"  
He laughed, and said:  
"Yes, I know you'll go down with me on the engine. The ride is so exciting, and just think, we will take Governor Knox and his staff down to-morrow night. John will be glad to have an angel on the engine, and you know what Bradley thinks of you."

Hetty McFarland yielded to the entreaties of the young fireman, before the Rigoletta threw smoke rings heavenward, and moved off like a monarch.  
The sun was setting behind the hills in the rear of the town, and the girl waved her lover good-by, as she turned toward her home.  
Fifty miles south of Stanton, in the city of Hamilton, dwelt Hetty McFarland's uncle, whom the girl had long thought of visiting. Therefore, to carry out her purpose, she promised to go down on the Rigoletta the following night.  
She knew that conductor Bradley would not object to her presence on the engine, for he was the politest conductor of the road, and was indebted to her for the many well-chosen bouquets he wore during the flower season.

Then, as Julius had said, a ride on the engine would be so exciting, and with such good fellows as her lover and John Nixon, the engineer, she anticipated a pleasant time.  
When the Rigoletta, oiled and polished till her machinery and mountings glistened like burnished silver and gold, again reached Stanton on her down trip, Hetty McFarland was prepared for her ride.  
Julius sprang from the engine, found her in a jiffy, and assisted her to the little apartment which he had fitted up anew for her reception.  
"How foggy it is to-night," she said to him. "There is a moon, but it does no good."

"That's so, Hetty. We've got to feel our way. You see, Governor Knox and his staff are aboard, and we have been ordered to be very careful. I spoke to Bradley about you going down with us, and he said, 'Certainly, just as I knew he would.'"  
Hetty was sitting on the green-plush cushion that covers the lid of the tool-box of the engine, and her lover, talking, leaned against the jamb of the door.  
"Excuse me for a moment, Hetty," he said, and sprang from the engine and disappeared.  
He walked about the platform, looking for some person, whom it seemed he could not find.  
"I don't like affairs to-night," he said to himself. "He looked as if he had been drinking, and we want a sober man to run the Rigoletta through this terrible fog."

Across the track and almost directly opposite the depot building stood a grocery to which access could be obtained through a garden behind it. This was not the sole avenue of ingress, but it was called the secret way, and sometimes the employees of the road made use of it to procure a sly drink. After a while the young fireman crossed the track and traversed the garden to the grocery.  
He did not enter, for beyond the threshold of such a place he had promised a fair young girl that he would never step. He paused at the door, which was open, and looked between the green slats of the shade in to the room.  
At the counter, with a glass of brandy in his hand, stood the man for whom he had been looking—John Nixon, the engineer.

The fireman's face grew pale when he saw him, and he said something which was connected with Hetty McFarland's name.  
He did not move until the engineer emptied the glass and turned to go. Then Julius saw that his face was flushed, and he hardly looked like the same man.  
He passed very near the young watcher, whom the fog hid, and a minute later was shaking hands with Hetty on the engine.  
For four years John Nixon had, to all appearances, reformed from drinking. Once liquor had cost him a good situation on the road; but his reformation was so strong and praiseworthy, that the company encouraged him by restoring him to the mastery of the Rigoletta.

Until that night no railroad man had seen him lift the glass to his lips, and Julius Baird, after witnessing what he had, did not know what to do. There were precious lives on the train that trip, and it would require good engineering to carry them through safely. He knew that Nixon would be discharged before the train could leave Stanton if Bradley was informed of his action. In such an event his duties would devolve upon the young fireman, who doubted his ability to perform them satisfactorily. The responsibility was great, and then John Nixon knew every mile of the road and he could not be spared.  
After a long mental debate the fireman stepped upon the engine and sat beside Hetty. He talked with her pleasantly, mentioning not his fears, but watched the engineer without ceasing.  
The train moved off after its usual halt, and was soon rushing through the dense fog.  
The engineer conversed for a few minutes when he became sullen and stood in the door with his back to the lovers.  
"What's the matter with John?" asked Hetty, in a whisper.  
Her question drew a secret from the young fireman's heart. In a whisper he narrated the scene in the grocery, and told her the engine was under the care of a drunken man.  
The fair cheeks grew pale at this, and Hetty's hand dropped upon her lover's arm.  
"John, we must take the Rigoletta safely to Hamilton!" she said, with firmness. "Thank! Our good Governor is on board, and there are women and children in the sleeping cars."  
He nodded, and said, "Yes, Hetty," without taking his eyes from the engineer.  
"We ought to find signals in this fog!" she said, for, from her lover, Hetty had learned much about the iron track.  
"If there be danger we will find them," he answered her. The governor's presence insured the extra precautions, and I expect to hear the signals before we reach Hamilton. Why, in this awful fog, which seems like a shroud of triple thickness, we couldn't see a headlight fifty feet before us."

At that moment Nixon turned and looked at the gauge.  
Then he threw open the furnace door, "Wood!" he loudly said to the fireman, who looked at Hetty and turned to the tender.  
"John, aren't we going fast enough through this fog?" she said to the engineer, in a soft, half pleading tone.  
"I'm the engineer of the Rigoletta," he answered her, not harshly, but with a smile.  
"But the Governor is on board."  
"He's no better than John Nixon!"  
"John, we might collide with another train."  
"In which event the Rigoletta would be knocked out of shape. I've run through worse fogs than this, and in a lower voice as he turned away, "I'll run as I please if we burst the boiler!"  
Hetty with pallid face saw Julius feed the furnace anew and reseat himself at her side.  
The speed of the engine increased, and John Nixon mad with brandy, watched the pointers of the gauge.  
"Why don't Bradley ring him down to slower time?" asked Hetty.  
"He's having a good time with the governor's party, and then he's got all the confidence in the world in John."

On, still on, through the cold fog that made Hetty wrap her shawl about her shoulders and shiver, even then, went the engine, growing as mad as its drunken master.  
Suddenly a strange report that seemed to emanate from beneath the very wheels of the engine fell upon the lover's ear.  
Julius Baird sprang to his feet.  
"The fog signal!" he cried, and looked at Nixon.  
"What's up young man?" said the engineer, looking at him with wild eyes that would have made some believe that their owner was a maniac.  
"Sit down with your doll-faced girl. I'll run the Rigoletta."  
"John, didn't you hear the fog signal?" said the fireman.  
"No, nor you either. We're all right—"

"There! the second one!" cried Julius, as a report exactly like the first fell upon his ears. "That means stop."  
"If you're running this train I want to see your commission of authority!" said the mad engineer.  
"I am not running it," replied the youth, quite calmly. "You know the code of the road as well, perhaps better, than I do. You know all about the fog signals. The first means run slower, the second, stop, the third, stop at all hazards—there's danger ahead!"  
"What's that you're trying to tell me?" roared Nixon. "Curse your fog signals! You shan't dictate to me because you've got your sweatshirt with you to-night. Now keep your mouth shut, or—"  
He never finished the threat, but laid his hand on a heavy wrench, and looked daggers at the youth.  
The last word had scarcely left the engineer's lips when the third and last fog signal sounded more distinct than the others. The wheels had crushed the cap on the iron rails; but John Nixon paid no heed to it.  
"He's crazed with drink!" said Julius, moving back toward Hetty McFarland, and he's driving the train right into some terrible accident. The rains may have swept that river bridge away; we must be very near it now."

The minute that followed was one of agony.  
At the end thereof, the engineer threw open the furnace, and turning to his fireman said:  
"Wood! wood! and be quick about it too!"  
Julius was leaving the cushion, when Hetty suddenly sprang to her feet, and drew a small revolver from her pocket.  
"Stop the train!" she cried, pointing the weapon at John Nixon's head; "you will not obey the fog signals; you must obey me or die!"  
The drunkard dropped the wrench, and stared aghast into Hetty's flashing eyes.  
The new situation seemed to be sobering him.  
"Stop the train!" she repeated, "and stop it at once!"  
He put his hand on the lever, and still looking at her he obeyed the command.  
The speed of the train diminished, and it soon stood still on the track.  
Then was heard the rushing of mad voices, and the shouts of men.  
"I feared it!" cried Julius; "the bridge over the river is gone!"  
John Nixon stood erect with his hand on the lever, and almost sober.  
"Go and tell Bradley," Hetty said to Julius who disappeared.  
A moment later the conductor, followed by several passengers and men in their shirtsleeves, appeared at the engine.  
"I thank God for such women as you, Hetty," he said. "We are within twenty feet of the bridgeless abutment. An instant more and we would have been in the foaming torrent!"  
Hetty McFarland breathed a thankful prayer, and saw John Nixon removed from his post.  
The danger was over. A woman's firmness had saved the train and its precious freight.  
It seems that a few minutes prior to the explosion of the alarm caps the bridge had been carried away by the high waters, and the signals were put down to warn the train.  
"It's the pistol you gave me Jule. Mother thought I might be safer with it, and made me bring it along."  
The train had to back many miles, for the river of course could not be crossed, and valuable time was lost. But the loss was nothing compared to the gain.  
John Nixon was discharged, and became a confirmed inebriate. The old habit eventually slew him.  
Julius Baird took his place, and if the wedding that shortly followed was a quiet one, the presents were magnificent. They came from Governor Knox and the railway company.

Samuel Houghton, author of a work on "Animal Mechanics," writes to Nature respecting the relative strength of the lion and the tiger:—I have proved that the strength of the lion in the fore limbs is only 69.9 per cent. of that of the tiger, and that the strength of his hind limbs is only 65.9 per cent. of that of the tiger. I may add that five men can easily hold down a lion, while it requires nine men to control a tiger. Martial also states that the tigers always killed the lions in the amphitheatre.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of the names of things which are familiar, and he will progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father should consider that information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for emergency. Children amused by reading or study are, of course, more easily governed.

**A GLOOMY NEGOTIATION.**  
THE MAN WHO WANTED TO BUY A COFFIN.  
Mr. Phipps of the firm of Phipps & Hodge, the Danbury undertakers, was sitting in his shop Saturday afternoon ruminating gloomily upon the dull times, when the door opened and in came a stranger. The visitor was a slim-faced man, dressed in a dun-colored suit of rather tight-fitting clothes. He looked clear around the room, carefully avoiding a glance at the undertaker until the circuit was completed.  
Then he looked curiously at him, and said:  
"Is the boss in?"  
"Yes, sir, I am one of them. Is there anything I can do for you, sir?"  
"Well, that'll depend on how we kin deal, I reckon," replied the stranger, in a tone of subdued shrewdness. "I have just had to shoulder a pretty heavy affliction. My old woman went under yesterday." He paused and looked interrogatively over the array of coffins and caskets.  
"Your wife is dead?" inquired Mr. Phipps, with professional anxiety.  
"You've hit it square, boss," replied the stranger, with an approving nod.  
"What time yesterday did the sad event occur?"  
"About 5 p. m., as near as we kin reckon."  
"Pass away peacefully?"  
"Lit out without a groan," explained the bereaved. "She'd been sick of an' on for about two years an' better. Not right down sick all that time, but then I don't think she done a square day's work in two years. It's been a great expense all through, but I don't complain, bowsom-ever. I came in to-day to see about fixin' her up."  
"Ah, yes; you wish to secure a burial case. We have, as you see, various kinds. You will want something rather nice, I fancy?" said Mr. Phipps.  
"Well, yes, I want something that will show considerable grief and sorrow, but nothing that's going to upset folks, you know. We are plain people, boss, an' at a time like this—with a great affliction shouldered on us—we don't feel like riling up the neighbors. If it was a huskin' bee now, or a barn raisin' even, I'd calculate to make their eyes prance right around in their heads. But, and he sighed heavily, "this is a loss of another color."  
"How would this do you?" suggested Mr. Phipps, indicating a plain rosewood.  
"What's the price of that? You see, boss, we live over in Baxter Plain. It's a small place, an' there ain't much style. We don't want to go in too heavy, you know."  
"Certainly not; but this is a very neat looking article."  
"Yes," coincided the widower, "it does seem as if one couldn't feel uneasy with that coffin in the front room, an' the room full of people."  
"I can let you have that for \$45."  
"Jee—Oh, I couldn't think of paying that. Forty-five dollars! Why, you kin get a wagon in two colors for that money. You see, boss, this is a plain country funeral, an' not a torchlight procession," feelingly explained the widower.  
"How will this do, then?" next inquired the undertaker, hastily pointing to another article of common wood, slightly stained.  
"How much is that?"  
"Only \$18."  
"Eighteen dollars, hey? Well, that's much more like it. Still, don't it strike you that \$18 is pretty steep for these times?"  
"Not for an article like that, sir. I can assure you that such a coffin could not have been bought for a cent less than \$22 one year ago."  
"It may be cheap, as you say," ruminated the bereaved; "yet \$18 is a good pile of money. I want something nice, of course, but I don't want to jump in so mighty heavy as to make people think I never had a funeral before. You get what I mean?"  
"Oh, yes, perfectly. You want an article that will look respectable and in keeping with your circumstances, but yet you do not wish to be too demonstrative in your sorrow."  
"By jinks, I guess you've got it square on the head," said the pleased sufferer.  
"Now this is an article that just answers the purpose, in my judgment, and I have had years of experience."  
"Yes, yes, you must 'av tucked in a heap of 'em," said the stranger, in a tone of unqualified respect. "This is a sound one, I suppose," he continued, tapping the sides.  
"Perfectly so; we use the very best kinds of wood," explained Mr. Phipps.  
"Just see here a minute," exclaimed the stranger, suddenly and impressively drawing the undertaker to one side. "You say that coffin is sound as a nut, an' you want \$18 for it? Now, I want you to understand there ain't anything small about me, an' that I've got just as much respect for the dead as any other man living. I don't care where you snake him from. But winter is coming on, you know, an' we owe a little to the living as well. That's a sound coffin, an' a sound coffin does well enough in the right place, you know; but I want to ask you as a man of experience in these

things, and understanding what grief is, if you ain't got a box of that pattern that's got some sort of a defect in the wood, which you could knock off a little on?"  
"I haven't, sir."  
"Just think a minnit, please," he anxiously resumed. "Nothing a little rotted?"  
The undertaker shook his head.  
"With a wormhole or so in—I don't mind a dozen?" suggested the sorrowing one.  
"No."  
"Or a little sappy? Don't answer too quick. Take time. Just a little sappy where it wouldn't be seen by the public, you know?"  
"I haven't such a piece of wood in the establishment. We use none that is imperfect."  
"Eighteen dollars it is, then?" sighed the afflicted.  
"Yes, sir."  
"I must take it, I suppose," he observed;  
"But when the neighbors see that coffin they'll swear old J— has struck a gold mine. Now, mark my words." And he passed gloomily out.—Danbury News.

**A PARISH INCIDENT.**—In a rural Presbyterian congregation in the western section of Canada, the people, for various reasons, were desirous of a change in the pastorate. A meeting was called to consider how the desired change could be effected. All were agreed that, though the pastor was a learned, laborious, amiable, and excellent man, he was exceedingly prosy and uninteresting as a preacher. It was resolved, therefore, that a deputation should be sent respectfully to ask him to demit his charge. No one was ready to undertake the difficult and delicate task. At last two elders were induced to go and talk with the minister about the matter. They went on their mission with no little trepidation, but were greatly relieved by the cordial manner in which the good minister received them. He listened quietly to their hesitatingly told story, and at once acquiesced in their desire that he would resign. Elated with their success, they hastened to report the results to the people. All were greatly gratified at the prospect of such an amicable arrangement; and feeling some sense of gratitude to the minister for his many years of service, and especially for his ready compliance with their wishes, they determined to present him with an address and a purse. A public meeting of the congregation was held, at which the pastor was invited to be present, an address was read to him containing strong expressions of appreciation and gratitude for his manifold labors and of strong personal affection for himself, and the purse was handed to him as a token of their continued esteem.

On rising the pastor was deeply moved and spoke with a faltering voice. He stated that, influenced by the statements of the elders who had called on him, he had resolved, at much expense of feeling to himself, to resign his charge. Pausing for a minute, as if overcome with emotion—not a few of the tender-hearted brethren trying their sympathy with him—he went on to say that in view of the affectionate and touching address he had just received, so very numerous signed, and accompanied by so generous a gift, he felt constrained to abandon his purpose, and would therefore remain with them, and devote his future life to the best interests of a people who were so warmly attached to him, and who so highly valued his humble services.

The reply was so obviously dictated by genuine simplicity that no one at the time had the courage to rise and explain. That minister is still pastor of the same parish. The incident transpired some ten or twelve years ago, and contains a good moral.

They were standing in front of her gate, having just returned from a dance. His right arm was occupied in holding her up, while his shoulder furnished a resting place for her little head. And they were watching the bright and glorious moon. It was the same old moon which had looked down on so many similar scenes, but somehow it had a different appearance to-night. It influenced the young man to such a degree that he said: "With what refugeance does bright Luna shed her rays upon all inanimate creation, weaving weird, fantastic shadows among the leafless trees, and spreading a silver glory over all. Do you observe the magnificent effect, Mamie?" "Yes indeed, Henry," she returned, "and did you see that Jen Clemens at the dance? She had on last winter's dress, made over, and she's worn that blue waist ever since I can remember. I never saw such a looking thing." Henry gasped.—Rockland Courier.

SEEST thou much snow left on the flagging; verily it is in front of the house of the slothful man. He sitteth by the fire to keep himself warm, neither will he depart for a scuttle of coal. When the housewife crieth aloud for a pail of water, he hath not his boots on. In the day when the storm falleth he secludeth himself; he saith to the snow shov, "Ha, ha. Let us rest in peace." So his sidewalk is an abomination in the eyes of the people and his name is in every man's mouth.—Rome Sentinel.

**TEN MINUTES TO LIVE.**  
On board an English steamer, a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered the fourth day out from Liverpool to New York and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases.  
When questioned as to his object in being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face, and eyes that looked like the very mirror of truth, replied that his step-father did it because he could not afford to keep him nor to pay his passage to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose home he was going.  
The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stow-aways to be easily deceived by them, he said, and it was his firm conviction the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The fellow was very roughly handled in consequence.  
Day by day he was questioned and re-questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secured him, and given him food which he ate.  
At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculcate the sailors, seized and dragged him to the fore deck, where he assured him that unless he told the truth in ten minutes from that time he would hang him to the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck, while all around him were the passengers and the sailors of the middle watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate with his chronometer in his hand and the officers of the ship by his side.  
It was the finest sight, said our informant, that I ever beheld, to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him that he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking if he might pray.  
The mate said nothing, but nodded his head and turned pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed shaken by the wind. And then all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow—the poor boy whom society owned not, and whose own step-father would not care for. There he knelt with clasped hands and eyes turned up to heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's prayer and implored the Lord Jesus to take him to heaven.  
Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of penitence. Sober broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he believed the story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death and sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.

**MAN**—A bubble on the ocean's rolling wave.  
**Life**—A gleam of light extinguished by the grave.  
**Fame**—A meteor dazzling with its distant glare.  
**Wealth**—A source of trouble and consuming care.  
**Pleasure**—A gleam of sunshine passing soon away.  
**Love**—A morning dream whose memory gilds the day.  
**Faith**—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.  
**Hope**—A lone star beaming o'er the barren heath.  
**Charity**—A stream meandering from the fount of love.  
**Revelation**—A guide to realms of endless joy above.  
**Religion**—A key which opens wide the gates of heaven.  
**Death**—A knife by which the ties of earth are riven.  
**Earth**—A desert through which pilgrims wend their way.  
**Grave**—A house of rest where ends life's weary day.  
**Resurrection**—A sudden waking from a quiet dream.  
**Heaven**—A land of joy, of light and love supreme.

**HIS FIRST DUTY.**—Jake saw an old acquaintance by the name of Amos on the street the other evening and accosted him: "W'y, Amos, what you been so long; I a'n't seed you fur a long time?"  
"Ise been down de country far two weeks to my brudder's house."  
"Well, can't yer come down to my house to-night? I wants to hab a good long talk wid you 'bout der p'litterkil sicher washin!"  
"It'd be a mighty pleasure to do so, Jake, but yer see, ole feller, dese hea's hog killin' times, and meat's lyn' round regardless ob de p'litterkil sicher washin!"  
"An' ef a nigger don't lay in some ob dem perwusses dese nights, he's gwine to smel der grabeyard 'fore de next 'lection!"  
"Den I'll 'skuse you till yore meat's all in!" said Jake.—Atlanta Constitution.

**WHAT** with stocking-darners, knitting and sawing machines, apple-parers, washers and wringers, woman as a necessity is fading from the face of the earth.

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