Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

OLUME X. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1876. NUMBER 1.

HERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon., Al. Vend.* and *Al. Fa. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, in Ebensburg, on **Saturday, the 22d day of January next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.**, the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Bernard McGinley in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in Johnstown, Cambria county, Penn'a, bounded and adjoining lots of Michael Fitzharris on the west and south, fronting thereon 40 feet and extending back 120 feet, having thereon erected a one story frame house and blacksmith shop. Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Bernard McGinley.

All the right, title and interest of Benard McGinley in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in Johnstown, Cambria county, Penn'a, bounded and adjoining lots of Michael Fitzharris on the west and south, fronting on said Railroad 50 feet and extending back 120 feet, having thereon erected a one story frame house. Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Bernard McGinley.

All the right, title and interest of E. Woods in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in Johnstown borough, Cambria county, fronting on the Penn'a Rail Road and extending back to a lot of John Troxell on the north, a lot of John Troxell on the south, and Main street on the east, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a frame stable, now in the occupancy of John Woods. Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Michael Fitzharris.

All the right, title and interest of Nicholas McConnell, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, Penn'a, bounded by lands of Catharine Crum, James McGinley, Michael Shoemaker and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, unimproved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Michael Schwab, ter.

All the right, title and interest of N. P. Ramsey, jr., of, in and to a tract of land situate in White township, Cambria county, Penn'a, bounded by lands of Joseph Ramsey, W. Stoops, and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, unimproved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Annie T. E. Kittell.

All the right, title and interest of Jonathan Lloyd in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, Penn'a, bounded Sam'l Wilson, Jos. Lloyd, John Lloyd, containing 94 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, and having thereon erected a two story frame house and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Jonathan Lloyd. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Little.

All the right, title and interest of P. F. Carney, of, in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, Penn'a, bounded on a street and extending back 120 feet, adjoining lot of D. D. Davis on the north, and a street on the south, having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of P. F. Carney. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Mrs. Mary Evans.

All the right, title and interest of P. F. Carney, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded by lands of John Rice, Daniel Delaney, Barney, and others, containing 90 acres, more or less, 40 acres cleared, having thereon erected a log house and frame barn, now in the occupancy of John Gibbons. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of A. F. Jackson.

NOTICE FOR SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds upon confirmation of the Deed.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 28, 1875.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon., Levari Facias* and *Al. Fa. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Borough of Johnstown, on **Friday, the 4th day of January next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.**, the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of James Patterson in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in the borough of Johnstown, Cambria county, fronting on Market street and adjoining lot of Henry Swank on the one side and lot of Henry Swank, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a frame stable, now in the occupancy of John Patterson. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Frank Taylor.

All the right, title and interest of William Swank in and to a lot of ground situate in the borough of Johnstown, Cambria county, fronting on Market street and extending back to lot of Benj. Hoffman on the west, lot of Widow Barnhart on the south, and an alley on the east, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a weaver's shop, now in the occupancy of William Southwell. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Ellen E. Southwell.

All the right, title and interest of Louis Girts and F. Girts, of the United Brethren Congregation, to wit: All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the borough of Johnstown, Cambria county, bounded and described as follows, to wit: On Market street, the United Brethren Church, on the east, by a 20 feet 6 inches wide alley, on the south by lot of Mr. Mahaffey, on the west by a 20 feet 6 inches wide alley, on the north by Market street, containing in front on Market street 40 feet 6 inches and in depth 120 feet, with the church edifice and appurtenances thereon erected, being the same property purchased by said United Brethren Congregation of Peter Litzinger, by deed dated the 1st day of April, 1867, and recorded in the Recorder's office of Cambria county, in Deed Book No. 22, page 327, &c., reference being thereunto had, the same being the church property of said United Brethren Congregation in said borough of Johnstown. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jacob Litzinger.

All the right, title and interest of P. F. Carney, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded by lands of John Rice, Daniel Delaney, Barney, and others, containing 90 acres, more or less, 40 acres cleared, having thereon erected a log house and frame barn, now in the occupancy of John Gibbons. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of A. F. Jackson.

NOTICE FOR SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds upon confirmation of the Deed.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 28, 1875.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon., Levari Facias* and *Al. Fa. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Borough of Johnstown, on **Friday, the 28th day of January next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.**, the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of James Patterson in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in the borough of Johnstown, Cambria county, fronting on Market street and adjoining lot of Henry Swank on the one side and lot of Henry Swank on the other side, and lot of Henry Swank, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a frame stable, now in the occupancy of John Patterson. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Frank Taylor.

All the right, title and interest of William Swank in and to a lot of ground situate in the borough of Johnstown, Cambria county, fronting on Market street and extending back to lot of Benj. Hoffman on the west, lot of Widow Barnhart on the south, and an alley on the east, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a weaver's shop, now in the occupancy of William Southwell. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Ellen E. Southwell.

All the right, title and interest of Louis Girts and F. Girts, of the United Brethren Congregation, to wit: All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the borough of Johnstown, Cambria county, bounded and described as follows, to wit: On Market street, the United Brethren Church, on the east, by a 20 feet 6 inches wide alley, on the south by lot of Mr. Mahaffey, on the west by a 20 feet 6 inches wide alley, on the north by Market street, containing in front on Market street 40 feet 6 inches and in depth 120 feet, with the church edifice and appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining, erected, being the same property purchased by said United Brethren Congregation of Peter Litzinger, by deed dated the 1st day of April, 1867, and recorded in the Recorder's office of Cambria county, in Deed Book No. 22, page 327, &c., reference being thereunto had, the same being the church property of said United Brethren Congregation in said borough of Johnstown. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jacob Litzinger.

All the right, title and interest of P. F. Carney, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded by lands of John Rice, Daniel Delaney, Barney, and others, containing 90 acres, more or less, 40 acres cleared, having thereon erected a log house and frame barn, now in the occupancy of John Gibbons. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of A. F. Jackson.

NOTICE FOR SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds upon confirmation of the Deed.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 28, 1875.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of JACOB SHARBAUGH, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased have been granted to the undersigned, in Allegheny township, Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same should produce them duly authenticated for settlement.

MARY J. SHARBAUGH, Executrix.
JOHN W. SHARBAUGH, Executor.

Jan. 7, 1876.—6t.

NOTICE.—Having bought and left the possession of JOHN BURKHART, of Allegheny township, the following described property, I hereby caution all persons against trading in any way with the same, to wit: 1 wagon, 2 sets harness, oats, corn, corn fodder, hay, grain in the sheaf, spreaders, butts and other chains.

G. W. STALE.

Allegheny Twp., Dec. 31, 1875. [1-7.-3t.]

HORSES, &c., WANTED.—I will pay cash for COTTON and WOOLEN RAGS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, OLD BLANKETS and WOOL WASTE from the looms. Inquire at Woolen and Shearing Shop of KNOBB & BEAUMONT, High street, Ebensburg.

M. BEAUMONT.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 24th day of December, 1875, I purchased at Collector's sale one yoke oxen, sold as the property of Joseph Brubaker, and that I have them in my possession during my pleasure, persons are hereby cautioned against interfering with said oxen.

F. J. BURGOON.

NOTICE.—All the Household Furniture, Goods, &c., recently owned by Jackson Davis are now in my possession. All persons are forbidden to meddle with the same.

T. W. ADAMS.

Spring, Cambria Co., Pa., Dec. 18, 1875.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DYSPEPSIA
CURED FREE.

Any person suffering from Dyspepsia or Indigestion will be cured by using

Dr. Williard's Compound Powders.

Send for a trial package; it costs nothing, and will cure you. Address DIBBLEE & CO., Chemists, 1355 Broadway, New York.

CHEAP LANDS
IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST!

The Little Rock and Fort Smith Railway Company is selling, **at exceptionally low prices and on terms to suit purchasers**, over

ONE MILLION ACRES

of their magnificent grant, on either side and within twenty miles of their road. Admirably suited for production of Corn, Cotton, Grain, Grass, Fruits and all other Northern crops. Winters are mild, permitting out-door labor for eleven months. Soil fertile beyond precedent. No grasshoppers, no drought. Special inducements for establishment of manufactories. For circulars, address W. D. SLACK, Land Commissioner, Little Rock, Ark.

Best place to learn BUSINESS or to qualify as teachers of BOOKKEEPING or SPENCERIAN PENMANSHIP is at **Union Business College, Cleveland, O.** Oldest of the BRYANT & STRATTON chain of Colleges, and *one of the best known*, as Messrs. **FELTON & SPENCER** have doubtless personally instructed more students than any two men living. **Send stamp for Catalogue.**

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Manhood: How Lost, How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc.

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The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically*.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers,

F. BRUGMAN & SON,
41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box 4586.

Orphans' Court Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the premises in the Borough of Summitville, on

Saturday, 29th day of January, 1876,

at TWO O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, of which JOHN C. ROLAND died seized, to wit:

A PIECE or LOT of GROUND

situate in the Borough of Summitville, Cambria county, fronting 66 feet on Turnpike street and extending back 220 feet to an alley, adjoining lot of James Gillen on the west and an alley on the east, having thereon erected a

TWO STORY FRAME HOTEL,

Frame Stable, Warehouse and Icehouse.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the bal. here in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by judgment bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

JAMES ROLAND,
[1-7. 3t.] Adm'r of JOHN C. ROLAND, dec'd.

Orphans' Court Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

Saturday, 29th day of January, 1876,

at TWO O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate of which CATHARINE TODD died seized, to wit:

A PIECE OR LOT OF GROUND

situate in the Borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, fronting 66 feet on High street and extending back 264 feet to Lloyd street, adjoining an alley on the east and lot of the heirs of Philip Noon, dec'd, on the west, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

And a Two Story Log Shop, Weather-boarded.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by judgment bonds and mortgage of purchaser.

JAMES MYERS,
[1-7.-3t.] Adm'r of CATHARINE TODD, dec'd.

FIRST PRIZE AT VIENNA EXPOSITION, 1873.

W. H. ROSENSTEEL,

Manufacturer of superior

Union Crop LEATHER,

AND DEALER IN

BARK, HIDES, AND PLASTERERS' HAIR,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

4,000 cords of Oak and Hemlock Bark wanted. Cash paid on delivery at the Tannery.

Jan 7, 1876.-1y.

TAVERN STAND FOR RENT.

—The well located Tavern Stand and Dwelling House belonging to the undersigned, known as the "Curtin House," situate on Tunnel Hill, in Gallitzin township, Cambria county, about a quarter of a mile from Gallitzin Station, is offered for rent on fair terms. Possession will be given on the first day of March, 1876. This House has all the necessary accomodations required by law, such as rooms, stabling, etc.; also a never failing spring well of the purest water on the premises. Written applications will be promptly answered, and terms specified, which will be moderate.

MICHAEL McMORRIS.

Tunnel Hill, Jan. 7, 1876.-tf.

STRAY SHEEP.—Came into the enclosure of the subscriber, in Clearfield township, on or about the 1st day of December last, two black and one white sheep, two of which are wethers and the other an ewe. The owner is notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away; failing in which, they will be disposed of as the law directs.

MICHAEL D. WILL.

Clearfield Twp., Jan. 7, 1876.-3t.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume—
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me;
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red.
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whisp'ring said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said:
Oh! the clover in bloom—I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me;
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'er head,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!

Had he moved aside a little way,
I could surely then have passed him;
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night-wind found us;
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was coming with its dew at last,
And the sky with stars was filling;
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover—
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover;
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

H. G. in N. Y. Evening Post.

AMIDST THE BREAKERS.

I never was in better spirits than on the morning I left Shanghæ. I was then captain of the good ship Morning Glory, bound from that port to London, with a cargo of tea. The vessel was a fine clipper, well formed, and in good trim; so I never felt more confident of making a rapid passage than on the day we cast off the tug at Woosung and ran past Saddle Island, with a fresh eight knot breeze, down the China Sea. I had only two passengers with me—Mrs. Clifford, the wife of an English merchant at Ningpo, and her daughter, a little sunny-haired child, who soon became a favorite with all on board. All went well until we were off Turnabout, when the wind fell light, and for several days we made but little progress.

When I came on deck one morning, I was surprised to find the royals and topgallant sails stowed, though it was a dead calm, and the crew busily employed reefing preventer-braces and doubly securing everything movable.

"What's the matter, Jackson?" I inquired, as the chief officer came towards me.

"I think it's going to blow hard, captain; the mercury's all of a quiver in the barometer—the birds fly high and are making for land. I've seen those signs before in these seas, and know a typhoon's coming on pretty shortly," he replied.

I commended his forethought, and, urging him to get everything snug as quickly as possible, went below to ascertain, as accurately as I could, the vessel's position.

Clouds gradually gathered overhead, and at eight bells in the afternoon the first installment of wind came, in short, fitful gusts, from nearly opposite points of the compass. Presently the clouds opened, and a torrent of rain poured down, while the wind increased in violence till it blew a heavy gale.

The hatches were tightly battened down, all sails furled except the three close-reefed topsails and fore course; and I put her right before the wind, to endeavor to run out of the circle of the storm. Night came on, and then the full fury of the tempest burst upon us. To see was impossible, for the rain drove horizontally along, cutting to our very skins—to hear, still more so, for the howling of the warring elements deafened us completely.

Groaning and quivering, the good ship bore bravely on, now rising high on the crest of a mountainous billow, anon plunging deep into an abyss of darkness, from which she again emerged foaming and snorting like a mettlesome steed. The crew drenched to the skin, were crouching under the lee of the weather-bulwarks; and I was firmly lashed to the mizzen-rigging, under shelter of a tarpaulin.

Still the hurricane raged with increasing violence. I could not close-haul the vessel for want of sea-room on the starboard hand; and I knew we should get into the inner circle of the typhoon—the point most to be dreaded—if we lay to on the off-shore tack. The topsails blew out of the bolt-ropes with a roar like thunder; the fore-brace parted, and the yard came crashing down on deck. One huge wave broke over the stern, while another struck the vessel full on the broadside, flinging her on her beam-ends in the trough of the sea, where she lay moaning like a vanquished giant.

"Cut away the mizzen-mast," I roared through my speaking-trumpet.

Jackson, than whom a better sailor never trod a plank, obeyed my order promptly; one stroke of his axe severed a shroud landyard of the mizzen-rigging and the lower mast, snapping short off below the top, fell into the boiling ocean to leeward. Still the vessel lay over on her side, and the sea making a complete breach over her.

"Mainmast, now!" I shouted, and soon that mast went close by the deck carrying with it the foretopmast—and, alas! Jackson and ten brave fellows who had become enmeshed in the tangled cordage that swept the deck.

The vessel righted on her keel; and the remainder of the crew and myself used every effort to save our hapless companions, but without avail, and they sank to rise no more.

I was now in momentary expectation of the vessel foundering, for the helm was useless; huge waves, mountain high, were breaking over her, and the spars to leeward were dashing like battering-rams against her sides, threatening to stave her in. But all was not yet lost; there came a lull, followed by another whistling blast, then a lull again, and the rain ceased. This betokened that the fury of the storm was spent, that the centre had passed, and that ere long all would be over.

At last the welcome dawn arrived, so, bidding the second mate set at once about clearing the *debris*, I descended to the cabin for the purpose of visiting Mrs. Clifford, who I knew must need consolation. I found the courageous woman seated in a corner where she had wedged herself, calmly reading the form of prayer "to be used at sea," while her child lay peacefully slumbering in her lap.

As I entered she rose and took both my hands.

"Captain Downes, you good, brave man, tell me truly, is there any hope? I can bear to hear the worst, though the thought of my poor little Edith unnerves me," she said, gently.

"The weather is moderating, madam; we are in the hands of Providence, but His mercy may be extended to us; the greatest danger is now past, so bear up and have every hope," I replied.

I was peering over a chart in my cabin, when the second mate called hurriedly to me to come on deck.

"Breakers to leeward, sir!" he cried, excitedly, as I emerged from the hatchway.

I looked in the direction he indicated, and saw a long line of foam stretching out on our lee, while the roar of beating surges fell distinctly on my ear. The sea was still running high, though the wind had died entirely away; and I soon perceived that the current was bearing us swiftly towards land. Nearer still we drifted; and then I recognized our position. The most dangerous rocks in the China Sea, a group known as the Pratas, were to leeward; and we were utterly unable to navigate our disabled vessel, or to ward off the fate that seemed pending over us. The crew showed indomitable courage, exhibiting the greatest alacrity, and striving hard, by promptly obeying my orders, to work the vessel off shore; but we sagged steadily to leeward, and I saw that all chance of saving the vessel was gone for ever.

"Get the life boat ready, my lads; quick, for you lives! Don't forget provisions, Mr. Cooper," I said, as I hurried below.

Mrs. Clifford met me at the foot of the stairs, and read the new trouble in my face.

"You must come in the boat. Give me Edith. Keep calm," I exclaimed, plucking a quilt from a bed, and wrapping it round her, while I took the child in my arms.

"I will, I will! But, oh, preserve my child!" she cried; then she mounted with firm step to the deck.

We were very near to the rocks now terribly near—and I saw Mrs. Clifford's cheek blanch as her quick eye took in the danger at a glance; but I placed her safely in the boat with Edith. The crew took their places orderly; Cooper and I lowered them to the water, the tackles were unhooked, and the boat floated clear of the vessel's side. Then I leaped overboard, the second mate followed, the crew picked us up, and we were soon using our every endeavor to weather the shoal where on the Morning Glory shortly struck and went utterly to pieces.

The life-boat had been terribly strained by the waves which broke over, when on the vessel's deck, and the water gurgled in at many a yawning seam, so that half the crew were constantly employed in bailing her out. The sea still running high, shook her much, and I began to fear that she would not float long, as we had rather more than her complement in her; therefore I consulted Cooper as to whether it would not be better to pull to leeward of the Pratas, and endeavor to land upon the island in the rear. He agreed with me; so we put that plan into execution, and before nightfall ran the boat between two rocks into still water, and, though not without much difficulty, succeeded in effecting a landing.

We fashioned a tent out of the boat sail for Mrs. Clifford's accommodation, and kept a regular lookout for rescele in the hope of being rescued. There was plenty of fresh water in the deep pools and fissures of the rocks, but our scant stock of provisions soon disappeared; and then we had to use *bichedemer*—an edible zeophite—shell-fish and gulls' eggs, which abounded on the little island, for food.

A fortnight had passed away, and still no friendly sail had greeted our sight. The unusual diet and exposure to the weather—which was extremely hot—told upon us; and in our wan faces and attenuated forms the happy crew of the Morning Glory could scarcely have been recognized. Then four of our number volunteered to take the boat, which we had been unable to repair for want of materials, and endeavor to reach Hong Kong, from whence assistance could be sent us. Full of hope, they started on their mission, one beautiful morning, bearing with them our heartfelt prayers for their success; but, alas! they never reached land, the boat was found bottom-up by a steamer, and that was how the report of our total loss got circulated.

We remained on the Pratas six weeks, at the end of which time a trading junk, noticing our signals, sent a sampan off, took us on board, and carried us to Taewan, on the island of Formosa, where we received much kind attention from the British consul, who forwarded us to Hong Kong.

AN AWFUL FATE.—The bondage of a drunken appetite we call a sin, and blame the victims who will not break it and shake it off forever. But there are wretched persons who cannot free themselves from the fearful thraldrom. They are those who have inherited the vicious craving of their parents. If beings exist now similar to the demoniacs of the New Testiment, these certainly belong to that class. "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children" is in the law of nature and the law of God, and every such case as the following affords terrible warning to the self-made drunkard, not only of what he is doing to himself, but of what he may do to his children:

I knew in Texas a young man who was heir to a woeful heritage—the passion for drink. He was physically one of the handsomest of men, and possessed of great and varied talents, which he had carefully cultivated. Moreover he served his country with distinguished bravery, and was then holding a high position of trust and honor.

But with a regularity that was terrible there came to him—no matter where he was, over his ledger, in church, by the side of the woman he loved—a craving for brandy that possessed him like a demon, and drove him forth from among his fellows. With set lips and despairing face he would deliver to a friend the keys of his office and betake himself to his room—not as men go to a carousal, but as they go to a fearful reckoning, and for two or three days drink, in sullen silence, till the craving was appeased. Some one was one day praising, in his presence, his vast stores of acquired information and his delicate fancy as an artist. "Yet I shall die like a brute," he said, sadly; and the despairing look of a haunted animal came into his eyes as he added, "My father died drunk—my mother—God forgive her!—my grandfather shot himself in delirium tremens—you know, boys, how poor Patrick died—it will be the same with me." His prophecy was too soon fulfilled.

THE Hartford *Times* tells of a smart Connecticut stump speaker who was haranguing a crowd in Fairfield county, when the effect of one of his strong points was terribly broken by a bawling exclamation from a half-drunken fellow in the crowd, who sung out:—"Oh, you're a demagogue!" The orator fixed his eye upon the fellow and, pausing just a moment to fix the attention of the audience and give his response the more effect, merely answered, with one of his own unapproachable grins: "And put a wisp of straw around your belly and you'd be a demijohn!" It brought down the house and extinguished the bibulous offender.

WONDERFUL BEANS.—A gentleman in St. Louis has lately had sent him by a friend from California, two beans resembling in shape a beechnut, which are possessed with a remarkable power of animation, which they show in advancing, retreating, and turning somersaults. Their antics are indeed wonderful to witness. They are known in the State from which they come as the jumping bean. He keeps them in a small box, and if left at night in the bedroom upon a table, they make such a racket he is obliged to shut them up in a drawer so he can sleep. To some this article may seem incredible. Others may have seen them.

THE story goes that once in a game of poker General Logan held three jacks—jack of hearts, jack of diamonds and jack of clubs. After running the bets up to the limit and calling down the hands, Logan found that his opponent had four tens, when, with true military fertility of resource, Logan furtively took out of his pocket one of his own photographs and played it upon his unsuspecting opponent for the jack of spades, thereby holding four jacks and sweeping the board.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"The first prize in mathematics in Thompson University was carried off this year by Miss D. Angelina Smith, a gird of eighteen."

Mr. Joblink, stretched in an easy chair before the fire with a handkerchief thrown over his bald head, read this interesting fact aloud from the paper last night, but shortly repented himself for having done so, as it set Mrs. Joblink talking. That good lady was engaged in darning Joblink's stockings, and addressed her conversation to her bosom friend, Mrs. Meezles:

"Yes, I don't doubt it. Folks is beginnin' to see that girls can do jist as well as boys. Folks here in Virginny tell me I should be thankful that I ain't burnt out, and so I am; but when I think of what I might a bin if I'd kept single it makes me mad. Instid of bein' Mrs. Sarah Ann Joblink, the mother of five, an' doin' my own housework, I might jist as well a-bin Miss S. Ann Midge, an' carried off prizes too. I might a-bin a doctor or a lawyer or a book writer, an' had my name in the papers."

"Deary me, so you might," assented the weak eyed and admiring Mrs. Meezles.

"Now," proceeded Mrs. J., casting a side glance across the comfortable room at Joblink, who was rubbing his bald spot miserably, "Now, why mightn't I a-bin a reformer an' held conventions an' things an' showed folks how they was agoin' astray an' didn't know beans compared with me? But," sighed the good lady, "I got married, an' am the mother o' five."

"So you did, dear," said the sympathetic Mrs. Meezles.

"Who knows, now, that I mightn't a-bin an artist or a juryman, or——"

"Good Lord, my dear!" cried Joblink suddenly, throwing his spectacles off his nose to his forehead and holding the paper far away from him as possible, as if that would enable him to read the better, "Good Lord! my dear, the poor old lady is dead!"

"What poor old lady, Joblink?" snapped the testy wife.

"Mrs. Kinkcurls, you know—your old mistress. Dear, dear, and she's dead! Well, well, we must all go in our turn. She was a good mistress to you, Sarah. Dead, eh? Well, well, I——"

With three strides Mrs. Joblink snatched the paper from her astonished husband's hands, and still more surprised the kindly gentleman with a whack on the ear. But the murder was out, and Mrs. Meezels enjoys the knowledge that her friend, Mrs. Joblink, was no more than a servant girl before that poor dear man Joblink married her—with all her airs.—*Virginia Chronicle.*

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'EM.—There is a vast difference, says the Danbury *News*, in the conduct of a man and a woman in new clothes. When a woman gets a new suit she immediately prances down town, and for hours will walk contentedly along a crowded thoroughfare, receiving fresh impulses of joy every time another woman scans her wardrobe. But a man is so different. He won't put on his new clothes for the first time until it is dark. Then he goes down town so cautiously as to almost create the impression that he is sneaking along. If he sees a crowd on a corner he will slip across the way to avoid them, and when he goes into his grocery he tries to get behind as many barrels and boxes as he can. All the time he is trying his level best to appear as if the suit was six months old, and all the while realizes that he is making an infernal failure of it. We hope the time will come when new pants will be so folded by the manufacturer that they won't show a ridge along the front of each leg when the wearer dons them.

CHURCHES should be careful how they go on the bond of unworthy members. A Hartford correspondent tells this story: In the absence of the president of one of the city banks, the cashier, a great wag, was looking over the mail, when he found a letter from an Albany bank, inquiring as to the value of a note indorsed and presented there for discount by a certain Hartford man of unsavory business reputation, who was, however, noisily active in a certain religious denomination. Seizing a pen, the cashier quickly replied as follows: "If the note is genuine it isn't worth a d——n; but if a forgery, his Baptist brethern will probably make it good." When the president of the bank came in the cashier informed him that he had answered the Albany letter, but would show him his response if he desired. The president assenting, the cashier's letter was produced, upon the perusal of which the president smiled grimly, and said: "The letter may go, for your facts are correct, though I should not have expressed them in just that way."

"PA, are you in favor of the Bible in public schools?" asked a West Side youngster at the breakfast table the other morning. "Why, of course, I am," responded the father, pleased that such an important subject should engage the attention of his youthful offspring. "What makes you ask such a question, my son?" "O, nothing," rejoined young hopeful, "only I thought maybe you wasn't, as you never have had one at home." The urchin dodged, but he wasn't quick enough.

LYING FOR LUCK.

Walking in the early morning at a small station in North-West India, the writer, on passing a shrubbery, observed a man stealthily moving in the bushes. The intruder was asked what he wanted, when he replied, "The Seth is dead." This Seth was the principal man in the native city adjoining the station, and a merchant universally known in the commercial world on account of his great riches. Forgetting, in his surprise at the announcement, that the reply was scarcely an adequate one to his question, the writer took his walk, and, on returning, expressed his astonishment to the servants that they had not told him the Seth was ill, mentioning the catastrophe he had learned from the trespasser. One of the servants having happened, on his way from the city that very morning, to have seen the Seth hearty and well, it was decided on all hands that the information was incorrect.

Thereupon one present remarked:

"The man who told your honor was probably a dyer."

"A dyer!" cried the writer; "but why should a dyer tell falsehoods?"

"He was probably lying for luck," was the answer; and then it was related that when a vat has been prepared for a dye, some anxiety is felt as to whether it will turn out well—and the blue dye was said to be the most ticklish—and that during this doubt the dyers go out telling falsehoods, in the hopes that, if they are believed, the vat will turn out well. Further inquiries were made afterward, and the facts were found to be correct; and, indeed, allusions to the custom were subsequently pointed out in native poetry. A lover would, perhaps, be made to address his mistress in some such mad hyperbole as this, "You deceived me, it may be, lest the blue vat of heaven, jealous of the heaven of your face, should wish to spoil itself."

There is no pretense that the incident marked any discovery; the circumstance is probably well known to any one taking an interest in folk-lore and local customs, but it certainly explains how lying might be held a species of worship. Numberless traces exist of a conciliatory worship in countries where the popular faith conceives spirits of evil to have independent power; such worship is opposed to that offered in the hope of obtaining benefits, and is in truth a bribe to secure abstinence from mischief. Akin to this is the fear of offending such hurtful beings by using unpropitious names; thus the furies must be called the Favorable Ones, (Eumenides,) and a certain undesirable personage should be mildly designated "the old gentleman." Perhaps—but antiquarians must decide this—in our sport of April Fool, there may be a trace of this worship of an evil spirit. And so, as we laugh at some fun-bewildered person on a showery morning in the Spring, and keep up the joke because we perpetrated it in our teens we may be performing a rite which was of old like laying a garland of poisonous and sinister flowers on the altar of a demon, in the hope of securing good fortune for those who were not afraid of lying for luck.—*All the Year Round.*

A PORTUGUESE SPORTSMAN.

He had some experience of woodcock, hare, and red-legged partridge shooting, and likewise of hunting with dog and gun, wolves, which he never by any chance shot. This fact does not astonish anybody who has seen a Portuguese gun loaded. A small handful of native and almost harmless powder, a little grass or a leaf or two, and an equal handful of shot of all sizes, rammed down with a huge wad upon it of extempore manufacture, constitute the charge. The gun is fired, the wolf escapes, and, what is more remarkable than this, the sportsman who holds the gun also escapes. The dogs are usually as unsuccessful as their masters, in catching the fleet-footed wolf; nevertheless the wolf continues to be the favorite sport of the Portuguese. The good padre had many thrilling stories of uncaught wolves, and was moreover eloquent in his accounts of the thrush shooting about Cimbra and the crow shooting near Oporto. "Crows! Are they game birds? You cannot eat them, can you?" "To be sure I can; they are the best game in the world," said the padre; "stewed in vinegar, there is really nothing so good."—*Examiner.*

SPECIMEN OF ARABIC ARITHMETIC.

Until during the last quarter century the arithmetics introduced into Turkey by the American missionaries crowded out the Turkish text books, multiplication was taught in the Turkish schools according to the following rule: Add together the numbers to be multiplied; take the right hand figure of the sum for the left hand figure of the product; subtract both multiplier and multiplicand from ten, and multiply the remainders for the right hand figure of the product. Thus:

9.....10—9—1
3.....10—3—7
— —
12 7...27

This is but a fair specimen of Arabic arithmetic. Of course the rule is applicable only to single numbers, and is subject to innumerable exceptions. For ingenious puzzles with numbers the Arabian has no equal.