McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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LUME X.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1876.

NUMBER 2.

# ntennial Year HE PITTSBURGH ily Dispatch.

eding Journal of Western Pennnia and One of the Largest, liteliest, Cheapest and Best Newspapers in the United States.

shed in CLUBS OF TEN at DOLLARS A YEAR, and Postage Prepaid.

means, subscribe for the arch, a Large, Live, Inde-vars forement in obtaining a latest News, and beyond the most rendable, reliable bally fournels published in t year on the 8th of Febru-pear in new type now be-therwise improved in all the exigencies of giving the latest unriers of the tie Market and al mag, the Farmeraren will be found hable journal, and as emmend it to the readnce of the copularmis the fact that it is read caless of Country, Creed or ven circulation more than by paper in the State outside

### Weekly Dispatch.

the Choicest, Cheapest and est Family Newspapers

#### Body Should Read It!

tel from clear, new type, and est as well as one of the cheap-published. It is a large folio ential to a general kno cure with which with interesting reading fall to please. The Comn is given. The is to the party getting up the est paper in America, its O'NEILL & ROOK,
DAILY AND WEEKLY DISPATCH,
Fifth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

EZE AT VIENNA EXPOSITION, 1873. H. ROSENSTEEL

#### Manufacturer of superior on Crop LEATHER,

AND DEALER IN

#### IDES, AND PLASTERERS' HAIR JOHNSTOWN, PA.

of Oak and Hemlock Bark wanted. E.-Having bought and left

ANDREW GILLESPIE, of Sumone gray mare, one bay mare. VALENTINE CRAMER. LANK, M. D., respectfully

essional services to the d immediately in the rear of drug store. Night calls can lence of Mrs. Bunn, on Craw-[4-24,-tf.]

J. OATMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

nTown Hall, Julian street, should be made [4-4-tf.]

ANDER TAIT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, CARROLLTOWN, PA Mr. Buck's store. Night calls may Mr. Buck's residence. [10-1, 75.]

McCONNELL, M. D., PRYSICIAN AND SURGEON, thy secupled by Dr. Jamison, Night H. SECHLER, Attorney a,

T. J. Lleyd's new building, Centre [1-21.76.-tf.] SHOEMAKER, Attorney at LLITZIN LAKE, ATTORNEY

TZIN LAKE, ATTORNEY
Ebensburg, Pa. Office with

Torder, in Court House,

Tall AKER, Attorney at partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the practice of the law was this day dissoived by mutual consent.

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#### Assignee's Sale

Valuable Real Estate! THE undersigned will offer at public sale, at the store room formerly occupied by Geo. C. K. Zahm, in Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa, on SATURDAY, FEB. 5th, 1876, he following described real estate

THE NORTH END OF LOT NO. 93, in the Borough of Ebensburg, fronting 66 feet on High street and extending back 132 feet to an alley, adjoining property of Mrs. Hutchinson on the east and of John Dougherty on the west, having thereon erected a two story Frame House. Frame Stable and outbuildings. Also, a two story Frame Store Room and a well finished Frame Building, the latter now in the occupancy of Collins, Johnston & Co. as a bank. Also, that certain

Square of Ground situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, bounded on the north by Crawford street, on the east by Beech alley, on the south by Sample street, and on the west by Mary Ann street.

65 Acres of LAND situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., about 25 Acres of which are cleared, adjoin-ing land formerly owned by Alexander McVicker. Mary McBride, and others, and known as the Mc-Girr Farm, having thereon erected a two story Plank House. Also,

Seven Acres of Improved Land, under a high state of cultivation, situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Geo. Huntley, A. A. Barker, and others. Also,

#### FOUR LOTS

in Salina, Saline county, Kansas, known as Lots No. 60, 62 and 64 on Third street and Lot No 7 on Second street,
TREMS OF SALE —One-third of the purchase money to be paid upon delivery of the deed, and the balance on August 3d, 1876.

F. H. BARKER,
Jan. 17, 1876.—3t Assignee of GEO. C. K. ZARM.

#### JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK 120 Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.

CHARTERED SEPT. 12, 1870. DEPOSITS Present rate of interest, six per cent. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus comnot withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding twice a year without troubling the deposit bot call or even to present the deposit book.

Money loaned on Real Estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good reference, perfect titles, etc., required.

This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts granted. No loans on personal security.

Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by laws, and special law relating to this Blank applications for borr-wers, copies of the rules, by-laws, and special law relating to this Bank, sent to any address desired.

TRUSTIELS—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. B. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, T. H. Lapsley, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, James McMillen, James Morley, Lewis Plitt, H.

A. Boggs, Conrad Suppes, George T. Swank, and W. W. Walters.

DANIEL J. MORRELL, President.
FRANK DIRECT, Treasurer.
CYRUS ELDER, Solicitor. [12-3, 75.-1y.]

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE, -By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cam bria county, to me directed, there will be exposed

to public sale by vendue or outery, on the promises, on FRIDAY, the 25th day of February next at 1 o'clock p. m. the following described real estate;
ALL the right, title and interest of Emily Nagle
and Owen H. Nagle, being an undivided molety ALL the right, title and interest of Emily Nagle and Owen H. Nagle, being an undivided molety or one twelfth part, in that certain PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Susquehanna township, in said County of Cambria, of which Richard Nagle died seized, described as follows: Adjoining lands of heirs of Henry Lloyd on the west. west, Abraham Kern on the north, Sainuel Far-ber on the east, and John R. Nagle on the south, containing about NINETY ACRES, SIX ACRES

money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one and two years, with interest, to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the pur-chaser. SYLVESTER J. LUTHER. Guardian of Emily and Owen H. Nagle.

of which are cleared.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase

## COMMITTEE'S SALE

THE undersigned, Committee of the person and estate of Eller G. Callan, widow of William Callan, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, at the Callan House. In Washington township, (near Cresson,) Cambria county, Pa., on TUESDAY. Cresson.) Cambria county, Pa., on TUESOAY.
FFRRUARY 1st. 1876, a large amount of personal property, consisting of 1 horse, 1 cow, 1 bugsy. 1 wagon, 1 cart, 1 sted, 2 wheel-barrows, 1 washkettie, 1 clothes wringer, 1 sewing machine, 1 plano, about 28 bed steads, feather beds and pillows, bolsters, pillows mattresses, bed-spreads, quilts, haps and a large amount of bed clothing, bureaus, wash stands, lounges, large dining tables, other tables, cane-seat chairs, 76 common chairs, wardrobes, wash-bowls, pitchers and soap dishes; carpets and mattings, hat-racks, large and small looking glasses, window blinds, clocks, lamps, dinner bells, a stoves, rocking chairs, and a large variety of articles usually found in a well-furnished hotel, etc.

22 Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., when terms and conditions of sa'e will be made known.

erms and conditions of sa'e will be made known.

JOSEPH CRISTE, Committee, &c.

Jan. 12, 1876.-3t.

#### PUBLIC SALE OF ONE OF THE MOST DESIRABLE HOTEL PROPERTIES

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

THE undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on Tuesday, the Ist day of February. 1876, at 2 o'clock, P. M., a PIECE or LOT of GROUND situate at Cresson, Cambria county, adjoining lands of the Cresson Springs Company, heirs of M. M. Adams, dec'd, and others, containing 4 Acres, more or less, having thereon erected a large two story FRAME HOUSE, containing twenty-sepen rooms, FRAME STABLE, CARRIAGE SHED. ICE HOUSE, and other outbuildings. Pure running water on the premises. The location is admirably adapted for a hotel and summer resort.

JNO. E. SCANLAN, [1-14.-3t.] Executor of WM. CALLAN, dec'd.

TAVERN STAND FOR RENT.

TAVERN STAND FOR RENT.

-The well located Taver of the undersigned where the "Currin 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 accommodations required by law, such as rooms, stabling, etc.; also a never failing spring well of the purest water on the premises. Writwell of the purest water on the premises. Writ-ten applications will be promptly answered, and terms specified, which will be moderate. MICHAEL MeMORRIS. Tunnel Hill, Jan. 7, 1875.-tf.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JACOB SHARBAUGH, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of said dece-dent, late of Carroll township, having been grant dent, late of Carroll township, having been grantedito the undersigned, notice is hereby given to
all persons indebted to said estate that payment
must be made without delay, and those having
accounts against the same should produce them
duly authenticated for settlement.

MARY C. SHARBAUGH, Executrix.
JOHN W. SHARBAUGH, Executrix.

January 7, 1876.-6t.

COMMITTEE'S NOTICE. The undersigned having been appointed Committee of the person and estate of ELLEN G. CALLAN, widow of William Callan, dec'd, by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said ELLEN G. CALLAN are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims are required to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

108 EPH CRISTE, Committee.

Summitville, Jan. 2, 1876.-6t.

#### BOB'S BABY.

A boy sat on a trunk near the baggage room of Wakesha station, waiting for the train to come in. Not that he was expecting to go anywhere-he only wished he could-but he liked the bustle and excitement of the scene, and, what was more to the purpose, he sometimes picked up a stray penny by giving the porters a lift, or standing guard over some gentleman's latter. traveling bag, or carrying some lady's supernumerary parcels.

On this particular occasion there was an unusual bustle, for it was Christmas morning and the depot was thronged with those awaiting the arrival of friends, or who were themselves bound on a holiday excur-

Presently the engine with its long train of cars came snorting and thundering up the track, and the crowd surged forward to the front of the platform. Bob, for that was the boy's name, was about to do the same when he was stopped by a showily dressed woman with a child in her arms.

"Please take my baby for a moment," said she. "I've forgotten something." "Yes, ma'am," said Bob, receiving the again, while the woman, dropping her

traveling bag at his feet, hurried away and was lost in the great crowd. Bob waited patiently, not doubting that she would immediately return to claim her little charge; but the minutes went by, the whistle sounded, the bell rang and the train began to move slowly out of the depot, and still she did not appear. Then Bob started up in alarm, and ran toward the departing train, and as he did so, he

"The lady-she's lost her baby-take it, somebody!" he cried, and held it out to two or three gentlemen who were rushing into the cars at the last moment-as gen- Bob, rather incoherently.

distinctly saw the woman's face at a win-

But neither of them seemed inclined to moved faster and faster, and finally whisked out of sight while Bob stood still, gazing in the direction in which it had vanished, an image of surprise and dismay.

"Gingo!" exclaimed he then, turning his eyes from the line of blue smoke which still floated above the tree top, to the face of the child in his arms; and in that single word he expressed volumes.

"Well, what is the meaning of this?" asked the depot master, his attention now for the first time attracted to the scene.

"Why, you see, the lady asked me to hold her baby while she went to get somethin', and she was carried off without it."

"The lady? What lady?" "Don't know. Never seen her before."

"Where did she come from?" "Don't know. The fast I see, she was standing right in front of me."

"Where was she going?" "I don't know. Don't know nothing about her only she asked me to hold the baby, cause she'd forgot somethin'. She left her bag, too; there 'tis''-pointing with his foot because his hands were otherwise engaged; "and I know she went off in the cars, 'cause I see her looking out | no doubt intended to express his apprecia-

the winder." There was a certain straightforwardness about Bob's story which carried conviction with it, and none of the little circle, of which Bob was now the centre, thought of

doubting its truth. what to say next, a rough looking boy about Bob's age, who had left off shouting "Washkesha Chronicle," to hear what was

going on, cried out : "Oh, ain't you green! She dldn't mean

to come back." "That's so, I guess," said the depot

"Bobby, my boy, you're sold, and have got a baby on your hands," said another.

In short, it was apparent that the young newsboy had expressed the sentiments of all the men present. The next question was how Bob should derisively. "Much as ever you can do to

dispose of this very odd and unexpected Christmas present.

"You had better go at once to the town authorities and let them take the child," | for she shall never go to the poor-house said the depot master. "Yes."

"Certainly," chimed in the bystanders: and so the matter would have been settled. but the baby, who had been looking wonwail pitiously. It was only a natural re- ment would be more than temporary. sult of finding herself left so long among strangers, but to tender hearted Bob it seemed a direct appeal to his sympathy and her off," said she. protection.

I should like to keep her. I should like to take her home," said he.

"Good for you!" said the man who had not yet spoken-only a poor coal-heaver, begrimed and smutched from top to toe, "Good for you! You see, gentleman, 'taint no ways certain't the woman won't come back next train, so what's the hurry about he might keep Elsie with him. sending the baby to the poorhouse-for that's what't would come to. If the woing after we've advertised, 'pears to me Bob and "Bob's baby," as the child came All the Year Round. it'll be time enough to talk about the poor- to be called, and many kind-hearted people house theo."

of the case, and the coal heaver added : "It'll cost something to advertise, though; ing Elsie to the poorhouse.

donno's that ought to come on to Bob."

"Certainly not," said the depot master, taking out his pocketbook, an example which was immediately followed by others, ficient to defray all contingent expenses, her use. and handed over to Bob. Then he walked out of the depot with the baby and carpetbag, followed by his friend, the coal heaver. "Have a ride on my keart?" asked the

"Don't care if I do, if it's in your way,"

"I'll make it in my way," said the goodnatured man. So Bob clambered in, the horse started off at a slow trot, and the little cart jolted merrily away over the cobble-stones, with its novel freight.

It was not till Bob came in sight of the little one-story house which he called home, that he felt he had acted hastily in undertaking such a charge without consulting Mother Darby, as he called the woman with whom he lived.

For Bob was an orphan-nay, more, he had neither kith nor kin that he knew of heart. in the wide world. Ever since he could remember he had been passed from one to another who had been willing to harbor to prove it before they take her away." child and seating himself on the trunk him a little while, either for charity or the work he could do. For two or three Darby, receiving his board and scanty clothing in consideration of his tending the cow, bringing in wood and running of errands.

"So, what will Mother Darby say?" was the question he asked himself as the cart stopped at the gate, and, bidding the kind coal-heaver good-bye he entered the house with his hurden.

What she did say was:

"What under the sun have you got here?"

"She's so pretty-and the woman left her, and they talked of sending her to the poor-house. I couldn't help it," answered

"Mercy on us! What are you talking about? I can't make head nor tail of it? His wife being an invalid, he had taken avail themselves of the offer. The train But give me the baby, do. She's most frozen, poor thing." And as the woman, whose heart was

much softer than her speech, sat down by correspondence with the woman till their the fire and began to take off the child's return, when, to their dismay, they found hood and cloak, Bob's courage revived, and both nurse and child missing from the he told the story from beginning to end, as we know it already. "A pretty job you've undertaken?" said

Mrs. Darby, then. "The woman never'il come back; that you may depend. She wa'n't its mother no more'n I am."

"I thought you'd let it stay till something could be done," said Bob, dejectedly. "Of course I will. I ain't a wild Injun to turn such a babf as this adrift by itself," said Mother Darby.

She then warmed some milk and fed the little one, and in a few minutes it was sleeping quietly on Mother Darby's old calico lounge, unconscious alike of past or future perils.

"Her folks is well off, whoever they be," said Mother Darby, examining the little blue silk hood trimmed with swan's down, and the embroidered thibet cloak.

"The woman that gave her to me was a stunner," said Bob; by which phrase he tion of her fine clothes.

Bob lost no time in advertising the child; but days went on, and no answer appeared, nor did the woman return to claim her charge. The traveling-bag contained nothing that would afford the slightest clue to While the depot master was deliberating | the child's identity except the name "Elsie" on some of the clothing.

"Well, I'm sorry, but there's nothing for it but to send it to the poor-house,' said Mother Darby.

"That I'll never do," said Bob.

"Heyday! I reckon there's somebody to be consulted besides you. 'Taint likely I shall undertake to raise her at my time of life, and nothing but my two hands to depend upon neither."

"But couldn't you let her stay here if I'd pay her board?" pleaded Bob. "You?" said Mother Darby, laughing

earn the salt that you eat." "Well, if you won't keep her, I s'pose l must find a place for her somewhere else,

while I can work for her." "Mercy sakes! If you're so set about it, do let her stay and try it," said Mother Darby, whose heart secretly yearned over the child more than she cared to acknowlderingly from one to another, now nestled edge. And so it was settled, though the closely to Bob's shoulder, and began to good widow could not believe the arrange-

> "I dare say as soon as we begin to get fond of the child, we shall have to send

But in this she was mistaken. It was true that hitherto Bob had not been overfond of work, and had given her some ground for the taunt that he hardly earned the salt he ate. But now a great change came over him. He felt that he had an object in life; was ready to undertake any been married seven times, the last time at honest job, to work early and late, so that

And when the story got abroad, and it

She, meanwhile, continued to grow and thrive. In fact, she quite outgrew ber original wardrobe, which was carefully folded away in Mrs. Darby's best drawer, so that an amount was collected quite suf- and new and coarser clothing provided for

Nearly a year had passed away, and people were ceasing to speculate upon the mysterious advent of Bob's baby, when the affair was revived again by the appearance of an advertisement in a New York | the dead of night, won his way into the paper, headed :

"Child lost." Then followed a description of the child, of its clothing, with a statement of dates and circumstances which seemed to identify Elsie as the lost one beyond a doubt.

The address given was Amos Markham, box 1229. New York city.

Poor Bob! This was a terrible blow to him; but he felt that he ought to do all that he could to restore Elsie to her parents; so be immediately wrote a letter in answer to the advertisement, and, having dropped it in the office, returned home with a heavy

"Mebbe she don't belong to them, after all," said Bob to himself, "and they've got

This was the one hope to which he clung, but it speedily vanished, for only three months his home had been with Mother days later a lady and gentleman stopped at Mother Darby's door. Bob hastened to open it, and a single glance at the lady's face told him that she was Elsie's mother.

"Is this the place?" began the gentleman, but, with a faint-shriek, the lady darted through the open door and caught little Elsie in her arms.

"O my darling, my darling!" sobbed she; for neither time, nor change, nor absence deceive the mother's heart.

If further proof was needed it was found on Elsie's clothing, which, as we have already said, Mother Darby had carefully preserved and in the complete harmony of

the evidence on both sides. The story Mr. Markham told was this : her to Italy to pass the winter, leaving Elsie in charge of a nurse in whom they had confidence. They kept up a constant house in which they had lived when they left the country. They could obtain no trace of her, and only recently they had received a message from the woman, through a third person, that she had left the child at some station on the line of the New York Central railroad, but the name of the place she had forgotten or failed to notice. Her object in this transaction was, of course, to appropriate the money, with which she had been liberally supplied, and rid herself of the burden of caring for the

To Mother Darby, Mr Markham paid for her care of Elsie twice as much as it was worth, which she received with a grateful

courtesy, but to Bob he said : "I don't know how I can pay you." "I don't want no pay. I did it because

I loved her," answered Bob with a quivering lip. "I shall remember you, though," said he and led his wife to the hack which awaited them outside the gate, but when he would have lifted Elsie in, she clung to Bob cry-

"Bobbie go too! Bobbie go too!" "And why shouldn't he go too? It is

cruel to separate them," said Mrs. Mark-Then Mr. Markham said, turning to Bob, "How would you like to go to New York

with us ?" "To New York and be with Elsie!" cried Bob, his brain hardly able to take in two ideas of such magnitude at once.

"Yes, to be with Elsie always. Do you think you could be happy with us?" "Happy? Oh!" was all that Bob could

Another Christmas morning dawned. and again Bob rode away from the station with Elsie in his arms-not, however, in the poor coal-heaver's cart, but in Mr.

Markham's comfortable carriage. Presently the carriage stopped, not at Mother Darby's little one-story house in the outskirts of Wakesha, but at a pleasant, commodious dwelling in New York city. Mr. and Mrs. Markham alighted, and went up the granite steps, followed by Bob,

leading Elsie by the hand. The door opened, and warmth, and light and beauty greeted them whichever way they turned. Such was Bob's entrance into his new home. Can we do better than to take our leave of him there by wishing him a Merry Christmas?

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY. - A regular poser-a clincher-is the case of an Irishman named Dennis, if true; if not true, the Annual Register must be held responsible. He died at Athenry in 1804, at the age of one hundred and seventeen; he had the age of ninety-three. He survived the births of forty-eight children, two hundred and thirty-six grandchildren, four hundred was seen how thoroughly in earnest he and forty-four great-grand-children, and man don't come, and we don't hear noth- was, much sympathy vas manifested for twenty-five great-great-grandchildren. -

other of a belaboring.

#### THE WITCHED CLOCK.

About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barbery's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the deacon made by ordering me not to darken his door again?' soliloquized the young man, "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trowsers onto. Wonder if Sal'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' or 'nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze

a polar bear here. Oh, here comes Sally." The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle and a box of matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door :

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for ?" "Tell him it's most morning," whispered

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally. "I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and running to the huge old fashioned clock

that stood in the corner he set it at five. "Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up "It's five by the clock," answered Sally,

struck five. The lovers sat down and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to crack. "Good gracious, it's fath-

"The deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe. 'Hide me, Sal."

"Where can I bide you?" cried the dis tracted girl. "Oh, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze into the clock case.'

himself in the case and drew the door behind him. The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced

smoking it very deliberately and calmly. "Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well ! shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better go and feed the critters first, sir, and smoke afterward?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"F: smokin' clars my head and wakes me up," said the deacon, who seemed not

a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment. Bur-r-r-whiz-z-ding ! went the clock. "Tormented lightning!" cried the dea-

con, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation's that?" "It's only the clock striking five," said Sally tremulously.

Whiz! ding! ding! went the old clock. furiously. "Powers of mercy !" cried the deacon. "Striking five! it's struck a hundred al-

ready."

"Deacon Barberry !" cried the deacon's better half, who had hardly robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of excitement, "what's the matter with the clock ?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in the family these hun-

Whiz! bang! bang! went the clock. "It'll burst itself !" cried the old lady,

be nothing left of it." "It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a luaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

"Oh, don't," cried the daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat-tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other. "Don't," chorused both of the women

"Let go my raiment," shouted the deacon. "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

But the women would not let go so the deacon slipped off his coat and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward | went around by the side of the field, which and laid his hand on the clock case. But ran up hill for nearly a mile and led to a no human power could open it. Jue was wood on the left. Game abounded in those holding it inside with a death grasp. The districts, and the object of the dogs' ardeacon began to be dreadfully frightened. rangement was soon seen. The terrier He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, came from the inside, and then the clock case pitched head foremost on the floor, smashed its face and the large dog, which was fresh and had wrecked its proportions.

were ready to aid him in his endcavors. What is the difference between a piece |-the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled | then ate the hare between them and re-No one offered any objection to this view So Bob succeeded, as he deserved to do, of honeycomb and a black eye? One is up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating turned home. This course had been sysand nothing more was ever said about send- the production of a laboring bee, and the himself from the clock, effected his oscape tematically carried on for some time before in the same way he had entered. The it was fully understood.

next day all Appletown was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed his version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, effected to discredit the whole affair, binting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination.

#### A GOLDEN GIRL.

There is a servant girl living with a family in Detroit, says the Free Press, who wouldn't be permitted to change places if \$10 a week would be any inducement for her to stay. She makes it her special duty to meet all agents and beggars at the door, and to dispose of them without the least annoyance to the family. She has a rule to meet each case, and her rules are perfection. The door bell never fools her. She can tell a caller's ring from a beggar's ring as certainly as the bell is touched. When she opens the door and finds a man with a red goatee, having a clothes wringer in his hand, she doesn't wait for him to hem and haw and say that his clothes-wringer beats all the other wringers ever made. She gets the start by saying :

"You seem like a decent, respectable man, and as a friend I warn you that the owner of the house saw you come up the steps and he ran into the back yard to unchain his Russian bloodhound.'

The man with the red goatee slings that wringer over his right shoulder and canters out of that neighborhood with his teeth on edge and cold chills playing tag up and down his back.

The next one may be a young lady, who boldly inquires for the lady of the house, and has a new kind of face powder to sell. "You cango in," whispers the girl, "and will stand at the door so as to rush in

taste anything, beware of poison. She may not have her revolver this morning, and I and corroborating the words, the clock guess it will be safe for you to go in." "Why-why?" stammers the young

when you call. If the mistress asks you to

"Go right in; she may not be dangerous.

"Never mind. I'll call again. I'm in a hurry."

And that settles that case. The next is one of those chaps who go about with tears in their eyes, willing to work if work can be had; but never finding any work their health will permit them to And without another word, he concealed

"Madam," he says as she opens the door, "for Heaven's sake let me work at some-

thing long enough to earn a slice of bread?" She motions for him to go around to the side door and is there to let him in. She hands him an axe weighing seven pounds. with a straight handle, points to three or four big knots which have become almost

petrified, and very softly says: "You look hungry, and as soon as you split those up I'll give you the best meal you've had in a month."

looks at that old ax, and then folds his little tent and slips through the gate like a shadow of fate. Then the little girl who canvasses for the

She goes in and he spits on his hands.

orphan asylum rings the bell. She is met

"You poor little thing! I pity the orphans. If you will get the mayor to come here and say it is all right I will give you three cents." The little girl thoughtfully pursues her

way and another case comes, is met and

disposed of, and the mistress of that house

is never disturbed or annoyed.

with a smile and the hired girl says :

RICH WITHOUT MONEY. - Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket are rich. A man with a good sound constitution, a dred years, and never did I know it to act good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good head piece is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash shedding a flood of tears, and there won't fire and carry energy to every function are better than lands. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has agood disposition -who is naturally kind, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

SHARP CANINES .- Two dogs were often observed to go to a certain point together, when the small one remained behind at a corner of a large field, while the mastiff would start a bare and chase it up hill towards the large wood at the summit, where they arrived somewhat tired. At this point rested after his walk, darted after the ani-The current of air extinguished the light mal, which be usually captured. They