Notion, allowance,

Win. Flattery, esq., justice fees, John Cox, esq., justice fees, John Brady, esq., justice fees, E. Custer, esq., justice fees, P. F. Custer, esq., justice fees, Ellel Benson, esq., justice fees, EM Comments of the fees

M. George, esq., justice fees, seph Miller, esq., justice fees, in Sharbaugh, esq., "

Paul Yahner, justice " " Am't paid A. Criste, Esq., by I. Lilly,

Miscelline's paid A. D. Criste \$ 95.95 Orders for debts prior to Jan.

Physicians, out-door purpers 555 65

Cont-door relief, rent. nurses, boarding, etc., o. d. p. 1,598-68. Coffins and funeral expenses, out-door pupers. 357-50. Digging graves, o. d. paupers. 61-00. Transportation and Directors' services, out-door paupers. 351-91. Livery, out-door paupers. 20-09. Expenses to Dixmont. 20-25. Expenses to Montour county. 21-85.

1, 1875. Dixmont Hospital. State Lunatic Hospital . Fullmelphia Almshouse, Mohtour County

Out-door relief, rent. nurses,

Lumber and posts for fencing,

Luminor and shingles for new

porches Carpenter and mason work for new porches Grating and botts for cells.

Instee and constable fees ... Carriage and cutting box . .. Am't due from Jas. J. Evans

REPORT OF L. LILLY, STEWARD.

3 saddles, bridles, halters, forks, rakes

ovels, axes, saws, hoes, chains, etc. Manufactured in the Institution.—48 shirts, 54

aprons, 21 chemises, 7 shrouds, 35 pillow-silps, 5 sheets, 23 pillows, 10 belstera, 16 towels, 15 pd-ticks, 15 prs. mittees, 12 women's caps, 10

hed-licks, 15 prs. millers, 12 women's caps. 19
portionals, 35 prs. socks, 20 prs. stockings, a connances, 150 pbs. socks, 20 prs. stockings, a conapple hutter, 15 bbls. sur kraat.

Articles on Hand.—21 prs. shoes, 3 prs. boots,
61 men's and boy's coars, 68 vess, 21 prs. profs,
21 prs. drawers and undershirts, 12 mats, 25 prs.
21 prs. drawers and undershirts, 12 mats, 25 prs.

INMATES, &c., IN HOUSE.

Names of Immates who died during the year, and dates, Polly Troyer, January 25th; Mary

oyles, April 30th; John McGolrick, May 1st

Of the inmates remaining January 1st, 1876.

here are: Sane males, 25; sane females, 16; usane males, 8; insane females, 10; blind males,

insone males, 8; insone females, 10; blind males, 3; blind females, I. Americans, 35; foreigners, 25. Residents of the relief district, 52; non-residents, 3. Average number of inmates per month, 55; average cost of each inmate weekly, \$1.56, which includes 1.23) meals to tramps during the year.

I. LILLY, Steward.

AMOUST DUE POOR HOUSE AS PER AUDITOR'S

Am't due from County Jan'y 1, 1875. \$ 4,810 23 Am't paid A. D. Criste, Esq. 95 95 Am't as per following statement. 657 64

Balance in favor of Poor House \$ 3,787.00

AMOUNT DUE POOR HOUSE.

From John J. Evans for hides. \$ 46 59

We the undersigned Directors of the Poor of

Cambria county, do certify that the foregoing is a correct statement of the expenses, etc., of the Poor and House of Employment for the year A. D. 1875. All which is respectfully sub-

Witness our hands, this 21st day of January, A. D. 1876.

TAVERN STAND FOR RENT.

zin township. Cambria county, about a quarter of a mile from Gallinzia Station, is offered for rent

-The well located Tav- A ...

ANGELM WEAKLEN, CHARLES FLICK Directors.
JESSE PATTERSON,
-I, Lilly, Steward and Clerk.'

" William Slick, note.
" J. S. Straver, Esq., Committee of

Mrs. Charlton .

ern Stand and Dwelling House,

Amount Orders paid, 1875.

Number of inmates January 1, 1875. . . .

mother. Discharged and absconded during the

Died during the year.

Remaining in House January 1, 1876.....

" nomitted during year 60 " born, June 6, 1545, a male child, Agnes G. Green being the

100 lbs. cotton laps, 50 yds. new matthe

Lawrence County.

STATEMENT.

FROM WHICH DEDUCT:

100 00

95.95

mas Callan, esq.,

Waters, esq., l. H. Fiske, esq., " "
John T. Harris, constable fees,

ohn Lycert. Suries Osvald.

A. It Davis, George Shaffer, John Shehan, George Varner,

useph Horner.

W. W. Creary,

J. H. Myers, J. H. Leib, William Walters, John W. James, Charles Butland,

PW Glass.

Esken. J. A. Gates, Lunes Shumate, EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1876.

THE OLD SWEET SONG.

I remember a song whose numbers throng As sweetly in memory's twilight hour As the voice of the blessed in the Realm of

Or the sparkle of dew on a dreaming flower. 'Tis a simple air, but when others depart. Like an angel whisper, it clings to my heart.

I have wandered far under sun and star Heard the rippling music in every clim-From the carol clear of the goodolier To the wondrous peal of a sacred chime;

I have drunk in the tones which bright lips let fall To thirsting spirits in bower and hall ; The anthems bland of the masters grand

And the thunder-roll of the organ's soul Drowns not the murmar of fairy strings, Or the shepherd's pipe, whose music thrills With the breath of morn o'er the sleeping

But none remain like the simple strain Which my mother sang to my childish

As nightly and oft o'er my pillow soft She gently hovered to soothe my fears. I can see her now with her bright head bent In the light which the taper so feebly lent. I can see her now, with her fair, pure brow,

And the dark locks pushed from her temples clear. And the liquid rays of her tender gaze Made eloquent by a trembling tear, As she watched the sleep that is sweet for all Like rose-leaves over my spirit fall.

And the notes still throng of that old sweet Though silent the lips that breathed them

\$10,872 77 Like the chimes so clear which mariners

hear Am't of Orders paid by A. D. Criste. .. \$19,776 82 From the sunken cities beneath the sea; And never, alt! never can they depart While shines my being and beats my heart. That song, that song, that old sweet song! I gather it up like a golden chain, Link by link, when to slumber I sink,

And link by link when I wake again I shall hear it, I know, when the last deep

Shall fold me close to the earth's dark breast,

FARMER BROWN'S STORY. A THRILLING TALE OF REAL LIFE.

I have no words for her sweetness; I I mean lovely Nellie Brodie-whose father | were thrown out together. 40.59 - 0.241.93 Net expenses of House and Farm, 1875, \$4,534.89 Stack on Farm. 4 horses, 8 cows, 23 sheep, 2 ows, 1 boar, 7 skinata, 8 turkeys, 38 chickens, Products of Farm.—14 tons hay, 785 bus outs, wheat, 190 hus, turnips, 600 head cabbages, 15 hbls, encumbers, beets, bans, parsalps, tomatees, etc.; 100 lbs, wool,

Farming Implements, &c.—I four horse wagon,
I suring wagon, I carriage, I buggy, I cart. I hand-cart, I sleigh, 2 sleds, I threshing machine,
I mowing unchine, I grain drill, I cider mill, 2 cutting-boxes, I hay-rake, I cultivator, 3 plows,
3 harrows, I hay-fock and fixtures, I heistingion 3 again cradles, 5 mowing syxthes, 6 sats growing far sweeter and sweeter, and Nel- doctor; and he was there soon. lie still as quiet as a mouse, sitting with barrows, I hay-tork and harders, I have the seek, 3 grain cradies, 5 mowing soythes, 6 sets one genera, 2 sets light harners, I set barry folded hands between us.

We were busy folks enough by day; but to me, all smiles. sort of way, and to tell the truth, I like it. burt her much, you foolish boy." No man could say I neglected my duty; a And I burst into tears. Jennie bent over better farm no man ever had, and larger me. crops none gathered, and no starved caude grazed in my meadows. As for my dairy she said. "A gentleman's portrait in her good house, and a pretty blue-eved girl of it! I'll punish her for it now." and we were fond of each other.

socks, 100 lbs. cotton inpa, 50 yds. new matting, 25 yds. calico. 38 vis shirtine, 61 yds. toweling. 32 yds. mu din. 545 lbs. son, 23 lbs. castle son, 2 bbis. soft so.p. 200 lbs. land. 500 lbs. tallow. 10 lbs. candles. 60 lbs. tea. 85 lbs. coffee. 530 lbs. softer. 51 gls. syrup. 23 lbs. pepeer. 175 lbs. codish. 1500 lbs. pork. 1530 lbs. peer, 155 lbs. cod-dry and ravy lolacco. 3 bbls. flour. 100 heads cablage. 1 bbl. vinegar. 23 bbls. circor. 8 gls. apple-butter. 34 bbl. sance kraut. 1 doz. corn brooms. 8 mirs blankets (new), 10 tons hey. 500 lbs. cats. 300 bbs. corn. 800 bbs. petrfoces, 60 bbs. turnips, 20 bbs. brekwheat, 150 bbs. coal, 90 lbs. wool. again I tried to find out from Jennie what | not to guess it. she said about me-Nellie, I mean-but the

I knew that and I built on it. "For," said I to myself, "if Nellie dis- her bome and bade her good-bye. liked me, Jennie would give me a hint, sister-like, and save me from mortification. de de la constant de Either she knows nothing or she knows Brodie." Nellie lil e :ne."

After that, I may say I courted Nellie. that; even if I had not said so out and so feelish to fain, away "

out, she could not help knowing it. lie had the same pretty, kindly ways to all, who had been my father's friend.

and the same smile for every one. I used to think that "no" from Nellie's lips would go through my heart like a bullet, and I found it hard to risk the hearing of the notion; bu when he found me firm, of it. She must say it to all but one of us, he gave me what help he could. and I was not so handsome as one, and a third. I think I never knew bow plain send for Uncle William and his wife to have made too much of my mouth and too see, to throw myself away, and be heard of upon to accompany her brother West, but little of my eyes; but he showed me plain- no more by any one. Of course I was mad as she looks upon the luxuries with which ly that the machine must take a good like- for the time; that is the only excuse for she and her adopted mother have been ness, because it was a machine that couldn't | me. make a mistake. I took the things home and put them in a drawer and showed them to nobody; but they took the little vanity I had out of me, though I kept saying over and over again, "What do looks mat-

ter for a man?" for her album, but I thought if I looked no one. And all the while, at work or at pight, she referred to the spelling school She would have lots of sympathy, and the been all day?" J .- "Oh, I've been up to

ever saw; and I made up my mind to put knee!

be what he chose, but Nellie should never go with him-she should go with me.

with me.

The snow fell fast, and by morning you could see nothing for miles around but great white drifts, though the sky had grown as clear as though it had been sumand she was ready, and away we went. She looked charming, with her rosy cheeks and bright eyes and sunny bair; and I was happier than ever I had been in my life.

Going out of the village, we met Tom Armstrong, with his splendid cutter. He looked daggers at us both-or at least I thought; and he went, as I heard afterwards, to invite Sue Nichols to ride with him. As he drove out of sight, I made up my mind to ask the question that would settle everything on our way home.

Man proposes and Heaven disposes, Things happened that evening that I had not thought of. We were going back, in the moonlight, when I put my hand on Nellie's and made her turn her eyes to-

"I have been trying to say something to you for a long while," I said. "Perhaps you guess what it is?"

But before I could atter another word my horses became frightened at something and can't describe her; perhaps, were I to do away they went like mad things. Nellie so, or even could I place her picture be- clung to me and screamed. I did my best fore you, you might not see her as I did to stop them, but they left the load entirely and do. Every eye makes its own beauty, and took their road across a field, and and to me she was more beautiful than striking against a stump the snow had hidany other living creature. Nellie Brodie- den, the sleigh was overturned, and we

was sexton of our church, a good man, but I was not buct, but Nellie lay insensible. prosy and prone to tell one or two good I lifted aer in my arms and clasped her to stories about ghosts, proved not to be my bosom, and begged her to open her eyes chosts after all, whenever one met him. and speak one word to me. But she was Many and many a time have I listened to like one dead; and in my terror I dared them out in his little perch, of a summer's not take her home. I carried her, instead, night, with the moon bright above us, and to my sister, who, frightened half out of mysterious chirps and cries in the bushes, her senses, came to meet me. She took Neland the smell of the evening primroses lie in an inner room and bade me bring a

I spent an hour in agony, such as I bad never feit before ; but at last Jennie came

together, and thought no harm of it. It is has come to herself; she only fainted from good to be idle sometimes, in that happy fright. You haven't killed her, or even

"But to think that she should be so shy." -but that was my sister Jane's doing. A bosom all this while, and not a word to me

with a warm heart and a laugh that seem. And away she can back to Nellie, but my ed to be catching. Together we two were, I tears were all dried up, and my heart was gall. She was engaged to some one else, I never told her I liked Nellie Brodie, this girl who was so dear to me. Some one but I did not hide it from her. Nellie and has been before me, and she wore his porshe were great friends. Over and over trait next to her heart. Fool that I was

I never asked whose portrait it wasgirl would never let a word slip out. A Tom Armstrong's or Jack Mayden's-I did true woman hides another woman's secrets; not care. When Nellie was well enough to go, in the course of an hour or two, I drove

I said :- "I regret that I should have been the means of alarming you so, Miss

And she looked up into my face with her

And ! though, to myself, "what deceitful But there were other young men in the creatures women are!" for the look she to listen to old Brodie's stories for the sake worn another man's portrait in her bosom.

> want to try the sea as a common sailor." The old man would have laughed me out

I went on board a vessel bound for China

So I led the sort of life one in the merchant service leads-no very pleasant one I can tell you-for a year or two. I grew no beiver for is, and no happier. The other men had mostly some one at home -mother I'd meant, you see, to give Nellie one sage from at times. I, of my own act, had As they were seated on the sofa the other everybody would turn out to the feneral. M. J.—"Why, Johnny, where have you

Waiting and watching, hoping and fear- side the winter hearth; saw her smiling up ing, I let the time slip by; and winter at me as we were whirled through the snow came with its frosts and snow, and old drifts that last bright day, and saw her as Mr. Brodie told his stories by the fire is- she lay like a dead thing in my arms. And stead of on the porch; and the lamp light fancy painted other pictures. I saw her as fell on Nellie's yellow hair, as she sat Tom Armstrong's wife. I saw her-oh, knitting, making the prettiest picture you good heavens !- with his children on her

my fate to the test before Christmas, but I am not sure but that I should have didn't. You see when a young fellow is 'turned idiot, had not something happened in love he loses courage. But one thing I to alter the circumstances in my position. vowed-Nellie should take a sleigh ride. This was nothing else than the total wreck of our vessel, and my narrow escape from powders and liquids in the pantry. Tom Armstrong had said-I had heard drowning, but with an arm broken by the Have borne me aloft on their sweeping him-that he meant to drive the pretriest falling of a spar. For a month I lay on a entter, the prettiest pair of horses, and the sick bed; and then, with a softened heart prettiest girl in New Bridge. He meant Nel- and a feeling that I was sick of the sea, I lie by the prettiest girl. His ture-out might went home to sister Jennie, to be a farmer again, if I could.

In these two years she had never had a line from me. Not an angry word did she give me, but ran into my arms and wept on my bosom like a child; and she showed me the wedding ring on her finger, and the mer. I called for Nellie in the afternoon, baby lying asleep in the cradle, and told me whose wife she was.

She was Mrs. Tom Armstrong, and I had never guessed they liked each other. "And I'm as happy as the day is long,"

she said, "only fretting about you. How could you go away so, Ned? If you did not think of my feelings, you might have remembered Nellie Brodie's." "Nellie Brodie's feelings!" I cried.

"Nellie Brodie's! Don't laugh at me, Jennie." "Laugh at you!" she cried. "Laugh at

you, my dear! I haven't thought of it. Did you quarrel that night? It must have been a quarrel, I think. Whose fault was it, yours or hers !"

"Miss Brodie and I never had a quarrel," I said.

"Oh, Ned," she resumed, softly, "don't try to hide it from me, when I saw your portrait in her bosom. I told you so, I know, and thought it was all settled and was so glad."

I started up and caught Jennie's wrist. "My pertrait?" I cried.

"Why. Ned. Ned, don't look at me so," screamed Jennie : "what does it all mean? Your portrait, of course; one of those obotographs you had taken-I found the rest after you went away. Oh, Ned, don't look so, dear ?" "I thought you told me she wore another

man's picinre." I said. "That drove me away; that and nothing else. Oh, what a wretched fool I've been! I did not know she had my picture : and I might have cast her away! I, who leved her so, and have pined for her all these years !" But Jennie, dear Jennie, with her kind

motherly face, and loving woman's eyes, came close to me, and put her arms around my neck, and whispered, "Don't despair, Ned, she has never liked any one else, and we idled away the long summer evenings "There is no danger," she said. "She 1 know for certain that she wears your picture still."

> And those words brought my youth back to me; and the years seemed blotted out, and I was Ned Brown, who fell in love with Nellie Brodie, once more.

Well, Jennie sold the treth. I went to see Nellie Brodie, and found her sweet and beautiful as ever; and we were married when the spring came and the birds began to build their nests in the green orchard. Afterwards when she had been my wife for some time. Nellie told me, under those very apple trees, how she had found my picture one day when no one saw her, and worn it afterwards for love of me-wore it and wept over it while I was far away, trying to forget her-trying, but never succeeding ; for the love I had for Nellie Brodie was part of my life, and will be, I believe, part of the eternity where, when death severs us here, we shall be reunited.

A TRUE ROMANCE. - Seventeen years ago, a poor carpenter died in a large city. and, as a matter of course, his children great blue eyes, and said: "It was not were at the charity of the neighbors. She knew I loved her, and I'm sure of your fault; you could not help it. It was Three of there were taken Wesi by a friend, and the fourth, a little girl, was placed in an asylum. Last fall, the only survivor of the western members of the family came place of course, and many willing enough gave me was as sweet as if she had not East in search of his long lost sister, having himself become very wealthy. iIe of looking at his daughter; and many a A week from that day I went to New found that the girl had been adopted by a jealous pang I had in those days, for Nel- York, and sought out an old ship owner dry goods merchant, but he had been dead a dozen years, and there was no trace of "I'm tired of farming," I said, "and the gid's whereabouts since. Being dis. over. couraged, he started West again, but on the train, he noticed among a bevy of girls who entered the cass one who remarkably resembled his mother. He left the train when they did, and soon found that it was not so witty as another, and not so rich as and wrote to sister Jennie, telling ber to indeed his sister, who was living with her poor adopted mother. She had never been \$657.65 I was, though, until I had my photograph manage the farm, whic's I knew they would told that she was an adopted child, and it taken one day by a man who had a gallery be glad to do; but I never fold ber where was long before she realized her situation. in the village. I thought at first he must I was or what I had done. I meant, you The young lady could not be prevailed surrounded by her brother, sie enjoys the pleasures of a real romance.

a mile from Gellizio Station, is offered for rent on fair terms. Possession will be given on the first day of March. 1876. This House has all the specified, which will be promptly abswered, and templications will be promptly abswered, which will be inoderate.

Tunnel Hill, Jan. 7, 1876-cff.

To married in a month.

JOHN JONES, THE SICK MAN. husband's business and earn her own sup-

He was "grunting around" for two or three days before be would give up. Mrs. but he said he guessed be'd be all right as soon as the weather changed again. On the third day he had a high fever and couldn' stand up.

Mrs. Jones seemed delighted. He had not been sick before for thirteen years, and she had a splendid stock of herbs and

"Now just give right up, John Washing ton, she replied, as he groaned and sighed and declared that he'd get down town as usual if it killed him. "There, let me turn your pillow over, hang your clothes in the closet, and then I'll run and make some toast."

He had to submit. She darkened the bedroom, put a clean spread on the bed. and a grand smile covered her face as she sailed into the kitchen,

"Sarah Jane, you go and fan your father with a newspaper and keep the flies off of him while I get the poor man some thing to eat. Your father is a very sick man, Sarah Jane, and I can't say that you won't

be fatherless this time next week. Sarah Jane went in and Mrs. Jones

rushed from the stove to the pantry : She toasted four large slices of bread, broke three eggs into hot water, got down a pint glass of jelly, sent for half a pound of crackers, and in about a half an hour she had the sick man's breakfast ready.

"I don't care what all the doctors in the land say," she remarked as she drew three chairs within his reach and loaded them down with provisions. "I know that people can't be sick without something on their stomach ?"

He tasted the toast, sipped the tea, groaned, growled and sighed, and she pleaded "Now. John, do try and cat something.

I know just how you feel, and I know you aven't any appetite, but do try."

"O, thunder !" he grouned, as his stomach rebelled against the food.

"Poor man! poor man!" she sighed, and placed her hand on his head. "John Washington, if you should die, this would be a sad house! I don't believe I could stand up under the blow over three weeks, and I know the children would give right

"Hadn't we better have a doctor?" he inquired, becoming frightened.

"Not now, John-not until we see that I can't do you any good. I know these doctors to a T. They'd come here and dose and dose and make a great bill, and you'd probably die just the same."

She carried out the food, put on a kettle of water, got out a clean towel, and as she entered the bed room with a dish of warm water in her hands, she said :

"Now, then, I must wash your feet and cut your toe-nails."

She sat beside the bed, took one of his feet on her lap, and that sweet smile on her face proved that illness would be a gain to her of a pound of flesh per day.

"My soul! but I'm glad I thought to wash your feet!" she exclaimed, as she rubbed them with a wet towel, "I would not have had the neighbors come in and see these feet for all we are worth."

She wanted to scrape the soles with an old case knife, but he would not permit it. She, however, got the shears and had a good time cutting his toe-nails and digging under them. She worked industriously for half an hour, and then held the foot off and looked at it admiringly and said :

"There! I'll take my oath that you have got the cleanest feet in town."

He balf admitted that be felt better, and, greatly encouraged, she sent Sarah Jane out to pull some horse radish leaves. These were trimmed, laid on the stove, rolled in her hand, and she went back to Mr. Jones and said :

"Now then, we'll put on the drafts." She put a leaf on the sole of each foot, tied clean cloths over them, hunted up band in an ecstacy of agony, sobbing, clean socks, and worried them on over the cloths, and as she tucked the spread down. she asked :

"Now, John Washington, don't you feel better-a little better?" "Oh! dunno!" he greaned, turning

She turned over his pillow, put a damp cloth on his forehead, counted his pulse,

and whispered : "See if you can't catch a little sleep while I go and wash the dishes."

When she went out Sarah Jane had her brother William harnessed to a chair and was driving him around the kitchen for her horse.

"What! didn't I tell you your father was ill?" exclaimed the mother, as she She made and applied the poultices herself boxed their ears. "It will be a pretty story to get out that your father lay dying." The children subsided, and as the mother

piled the dishes together and carefully scraped the crumbs from each plate on to THE spelling school furore has been of a platter, she couldn't help wondering how great nelp to at least one man. He has she would look in crape. Her husband | MARY JANE was in the parlor the other been courting a girl for three years past, was well known, belonged to the Odd Fel- evening, entertaining her young man. or sister, wife or sweether to get a mes- and hadn't the courage to speak his mind. lows and a debating society, and of course when Johnny, her little brother, entered.

port. She would be "Widow Jones," and if she smiled at all it must be a faint smile, and if she talked she must have her hand-Jones advised him to take pills of quinine, kerchief ready to wipe the tears from her

NUMBER' 5.

As her last dish was wiped her revery was broken by a howl from William, who had fallen over a log in the back yard.

"What! howling like that when your dear father is dying !" she exclaimed, and she shook him right and left.

He subsided, and she sent Sarah Jane down to the market after some lean mutton to make the invalid a nice broth.

"The poor man!" she sighed, as she started for the bed room. She reached it to find bim out of bed and dressed and ready to go down town. The horse radish drafts were hanging on the bedstead, the pillow was on the floor, and the spreadher best-was in a heap under the bed.

"Why, John Washington," she exclaimed, raising her hands,

"I'm going down," he replied in a determined voice.

"And ain't you going to have a fit of sickness?"

"No, hanged if I will."

And the poor woman sat down and cried. All these berbs and powders and liquors must remain on the shelves, and she might not have a chance to cut his toenails again for the next fifteen year . - M.

This is the Way Astors Are Made.

A Fourth street man being told there were several pieces of tin which needed mending. conceived the idea of getting an iron and solder and doing the mending himself. His wife, filled with vague forebodings perhaps, said that the expense was such a trifle that it would bardly pay to do it oneself, to which he responded :

"I'll admit that in this one instance it would not pay; but there is something being in want of repair every little while, and if I have the tools here for fixing it, we are saved just so much expense right along, It may not be much in the course of a year, but every little helps, and in course of time the total would amount to a nice little lump. We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country, by gra-

He got the iron-\$1-and 50 cents worth of solder, and 10 cents worth of resin. He came home with these things and went into the kitchen, looking so proud and happy that his wife would have been glad he got them were it not for an overpowering dread of an impending muss. He called for the articles needing repair. His wife brought out a pan.

"Where's the rest? Bring 'em all out, an' let me make one job of 'em while I'm about it."

He got them all and seemed to be disanpointed that there were not more of them. He pushed the iron into the fire, got a milk-pan inverted on his knee and, with the solder in his hand, waited for the right

"That iron only cost \$1, and it'll never wear out, and there's enough solder in this piece to do \$25 worth of mending," he explained to his wife.

Pretty soon the iron was at the right

heat, he judged. He rubbed the resin about the hole which was to be repaired. held the stick of solder over it, and carefully applied the iron. It was an intensely interesting moment. His wife watched him with feverish interest. He said, speaking laboriously as he applied the iron: "The only-thing-that-I-regret-aboutit-is-that-I-did-not-think-of-getting-thisbefore-" Then ascended through that ceiling and up into the very vauit of heaven the awfulest yell that woman ever heard, and that instant the soldering iron flew over the stove, the pan went clattering across the floor, and the bar of solder struck the wall with such force as to smash right through both plaster and lath. And before her horrified gaze danced her husscreaming, and holding on to his left leg as desperately as if it was made of solid gold and studded with diamonds.

"Get the camphor, why don't you?" be yelled, "Send for a doctor. Oh! oh! I'm a dead man," he shouted.

Just then his gaze rested on the soldering iron. In an instant he caught it un and hurled it through the window without the preliminary of raising the sash.

It was some time before the thoroughly frightened and confused woman learned that some of the molten solder had run through the hole in the pan and on to his leg, although she knew from the first that something of an unusual pature had occurred. She dida't send for the doctor. to save expenses. She said :

"We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country, by gracious." "Come, Maria, don't you be too cunning," he sheepishly expostulated.

TIME X.

George Unversight, goods to o. d. p. Joseph Stibleh, gends to "P. F. Shaifer, goods to "William McPherson, goods to Louisa Aaron, goods to " TORS OF THE POOR OF COUNTY in account with the C. Kreiger, goods to Dopp & Restart, goods to diple one steer hecob Wild, goods to leorge B. Wike, goods to terrelawhout. P. Shields & Son, goods to lames J. Murphy, clothing to Jeorge Wehn, clothing to s point by A. D. Criste, 10,174.82 Geo. C. K. Zahm, elothing to Louis Wehn, shoes to

For 1874 Calo robes. himz....

TREE FOLLS

of cersonal exn and serviand functed ex-Cares, o. d. p.