Cambria Freeman.

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

LUME X. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1876. NUMBER 9.

eriff's Sales.

of sundry writs of *Vend Expon.*, *Fi. Fa.*, *Le. di Facias* and *Fi. Fa.*, Expon., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of and to me directed, there will public sale, at the Court House on MONDAY, the 27th day of o'clock, P. M., the following

ALL the right, title and interest of John right, title and interest of, in and to a piece or parcel of township, Cambria adjoining lands of R. Hewitt, Jonder & Co., and others, con- 70 acres, unimproved. Taken be sold at the suit of Jas.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Jas. right, title and interest of John township, Cambria adjoining lands of John Neason, Adams, dec'd, and others, more or less, about 40 acres thereon erected a two story log stable, now in the occupancy of Taken in execution and to E. H. Rodgersen.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Te- in and to a piece or lot of Washington township, Cam- fronting on township road, Martin & Co., on the one other side, and ex- John Neel, having there- house and plank sta- Tobias Barnes. Taken be sold at the suit of Mar-

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of E. in and to a piece or parcel of township, Cambria coun- Joseph Wright, Joshua and others, containing 50 Taken in execution and suit of Levi Beam.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of James of Edward A. Buck, who Susan Berk, deceased, with in possession, to following described piece or lying and being in township, Cambria county, on the boundaries of

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Levari Facias*, *Fi. Fa.* and *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Mansion House in the Third Ward, Johnstown Bor., on SATURDAY, MARCH 25, A. D. 1876, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of John Herdman, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Coopersdale borough, Cambria county, Penn'a, fronting on Main street, having alley on the one side and adjoining lot of J. Marsh on the other side, and running back to an alley, having thereon erected a two story plank house and plank stable, now in the occupancy of John Herdman, Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Samuel Masters.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Nathaniel Marshall, of, in, and to a lot of ground situate in Conemaugh borough, Cambria county, Penn'a, fronting on Haynes street, having an alley on the one side and lot of Valentine Fry on the other side, and extending back to an alley, having thereon a two story brick house and a frame stable, now in the occupancy of David Clossin and John Eberly. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Peter Rhoads, now for use of C. R. Ellis.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John H. Kimmel, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Conemaugh borough, Cambria county, Penn'a, fronting on Haynes street, having an alley on the one side and lot of Valentine Fry on the other side, and running back to an alley, having thereon erected a two story brick house, and frame stable, now in the occupancy of David Clossin. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Peter Rhoades, now for use of C. R. Ellis.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Peter Litzell and Washington Stonebreaker, of, in and to a lot or piece of ground situate in the 8th ward, Johnstown borough, Cambria county, Penn'a, fronting on Somerset street and adjoining lot of Casper Hertzberger on the one side and lot of Copeland's heirs on the other side, and extending back to Stony Creek, having thereon erected a large wagon-making shop, including blacksmith shop, paint shop, trimming shop, etc., now in the occupancy of Washington stonebreaker. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of N. G. Olds & Son and J. G. Rouse & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John Porter, of, in and to a piece or square of ground situate in the 3rd Ward of Johnstown borough, Cambria county, Penn'a bounded by Washington street, Clinton street and Portage street, and running back to an alley, having thereon erected a one story plank store house, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Joseph Rankin.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of George W. Reed in the following described real estate, to wit: All that certain lot of ground situate in the borough of Johnstown, county of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, fronting three perches on the south west side of Napoleon street and extending back one hundred and fifty feet to an alley; said lot being marked and kn w on the plan of lots laid out by the heirs of John Dibert, deceased, by the number (40), bounded on the one side by lot number (39) and on the other side by an alley, being the same lot of ground which John Frederick and wife, by deed dated September 29, 1851, and recorded in the Recording office of Cambria county, in Record Book, volume 34, page 424, conveyed in fee to the said George W. Reed as by said recited deed, reference being thereunto had will more fully and at large appear, together with the appurtenances. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the Johnstown Building and Loan Association.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Robert P. Robinson and Mary Jane Robinson, his wife, in the following described real estate, to wit: All that certain lot of ground situate, lying and being in that portion of the Borough of Johnstown known as Germania, bounding at Haynes street and Division alley corner; thence along Haynes street 59 feet to corner of lot number one; thence along said lot 309 feet to Swamp alley; thence along said alley 5 3/4 feet to Division alley; thence along Division alley 2 3/4 feet to the place of beginning—being the same lot which Reuben Haynes and wife, by deed dated April 21 1-57, and recorded in Recorder's office in record of Cambria county, in volume 5, page 192, etc., conveyed to Mary Jane Robinson, together with the hereditaments and appurtenances Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the Johnstown Building and Loan Association.

ALSO all the right, title and interest of William J. Headrick in the following described real estate, to wit: All the undivided nine-tenths of a certain tract of land situate in the township of Taylor, in the county of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a hickory; thence south 51 1/4 degrees, east 37 perches, to a white oak at line of Daniel Goughnour; thence north 69 degrees east 70 perches, to a post; thence north 3 degrees, west 159 perches, to a post at line of Samuel Goughnour; thence north 80 degrees, west 35 perches, to a post; thence south 69 degrees, west 94 perches, to a post; thence south 25 degrees west 30 perches and 18 links, to a post; thence south 72 degrees, west 37 perches, to a hickory at place of beginning—containing 134 acres and 38 perches, with the appurtenances.

ALSO, all that certain lot of ground situate at or near the borough of East Conemaugh, in what was called the town of Sylvania, in Cambria county aforesaid, and marked and known on the plan of said town as Lot No. 7, fronting on Rail Road street, being four rods wide and twelve rods deep, with the appurtenances and hereditiments. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the Johnstown Savings Bank.

TERMS OF 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, March 6, 1876.

Register's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, in and for the County of Cambria, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county, for confirmation and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, the **29th** day of MARCH, 1876, to wit:

1. The second and final account of Jesse H. Dimond, executor of Charity Dimond, late of Munster township, deceased.
2. The first and final account of John Geis and Andrew Foster, executors of Magdalena Kredel, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased.
3. The first and final account of Emil Young, guardian of George Dorr, a minor child of August Dorr, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
4. The first account of Emily S. Jamison, administratrix of Dr. W. W. Jamison, late of Loretto borough, dec'd.
5. The account of Geo. Grumbling, administrator of Charles Shirey, late of Adams township, deceased.
6. The first and partial account of Jacob Horner and Christian Good, executors of John J. Horner, late of Conemaugh township, deceased.
7. The first and final account of Geo. W. McGary, guardian of Elizabeth H., Annie E. and Mary E. Sease, minor children of John Sease, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
8. The second account of Margaret Snedden, executrix of James Snedden, late of Woodvale borough, deceased.
9. The second account of Jacob Trefts, administrator of J. Adam Trefts, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
10. The first and final account of Mary Hogan and Patrick Hogan, executors of Daniel Hogan, late of Millville borough, deceased.
11. The first and final account of Valentine Quartz, executor of Mary Hassey, late of Washington township, deceased.
12. The first and final account of T. G. Pugh, administrator of John M. Beecher, late of Woodvale borough, deceased.
13. The first and final account of Geo. McGary, administrator of Augustus McGary, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
14. The account of Charles Unverzacht and Elizabeth Bending, administrators of John Bending, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
15. The first and partial account of John J. Roberts, administrator of Robert J. Roberts, late of Cambria township, deceased.
16. The first account of John G. Kaylor, Thomas Sargent and Joseph Hogue, executors of Peter Kaylor, late of Munster township, deceased.
17. The account of Eliza Noonan, acting administratrix of Jeremiah Noonan, late of Munster township, deceased.
18. The second and partial account of P. F. Custer and W. H. Sechler, executors of Samuel Stiles, late of Jackson township, deceased.
19. The first and final account of George Roseline, administrator of Jacob Settlemoyer, late of Summerhill township, deceased.
20. The account of F. M. George and Joseph Criste, executors of Otho Styner, late of Washington township, deceased.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register.

Register's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 26, 1876.

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive carly attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

THE RECONSIDERED VERDICT.

True in substance, though I tell it from a memory not very retentive of details, and, though true, probably new to many of my readers, is the story of the "Reconsidered Verdict." Some sixty autumns ago the case was tried at Chester before a judge of great ability and eminence, and a jury whose intelligence—but you shall hear. In the preceding spring—April, I think, was the month—there had been a bad case of burglary at a farmhouse in Cheshire: Three men had tied down and gagged the farmer and his two maid servants, and had rifled the house at their leisure. The police were told of the matter, and pretty accurate descriptions were given of the men. There were two other clews. In the struggle one of the men had lost a button from his coat, which button he had left behind. Also, the same man had had his face so badly scratched by one of the maids that the girl said "she was sure she had left her mark upon him." Weeks passed without any arrest being made, and people began to forget the burglary, until one day a man was taken up in Liverpool on suspicion of being concerned in a quite different matter. He had with him a bundle containing some of the plunder of the farmhouse. More of the plunder was found at his lodgings. His face bore traces of scratching, and, to clinch the matter, his coat wanted a button, and the buttons on it corresponded exactly with that picked up at the scene of the burglary.

His defense was very flimsy. "He knew nothing about the burglary, but had bought the coat and things very cheap of a man in the street." "Did you know the man?" "No, never saw him before, nor since." "How about the scratches?" "Well, he was a sailor, and too much accustomed to big hurts to take notice of scratches." Of course, he was committed for trial, and the trial, I said, came on at Chester. It excited a good deal of interest, and the court was crowded. And yet, after all, there was very little to be said. The circumstantial testimony above mentioned was overwhelming, and, in addition to that, farmer and servants, with one accord, swore to the identity of the prisoner with the burglar. There was no defense; the jury found a verdict of "guilty" without leaving the box; and, as burglary was a hanging matter in those days, it merely remained to pass sentence of death. Only a formula between him and judgment:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Then the prisoner spoke for the first time. Just brushing his eyes with the cuff of his coat, he began.

"Well, cap'n, it's hard to be hung for noth'n, but I see this is a yard-arm business. I know no more o' this 'ere burglary nor a baby; but these witnesses ha'n' told no lies, I s'pose. And what can I say again 'em? When the thing came off—April, didn't they say—I was fightin' the slavers on the gold coast. But you've got no call to believe that, and so there's an end to it."

There was something in the man's manner that impressed the judge, so he said, not unkindly: "But surely, prisoner, if your story is true, you must have friends and comrades with whom you could have communicated. If you had thought they could do you good you would have done this. It is too late now."

"You're right, cap'n, it's to late. But it's all very well to say 'let 'em know' when a man is locked up in jail, and can't write nor read and don't know where they are. They may be in America, they may be in the cape, and how could I let 'em know—leastways, not in time? No, it's no use, and you'd better order me to be run to the yard-arm at once."

"But," urged the judge, "the court has no wish to hang a man who may be innocent. Is there no one who could speak for you?"

The man looked in a helpless sort of way round the court.

"No," he began; but just then his eye lighted on a stranger from the inn. "Yes," he added, pointing to him; "there's a gentleman who might speak for me if he would."

The judge turned round. "Do you know the prisoner?" he asked.

"No, my lord," was the reply, "I never saw him before in my life."

"Well, Captain Sharpe," said the prisoner, "If you put the rope around my neck, I give in. Go on, my lord."

"Stay," said the judge, "is your name Captain Sharpe?"

"Yes, my lord"—and, "Captain Sharpe, R. F.," was on the card he had sent in.

"Well, the prisoner seems to recognize you, so that I will ask you to step into the witness box and be sworn, that he may ask you questions."

The captain went into the box, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Are you Captain Sharpe, of his majesty's ship Vulture?"

"Yes."

"Were you in command of her on the slave coast this spring?"

"I was."

"And wasn't I one of your crew?"

"Most certainly not."

"But, cap'n, don't you remember the big slaver that gave you all the trouble; that you had to board?"

"Yes."

"And you yourself led the boarders?"

"Oh, yes; but all that is nothing—you may easily have heard or read all about that."

"Well, but, cap'n, once more; don't you remember the big nigger that was almost cutting you down? Don't you remember the man who stood between you and death, and what he got for it? Don' you remember that?"—and, brushing back his hair, the prisoner showed a great scar down one side of his head.

The whole court looked on breathless as the captain stared at the scar and the man till his eyes seemed starting from his head. At length, as if in a dream, the captain muttered to himself: "Is it possible?"

Then, slowly and deliberately, he got out of the witness box and clambered into the dock, where he seized the prisoner's hand, and, turning to the judge, said: "My lord, this was the best man in my crew, and he saved my life. Kind Providence has sent me here to save him. He is so changed by illness and imprisonment that I could not recognize him. But there is no mistake now, and if you hang the old bo'son of the Vulture you must hang his captain with him."

Then followed a scene rarely witnessed in a court of justice. Amid cheers and sobs that no one cared to suppress the judge briefly directed the jury to reconsider their verdict, which they at once did, finding a unanimous. "Not guilty." The prisoner was discharged, and left the dock arm-in-arm with the captain. They were hurried into a chaise and drawn to the inn in a triumphal procession, and after a sumptuous lunch they posted off together to London. As they cleared the ancient town Captain Sharpe might have been heard addressing his companion somewhat as follows:

"Well old pal, we pulled through that business pretty well, I think. But it was a near go. That was a good notion of Wily Bob's towait for the verdict before moving. We could never have touched that evidence."

"Yes," replied the innocent and long suffering boatswain of the Vulture; "and if you had cottoned to me a minute too soon, the old beak would have been fly to the trick. Lord, I was fit to burst when the old boy began to cry."

From which brief remark we gather that "Captain Sharpe" might have known more of the burglary than of the Vulture.

JAKE was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth who goes to school at the Atlanta colored university:

"Look hyar, boy, you goes ter school, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Gittin' eddykashun, ain't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Larnin' 'rithmetick and figgerin' on a slate, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't take two whole days to make a hour, do it?"

"W'y no!" exclaimed the boy.

"You was gwine ter bring day hatchit back in a hour, warn't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' its bin two days since yer borrowed it. Now, what good's eddykashun gwine ter do you thick skulled niggers when yer go to school a whole year an' den can't tell how long it take to fetch back a hatchit?"

The boy got mad and slung the hatchit over the fence and half way through the ash barrel.

A NEW RESPONSIBILITY.—A day or two ago a person living on the river road called at the Detroit post-office to mail a package. He had four cents worth of stamps on it, but when weighed it was found to lack two cents.

"I'll not pay it! Four cents is plenty!" blustered the man. "I know what it is worth to carry packages as well as this government does!"

"The postal law regulates these matters," observed the clerk.

"Then I'll regulate the postal law."

The clerk was wondering how it could be done, when the man continued:

"You see that package?"

"Yes, sir."

"With four cents on it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm going to mail it. If it reaches Chicago, all right. If it does not, I'll come around here and haul you through that window and break fifty of your ribs and twist you twice around that door!"

Applications for the position of stamp clerk should be sent in early.

IN one of our dry goods stores is employed a young man of rather feminine appearance, although a tip-top salesman and clerk. One day not long since a little girl—a mere bunch of femininity, not able to talk plain—entered the store. She asked if he had any "totten flannel." He replied that he had, and asked how much she wanted.

"I don't know," was the reply.

"What do you want it for?" asked the clerk.

"Want to make papa a shirt."

"Well, how big is your papa; is he as big as me?"

"Bid as you?" said the little maiden; "I dess he is; he wouldn't be much of a papa if he wasn't!"

The clerk cut her off three yards amid the general roar that followed.

PURSUED TO DEATH.

A COLD BLOODED CRIME AND A THRILLING RETRIBUTION—THE RIDERLESS HORSE.

In the year 1812 the western portions of Pennsylvania, embracing the mountainous regions between Chambersburg and Pittsburgh, presented little more than an unbroken wilderness, through which the great road from Philadelphia passed; and at that period it was a highway between the Eastern cities and the great Western wilderness of Ohio and Kentucky.

About midway of this road, and in a most dismal locality, was located an inn kept by an honest, well-to-do German, named Stottlers. The house was a small one, but the accommodations were amply sufficient for the travel that came that way. In the spring of the year mentioned there came from the stock raising region, around Pittsburgh, a drover, who, with his flock of well fattened bullocks, was on his way to Philadelphia. He was well armed and mounted on a horse of spotless whiteness. In conversation with the inmates of Stottlers' inn—the most of whom were ordinary hunters—he stated with reserve the objects of his trip, and communicated the fact that on his return he would stop at the tavern with the proceeds from the sale of his cattle in his possession.

On the day following his arrival the stranger departed. About three weeks thereafter, or at the time he was expected to return, two Canadian Frenchmen of villanous appearance, and both heavily armed, arrived at Stottlers', and, after breakfasting, continued their journey eastward. In less than an hour they returned, accompanied by a third traveler, who was mounted on a white horse that closely resembled that ridden by the Pittsburgh drover. The third party, in the course of his conversation with the landlord, stated that his name was Pollock, that he lived near the residence of General Arthur St. Clair, in Westmoreland county, and that he was on his way to rejoin his wife and children, from whom he had been separated for some weeks. He stated also that he was a farmer, but possessed of small means. The contents of his purse were, however small they might be, at the disposal, in equal shares, with destitute travelers, such as these whose company he was in, and whose expenses to Pittsburgh he expected to pay.

After partaking of some refreshments the three men then took the road westward. In less than an hour John Stottler and his brother-in-law, John Lambert, a blacksmith by trade and a thorough frontiersman, were startled while in conversation on the porch outside the inn to see Pollock's riderless horse approaching them on a gallop. As the animal neared them they saw that he was bespattered with blood, and Lambert, who had just been communicating his suspicions of the Frenchmen insisted that the farmer had been murdered, and urged an immediate pursuit of his companions.

The servants about the inn were at once mounted and sent out to scour the country for assistance, while Lambert and his less energetic relative busied themselves in preparing their horses and arms for the chase. By noonday about a dozen men, residing nearest the inn, congregated at the general rendezvous, and, with Lambert for a leader, were soon in pursuit of the murderers. After a journey of about one mile the party came to the scene of the murder. Here they discovered the evidences of a terrible struggle. The snow which lay upon the ground was much trampled and greatly discolored with blood, and a few feet away from this scene lay the corpse of the murdered man, wedged in between two logs, and covered with the rubbish of leaves and broken twigs. Two balls had passed through the body, and in the breast were several gaping wounds that had evidently been inflicted with a large hunting knife.

One of the hands of the deceased was terribly disfigured, as he had evidently grasped the blade of the knife, which, being drawn through his fingers, nearly cut them in twain. His clothing was badly torn, while his countenance indicated the intense agony of his dying moments.

It appeared from the foot tracks in the snow leading to the west that the murderers had set their horses free or been compelled to part with them, and this seemed a wise precaution on their part, as the mountainous condition of the country ahead of them rendered travel by foot, to those accustomed to such exertion, far more expeditions than by horseback. Lambert and his companions, knowing this to be the case, determined to follow their prey on foot also. Accordingly the major part of the party at once continued on the trail, while three or four of the men removed the body and the horses to Stottler's inn. Shortly after night had fallen Lambert's associates became dissatisfied with their errand, and in a body returned to the inn.

The intrepid blacksmith, notwithstanding this demoralizing defection, continued the pursuit alone. After traveling in a northwestern direction for twelve or fourteen miles he came to an old and disused road, running nearly parallel with the one he had left. This was called the "Old Pennsylvania Trace," between Philadelphia and Red Stone Old Fort, situated on the waters of the Monongahela river. It was the first road ever opened between eastern Pennsylvania and the head waters of the Ohio river, and the ancient landmark, "three chops and a blaze," were still visible by daylight on the old trees.

This ancient road and landmark were adopted by the old surveyors and openers of roads in the West to propitiate Heaven in favor of the first settlers of the great Western wilderness, and hence the first chop was for the Father, the second for the Son and the third for the Holy Ghost; and the blaze was merely designated to attract the eye of the observer.

When Lambert struck this old road he discovered on the north side of it a dilapidated log cabin. Approaching the cabin he noticed a light within, and, feeling satisfied that the murderers were close at hand, he gave a loud cough. This brought to the rear door of the house the old woman who occupied it, and who obtained a living by selling cakes and beer to passing wayfarers. Lambert, in a feigned voice, asked to spend the night within, and was at once admitted. He had but crossed the threshold when the report of a musket was heard in the next room, and the ball splintered the woodwork of the door above his head.

Without a moment's hesitation Lambert, with nothing but his tomahawk in hand, sprang into the next room and struck down the man in whose hand was the still smoking musket. The villain's companion, the smaller man of the two, at once fled the house; but before he had passed beyond the light of the fire within, the avenger, with the wretch's own rifle, brought him to the earth in a struggle with death that lasted but a second. As soon as he had fired the shot Lambert turned upon the prostrate murderer, who was about to rise, and struck him a second time, felling him to the floor again. He then, with a rope furnished him by the old woman, bound the villain's hands and legs securely. In the morning the avenger borrowed a horse from the woman, strapped upon its back the living and dead murderers, and before nightfall arrived at Stottler's inn. On the following day the living man was publicly lynched in front of the inn, and the two bodies were there consigned to a unhonored grave. Lambert's companions, cravenhearted as they had proven themselves, were loud in praise of their daring leader, who, until the day of his death, was a hero in the humble circle of life in which he was placed.

A CENTENNIAL DOLL.—Mr. Jerome Tice, of Clermont county, gives us a description and history of a centennial doll which is still in the Tice family, preserved as an heirloom, and which had such adventures as make it an interesting relic. The doll was a New Year's gift, Jan. 1, 1774, to little Sarah Horn, she being then but three years old, and living in the city of Philadelphia. Her father was a sergeant in the Pennsylvania Marines. The doll was the gift of an uncle, who was a wood carver. It was more than a foot in length, and was a handsome piece of work, being carved from wood, and representing a woman in the costume of the period, high-heeled slippers, high headgear and all. When Philadelphia was evacuated Mr. Horn's family went to Bordentown, N. J. and were there when Mr. Borden's house was burned. At the battle of Monmouth the family with others were hiding in a swamp near that battle-ground. The doll shared the fate of the family, but was preserved in the swamp by its little owner with tender care. It has been held as an heirloom ever since. In 1853 it was brought from New Jersey by Mrs. South, a descendant of Sarah Horn, who married Elias Tice, and was given to a member of the family. During the Morgan raid it was in Batavia and was again the object of tender solicitude on the part of its then young owner, who concealed it in her clothing to keep it from falling into the hands of the enemy. The doll is now in the possession of Temperance Tice, whose home is in Indianapolis. It deserves a place in its early home—Philadelphia—during this centennial year.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A HOPEFUL CONVERT.—During a late revival in Kansas, a notorious old sinner, Jim K——, was hopefully converted, and got up in a class meeting to give his experience. He commenced, sotto voice, and in a measured tone:

"I dreamed—a dream. I dreamed—that I died—and went to hell."

A brother here rose in the body of the house and remarked: "Will the brother speak a little louder? We can't hear in this quarter."

Jim repeated, alto voice: "I dreamed that I died," etc., when another brother rose in another quarter and renewed the request.

Jim resumed altissimo: "I dreamed, I died," etc.

Hereupon a "cullud pusson" in the gallery rose and cried out: "Will de brudder speak a leetle louder. We can't hear in de gallery."

Jim resumed vociferously; "I dreamed—that I died—and went to hell. There, you can hear that, you d——d nigger."

It may added that the faith of the audience in Jim's conversion was slightly shaken by this little episode.

THERE is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or to supply the want of it.

STRANGE PARTING.

It is seldom indeed that a separation of a man and wife occurs under such strange circumstances, and in the manner given herewith. This was an actual occurrence a few days since, however, the parties being well known, not only in the country where they resided, but in this city as well, and we might give names, but withhold them for prudential reasons. This much we will say, they lived in the edge of Plymouth county, and we believe in Lincoln township. The particulars, as related to us, are substantially as follows:

The parties referred to were united in marriage perhaps a couple of years since, and in order to consummate this end the young man was compelled to renounce Protestanism and avow allegiance to the Roman Catholic faith, the young woman whom he desired to marry being a staunch Catholic. This step he took. In due time after marriage a child was born to the apparently happy couple, to more firmly unite their hearts in love for each other. But this event did not have a tendency to work that end. Soon after the birth of their little one the wife expressed a desire to have it baptized in the church and in the faith she had espoused. To this the husband sternly objected, saying that he would as soon see the child dead. Therefore, as the wife could not prevail upon her husband to accede to her request in the matter of the baptism of the little babe, the subject for the time being was dropped. A little later the babe sickened and died, and, in justice to the afflicted ones, we will presume that they both felt as deep sorrow over their loss as a father or mother could feel at the death of an only child. The wife very naturally demanded that a priest officiate at the last sad rites, while the husband strongly and very unreasonably, as it appears to us, objected to any such thing, and asserted that a prominent and good neighbor, who ofttimes preaches, but who is a Protestant, should conduct the funeral services. The parents of the young wife, we understand, also endeavored to get their son-in-law to comply with the wishes of his wife in this respect, but he stubbornly refused to yield, and so the little one was laid away to its last rest, we believe, without any formal Christian burial service.

Here, at the grave of the child, was enacted the strangest part of the whole proceedings. In view of what had already transpired, the mother asserted it to be the duty of her now childless daughter to return home to the parental roof, and leave the man whom she had avowed to love and obey, and there, over the fresh grave of their babe, the young husband and wife clasped hands and bade each other farewell forever.—*Sioux City Journal.*

HOW HE COLLECTED THE MARRIAGE FEES.—A good story is told of a newly appointed Justice of the Peace in one of the western States who was called on soon after his accession to office to marry a couple. He was a bachelor and had never been to a wedding, and had no form book which showed him just how to do the thing properly. However, as there was no one else within fifty miles, he thought, who could marry them, he determined to try, and, having an eye to the main chance, he looked out for his fee in a novel manner, as he did not expect to receive a very large one, and, judging from the man's appearance, felt doubtful of getting any. He began by swearing the groom: "Put your right hand on the Bible. You do solemnly swear that the evidence you give in the case of Robert Jones against Mary Smith shall be the truth, so help you God. Kiss the book and pay me one shilling." The groom, somewhat surprised, did this, and the Squire proceeded: "Will you take Mary Smith to be your wife?" "I will." "Will you provide for her, give her good and suitable clothes, and keep plenty of provision in the house, and will you take care of her if she should be sick?" "I will." The Squire then proceeded to swear the bride in the same way, looking out for his other shilling, and interrogating her as to whether she would "be a good and obedient wife, and take care of his house, and nurse him if he should be sick, and take good care of the babies." The bride blushed a little at the last clause, but promised and the erratic Justice said: "The Court finds you married, and orders that the costs be paid by Robert Jones; then you can go." The man grumbled a little at being obliged to disburse money the third time, but paid a dollar finally, and the couple departed.

ORIGIN OF MAHOGANY FURNITURE.—About the eighteeth century a West India captain brought some mahogany logs as ballast for his ship, and gave them to his brother, Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, who was then building a house. The wood was thrown asids as too hard for the workmen's tools. Some time afterward his wife wanted a candle box. The Dr. thought of the West Indian wood, and out of that the box was made. Its color and polish tempted the Dr. to have a bureau of the same material, and this was thought so beautiful that it was shown to all his friends. The Duchess of Buckingham, who came to look at it, begged wood enough to make another bureau for herself. Then the demand arose for more, and Honduras mahogany became a common article of trade.