LUME X.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1876.

NUMBER 11.

INGS BANK

nton St., Johnstown, Pa. SEPT. 12, 1870. DEPOSITS from not less than One Bollar. Accept, six per cent. Interest is soft inne and December, and is abled to the deposit, thus competer without troubling the deposit without troubling the deesent the deposit book rate. Preference, with given to borrowers of ored. Good reference

rely a Savings Bank, and security, prawers, copies of the aw relating to this David Dibert, C. B. ghtin, D. J. Morrell, rley, Lewis Plitt, H.

MORRELL, President. EPILEPSY

SCERED THOUSANDS. A back sent free to all address.

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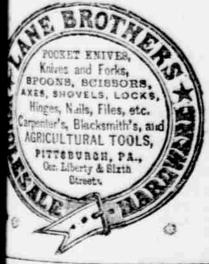
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s. M. MOORE Penn Avenue, near 10th St.,

TITTERFROH, PA. To the Ladies! and in compilet of a large invoice of

ST ELECANT COODS! and out at great bargains and at reach Garments, STING IN PART OF

ED VELVET DRESSES. ELEGANT SILK CLOAKS. the Avertresse, Neck Scarfs, the Basses Camer's Hair Costumes, to Hair and Homets, and a large Sta Seques Mulls and Hoas; also softend of Real Lace Froundings.



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CREENSBURG, PA. re Town. Fronts Court House, S'th Ent JOHN PORTER, Lessee.

OSES * Chaire Monthlies 25 Choice varieties of Flower Seeds by mail for \$1.00. nd for Himstrated Catalogue of BESLA. ELLIOTT & CO., Bi Market St., Phitsburgh, Pa.

D. EVANS, RCHITECT!

OPPICE-36 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSHURGH, PA.

ICENSE NOTICE.—Petitions for Tavern and Eating House Licenses have been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county by the following named persons, and will be presented to the Court of Quarter Sessions of said county at March Sessions, 1876:

TAVERN LICENSE. Allegheny Twp.-A. J. Christy.
Barr Twp.-Nicholas Tambour, Bern'd Vogle.
Carrolltown Boro.—Lawrence Schroth, Paul
Elwanger, Edward L. Binder, And'w H. Haug,
Cambria Boro.—Peter Sarlouis, George Algner, Ann Mary Kurtz, Henry Gore, John H.
Gallagher, Elizabeth McDonald, Peter Haughey,
Bernard Fitzpatrick, Edward Howe, Conrad
Meyer.

Conematigh Boro.—Jos. Menser, Pius Klug. John Widman, Ist Ward; Joseph Dally, Mich'i Toohey, 24 Ward. East Conemaugh Boro.—Leonard Kist, David

Fulcon.
Chest Springs Boro.—John Crouse.
Croyle Twp.—Peter Brown.
Chest Twp., at St. Boniface.—Thomas Ott.
Ebensburg Boro.—Henry Foster, John A.
Blait, John Fitzbarris, Michael Laterner, Martin
Rist, West Ward; f. H. Linton, East Ward.
Franklin Boro.—Peter Rubritz.
Gallitzin Boro.—Albert Bender, Samuel A.
Criste.

Gallitzin Twp.—Patrick O'Dowd, Anthony McCue.

Johnstown Boro.—Conrad Raab, John V. Shaffer, E. M. Willower, John Raab, Lawrence Reich, Elizabeth Kohler, John Garhart, Henry Baltzer & Louis, C. Lambert, John Coad, Philip Shufties, Mich, Finegan, P. O. Connell, Thos. S. Davis, John M'Dermott, John Shiffhour, 2d Ward: Henry Vonalt, Charles Zimmerman, George Shaffer, John Fritz, Charles Kast, Jos. Shoemaker, Joseph Rexier, Augus Danges, George Raab, John Karr, Philip Hertzinger, Louis Leitenberger, Thos. H. Heist & Chas. Kropp, D.W. Harskberger, John M. King, Adom Blershark, 3d Ward; John A. Stemmer, Alben Pfeiffer, Oscar Graffe, Henry Hansman, W. H. Thompson, 4th Ward; August Weigand, 5th Ward; Henry Shaffer, 5th Ward.

Loretto Boro.—Florian Bangle, F. X. Haid.

Milletile Boro.—Florian Bangle, F. X. Haid. Gallitzin Twp.-Patrick O'Dowd, Anthony

Richland Twp.-Erhart Maizi, Bernard Nees, Summitville Bor.- Chaistion Reich, John W. Gillespie.
Washington Twp.—Jacob S. Kiel, Michael C. Bradley, Margaret Helle, Geo. W. Mullin, Jacob Baindle, John H. Chris, Christopher Robine.
Wilmore Boro.—George Wenderoth, Joseph Yoder Twp.-Jacob Rohem.

Johnstown, 3d Ward.—John Ludwig, P. S. Fisher & Co., Henry Fritz & Co.

Callitzin Twp.—Matthew Dignum.
Carrolltown Boro.—Henry Blum, Julius Stick,
Washington Twp.—Goo. J. Schwaderer, Wm.
Finn. Mark B. McLaughlin.
Wilmire Boro.—John Schroth, P. F. Kirby.
Johnstown, 4th Ward.—Jacob Fend, Christian

Office Clerk of Q. S., Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1878. RIAL LIST, MARCH TERM.-Lis A of Causes set down for trial at a Court | locks that you don't know the Lord." of Common Pleas, to be held at Ebensburg, for Cambrin county, commencing on Monday, 27th March, A. D. 1876:

vs. Evans.

vs. Evans.

vs. Conrad.

vs. Kuriz. vs. Rollen et. al. vs. Benton & James,

vs. Linton & Son.

Hagus
Johnston & Scanlan
Brawley use

vs. Idorrison.
vs. Brotherine.
vs. Williams. Robant dyers & Co. Borough let asher

vs. John Cox et. al. vs. Quinn. vs. Firney & Johnston vs. Wolcslayle & Son, vs. Myers & Co. vs. Waters. sesger & wife

vs. Dysart. vs. Gleason & wife. Susitzberger & Co vs. Harshberger, Milliken for use vs. Christy. B. McCOLGAN, Prothonotary.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of administration on the estate of Admo Settlemoyer, late of Croyle township, Cambria ounty, deceased, having been granted to the un dersigned by the Register of said county, all per-

sons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.
J. W. PRINGLE, Administrator.
Summerbill, Feb. 25, 1875. 61.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE. Estate of JAS. J. McGough, dec'd. Letters testamentary linking been granted the undersigned on the estate of James J. Me Gough, late of Summerhill township, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified

ANTEL BOTLE,
VALENTINE KREMER,

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of administration on the estate of Mary Kehoe, late of Gallitzin township, Cambria coun kehoe, fate of Galifekin township, Cambred to the under-signed by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make im-mediate payment, and those having claims or de-mands against the same will present them proper y probated for settlement, THOMAS PLUNKET, Administrator, Gallitzin, March 17, 1878.-6t.

A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of John C. Dimond, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of John C. Dimond, late of Wilmore borough, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in Summerhill township, in said county, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay. JESSE H. DIMOND, Administrator. March 17, 1876.-61.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE. Estate of Anthony Garman, dec'd. Notice is hereby given that letters of adminis-ration have been granted to the undersigned on tration have been granted to the unfersigned on the estate of Anthony Garman, late of hest town ship, Cambria county, decensed. All persons in-debted to said estate are notified to make prompt payment, and those having claims against it are requested to present the same properly authenti-cated for settlement. MARY GARMAN. Chest Twp., March 10, 1876-17-6t. Adm'x.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of LENA DELOZIER, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Lena De-lozier, late of Allegheny township, Cambria coun-ty, deceased, have been issued to the under-signed, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those baying claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settle-

will present thom duly authenticated for settle ment. F. O'FRIEL, Executor. Loretto, Feb. 24, 1876.-6t. NOTICE.—The subscriber hereby notifies the public that he has this day bought at Sheriff's side and left with Mr. JAMES
S. LUGREST, of Barr township, the following deseribed property, to wit: 3 mares, I sleigh, I sled,
I wagon and hay ladders, 2 sets harness, I plough,
I harrow, and a lot of oats, straw and corn-fodder,
All persons are cautioned against interfering with
said property.

A. D. CRISTE,
Munster Twp., March 15, 1876.—3t.

DESIRABLE PROPERTY FOR, SALE.—A Lot of Ground, 36 by 160 feet, situate at or near Cresson, having thereon erected a comfortable Plank Dwelling House, containing seven rooms, and a small plank stable, is

THE SHARPER'S PERIL.

"No wonder you are astonished," said Dick, "to see such an article as this in my possession, but if it is a strange thing for me to have a Bible, the way I came by it is stranger. I have had it three years; and shall keep it as long as I live. Three years ago I was living by my wits at St. Paul. Perhaps I gambled some ; perhaps you would call it swindling. At all events there was a chap out there, a rich young scapegrace who loved to be fleeced; and no one loved to ficece him better than Dick. One day he came to me looking very miserable.

"Dick," said he, "I've lost my watcha poor old turnip; but the old woman gave it to me just before she died, and I would not lose it for a farm."

I made inquiries and found that the watch had gone into a lawless backwoods settlement. How I found out is nothing

"You must be a sweet baby," I interrupted. "Why, they shoot an officer on sight out there.'

"I would give five hundred dollars," said Tom, passionately, "rather than lose that watch."

"Done," I said, and the next morning I started for Lake Howard, forty-seven miles in the dreary woods, dressed like a backwoodsman, with a couple of derringers in my pockets, and mounted on an animal that was once a horse, which was bought for twenty-five dollars. A dreary ride it was. To say nothing of the awful roads, the backbone of my noble steed was a source of constant misery, for I had no saddle; that would have excited suspicion at once. So I was glad, at the end of the second day, when five miles from the Lake, to stop at a log hovel by the roadside. The family were just preparing their evening meal, making it into mush-when I entered, and I was about to take a scatat the him before night, and made my way back

"You are right there, old man," said I. 'He's a stranger to me,"

At that the old fellow groaned, and immediately produced the identical Bible you see before you.

"Hear the words of wrath," he said. beginning to read, and oneer work he made of it, kicking his mental shins against all the big words. I paid little attention to him, but I got somehow a vauge impression that his mind was not on his reading. Still I did not set him down as a hypocrite, as I should instantly had he been anywhere else but there, where hypocrisy seemed so superfluous. Wicked as I was, I was rather pleased than otherwise to find symptoms of picty in that God-forsaken place, The reading and the supper over, the old man

said inquiringly : "Maybe ye'r going into the Virginia settlement."

"That's just where I am going," I re-

"Then if you take that ring with you, violence will be done you. Them people don't know you."

Sure enough, like a confounded fool, as the wisest of us may be at times, I had worn my emerald ring all the way.

"Young man," said the old fellow again, "what are you driving at? Never be a hypocrite; you are no laboring man. The Lord be merciful to you."

"Right again old stick-in the-mud," said I. "I am no laboring man; I never did work for a living, and I never will. I don't mind telling you, on account of your remarkable piety, that I am up here on a little business for a friend. Perhaps you ean help me, in which case you can earn a dollar or two. Perhaps you don't know such a fellow as Merriman-Austin Merri-

"A desperate fellow," said the old man with a shudder, "who knows not the Lord." "Perhaps," I said, "be's a sport, a gay and festive sort of a wood-chopper. Maybe he traded a little once in a while, in jewel- leaf.

"He has been trying to trade a watch for a pair of steers," and as this, of course, was what I wanted to know I pulled out my wallet and gave the man two dollars. How sharp he looked at the other bills.

"The Lord does provide," he said turning to his wife; "why, sir, would you believe, we haven't a morsel of pork in the house !"

Little did I think how that old boy, with

"I hope the Lord will bless you," he said, as I started the next morning .- "Be sure you stop here when you come back." I told him I would-I rather liked his mush and milk for a change. I had hardly got out of sight of the hovel when a deer started across the road; I fired one of my pistols at it and neglected to load it again. to Watertown. Very foolish, but I was a little reckless.

I suppose I was about five miles from the old man's place, when all at once I came in sight of the very man I was after; The old she-devil was standing in the doorhe was splitting rails by the roadside. I knew he was the man I was after, because, dangling from the pocket of his plush vest, taining seven rooms, and a small plank stable, is offered for sale veay chear. Title perfect. For terms call on or address the undersigned at Cresson, or T. W. Dick at Ebensburg.

March 17.-4t. Mas. M. A. HALLER. daugling from the pocket of his plank vest, if the right, out gai, I was was Tom Vincent's watch chain; but I, plunging into the darkness.

A weary midnight ride was my astonishment to find, on a Watertown. Not that the property of t was Tom Vincent's watch chain; but 1, plunging into the dark of 30,000 what was my astonishment to find, on a A weary midnight ride was that to yes," says grandfather, the Gin'rel borer'd we must fight, or you must run. If you'll cubic feet capacity. There are galleries what was my astonishment to had, says grandfaction, the difference are galleries second look, that I knew him. Why, sir, Watertown. Not that the pain of the a chaw terbaccer of me many and many a run, it'll be just as good to me as to fight.' for storing meant in hot weather, capable of holding 2 000 at the look, that I knew him.

"Halloa," he said, "what do you do bere?" As he said this he picked up his rifle; he and I were never friends. "What do you think?" said I, putting

my hand into my pocket. "No good," he said, "you infernal beat," and with that he made a motion to level his

In an instant I whipped out my derringer, and gave him an excellent opportunity to look square down the muzzle. "You are covered," said I, "drop your

He dropped it and began to tremble. If he had known how I trembled inside, he would not have been so scared. The sense of deadly pain is not so easy to get used to. I dismounted, fired his gun into the ground, broke the stock against a tree and threw it into the brush and tied my horse to a stump.

"Now, my friend," I said to Merriman. be kind enough to march." "Where?" he asked.

"Into the woods," I replied. "You ain't going to kill me?" he said

inquiringly. "No," I responded, "though you deserve it. I am going to tie you to a tree, gag you and leave you there."

"That will be ten times wuss?" he said

How pleasant it is to be cruel! It is a temptation that few men, one way or another, can resist. As my victim and myself penetrated the forest I begged him, sarcastically, to select the tree he would like; and when I had secured and gagged him, and had marched off a dozen yards or so and aimed my derringer at him, it was jolly to see him writhe and squirm and make motions for mercy. Finally I fired the weapon over his head, and he fainted. My pistols were both empty. I 'blazed the trees," so that his friends would find table when the old man looked at me sadly. to the road. What was my astonishment "Young man," said he, "I see by your to find my horse gone-stolen without a

doubt ! "Whew!" I sollloquized, "this is a moral neighborhood," and immediately thought about loading up. What was my further astonishment to find that I had lost my box of cartridges! So much for carelessness, And there I was, sir, in the midst of a township of notorious thieves, without a weapon, without a borse, and with over a hundred dollars in money and property in my possession. The thing did look a little

"Thank my stars," I thought to myself, 'there's one highly conscientious Christian in these woods"-referring to the old man, of course : and at his house, a little after sundown, I arrived, pretty well tired out. The old fellow was on the lookout for me.

"Ah," said he, as I entered, "I know the Lord would bless you. I have been praying for you all day."

"Thanks," I said, "but never mind about the biessing; all I want is some mush and a blanket, and your horse in the morning to take me to Watertown."

"You shall have 'em," he said, "but shan't I read a chapter?" "No. "

"The Lord has blessed you?" said the old devil inquiringly.

"Yes," I said. "He has; I have done what I wanted and got rid of my horse besides," and these were the last words I said to the old man till about two o'clock in the morning. About that time, sir, I was awakened by a sharp pain in my cheek, and a loud "thug" on the floor beside me. I clapped my hand to my cheek and felt blood; but between me and the window was the old man's form. Why, sir, a streak of lightning is nothing to a man's nerves at such a time! Before you could say "Jack Robinson," before there was time to form a single coherent thought, I found myself doing the very best thing I could-clutching the old man by the throat and pressing the muzzle of my empty pistol to his temple-he shaking like an aspen

was always merciful !" "Was he?" said I, giving his throat an awful squeeze.

"Ob, don't kill him," wailed the old don't."

"Get up, you Jezebel, and strike a light. or I will send him and you, too, to the Prince of Darkness," I growled. The light was struck. What did I see?

his piety, had pumped me. I am ashamed Oh, nothing in particular; only the floor to this day to think how he came it over torn up and a grave dug to put me in, when I first came in. As I saw this I could not help knocking the old man down with the barrel of my pistol, and pitching him into the hole. I put his Bible in my pocket as a memento; in three minutes I was mounted on his horse and on the road

> Not quite unmolested, though, for as I turned the corner of the fence a bullet whizzed spitefully at me. I turned around. way, with a smoking rifle in her hands.

name I knew him by. He knew me at ancholy of a night in the almost virgin forest, the indescribable sounds, the coyote's yell, the sad wailings and the mournful rustling of the leaves, filled me with a for him than I did; but still the man beeled?" blueness that was awful blue-set me to think of things almost forgotten, and that have been acquitted." were sad to think of then-of days that were different from those days : well-

When Tom Vincent, like a man, paid me the \$500, I went into the picture agency business, and have not touched a card on :

THE POINT OF THE JOKE.

MR. SNIFFIN'S STORY.

Mr. Sniffin was at a dinner party given a few days ago at Boddley's. While the company were at the table Suiffin said in a loud voice:

By the way did you read that mighty good thing in the Bulletin the other day, tentiary; but he ought not to have been about the woman over in Pencader? It was one of the most amusing things that ever came under my observation. The weman's name you see was Emma. Well, sir, there were two young fellows paying attention to her, and after she accepted one of them, the other also proposed to her, and as she felt certain that the first one wasn't in earnest she accepted the second one too. So a few days later both of 'em called at the same time, both of them claimed her hand, and both insisted on marrying her at once. Then, of course, she found herself face to face with a mighty uppleasant-uppleasanter-er-less see what's the word I want? Unpleasant-er -er. Blamed if I haven't forgotten the

word.' 'Predicament,' suggested Boddley. 'No, that's not it. What's the name of that thing with two horns? Unpleasant -er-er-hang it, it's gone, clear out of

'A cow,' hinted Miss Gridley. 'No, not a cow.'

'Maybe it's a buffalo,' remarked Dr. Potts.

'No, no kind of an animal. Something else with two horns. Mighty queer I can't ly announced that he was on his way to kill

'Perhaps it's a brass band,' observed Butterwick.

'Or a man who's had a couple of drinks, suggested Peter Lamb. 'Of course not.'

'You don't mean a fire company?' asked

Mrs. Boddley. 'No-no. That's the confounded queer est thing I ever heard of, that I can't remember that word, said Mr. Sniffin, get-

ting warm and beginning to feel miserable. 'Well give us the rest of the story without it, 'said' Boddley. 'That's the mischief of it,' said Mr.

fernal word.

'Two horns did you say?' asked Dr

Potts. 'May be it is a cat fish !' 'Or a snail?' remarked the judge. 'N-no-none of those.' 'Is it an elephant or a walrus?' asked

Mrs. Potts. 'I guess I'll have to give it up,' said Mr. Sniffin wiping the perspiration from his

'Well that's the sickest old story I ever run across,' remarked Butterwick to Bod- shoot him off-hand?" dely. Then everybody smiled, and Mr. Sniffin excused himself upon the ground have been murder. The community is of 1864. She wanted three cents apiece for that he had to meet a man, and he with- down on murder, and he would have been her apples. He gave her a pleasant look

published such a story as that; and we ter. When two men get into a fight, and have an impression that Sniffln was trying all is fair between them, and one kills the to build one up by bringing the woman's other, the community don't ordinary seem name, Emma, somehow into a pun with much concerned on the subject. Under the word 'Dilemma.' We are glad he such circumstances, the only way for Monfailed. A man who undertakes to palm off tana was to provoke Tom to a quarrel, and such jokes upon this paper can be spared lead him to fight. But Tom wasn't disfrom society without anybody experiencing | posed to gratify him-he wouldn't take any a sense of loss.

"Oh, don't shoot !" he screamed ; "Jesus or homely. Over and above every other the floor, and came down with a heavy iar. by the wayside. They go unobtrusively, one of them to say a good word for him. woman; "the Lord will bless you if you unconsciously about their silent mission, beaming from their faces. We love to sit place, and no man had dared to accept the near them -we love the glance of their eye, challenge. the tone of their voice; the little children ted brow and compressed lip, glide near, him in a very quiet, low tone, saying : where the wolves would not disturb me. I and lay a confiding little hand on their had noticed that the boards were loose knee, and lift clear young eyes to their lov-

Says an exchange: This is a great year for the old man. Grandfathers who have been neglected and made to feel that they were in the way, and wished they were the kitchen and left to mamble to themselves in the chimney corner-are aston-"You darsn't come back," she screamed. relies. "Crandfather, you knew Washing- hundreds of people in my section an' be. world. The roof covers an area of 18,000 "You're right, old gal, I darsn't," tho't ton, didn't you?" screams a granddaughter tween here an' there who know that I came filled with more double, and in his ear, for he is very deaf. "Yes, here to kill you, so there's but two waysnine separate ice chambers, each of 30,000. COAL AND LIME for sale in large of the cussedest horse thieves he was one of the cussedest horse thieves he was one of the cussedest horse thieves he was one of the cussedest horse the was one of the cussedest horse the was one of the cussedest horse the woods, Bill Strahl, the scraped the skin. But the unutterable mel
Tom's almost suppliant bearing disaphore of the was one of the cussedest horse thieves he would was so much, for the axe had but time!" The old man is going to Philadelphia, sure. he was one of the cussedest horse thieves would was so much, by the uncertainty of the restance of the cussed the woods, Bill Strahl, the scraped the skin. But the unutterable meiting the phia, sure.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

"I don't see how I could have done more should not have been punished-he should

With these words the Judge awoke to the consciousness that he had a fellow traveler; and then, as if some explanation of his remark would be in order, he went

"We had a very interesting trial in Austin last week. Tom Carberry-Irish Tom he is called-was tried for murder. I defended him, and never struggled harder for a client in my life. For a week before, and throughout the trial, I worked night and day to look up testimony, and to present the case to the jury in the best possible light. I consulted with all the attorneys not engaged for the prosecution. We got him off with three years in the peni-

punished-be should have been acquitted." The fellow passenger queried as to the circumstances attending the alleged nur-

der, and the Judge answered : "They were very peculiar, and that the reason why the trial was so very interesting. A woman up in Montana, who never saw Tom Carberry, thought that he had done her a great wrong; and so, when she was asked, as the phrase is, "to take up with a new man," she named her terms: "Kill Tom Carberry, of Austin, Neva

"But I never saw nor heard of the man, said the Montana aspirant.

"Nevertheless,' said she, 'kill Tom Carberry." "'It is the depth of winter,' was objected, 'and we are hundreds of miles from

"'Kill him in the Spring," said the nnrelenting woman.

"'Yes, said he, and the compact was sealed.' "With the opening of travel in the Spring there arrived at Salt Lake City, by

Carberry. Tom heard of it, but he took no steps either to get out of the way or to be specially prepared to see company. He was then employed at Keystone Mill, nine miles from town, and he staid there nearly chap was in Austin. You see, Tom is a peaceable man, and he didn't want any difficulty. Most men would have come in

at once, and got the affair off their hands," The listener entertained doubts at this point, but, saving nothing, the Judge pro-

Sniffin. 'The whole joke turns on that in- him. Tom came into the city, and after day, he went around to the saloons, where said the Justice, and an outburst of laughmany of the people of mining towns spent | ter informed Dougall how badly he had their leisure, to meet their friends. It been sold. On the way to Louisville he wasn't long till be encountered the Montana fellow, who began at once, in Tom's

> hearing, to make insulting remarks." Here the listener interrupted with--"Why did he make insulting remarks? If he had made a long jonney solely for the purpose of killing Tem, why didn't be

"Because," said the Judge, "that would daugling from an awning beam in fifteen The mystery is yet unsolved. We never minutes,' Killing is a very different matnotice-didn't seem to hear; but repeatedly left one saloon to go to another, just to CHERRUL PEOPLE.-God bless the keep out of the way. Montana followed or young, illiterate or educated, handsome | Tom, he jumped up about two feet from | peddle apples any more." social trait stands cheerfulness. What the and said : "I'm chief I' Even this Ton sun is to nature and what the stars are to didn't resent, and when he got up and ran after him and dropped two more into night, are cheerful persons in the house and went away to his room to bed, there wasn't his overcoat pocket,

"Montana enjoyed a season of glory, brightening up every scene with happiness He had sald, "I'm chief!" in a public

"The next morning Tom was standing find them out, oh, so quickly! amidst on the sidewalk, when Montana came along, the denser crowd, and passing by the knot- and they met face to face. Tom spoke to "Stanger, you used me pretty rough last night, but I don't bear malice. Jest

> say that you'd been drinkin' and didn't mean it, and we'll say no more about it. "Montana answered: 'No apologies in "Well," said Tom, "you needn't apologize; come into the saloon and ching glass-

dead-who have long been thrust away in es with me, and we'll let the matter drop." "Then Montana" said : 'Tom Carberry, either you're generous, or else you're cows freshingly as the summer dew upon the ished by being brushed up of an evening ardly, an' if I'd known you at the start it's and brought into the parlor, where they most likely I wouldn't ha' waded in. But are shown off to the company as centennial the matter can't be let drop, for there's

'Stranger, I ain't much in the habbit o' runnin' an' if we're to fight we may as well have it out now as at any time. Are you

"Tom asked this question, because we have a law agalust carrying concealed weapons, which is regarded at such hours as people think they will have no use for their arms, and disregarded at all others."

"The answer was, 'No : I left my revolver with the barkeeper at the Exchange." "Get it,' said Tom; Tll wait for you

"I am making a long story of the shootng, which in reality was very soon over, They fired three shots apiece in as many seconds. Tom's third ball passed through Montana's heart, and he was dead before his head rebounded on the brick pavement, Carberry surrendered himself at once, and

was kept in jail notil his trial come off, although bail to any amount was offered." After a pause, the Judge added: "I don't see how I could have done more for him than I did; but the man should not have been punished-he should have been acquitted; and he would have been but for one circumstance, which prejudiced the court and jury against him."

"What was the circumstance so prejudicial?" questioned the listener, "The Montana chap was the fourth man Tom had killed in Austin," answered the

Judge innocently .- Overland Monthly. A PROFESSIONAL SELL.-The ownership of a dog was the subject of litigation in Clarksville, Ky., and there was a large attendance of interested countrymen at the trial, Great things were expected of the opposing lawyers, Hurd and Dougall, who had been hired at great cost to come from Austin. The journey cannot now be Louisville. Hurd was prompt, but Dongall was delayed, and the Justice, being a stickler for punctuality, decided that the case must go on. All the evidence had been taken when Dongall entered. "I'm afraid I'll have to lose my fee," he whispered to Hurd, who responded, "Oh, no; I'll give the Montana stage, an individual who free- you the points of the cyidence in two minutes, and you can sum up just as well as though you had been here from the start." Thereupon Hurd sold him that the trouble was about a trade of a dog for a lackass, and pretended to give him the particulars. The audience was impatient during the whispering, and was deeply aftentive to the a whole week after he knew the Montana oratory when it began. Dongall glowingly described the qualities of the dog, told affeeting stories of his sagacity, and wrought his hearers up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Then he paused, wiped his heated brow, and said, solemnly: "Now, gentlemen of the jury, we come to the jackass." "Eh?" said the Justice. "Now," the "Saturday evening, just as usual with orator repeated, with impressive emphasis. "we come to the jackass." "You are the getting shaved and fixed up for the holi- first jackass I've heard of in this case."

> he would risk his life rather than not tell. WOMAN'S NATURE, -At the lower end of Woodward avenue yesterday an old apple woman offered her fruit to a vessel captain who was sighing over the good times and said :

> said to Hurd: "I will make an earnest ef-

fort not to kill you, if you will promise

never to mention this case," but Hurd said

"Well, well, Why you look as young as you did ten years ago. Same bright eyes and red cheeks-same white teeth." "Take an apple for two cents, captain," she replied.

"I presume you are fifty years old," he continued, "but who'd know it? Lots of ladies at thirty look as old as you do." "Take an apple for a cent, captain," she answered, smiling like a rose.

"Some rich old fellow will come along some day, searching for a buxom wife." cheerful person-man, woman or child, old bim up notil, at last, standing right before said the captain, "and you won't have to "Here, captain, two for a cent, take two

of the biggest !" she exclaimed, and then

DON'T LAUGH AT BREAKING HEARTS. -Do not laugh at the dranken man reeling through the street, however ludicrous the sight may be; just stop to think. He is going home to some tender heart that will throb with interse agony; some dofing mother, perhaps, who will grieve over the downfall of her once sinless boy; or it may be a fond wife, whose heart will almost barst with grief as she views the destruction of her idol; or it may be a loving sister who will shed bitter tears over the degredation of her brother, shorn of his manness and self-respect. Rather drop a tear in silent sympathy with those hearts so keenly sonsitive and tender, and yet so proud and loval that they cannot accept sympathy tendered them either in word. ok or act, although it might fall upon their crushed and wounded hearts as re-

Brussets has the largest ice house in the

withering plant.