EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1876.

## NUMBER 21

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UME X.

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in the Purpose, which is the RESERV HOUSE,

n. (:cods sent, [5-12-1m.] LIME for sale in large Nott departed. EVAN MIGHAELS.

"Yes, yes," said old Maggie, "no doubt | She could, of course, open the door and | When they stand for twenty-two.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

BY THE LATE MRS. MARY FORD (UNA.) The surging sea of human life forever on ward folls, And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight of souls. Though bravely sails our bark to-day pale death sits at the prow, And few shall know we ever lived a hundred

vears from now. O. mighty human brotherhood! why fiercely war and strive, While God's great world has ample space for everything alive? Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed, are

waiting for the plough Of progress that shall make them bloom hundred years from now. Why should we strive so earnestly in life's short, narrow span,

lden stairs to climb so high above ou brother 10an? Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish nomage bow? Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hun dred years from now?

prize so much the world's applause Vby dread so much its blame? A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or mpaign will be fame;
n r et 5; NEW The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn

that dyes with shame the brow, Will be as long-forgotten dreams a hundred years from now. O patient hearts, that meekly bear your

weary load of wrong? O earnest hearts, that bravely dare, and, striving, grow more strong! Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll never dream of how You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred years from now. Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that

freedom, right, and truth, Aloue may rule the universe, for you is endless youth; When 'mid the blest with God you rest, the grateful lands shall bow Above your clay in rev'rent love a hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time! like breakers on thy shore; They rush upon thy rocks of doom, go down, and are no more; starry wilderness of worlds that gem

night's radient brow, Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eyes the past FARMING AND An open page, like babes we cling to Thy Change, sorrow, death, are naught to us if

we may safely bow Beneath the shadow of Thy throne a hundred years from now.

## How Maggie Caught the Burglar.

"You are not afraid, Maggie !" "Me afraid I" said Maggie. "I'd no fear born with me. As for the house it's the strongest fastened I ever was in. You say yourself there's no lock a burgiar could force, and I'm not one to let tramps or the like in of my free will. God knows the place will be safe enough when you come back-as safe as though there was a regiment of soldiers in it : and I'll have all bright for your new wife, Mr. Archibald."

She called her master Mr. Archibald still, this old woman; but she was the only one who still used his Christian name. He was an elderly man himself, and had few intimate friends, hospitality not being one of his virtues. He was rich, and there was much that was valuable in the house; more ready money, too, than most men keep about them; but then it was secure as a bank-vault-patent locks and burglar alarms that first sent a bullet into any one who sought to enter by stealth, and then rang a bell to awake the household--were attached to every door, and a furious watchdog, that lived on raw meat, was in the back garden. The Van Nott mansion could have withstood a siege at a moment's

Mr. Van Nott was a money-dealer. He had ways and means of accumulating them up before strangers have access to property which were mysteries to his neighbors, and they were suspicious that the little back parlor, sacred to business, had even seen such lesser dealings as the loan of money on gold watches, cashmere shawls and diamonds of genteel distress. Two or three mertgages had been bought up and rather crueily foreclosed; and be was a parlor. hard landlord and a bad person to owe money to altogether. On the whole, he was disliked in the place, and rich as he was, would have found it hard to get a wife to his liking among the neighbors at Oakham, However, having resolved to marry again-there had been a Mis. Van Nott, who died years before -- he had sought | man out a wealthy widow of a saving disposition, who lived on a small farm some miles out of town, and having already disinherited her daughter for espousing an estimable man of small means, and turned her son out of doors for equally prudent reasons, was not likely to bring any troublesome generosity into his household, and had offered himself to her, and had been accepted. And now, though both their economical souls revolted against it, custom decreed a wedding of some sort, and a and Maggie crossed the room and lifted honeymoon trip somewhere, and they had the lid over the face of the enclosed body. decided to do it as cheaply as possible. For this brief time Mr. Van Nott must leave his business and his house, and it was on the eve of his departure that he had the above conversation with his old to foot. She had seen, within the coffin, a servant, standing with his portmanteau in face with its eyes shut, and with bandages his hand, and regarding her gravely.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I presume it is all safe enough. And I'll speak to the night mouth. particular look at this house. Well, good-

master! What a pity he should marry

after all-but old fools are the worst fools. A young thing eight-and-forty, too, when he has a sensible servant, sixty last January, that knows what belongs to good housekeeping. If he wanted to marry why didn't he ask me? I'd not have gone gallivanting and spending. Ah, well, he'll suffer, not I." And Maggie trotted away to begin her sweeping and dusting.

She had said truly that there was no fear born in her, but as the night drew on she began to feel somewhat lonely. Her master's presence was strangely missed out of the great house, and there was something ghostly in the look of his empty chair when she peeped into the little back

"If I was superstitious," she said to herself, "I should think something dreadful was going to happen. I feel chilly up and down my back, and I keep thinking of funerals. I'll make myself a cup of tea, and see if I can't get over it."

And accordingly old Maggle shut herself into the situg kitchen, and lighting two caudles, drew a pot of the strongest young hyson, and putting her feet close to the cooking-stove, began to feel much more comfortable. The old clock ticked away on the man-

tel, the bands pointing to half past eight. "I'm going to bed at nine," said Maggie. "I've worked well to-day. Much thanks I'll get for it, I doubt. Hark! What's that ?"

It was a sound outside the door-a slow, solemn grating of wheels. Then feet trod the pavement, and the bell rung faintly. "A carriage !" cried Maggle. "Has he

changed his mind and brought her home at once? But that can't be- he's not married yet." And taking one of the candles she trotted to the door, but not before the bell rung again.

"Who's that?" she cried, the door slight-

"A stranger," said a voice, "one who has something particular to say to you." "You'll have to wait for to-morrow," said Maggie. "You can't come in tonight."

"My good woman," said the stranger, "are you Margaret Black?"

"That's my name." "Mr. Van Nott's housekeeper for twenty vears ?" "Yes."

"My good woman, if you are attached to your master, I have very bad news for "Gracious Lord !" cried Maggie, but she 'did not open the door much wider-only

enough to thrust her head out. "Don't scare me, mister. What is it?" "The worst you can think of." said the man, "Mr. Van Nott traveled on the - railroad. There has been an a cci-

"Preserve us!" cried Maggie, letting the door fall back, "and him on his way to his wedding. He's hurt badly then ?" "He's dead," said the man. "Dead,

and we've brought him home." Maggie sat down on a chair and began

to cry. "We've done what we could," said the man. "The lady he was to marry and her friends will be down to-morrow. Meanwhile my instructions are that you shall watch with him, and allow no stranger to enter the house. There are valuable things here, I'm told; and Mr. Van Nott's lawyer must take possession of them, and seal the rooms."

"Oh I dear, dear," cried old Maggie. "That it should come to this. Yes : I'll watch alone. I'm not afraid, but-oh,

Then she shrunk back, and let the two men carry a horrible coffin into the front

They came out with their hats off, and the other man held his also in his hand. "I regret to leave you all alone in the house," he said.

"I don't mind that," said old Maggie, but its terrible, terrible." "If you'd like me to stay," said the

"No." said Maggie. "T've no fear of

living or dead men. You can go." Then she locked the door and went into the parlor, and putting the candle on the mantle, looked at the coffin through ber

"He was good enough to me," she said poor Mr. Archibald! And this comes of wanting to marry at this time of life, and gallivanting on railroads. I wonder whether he is changed much. I'll take a look," "I'll take a look," she said to herself again. "I'm not afraid of dead folks."

In a minute more Maggie dropped the lid again and retreated, shaking from head about the head, and the ghastly features of a clown in a circus, minus the red

watchman, and give him a dollar to take a But it was a living face, well-chalked, and not her master's; and Maggie knew bye, Maggie; make things as neat as possi- at once that she had been well humbugged the year of the century in which the bye, Maggie; make things as neat as possible for if they look dirty my wife may that this story of her master's death was ble, for if they look dirty my wife may that this story of her master's death was because lay within the think the furniture old, and want some- a lie, and that a burglar lay within the thing new for the parlor." And Mr. Van coffin, ready to spring upon her and bind her, or perhaps murder her at any moment.

she'll have fine, extravagant ways. Poor try to escape; but the accomplices of the man were doubtless ontside. It was a long distance to the nearest house, and, even if they did not kill her, they would execute their purpose and rob the place before she returned.

"Master looks natural," said Maggle aloud, and tried to collect her thoughts.

Mr. Van Nott's revolvers were in the next room, she knew, loaded, six shots in each. Maggie could use pistols. She had aimed at troublesome cats with great success more than once. If she could secure these pistols she felt safe.

"Poor, dear master," she sobbed, and edged toward the back room. "Peor, dear master." She lifted the desk lid. She had them safe.

She glided back to the front parlor and sat down on a chair. She turned up her sleeves and grasped a pistol in each band, and she watched the coffin quietly. In half an hour the lid stirred. A cautious hand crept up the side. A wiry eye peeped out. It fell upon the armed figure, and closed again.

"You'd better," said Maggie to herself. Again the head lifted. This time Maggie sprung to her feet.

"You're fixed quite handy," she said coolly. "No need of laying you out if I fire, and I can aim first-rate, especially when I'm afraid of ghosts, as I be now."

The head bobbed down again. Maggie reseated herself. She knew this could not last very long--that there must be a conflict before long. It was as she supposed. A moment more and the cottin was empty, and a ferocious young fellow sat on its edge, and thus addressed her : "We meant to do it all quiet." he said. "and I don't wan't to frighten old women. Just put them down."

"I'm not frightened," said Maggie. "I'm coming to take them things away from you," said the man.

"Come!" said Maggie. and he dodged, but a builet went through

his left arm, and it dropped by his side. Furious with pain, he dashed toward her. She fired again, and this time wounded him in the right shoulder. Faint, and quite helpless, he staggered against the

wall. "There, you've done it, old woman," he said, "Open the door and let me out. My game is up.

"Mine isu't," said old Maggie. "Get into your coffin again, or this time I'll shoot you through the heart."

"The burglar looked piteously at her, but he saw no pity in her face. He went back to the coffin and lay down in it. Blood dripped from his wounds, and he was growing pale. Maggie did not want to see him die before her eyes, but she dared not call aid. To leave the house before daylight would be to meet this man's companious, and risk her ownlife. There was nothing for it but to play the surgeon berself, and in a little while she had stopped the blood and saved the burglar's life. More than this-she brought him a cup of tea, and fed him with it as if he had been a baby. Nothing, however, could induce

her to let him out of his coffin. About one or two o'clock she heard steps outside, and knew that the other burglars were near, but ber stout heart never failed. She trusted in the bars and polts and they did not betray ber.

The daylight found her sitting quietly beside the wounded burglar, and the milkman, bright and early, was the ambassador

who summoned the officers of justice. When the bridal party returned next day the house was reat and tidy, and Maggie, in her best alpaca, told the news in la

"Frightened!" she exclaimed, in answer to the sympathetic ajaculations of her new mistress. "Frightened! Oh, no! Fear wasn't born in me."

THE AMERICAN FLAG. -Persons who desire to make their own flags for the coming 4th of July should remember that certain proportions should be observed in its manufacture. Any one can find the proper proportions from the following data: The United States garrison flag is thirty-six feet "fly" (long), and twenty feet hoist (wide), or in that proportion, the width being five ninths of the length. The recruiting flag is nine feet nine inches by four feet four inches, the width being four-ninths of the length. The "union," or blue field, is in length one-third the length of the flag. and extends in width to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe from the top. There are thirteen stripes, beginning and ending with red. The garrison flag is the one usually taken as the standard for making flags for private use or decoration.

THE clock which is to be presented to the city of Philadelphia by Mr. Seybert, of that place, and which will be placed in the tower of Independence Hall, has been finished. It weighs altogether six thousand pounds. One of its combinations is so adjusted that at times a hammer will strike on the bell in the tower the number thirteen, to represent the number of the origistates, and seventy-six; to represent

WHEN do two and two not make four?

Doing Business without Capital.

He was poor but proud; a stranger in the city, and no one to take him in. He had expended his last dollar, and as he wandered through Tremont street, at mid-day, he seriously contemplated how he should possess himself of the wherewith to obtain a dinner. He was well clad, and made an unusually respectable appearance for a man who could not boast of possessing even one of the lowest denomination of greenbacks. The thought occurred to him that his immediate necessity might compel him to pawn some article or articles of his wardrobe, when his attention was arrested by the eloquent, earnest tones of an auctioneer, in a store he was passing, expatiating upon the "ruinous, wicked; awful sacrifice" he was about to make in knocking down a rich set of parlor furniture "for one third its cost," but which he had orders to sell "without reserve." Curiosity to see such an "awful sacrifice" committed, led- the moneyless stranger into the crowd there assembled. He caught the auctioneer's eye-that was all-and "going-goinggone !" immediately followed.

"Your name, sir," said the auctioneer. The stranger besitated, and thinking of his dolorous and dollarless condition, began urging his way to the stand, to inform the auctionear that he had mistaken his look for a bid, when a gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and said, quickly:

"Twenty-five dollars for your bargain!" "It is yours ?" as promptly replied the

The money was paid to him, the name of the second purchaser given, and the first and she knew very well he would be gone one went on his way rejoicing; nor did he stop until be seated himself in the big din- trifle over that. ing hall of the Parker House.

"I'm in luck to-day, surely; and I'll

scanned the "menu" placed before him. up a morning paper, and the first thing a catalogue of the elegant furniture, works of art, etc., which furnished and adorned the mansion, and which were also to be sold immediately after the sale of the real

Some good genius-it may have been Dame Fortune-prompted him to determine at once to attend the sale. It lacked he had generously ordered, and leisurely Says he: walk to the aristogratic street on the Back Bay, where was situated the valuable estate indicated in the advertisement.

He was there in season to view the property, and did so with apparently as much interest as if HE intended to be a tened with due attention to the auctioneer's of the broom and took after poor Brown, the "\$500 to be paid down," which did not appear to appal him in the least.

The sale began at a "ridiculously low figure," as the auctioneer said, but, nevertheless, he warmed up to his work as the bids advanced to twenty-five, thirty, thirty-two, thirty-four thousand, and after much shouting, hammering, and significant pauses, it was finally knocked off at a fraction less than \$35,000! And the poor fellow, who possessed only \$25,00, minus the value of a dinner at Parker's, was the lucky

purchaser! He gave his name as Abraham V. Stuart. and the anctioneer was pleased to say, notwithstanding the property sold below his

estimate at least ten thousand dollars: "Mr. Stuart, I congratulate you. This estate cost not less than \$60,000, and ought

to have brought at least \$50,000 !" Scarcely had the bammer fallen for the last time, than an agent of one of our most opulent nabobs appeared on the scone, almost breathless with exerting himself to be at the sale on time, as he was authorized by his employer to bid off the property at a with children. Her husband's love for her figure not exceeding a certain fixed limit. He expressed much disappointment when he learned the price it had sold for, and declared that had he been present he would to fear that if she should remain c'aildless, have raised the figures at least fifteen per his affection would die away; so she

"If you want the house so badly, perhaps it is not too late to obtain it," said the purchaser, on hearing the remark that was

sent here by a gentleman with instructions | Camp's promise of secresy, was supremely to purchase it at a certain limit," replied happy. Buy when Dr. Camp found that

"Perhaps you would like to make an offer for the purchase?" "I will give you three thousand dollars above what it sold for," said the agent.

"Then you must acknowledge that it is worth nearer twenty more. Oh, no! three | She is now in straitened circumstances and thousand will never do. Make it ten thousand dollars, and the property is yours?" "I will give you five thousand," said the

and call it seventy-five hundred dollars." of her busband. "Done !" said the other. "And here is

a thousand dollars to bind the bargain, and if you will walk with me to n y office, | necessity knows no law.

I will draw a check for the balance, and satisfy you that the bank will cash it or

presentation " The auctioneer's clerk was notified of the transfer, the "\$500 to be paid down" was paid by the agent, and in less than haif an hour our innocent speculater was in possession of a reliable check for seventyfive hundred dollars, one thousand dollars in greenbacks, and the small sum on hand from the entirely accidental "streak of luck" earlier in the day.

With the small fortune thus almost thrust upon him, he established himself in trade on one of the best streets in the city. where he is now doing a flourishing bust-

This episode in his career be frequently speaks of to his most confidential friends, and declares his doubts whether any merchant in Boston ever did quite so profitable a business in one day on so small a capital as he did on that, to him, memorable day! - Yankes Blade.

## "When a Woman Will," Etc.

There is a woman on Seventh street that always gets the best of it when she and her husband have little differences. This spring she wanted to move into a larger house, and her husband didn't want to, and being the head of the family of course they didn't move. But she didn't say anything; she kept still and bided her time, and shortly it came.

One morning the husband came home in great hurry and said he must go East, and he would be gone about two weeks, two weeks if he said so, and probably a

She packed his portmanteau with shirts, and kissed him good-bye, and saw him have a good dinner," he soliloquized, as he safely off, and went right out house hunting. She found just the house she wanted, The viands most craved were ordered, and that man hadn't been gone three days and while he waited to be served, he took when she was safely moved, and at the end particularly if it isn't captured of ten days was as settled and serene in her that met his eye was the staring caption, new quarters as though she had never "Elegant Estate at Auction This Day, at | moved in her life. Meantime, a family 3 P. M. " and following was a grandilo- had moved in the house she had vacated. quent description thereof, also, including and all went quietly on till one day, as the woman was mixing bread in the kitchen, and the outside door was open, too, in rushed a man and gave ber a hug, saying-

"How are you, little girl? Doing your own work, are you?" And then there was an awful pause, as that woman looked round at him, and he saw it wasn't "little girl" at all, but an old an hour and forty minutes to the appointed girl of the Spartan type, and she didn't time-ample to do full justice to the edibles seem to relish the hug he gave her, either.

"Is your mistress at home? Or, I mean,

do Mrs. Brown's folks live here?" Then she told him she didn't know any thing about Brown's folks; her name was Slimmens, and if she was poor she was respectable, and then she began to cry, and competitor in the purchase. Then he lis- all at once she waxed wroth and laid hold glowing praises of the mansion, and the and says she-"I'll sweep you off the face not very favorable terms of sale, including of the earth, you scalawag you!" and the way Brown went cut the door with the swish of that broom behind him might be

called abrupt. Well, he went out among the neighbors and found out where he lived, and went home and interviewed Mrs. Brown, who cried and said she "didn't think he'd care if she just moved while be was gone, and saved him all the trouble," which last made him madder than he was before, and she cried again, and the end of it all was she came out one Easter Sunday with as handsome a new bounet as any one, which was very significant of his being a done Brown.

A STRANGE STORY .- Troy, N. Y., bas just had a startling sensation. A newspaper man charged one Dr. Camp with having sold an infant out of the county house to the wife of Jack Goddard, a cornet player. On a trial for libel the editor proved the truth of the charge, and was acquitted, but the facts developed caused a breaking up of the Goddard family. It seems that Mrs. Goddard was unblessed was unbounded, but she knew that be would love her better could she only tree. sent him with a pledge. She began, too. thought to deceive him, by parchasing a child by bribing Dr. Camp 'to get one out of the alms house for her during one of his protracted absences with a traveling show. The husband was o erjoyed on his return, "I do not want it for myself; but I was and the wife, living in the security of Dr. the editor knew the secret he wrote to Goddard telling him of the deception practiced on him by his wife. The angered and grief stricken busband wrote to his wife, euclosing Camp's letter, telling her that he could never live with her again. overwhelmed with grief and shame, but clings to the babe with the love of a true mother and refuses to part with it. There is some hope that through the kind offices "Couldn't think of it," said the pur- of friends the unbappy pair may be brought chaser. "But as I bought the house neither together again, as the fault committed by half an hour with a trink strap for searing for a residence or an investment, but purely the wife was not a criminal one, and was the family. After this Benjamin's language as a speculation, I will split the difference, intended rather to promote the happiness | was simple.

A good lawyer is not a necessity, for

MAKING THE HOME BASE.

SIGHT THAT CAUSED DOM PEDRO TO

The following is said to be one of Dom Pedro's letters home, intercepted by the Cincinnati Saturday Night:

PHILADELPHIA, May 8, '76.-I must write you of the peculiar treatment of idiots in the United States. In Brazil, as you know, we confine that unfortunate class in the asylums and submit them to such humane treatment as will mitigate their calamity if it does not improve their mental condition, but in this country asylums have been abolished and idiots are treated to an exercise called "base ball." All do not play at once, of course. A great body of them go into some open lot, and 'mine' are selected to play against another so-called "nine," while the remaining idiots sit and stand around, uttering incoherent gibberish meanwhile, and indulging in idiotic yells at frequent inter-"base ball grounds" the other day, and found at least 20,000 people congregated there. They were of all ages, sizes, sexes, and conditions, and all more or less demented. From my observations, that day I cannot say that I was favorably impressed with base ball treatment for the feeble minded. I think the old fashioned asylum, with its attendant discipline, is better for them. I would like to describe "base ball" if I could, but it is so foolish a performance that it is difficult for a sensible man to convey an intelligible idea of it to readers in the full possession of their intellects. Suffice it to say that it consists mainly in one man flinging a ball at another, who makes a wild and ofttimes fruitless effort to hit it with a club. The former is called a "pitch-

He takes the ball in his hand, scrulinizes it carefully to make sure that it isn't a codfish ball, then glances up at the clouds to see if it is likely to rain, then casts his eye around at the infirm intellecis who are watching him so intensely from the benches, looks intently at the ground as if selecting some good depot to sit down, then wheeling suddenly on his heel he spins the ball with a swift, jerking motion towards the man with the bat. You cannot imagine the frantic yells that crowd of impaired mental constitutious sends up if the batter hits it and sends it spinning a long distance, ble idiots who ran after it before he can run around a given circle. I was curious to know whether or not this exercise was pecuniarily profitable to those who participated in it, and I asked the aforementioned base ball reporter. "Do these unfortunate creatures who play base ball ever make anything?" and he replied, "Oh, yes, they make their home base occasionally. Poor fellows, I should think they would make home base enough, but of course they can't help it. They were born so for the most part, though I am told that baseball idiocy is contagious and on the in-

SOAP ON THE STAIRS.

crease.

HOW MR. PACKLEMERTON COME TO CHANGE HIS MIND ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A gentleman residing on Aberdeen street was, until Friday last, inclined to favor female suffrage. His wife had prodently delayed moving till after the 1st, so as to take advantage of the fall of house rents. The house to which they moved had a tremendously steep flight of stairs, and an oil clothed ball. The wife had the stairs scrubbed down, and left the soap on the top step. Her husband was up stairs, with a basket full of clothes pins in ore hand and a cloak under the other arm, when his wife, who was down stairs, saw a mease, and shaking her skirts madly, bounded upon the table and let off a series of shrill shricks begin-ning on high ZZZ above the clef. Her husband, thinking the house was on fire at the very least, started to run to her resour, and, stepping on the piece of soan that she had so thoughtfully left on the stairs, sat down rehemently at the top of the flight, and slid down with the speed of thought, Fire flew from his fulse teeth as he hit the edge of each step, velleys of clothes -ring were discharged into the air and e me mttling and rebounding on the oil- cloth, and the clock shed its inwards over the universe. The injured husband had F , the time for 10flection when he reache a the glazed oilcloth of the hall and shot across it with scarcely diminished v socity, literally making the oil-cloth at a the seat of his pantsous smoke w .h friction, and finally bringing upaga ast the door with a violence that threatene I to burst out the side of the house. The fearful concussion startled his wife, 'the turned a back-somersault from the cable into a tub of soap-sads, in which she was so tightly wedged that she had to throw a wand p ing and canter on all-f ans like a turtle with a tub on her back and cataracts of suds inundating ber. Meanwhile, the hired woman fell off the step-ladder with a crash like a pile-driver, and jarred down most of the plaster cornice. When the man's wife had slaughed her fub, she sanutered calmly into the half and remarked, "Well, men are the clumsiest and the hall had just been washed, too," Her husband did not say much, but he thought a good deal; and now, he says, just let Susan B. Authory come and lecture here again, and if no other man has the courage to hiss, he will, so help him Jasper Packlemerton - Chicavo Tobune.

TRADITION has it that years ago, when Benjamin Franklin was a lad, he began to study philosophy, and soon became fond of applying technical names to common objects. One evening when he mertiaged to his father that he swallowed some ace balous mellusks, the old man was much alarmed, and suddenly seising him called for help. Mrs Franklin came with warm water, and the hired man rushed in with the garden pump. They forced half a gallon down Benjamin's thront, then held him over the edge of the perch and shook hims while the old man said : "If we don't get them things out of Benny, he will be pizen-When they were out, and Benjamin explained that the arrieles alluded to were oysters, his father fendled him for

No one should start for the Black Hills without a wig and a good supply of mucilage.

depresent of the inferrogen countries.