

McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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# LUME X.

# EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1876.

## AKE WAY AGENTS WANTED FOR THE GREAT **GENTENNIAL HISTORY** r Cash Store It sells faster than any other book over published. One Agent sold 61 copies in one day. Send for our extra terms to Agents. National Publishing Co.,

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\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. The battle and the breeze. WESTERN LANDS It waved above the battle's tide

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Terrant's Seltzer Aperient, which I keep always in the house." Wise man, and economical as well. He does not resort to vi-olent means for relief. He uses Nature's remedy, in the shape or this aperlent. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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NTENNIAL PANCY VISITING CARDS, or 25

With sparkling gems and rainbow bars, It waves o'er ev'ry coast. The standard which our nation rears On land and on the seas-The flag that stood one hundred years [Chorus-Repeat first four lines.]

THE FLAG THAT BEARS THE STRIPES AND STARS.

BY MAJOR G. NELSON SMITH.

The flag that bears the stripes and stars

Is still our country's boast

That broke oppression's chain ; Above our head behold it ride, It never floats in vain. Upon the hills, above the rocks, And o'er our fathers' graves, Free from a thousand battle shocks, Our starry flag still waves.

Chorus. Our fathers fought that it might ride Forever o'er our plains ; Yet brothers sought to curb its pride, Our eagle bind in chains. O, spirits of our fathers, wake, And watch o'er freedom's land Should civil strife again outbreak And sons in phalanx stand. Chorus.

Let him who'd swell rebellion's cry, But pause and turn to thee, A patriot's tear will dim his eye, His heart beat true and free : No more he'll plead disunion's cause, No longer rebel stand, Nor longer spurn the holy laws Of freedom's sacred land.

Chorus. O, may that starry banner wave Forever o'er the free,

And on the fields where battles rave The victor banner be. God forbid that e'er again, Throughout our native land, Brothers shall on battle plain

Be slain by brothers' hand. Chorus. If sons unite, as fathers did, To keep that flag unfurId. Columbia then may fearless bid

Defiance to the world ; But fast will flow a nation's tears. If traitor hands shall seize

That flag which stood these hundred years The battle and the breeze. Chorus.

A HEROIC ACT.

It was when Wm. C. Conner, the popu-

And now a great hush fell upon the vast | of the stairs, and that there was duly on e Many had actually seen-all had heard of the brave boy-and there were people who murmured : "God save him ! Who is he ?"

And now the assistant engineer, in a loud voice, instructed the men who had the pipes to play directly upon the stairs, and, if possible, for a minute or two, conquer

the flames that were leaping toward them, scorching and eating into them. The excitement, though subdued, was

terrible-fearfully intense. Every one was on the look out, and now and again some person, whose nerves were

over wrought, would cry: "There ! There he is !"

assemblage.

But the aching multitude of men and women, whose eyes never left the entrance to the fated house, knew better.

They not only watched, but hoped and prayed.

Even the voice of the unbappy mother was hushed with expectation.

All this while, moments seemed hours, the firemen played in the direction of the stairs; and notwithstanding, the flames hair, here approached my pallet, and putwere steadily making headway ! And the brave boy. What of him?

It was soon ascertained that he was a | "I love you ever so much," she said in "printer's devil," and that his name was Julius Franklin.

That was sufficient just then for the terribly excited throng of on-lookers.

And Franklin ! His subsequent story was nearly as follows :

"When I got upon the lower stairs I found that the flames were all around me; but that the steps were yet strong enough to bear me up, and that if I hastened I might succeed in getting down them with safely.

"At the first landing a dense cloud of smoke swept down upon and nearly choked me. There was no flame in it, however. I immediately fell upon my face and with ' mouth to the hot boards I crawled to the

was-as the stairs were succumbing to the flames, and would presently fall-to save me, and that was by putting up a ladder, and a fireman rushed up it and seized and bodily lifted me out of the building, which it also was thought was about to fall, and which did tumble down a minute or two later.

"Then that must have been the roar I heard. It sounded like the breaking of the tide upon the shore at Sandy Hook."

"Oh, no," I was answered ; "it was the mighty and delighted cheer of the people who were relieved of the terrible excitement when they saw you and the rescued girl. Why, Franklin, you are the hero of the day !"

"Well," I asked, desirous of turning the conversation from myself, "is the little girl dead ?"

"No, indeed," was the answer of my friend; "she's as sound and lively as a cricket. She is here to thank you for saving her."

"A sweet faced child, with a pretty mouth and dark blue eyes and auburn ting her lips to mine, gave me a hearty kiss.

ber little, artless way. "And what am I in this place for?"

continued.

"Why, you had your skull cracked," was the answer, "and the doctors wonder how it was done, and how you managed to retain consciousness under it for any time, They think it must have been caused by the falling of a beam, as the bones were crushed in quite flat like !"

"Then I recalled the accident which happened to me on the third story, when I felt the strange sensation of water being thrown suddenly over me, producing so peculiar a shock. In a month I was discharged, convalescent, but it was a year

RULES OF THE ROAD,

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. What man would be wise, let him drink of

the river That bears on its waters the record of Time message to him every wave can deliver

To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb.

Who heeds not Experience, trust him not ; tell him

The scope of one mind can bet trifles achieve ; weakest who draws from the mine will The

excel him-The strength of mankind is wisdom they

leave. For peace do not hope ; to be just you must break it.

Still work for the minute and not for the year. When honor comes to you, be ready to take

But reach not to seize it before it is near.

Be silent and safe: silence never betrays you, Be true to your word and your work and your friend

Put least trust in him who is foremost to praise you Nor judge of a day till it draw to the end.

Stand erect in the vale, nor exalt on the mountain

Take gifts with a sigh : most men give to be paid. "I had" is a heartache ; "I have" is a foun-

- tain You're worth what you saved, not the million you made
- Trust toil not intent or your plans will mis-
- Your wife keep a sweetheart, instead of a tease.

Rule children by reason, not rod; and, mind, marry

Your girl when you can-and your boy when you please.

Steer straight as the wind will allow : but be ready

To veer just a point to let travellers pass Each sees his own star-a stiff course is too steady

When this one to Meeting goes, that one to Mass Our stream's not so wide but two arches may

-Boston Pilot.

span it-Good Neighbor and Citizen ; these for a

And this truth in sight-every man on the

planet. Has as much right as yourself to the road.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Two months later fluds Amelia Bangs taking in plain sewing, her faiher the jani tor of the Oil Exchange, and Mose, though somewhat troubled in mind, still takes his beer .-- Oll City Derrick,

HE GAVE HIM THE GOOSE .- A young

oungest brother, during the "primping

"Sis says she's goin' ter shake you, she

"Ah !" exclaimed the astonished young

"Yes, she is ; she's got you down on the

"Well, now, ther ain't no use for you to

She sez she goes out with you an'

comps 'round jess as lonesome as some ole

The young man sighed and reached for a

"She sez she wants a feller that's got

The young maa rummaged for his hand

"I tell yer wot it is, boss, my Sis ain't

'cause they can't go back on Sis-not

The young man was climbing down the

Just then Sis entered, and Johnnie ex-

lained how he had "giv' the ole dug out

But Johnnie's opinion, since his "daddy"

THE passengers in the sleeping coach

ere just dozing off when something howled

"Great dragons, there's a young one

"There he goes again !" growled the fat

Who's that talking ?" called the mother

Me," answered the fat man, "why

didn't you either leave that child at home

"Are you tall, ing to me?" demanded the

Yes, ma'am, I am. I say it is a shame

Well, sir," she said, as she poked her

BUTTONED ABOUND HIS NECE .- The

nan. "I never travel but what I run

aboard !" growled a fat man from his upper

berth. "I'll bet a hundred dellars none of

us can get a wink of sheep to night.

"Are you a father ?" she asked.

"Nor a mother ?" she continued.

"Wow-wow I" whined the child,

----

slate for a gran' bonnce, she has !

"Why, how-!"

much 1

big wabble.

"Ow-wow-wow !"

cross some one's offspring.

of the child in a loud voice.

or stny at home yoursef?"

"No, I hain't,"

No. ma am.

de gal when she starts ?'

"My goodness grac--I

man, says the Atlanta Constitution, born

of poor but honest parents, went to see his

NUMBER 29.

### THE DIAMOND FIELD.

THE HERO OF THE FIRST BASE, OR WHY FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"Then this, Miss Bangs, is your final answer." "Irrevocably so," was the proud reply.

CHAPTER SECOND.

They made a pretty picture standing in the doorway of her father's mansion ; he, the captain of the Meion Stealers, tail and strong in limb and the hero of his little first base, in many a hot contested game. She the fair daughter of the banker who had wagered the entire assets of the bank and the deposits of many a poor man, on the return game between the Moth Etadicators and the home club on the following day. Our hero's answer came hot and quick : "Then," cried he, "to-morrow's setting sun will shine upon you the beggar daughter of a ruined man. It rests with me to throw the game on which your proud father's wealth is staked. You have to-night settled your own fate. So be it. Good night ;" and turning himself seven times round on his heel, at the same time boring a large hole in the hall carpet, Mose Fitz Allen was gone.

#### CHAPTER THIRD.

Prominent among the immense crowd assembled on the grounds is the pale face of Amelia Bangs. The Moth Ecadicators he at the bat on the last half of the ninth inning, with two men out, and one man on third ; and the score stands 53 to 53. Will that man get in is the breathless question which pervades the scene. Mose Fitz Allen, standing on the first base, mutters : "Now for revenge! Now do I give the thing away! Ah !" and his face was distoried with passion like a mud ball dried in the sun. "Two strikes," yells the umpire. The batter must hit it next time. He does hit it, and a fly mounts and de-scends beautifully to Mose. "Take, it, Mose," goes out from threat of Banker Bongs and bundreds of his friends. "Not if Mose is thoroughly acquainted with himself," is his low response, and the ball passes through his hands and the man on third goes home. Score 54 to 53.

## YARNS, Etc.

ALL-WOOL

FLANNELS.

MERE

MILL recently owned Son and Intely bought is related throughout by

## BUENERY AND STEAN POWER.

rs. We have spared with the heat of ma all our Cas ac., as being equal ught from the East guaranteed

weed, and No Shoddy or Cotton mair date. Our prices are

Per Cent. Lower IN DEPORT OFFEREN

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or Eb usburg Casei and to us for samples TERMS--CASH.

Goods Exchang d for Wool. pensburg Woolen Co.

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NER HALAND OREGON STS. ar Blacks from Centennial Exposition preity, 1.000 Guests. Terms,

\$3.50 per Day. TRICTLY FIRST CLASS. a and Rooms en suite, etc." y arrive of omoble trees. The "Hatel mar Centennial Grounds "and nucl and combustible build d by Balaimoreans. The Western Pennsylva and West Virginia especially solicite CHAS, F. & F. P. STEVENS,

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ansusement and car lines to and from the Center or of the HENRY HOUSE. twenty years, and present the house for a term of g himisted and fitted it threep a strictly first-class inmodation for 300 guests. kept in the HENRY HOUSE. ANNER HOUSE, LORETTO, PA

patronage. The house improvements, and d, as well as abunor the house with their sin per week. Please give W. J. BONNER. Miller House LATE CAIN HOUSE," orny Main and Pittsburgh Sts., CREENSBURG, PA.

te of town. Fronts the south entrance to the Court House. JOHN PORTER, Lessee. boyd & Gamble, ARCHITECTS

60,000 ATRES OF FARMING AND TIMBER LANDS: near the great Kanawha River, in Putnam County, West Virginia, in quantities to suit purchasers water pure and alundant, timber excellent lect. Price \$3 to \$5 peracre. Terms accom ting. Send for full description to J. L. MCLEAN Winfield, Putnam County, West Virginia. SOLID WEALTH!

\$600,000 IN GIFTS. Grandest Scheme ever Presented to the Public!

THE KENTUCKY CASH Discretal act of the COMPANY, authorized by a special act of the PUB-Kentucky Legislature, for the bencht of will have LIC SCHOOLS OF FRANKFORT, will have of their series of Grand Drawings at MAn the City of Frankfort, Kentucky, or THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1876, on which occa-sion they will distribute to the ticket-holders the

um of \$600.000. Thos. P. Porter, Ex-Gov. Ky., General Manager.

	LIST OF GIFTS:						
1							
	One Grand Cash Gift	\$100.000					
	Gne Grand Cash Gift						
	One Grand Cash Gift						
	One Grand Cash Gift						
	One Grand Cash Gift						
	One Grand Cash Gift 50 Cash Gifts, \$1.000 each						
	100 Cash Gifts, 500 cach						
	100 Cash Gitts, 400 each						
	100 Cash Giffs, 300 each						

200 Cash Gifts, 600 Cash Gifts, 10,060 Cash Gifts, 12 cach. Total, 11.156 Gifts, ALL CASI...... #090,630 PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole tickets \$12; Halves, \$6; Quarters, \$5; 9 T ekets \$100: 27!4 Tickets \$300; 45!4 Tickets, \$500; 95% Tickets, \$1,000, 100 000 Tickets at \$12 each. Remittances can be made by Express. Draft, P. O. Money order or Registered Letter, made paya-ble to Kentucky Cash Distributing Company.

day of June, 1855, to the 1st day of June, 1876: DR.

cash re cf¥ d from Weighmaster..... 108.72 rer, 1874. cash ree d from Wm Davis, Treas, 1872

CR. By exonerations to Collector .... \$ 30.69 180.42 49.05 commission paid "Treasurer ... am'nt paid repairs to streets 630 29 and alleys. am't paid Clerk to Council .... 40.01 Borough Solicitor., Auditors.. 25.00 Auditors.. 7 50 for merchandise, 48.00 repairs to Mark't 20 50 House am't paid for stationery ..... 63.00 " stone and lumber 66 59 tax on Boro' bonds.. 30,30 Water Works..... 305.04 Fire Company...... 25.09 25 00 interest on Borough 629.68 am't paid Borough bonds ... old indebtedness

ASSETS due from sale of Toli House. LIABILITIES. 14 100.00

We, the undersigned Auditors of the Borough we, the undersigned Authors of the Scrough of Ebensburg, do report that we have examin-ed the accounts and vouchers of the Receipts and Expenditures of said Borough (excepting the fund realized from the sale of water bonds and payments made for same) for the year end-ing June 1st, 1876, and find them correct, as above stated.

LAND for SALE. ols and mills convenient; title per

A FORTUNE FOR ONLY \$12.

L	IST OF	FGIE	TS:		
e Grand Cash	Gift				.\$100,000
e Grand Cash	Gift				. 50,000
e Grand Cash	Gitt			*****	25,000
e Grand Cash	Gift				. 20,600
e Grand Cash	Giff		*****		. 10,000
e Grand Cash					
50 Cash Gifts	. \$L000	each.			. 50,000
00 Cash Gifts	500	each.		******	. 50.000
(0) Cools (lifte	400	onch		3 1/2 2 1 K	40.000

200 each ..... 40,000 in a four story tenement house. ..... 120,000

All communitations connected with the distri-bution, and orders for Tickets, and applications of Agents to sell Tickets, should be adoressed to HON, THOS, P. PORTER, GENERAL MANAGER, FRANKFORT, KY,

RECEIPTS & EXPENDITURES or EBENSBURG BOROUGH from the 1st

To am't of Duplicate for 1875-Boro' tax., \$1,189.67

Geo. Huntley, late Burgess cash ree'd from S. W. Davis, Burgess. R. J. Tibbott, Treasu-

County Treasurer ... \$1,293,55

300 00 130-68-42 712 88

Balance in hands of Borough Treaurer ... \$1,580.67 Balance in hands of Borough Treasurer .. \$1 580 67 159.55 21.77

JNO. E. SCANLAN, Auditors.

Engine Company 5, and the Volunteer Fire Department of New York city was in full force and in all its glory that the subjeined incident, enough in compassupon which to build a romance, transpired. It is not necessary to mention with particularity the number of the street, for

the old structure was long ago removed where the fire broke out. Very near the time has been given, and that should be sufficient.

The clocks of the city, large and small, had struck the hour of ten of a bitterly cold night in December, and orderly disposed people were about preparing to re-

> the other great fire bells, began ringing furiously. In those days the alarms were not given by stations, and the firemen often experienced no little difficulty and

considerable loss of time in seeking the exact locality of a conflagration. On this occasion, however, the flames shot suddenly upward, and every one knew that the fire was on the East side of the town, and was certainly below Market street. It was, in fact, in Madison street,

The flames had gained considerable head way before the engines could get at their fitful work-they were worked by hand then-and it was with no little difficulty that the inmates succeeded, losing their

furniture, in escaping unscathed. But as the flames leaped with great forked tongues from window to window and from floor to floor, it began at first to be whisperd, and then with loud cries asserted, that a little girl, between four and

five years old, was asleep in a back room on the upper story. The mother of the child rushed frautical

ly toward the burning building, and in a vain effort, for such it would have been 22.00 for her, to have thoughtlessly and reckless-371.48 ly entered it.

One of the assistant engineers, however, back, finally placing her in the care of a policeman, at the same time informing her that if it were humanly possible her little one should be rescued from the flames. While he spoke-not, however, believing

his own words, for he thought no one could reach it-ladders were hurriedly placed against the front of the structure, and hose the child might be.

While this work was being accomplished, a bright-eyed, handsome-looking and resolute boy of about fourteen years, broke through the cordon, and running to the

engineer said : "I can save the little girl. Her name is Lottie Wilson, sir. I know which way to go and how to do it. She'll be burnt up

or smothered before they can get water on \$14,121.77 the fourth floor. Just tell some of the men to play on the stairs and I'll be all right. It's the only way, sir." "But, boy," hurriedly returned the en gineer, "don't you see the stairs are already

following incident occurred at Oxford : A and Superintendents as I felt my consciousness going from me, "Play on them," shouted the boy as he I heard in a hoarse voice the single word, on fire." aboard?" queried a man who was passing by. "No, I don't, but they are waving truce in the rear. The Doctor, being near-Cermania Bank Building, P. S.-The Received after the comp P. S.-The Receipts and Expenditures of Wa-"Saved !" ran forward. abrupt, blasphemous and terrific profabity, "Then there was a great roar, and I followed by an intense desire, fairly their handkerchiefs at me," she replied, sighted, supposed the African was about Pr Wood and Diamond Sts., of Water Works. July 28, 1876.-31. In another second-hardly stopping to PITTSBURGH, PA. [1y] "Hand-ha !-ker-hoo-chiefs," he ex to lose his handkerchief, and so called out elude falling bricks and pieces of burned knew nothing more, except that I thought amounting to a mania, for ammonia, cam-SAW MILL, &c., WANTED.-A and broken timbers that came from the I was falling into a deep dark pit. AMEL MCLAUGHLIN, Attorneyphor and raw brandy .- Burlington Hawk- claimed, dropping his basket and leaning to him. The negro backed amazed, bat, A purchaser may be found for a second-hand Saw Mill, with Portable Engine and Boller, all complete, by addressing Box 141, Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa., stating terms and giving des-cription of mach inery. [84.-11.\*] against a woodpile, "why them's the men's catching hold of the flag, remarked : "Hoss, dat handkerchief is Lattoned 'roun' doors, windows and roof of the house-he "They told me a week later," continued Johnstowa, Pa. Office in the old eye. shirts hung out to dry." She waved into a my neck." The Doctor drove on, singing was beyond human succor, so far as could Franklin, "at the hospital, that I had been tairs.) corner of Clin-Will attend to all busicted with his profession. be given by those who saw him disappear. seen with little Lottie standing at the head A FOWL DALL-A receiver's crow. "derusalesn, my happy home."

lar Sheriff, was a Secretary of Protection next flight of stairs. Up these I succeeded in getting, with much trouble. At the second landing there was a window, this I bursted open and gasped for air. It was for a monthful only that I struggled, when I had that I made another effort, and, although I found that everything I touched was as hot as if just taken out of an oven, struggled on. I don't suppose I could have been more than a minute in the house,

up to this time, but it really seemed to have been at least a full half hour ; and as

no water had, as yet, been thrown in the direction of the stairs, I concluded that the assistant engineer thought I was a fool, and had made up his mind to let me perish tire, when suddenly the City Hall and all in the flames for my presumption. This made me feel awful, I tell yeu. But there was no turning back-the little girl should be saved, or I would perish with her.

"When I made up my mind to this, I became as cool as a cucumber ; I had no more fear, I rushed up the next flight, and just as I was turning to mount the last one

a piece of rafter fell upon me. It was all aflame. It struck me on the head and then dropped on the floor. I knew, then, that the cold water had been poured upon

it. I kicked the stick out of the way, and the next minute I was at the door where I felt sure the child was; I burst it open, and was again struck in the face by a dense volume of smoke. I felt as if the girl must have been smothered.

"Just as I again crawled forward to find the bed whereon I had supposed the little one had been lying, I caught hold of a little foot. I drew it toward me, drew it and the body attached to it out on the landing. It was that of the child, Lottie Wilson. I was quite certain she was dead ; but I took her in my arms and attempted the descent." Now, if the assistant engineer had not ordered the pipes to be turned on the stairs, I do believe it would have been better for us both-Lottie and me.

"The water as it struck in great volumes upon the stairs and into the passages, had stopped her. He even gently pushed her the effect of driving the smoke toward us. "I had to stand on the upper landing, with the flames constantly and persistently undermining me, until the clouds of smoke had been driven past me.

"When at last I saw my way down the terrible passage, I involuntarily offered a prayer for safety. At almost every step Sunday night at the signal service office the flames would start up, and once or was served up them in order to drive back | twice, as I descended, the steps broke in the forked flames from the chamber in | two, because they were nearly burnt apart which, if not already smothered by smoke, by the licking, eating fire. It seemed an eternity to me before I finally reached the

stairway. It was trembling and would presently fall ! That I saw at a glance. Then, after so much, was I to perish where I stood, with Lottie Wilson's body in my arms?

"Suddenly there was a crash. "I looked to see the stairs fall ; for when they went, I thought my doom was forever

scaled. I was becoming, I felt, exhausted. "But there was something else gave way at that moment.

"The upper part of a tall ladder was driven through the window within a foot of where I was standing ; and then, just

before the soreness really got out of my poor head.

"Well, years have come and gone since then. I learned my trade of printer, while Lottie Wilson grew into a beantiful young woman ; and now, what do you think !" "I cannot guess," I said.

"Why," he returned, with a geniei smile, "she's Mrs. Franklin-and the kindest, truest, sweetest wife and mother in all this world."

A TOUCHING ROMANCE.

The following is a hitherto unpublished romance connected with the life of one of our most prominent officials of the signal service bureau. He was engaged to be married to a lovely, charming, wealthy girl. The eve of the wedding had dawned If an eve cau dawn, and they were occupying the same rocking chair and talking as insanely as only lovers can talk, when the fair one said :

"Albert, duckey, there is one thing I wish you to do when you are married. "Name it, lovely," he replied.

"To have no rain on Mondays, because, you know, darling, that Monday is washing day, and if the things are not washed and dried then the week's work is so fearfaily put back. You will, won't you, my owny ?"

This young man's heart was to:n, but he replied : "Maud, dearest, my duty to my bleeding country demands imperatively that I shall whoop her up the precise sort of weather that Heaven will probably send impartially during the next twenty four hours upon the just and the unjust, without regard to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude. If an area of barometric disturbance exists in the Middle States on Monday, how can I consistently with my duty declare that the probabilities favor clear weather with light winds from the south-east? No, angel ; ask me anything but that. I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more."

"Then you do not love me," she sobbea. bursting into tears.

The reader will readily understand how they progressed to a quartel and parted enemies. She returned his presents and is now lecturing on women's rights, and he is a confirmed misogynist and sits up all where with fiendish glee he makes out bulletins for Monday, announcing falling barometers, atmospheric disturbances, heavy rains, showery weather, and so on.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE .- A Burlington naturalist last Sunday, while investigating the causes and effect of the poisoning of a wasp sting, nobly determined to make of himself a martyr to science, and according. ly handed his thumb to an impatient insect he had caged in a bottle. The wasp entered into the martyr business with a great with an abruptness which took the scientist by surprise. He was so deeply absorbed in the study of remedies that he forgot to make any notes of the other points in con-

nection with stings, but his wife wrote a

GRACE DARLING'S STORY. Grace Darling, the daughter of the keeper of one of the lighthouses upon the

Fern Islands, a perilous cluster of rocks off Saint Abb's head, was wakened towards the morning of the 6th of September, 1838,

sweethcart of Thursday night. Her by shricks of distress; and when dawn came, perceived the remains of a wreck interval," entertained the bean as follows: upon Longstone Island, the outermost of the group.

Grace awoke her father and urged him to launch his boat and go to the rescue of any one who might still be alive in the

stranded vessel, but the tide was rising. wind and sea were wild, and the old man chaw dictionary 'bout it neither, 'cause hung back. Grace, however, was sure ther ain't no discount on sis-she's a he that she discerned a movement on the wreck, as though living beings were still there, and seizing an oar, placed herself in the boat, which she was well able to manmarried cow, an' when yer treats it ain't age. Her father could not let her go alone, ter nuthin but cheap ole sody water at er and they rowed off together in a tremennickle a onart !" dous sea, encouraged by perceiving that

fam nine persons were still clinging to the forepart of the ship. The father, after many sum stile about him an' kin set up a square meal ter his gal when he takes her a gallavain attempts, succeeded in landing on the vantin', she does !!! rock, and making his way to the wreck, while Grace rowed off and on among the kerchief. breakers, dexterously guiding her little boat, which but for her excellent manageno slouch, an' when she gits a crank in her hed, dad sez she grinds it wass nor our ole ment would have been dashed to pieces ricketty coffee mill. She's goin' for yor' against the rocks. an' she'll tell all the other gals ter shoot

One by one, with the utmost care and the miser, an' yer jess bet they'll do it, skill, the nine survivors were placed in the boat and carried to the lighthouse, where Grace lodged, fed and nursed them for two front steps. whole days before the storm abated enough for communication with the mainland. One of them was a lady whose two children of cleven and eight years old, had actually let go of him, is that, if he had been Sitting Bull during the performance, he would been buffeted to death by the waves while now be sore in a different locality. she held them in her arms, and who was so much injured herself that it was long before she could leave her bed.

The vessel was the Forfarshire, a large steamer plying between Hali and Dundee. Her boiler had been out of order, their leakage had rendered the engines useless, and when the storm arose, the ship was

unmanageable without steam, and was driven helplessly upon the Fern Islands-

The only boat had been lowered by eight of the sailors, who were pushing off in her when one gentleman rushed upon deck. seized a rope, and swung himself in after them. Thesr nine were picked up by a sloop and saved. Of the others, the whole number had either been drowned in thei, woman, berths, or washed off the wreck, except, to bring a sick child into a sleeping car to four of the crew and five passengers, whom Grace Darling's valor had rescued. The

disturb twenty or thirty people." entire amount of the lost was not known, but more than forty had certainly got on board at Huil. Some sailors at Sunderland went out to the wreck during the storm at head out between the curtains, "when the peril of their lives, but found only you've been the mother of eleven children, moved forty-eight times, lived in nine di corpses to bring away. Grace's noble conferent states and worn one corset right duct rang through England, and every along for seventeen years, you'll begin to testimonial that could be offered was sent think you know your business. I think I deal of spirit, and backed up to the thumb to her. We believe that this brave girl know mine; and if this baby wants to howl soon after died of decline. - MissaYounge's he's going to do it, if I have to come over there and kick a ton and a balf of conceit "Book of Golden Deeds." out of you."

> A YOUNG LADY was standing on a wharf. waving her handkerchief at a schooner

> > Section Mills

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