Cambria Freeman.

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

VOLUME XI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1877. NUMBER 7.

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The most extensive tracts in one body, and suitable condition for farming, that we know of this side of the Mississippi. We found some of the most productive farms of seven, fifty or a hundred years standing, and discover the cause of their productiveness. The whole country is a garden spot, for all we found in other localities, generally in the neighborhoods of marl, showing marine shells, of the terrible substance is ever a very commended manure, and very cheap. Farmers desirous to cultivate, [8-22-1y.]

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CHARLES J. OATMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building on High street, west of Blair House. [3-23, '76.—1y.]

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PLANTS of the newest and improved sorts, carefully packed and prepaid by mail. My collection of Strawberries took the first premium for the best Collection, at the great show of the Mass. Horticultural Society in Boston. I grow over 100 varieties, the most complete collection in the country, including all the new large sorts, carefully compared and named. Priced descriptive Catalogues gratis, by mail. Also, Bulbs, Fruit Trees, Roses, Evergreens, Choice Flower, Garden, Tree, Evergreen, Herb or Fruit Seeds 25 packets of either, for $1.00, by mail.

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Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY. T. W. DICK, Gen'l Insurance Agent, EBENSBURG, PA. Policies written at short notice in the OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA" and other First Class Companies. Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1876.—1y.*

JAMES WILKINSON, late of Ireland. WM. T. O'FRIEL, late of Scotland. WILKINSON & O'FRIEL, MANUFACTURERS OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE! Loretto, Pa. Work executed promptly and satisfactorily, and as cheap as the cheapest. [4-12.—1y.]

WANTED—FARMS TO SELL.—I have hundreds of applicants for FARMS just now. Also, valuable city properties to exchange for Farms. Hundreds of people crowd into my office, and I cannot get sufficient Farms. I have lots of customers for good improvements—all cash. Write or call as soon as possible, and—not too far distant. I will ground see the property. S. M. JAMES, Farm Agency, 154 Smithfield st., Pittsburgh, near the Post office. [2-23-3y.]

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified that WILLIAM B. BONACKER has executed to me a deed of voluntary assignment for the benefit of his creditors, and that I have accepted said trust. Persons indebted to said William B. Bonacker are required to pay the amount of the same over to me, and all persons having claims against him are requested to present their accounts to me, duly authenticated for settlement. HERMAN BAUMER. Johnstown, Feb. 8, 1877.—2t.

CALLED BY THE ANGELS.

The farmer's wife is sitting alone
In the dusk of a winter's day,
While over the hills the shadows fall,
And over the meadows gray,
And the cares of many a busy hour
Steal fast from her heart away.

Her eyes have wandered through mists of tears,
To the church yard under the hill,
Where the snow, like the wings of a brooding dove,
Lies soft and pure and still,
And where her treasures, so long ago,
She laid at the Master's will.

And ah! how oft, as the days go by,
She starts, as her listening ear
Has almost caught on the passing breeze
Voices so sweet and clear,
"Tis the angels calling!" she thinks. "Ah me!
It is weary waiting here."

The farmer comes from his work, at last,
To the dusk of a winter's day,
And he sits him down by his faithful wife,
And she parts his locks so gray,
And looks in his face with a loving smile
That years steal never away.

And back again, as her dim eyes turn
To the hills where the shadows fall,
She thinks, "My treasures are lying there.
But He has not taken all,
Since one is waiting beside me still
Till the angel's voices call."

But the weeks are slow, and the aged two,
In the dusk of many a day,
Will watch the shadows come and go
O'er the meadows cold and gray,
Ere they, at the Master's will, may lie
Where their treasures are laid away.

Wait till the Overflowing Scourge is Upon You.

Speech of Jeremiah S. Black before the Electoral Tribunal, on Tuesday, Feb. 27.

From the Congressional Record.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I had not, and have not now, any intention to argue this case. I never heard the objections, nor knew what they were, until they were read in your presence this morning. It would be presumption in me to attempt an argument before a tribunal like this on such a case as this, having had no previous opportunity to consider it which might put me in a condition better than the judges themselves. You have heard as much of this case and know as much about it as I do.

My idea of the duty which a counsellor owes to a court or to any other tribunal, judicial or quasi-judicial, is that he should never open his mouth except for the purpose of assisting the judges in coming to a correct conclusion; and if he is not able to attain to do that, he ought to keep silence.

Besides that, I am, I suppose, the very last man in this whole nation who should be called upon to speak here and now.—Everybody has suffered more or less by events and proceedings of the recent past, some by wear and tear of conscience and some by a deep sense of oppression and wrong. But perhaps I, more than most others, have felt the consciousness that I have lost the dignity of an American citizen. I, in common with the rest, am degraded and humiliated. This nation has got her great leg fast in a trap. It is vain to struggle for her extrication.

I am so fallen from the proud estate of a free citizen, you have so objected me that I am fit for nothing on earth but to represent the poor, defrauded, broken hearted Democracy. And because I suffer more, they think me more good for nothing than the rest, and condemn to send me out on this forlorn hope, judging, no doubt truly, that it matters nothing what becomes of me. I might go gladly if anything which I can do or say might have the effect of mitigating the horrible calamity with which the country is threatened, a President deriving his title from a shameless sciatic, not merely a fraud, but a fraud deserved and exposed. I know not how I would feel if called upon to suffer death for my country. I am not the stuff that martyrs are made of, but if my life could redeem this nation from the infamy with which she is clothed, I *ought* to go to the grave as freely as I ever went to my bed. I see, however, no practical good that I can do, and it is mere weakness to complain.

We have certain objections to the counting of this Hayes vote from South Carolina which look to me insuperable, but I cannot hope that they will wear that appearance in other men's eyes. Perhaps the feeling which I in common with millions of others entertain on this subject, prevents me from seeing this thing in its true light. But you are wise; you are calm. You can look all through this awful business with a learned spirit; no passionate hatred of this great fraud can cloud your mental vision or shake the even balance of your judgment. You do not think it any wrong that a nation should be cheated by false election returns. On the contrary, it is rather a blessing which Heaven has sent us in this strange disguise. When the usurpator he shall be thrown and scepered and crowned, you think we ought all of us to fall down and worship it as the hope of our political salvation. You will teach us and perhaps we will learn (perhaps not) that under such a rule we are better off than if truth had prevailed and justice been triumphant.

Give, then, your cool consideration to these objections, and try them by the standard of the law. I mean the law as it was before the organization of this commission. I admit that since then a great revolution has taken place in the law. It is not now what it used to be. All our notions of public right and public wrong have suffered a complete *bouleversement*.

The question submitted to you is whether the persons who gave these votes were "duly appointed." Duly, of course, means according to law. What law? The Constitution of the United States, the acts of Congress passed in pursuance thereof, the Constitution of South Carolina, and the authorized acts of her Legislature—these, taken all together, constitute the law of the case before you.

By these laws the right, duty, and power of appointing electors is given to the people of South Carolina; that is to say, the citizens of the State qualified to vote at general elections. Who are they? By the Constitution of the State in order to qualify them as voters they must be registered. The registry of a native citizen is a sine qua non to his right of voting as much as the naturalization of a foreigner.

Now, the Legislature never passed any law for the registration of voters, and no registration of them was ever made. No doubt has been or can be obtained that the object and purpose of this omission was fraudulent and dishonest; for the Legislature as well as the Executive Department of that Government has been in the hands of the most redemptionless rogues on the face of the earth. But whatever may have been the motive, nobody can doubt that the legal effect of this omission is to make the election illegal.

That is hardly the worst of it. The election itself, emancipated from all law and all authority, was no better than a riot, a mob, a general saturnalia, in which the soldiers of the United States army cut the principal as well as the decentest figure. We offer to prove—the offer will go upon record, and there it will stand forever—that every poll in Charleston county, where they rushed into the ballot box 7,000 majority, was in possession of the soldiers.

A Government whose elections are controlled by military force cannot be republican in form or substance. For this I cite the authority of Luther vs. Borden, if perchance the old-time law has yet any influence. Do you not see the hideous depth of national degradation into which you will plunge us if you sanctify this mode of making a President? Brush up your historical memory and think of it for a moment. The man whom you elect in this way is as purely the creature of the military power as Caligula or Domitian, for whom the pretorian guards controlled the hustings and counted the votes.

But then we cannot get behind the returns, forsooth! Not we! You will not let us. We cannot get behind them. No. That is the law, of course. We may struggle for justice; we may cry for mercy; we may go down on our knees, and beg and wait for some little recognition of our rights as American citizens; but we might as well put up our prayers to Jupiter, or Mars, as bring suit in the court where Rhadamanthus presides. There is not a god on Olympus that would not listen to us with more favor than we shall be heard by our adversaries. We are at their mercy; it is only to them that we can appeal, because you, gentlemen, unfortunately cannot help us. You are bound by the new law which you have made. You are of course indicted like other people for the vice of consistency, and what is done once must be done over again.

In the Louisiana case the people appointed electors in favor of Tilden, reported their act, finished it, and left their work in such a state that nobody could misunderstand it. But other persons, who had no power to appoint, falsified the record of the actual appointment, partly by plain forgery and partly by fraud which was as corrupt in morals and as void in law as any forgery could be. You thought it right and legal and just to say that you would not look at the record which the people had made; the forgery, the fraud, and the corruption were too sacred to be interfered with; the truth must not be allowed to come in conflict with the imposture, lest the concussion might be damaging.

This precedent must be followed. It is new law, to be sure, but we must give it due welcome; and the new lords that it brings into power must be regarded as our "very noble and approved good masters." Having decided that electors were duly appointed in Louisiana who were known not to be appointed we cannot expect you to take notice of any fact similar or kindred to it in South Carolina.

Then, again, the question of "duly appointed" was decided in the case of Levisee, an elector who was an officer of the United States Government at the time he was appointed, and continued to be afterward. The Federal Constitution says that no man shall be appointed who is in that relation to the Federal Government. But you held, according to law, mind you, that he was a lawful elector and his vote a good vote. In other words, a thing is perfectly constitutional although it is known to be in the very teeth of a constitutional interdict.

Now you see why we are hopeless. The present state of the law is sadly against us. The friends of honest elections and honest government are in deep despair. We once thought that the verifying power of the two Houses of Congress ought to be brought always into requisition for the purpose of seeing whether the thing that is brought here is forgery and a fraud on the one hand, or whether it is a genuine and true certificate on the other.

But while we cannot ask you to go back behind this certificate, will you just please to go to it—only look—not step behind. If you do, you will find that it is no certificate at all such as is required by law. The certificate does not show that either of those requirements was met; and where a party is exercising a special authority like this they must keep strictly within it, and you are not to presume anything except what appears on the face of their act to be done.

If anybody will cast back his mind a little into the history of Presidential elections or look at the Gazettes of less than a year ago, he will remember that Mr. Jefferson was charged when he was Vice President of the United States with having elected himself by means of, not a fraudulent, but a merely informal vote sent up from Georgia. The informality was not in the certificate inside of the envelope, but in the outside verification. Mr. Matthew C. Davis, in 1837, got up that story. It was not true, but it was believed for a while, and it cast great odium on Mr. Jefferson's memory. It was not an informality that was merely as important as this, nothing like it. But one of the Senators now on this bench refused to it in a debate only a short time ago, and denounced Mr. Jefferson as having elected himself by fraud, because he did not call the attention of the Senate and House of Representatives to that fact.

If Mr. Jefferson's memory ought to be sent down to posterity covered with infamy because he in his own case allowed a vote to be counted which was slightly informal on the outside of the envelope, I should be glad to know what ought to be done to those who would count this vote which has neither form nor substance, which leaves out all the essential particulars that they are required to certify?

This great nation still struggles for justice; a million majority of white people send up their cry, and a majority of more than a quarter of a million of all colors demand it. But we cannot complain; I want you to understand that we do not complain. Usually it is said that "the fowler setteth not forth his net in sight of the bird," but this fowler set the net in sight of the birds that went into it. It is largely our own fault that we were caught.

We are promised—and I hope the promise will be kept—that we shall have a good government, fraudulent though it be; that the rights of the States shall be respected and individual liberty be protected. We are promised the same reformation which the Turkish Government is now proposing to its people. The Sultan promises that if he is sustained in his present contest, he will establish and act upon certain principles.

First, the work of decentralization shall commence immediately and the autonomy of the provinces shall be carefully looked after. Secondly, the people shall be governed by their national judges; they will not send Mohammedans and Christian renegades from Constantinople down on them, but they shall be governed by people of their own faith.

Thirdly, no subordinate officer, when he commits an illegal act, shall be permitted to plead in justification the orders of his superior. How much we need exactly that kind of reform in this country, and how glad we ought to be that our Government is going to be used as good hereafter as the Turk's!

They offer us everything now. They denounce negro supremacy and carpet-bag thieves. Their net policy for the South is to be abandoned. They offer everything but one; but on that subject their lips are closely sealed. They refuse to say that they will not cheat us hereafter in the elections. If they would only agree to that, if they would only repent of their election frauds, and make restitution of the votes they have stolen, the circle of our felicities would be full.

If this thing stands accepted and the law you have made for this occasion shall be the law for all occasions, we can never expect such a thing as an honest election again. If you want to know who will be President by a future election, do not inquire how the people of the States are going to vote. You need only to know what kind of scoundrels constitute the Returning Boards, and how much it will take to buy them.

But I think that even that will end some day. At present you have us down and under your feet. Never had you a better right to rejoice. Well may you say, "We have made a covenant with death, and with hell we are at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us; for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves." But nevertheless wait a little while. The waters of truth will rise gradually, and slowly but surely, and then look out for the overflowing scourge. "The refuge of lies shall be swept away and the hiding place of falsehood shall be uncovered." This mighty and puissant nation will get rise herself up like a strong man after sleep, and shake her invincible locks in a fashion you little think of now. Wait, retribution will come in due time. Justice travels with a leaden heel but strikes with an iron hand. God's mill grinds slow but exceedingly fine. Wait till the floodgate is lifted and a full head of water comes rushing on. Wait, and you will see fine grinding then.

AN OLD MAID'S PARADISE.—It appears, writes a tourist, that in Shetland the greatest number of marriages are between youths of nineteen and maids of thirty-two. Whenever a young man can set his part in the morning of a boat he has arrived at the height of his ambition, and therefore there is no wonder at his marrying early; but why he pitches on an old maid instead of a young girl is not so easily accounted for, unless it be that the young men have a peculiar affection for old maids, as old men have a peculiar affection for young girls. However, in no country is a lover so faithful to his mistress as in Shetland. I never heard of a Shetland sailor who was guilty of a breach of promise although he should be absent for ten years. Not only does he not break his engagement, but never fails to write to his beloved one in effusions of the most endearing nature, always beginning or ending his epistle with "My Pet," "My Jewel," "My Watch," or "My Diamond." Years before the celebration of the marriage the woman is by no means slack in telling all her neighbors of the particulars of the engagement, and of the year, and of the month, and of the day, and of the hour when it is to be celebrated. It is no uncommon thing for neighbors who have not been invited to the marriage to dress in disguise and participate in the festivities of the evening. The usual way they disguise themselves is by rolling the body up in a straw rope and blackening the face. These maskers have usually all the privileges of invited guests, and are treated with great civility. At the end of every dance every man must kiss his female partner. Sometimes the men dance by themselves, as the women cannot hold out to such long and furious exercise; and when they finish their dance they do not kiss, but they hug each other to such a degree as to cause disgust to those who have been unaccustomed to such a habit.

ANOTHER FIGURE CURIOSITY.—In your weekly, says a writer to the editor of the Hartford Courant, I saw an article headed "Curious." As I sometimes try these mathematical curiosities, I send you the following: "Multiply 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 by 9, and your result will be 1,111,111,-101; divided by 2, the result is 555,555,-550½. Now multiply 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 by 12½ (9 and ½ of 9), and you have 1,666,-666,666½. Multiply this product by 2, and you have 3,333,333,333. Now multiply 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 by 9, and you have 8,888,888,889. Multiply this product by ½ of 9 4½, and you have 40,000,000,000½; this multiplied by 2 gives 80,000,000,001; the first and last figures added make the multiplicand. Now add the four products of the first process together and you have 6,665,666,666½; then add the product of the last process together and you have 128,888,888,-889½."

A LONG LOST HUSBAND.—The Elmira *Advertiser* says: "Ab at ten years ago a party of from twenty to twenty-five men left Geneva, New York, for the mining regions in one of the Western States. Among the party was Jerome Crawford, who left behind him a wife and one child. Two years later all returned except Mr. Crawford, who, they said, became separated from the rest of the party and could not be found. About four years ago his wife, giving up all hope for him, and thinking he must be dead, married again. Some time ago she received a letter from her supposed dead husband, saying that he had been captured by the Indians and held by them as a prisoner until recently, when he made his escape, and now asks his wife to send him money so he could return to his old home again."

THE FLUTIST'S DOG.

About the period of the war of Magarin, there lived a poor beggar, of the name of Sulpice. Lean and scraggy, as ugly as a Quasimodo, and shaped like a Z, he possessed but a dog for his companion, and a flute as only means of subsistance. But his talent upon that instrument was such that he could attract by its melodious sounds those whom his unfortunate physiognomy repulsed.

They say that beggars at this period had no dislike to a glass of wine in the course of their wandering. Beside everybody frequented the taverns. Times are very much changed. To day every one goes to the coffee-house. On a certain day Sulpice entered a tavern; he ate enough for four, and drank sufficient for ten, and then rolled under the table, and slept by the side of his dog. An amateur, who was seated at one of the adjoining tables, took advantage of his sleep, robbed him of his flute, and went out without any one discovering the theft.

When Sulpice awoke, his first movement was to search for his flute, which, on more than one occasion, had assisted to pay his reckoning. In vain he fumbled in his pockets, the instrument had disappeared. How to express the shock—the consternation of the poor beggar! This flute was his all—his treasure; it was excellent in tone, and of perfect workmanship; besides, he had possessed it for more than twenty years! What a dreadful blow for poor Sulpice. Desolation was depicted in every feature; a cold perspiration trickled down his face. To no purpose did he question the barkeeper, waiters and customers; they all shrugged their shoulders. The poor little fellow then made an infernal noise; he cried, swore, raved, and overturned the tables and chairs, but no one could give him back his flute; and they even threatened to call in the police to put an end to the uproar. Sulpice preferred paying his reckoning and departed, his eyes swollen with tears, and his heart burning with rage.

Who has not heard of the admirable instinct of dogs? There have been frequent examples of their running scent; but the acuteness of their hearing this season been put to the test. Sulpice was already a good distance from the tavern, when, on turning a street, he saw his dog wag his tail and raise his ears, like a pointer on the track of a partridge; next he placed himself before his master, bounding up joyfully and impatient to go forward. Sulpice, who, at the moment, was in no accommodating humor, hastily repulsed, and even beat him. The dog, novise quelled by beating, continued to manœuvre with different a temper. His master to his astonishment, knew not to what cause to attribute this strange obstinacy. He stood still, lost in deep thought, when he heard behind him the sound of a flute. His heart beat violently, and a restless curiosity took possession of his mind; he resolved a few paces, and his dog began to point again, redoubling his efforts, some he had, at last been understood. He ran before, showing the way, and stopped barking in front of a house, from whence proceeded the melodious sounds. The beggar listened attentively, his surmises gaining strength every instant; soon his doubts were changed to conviction.

"Shall I enter?" he asked of himself.

He went in; his dog, animated with zeal, and bounding with joy, ran before his master, and scratching at the door of the unknown musician. He, hearing the noise, came to open the door himself, holding the flute in his hand.

"Holy Virgin! 'tis my flute," exclaimed Sulpice, transported with fury. "My name is engraved on it."

Nor was he deceived. The unknown could not deny the fact, or offer a single word in justification. He was a decrepid amateur, jealous of the reputation of Sulpice. In robbing him of his instrument, he thought to deprive him likewise of his skill. Humbled and confused he stammered out some humble words of apology and restored the flute without any difficulty. Poor Sulpice, scarcely credulous such unhoped for good luck, asked nothing further, but rapidly descended the steps, and departed, like Saint Rock, with his dog.

TRUE BLUE.

In the language of commerce, blue, as a color, is looking up. Strange as it may appear, it has taken mankind over 4,000 years to discover the merits—the true blue, as it were—of the azure ray. This is the more strange as nature has set him an example of her love for blue—a blue sky is overhead—and three-fourths of the earth's surface, "the sea, the blue, blue sea," is of that color; and as an example of the eternal fitness of things, the prospect of a whole nation looks particularly blue at present. Blue eyes denote a peaceful temperament; a blue light signifies that all is safety and security (on a railroad); the famous blue laws were solid, sober and sombre, and a case of blue shows a frigidity of temperament that pertains to a dweller in the North, as the poet says to the Laplander:

"With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow—
Traveller whence comest thou?"

And lastly a man with a habitual blue cotton umbrella overhead is certain to be a man of calm and unruffled demeanor, a man whose deportment is as far above censure as his blue umbrella is above his head.

No man with a blue umbrella is ever seen in a hurry—he never figures in a divorce case—he rarely has a lawsuit, and feverish speculations entered into his thoughts, his walk and conversation are alike slow and circumspect, and no visionary railroad schemes or joint stock companies emanate from the head on which descends the subdued light of the blue cotton umbrella. The unbeliving street car is not blue; and no respectable blue umbrella serves as a prop to a man who is vainly searching for a key hole at 2 a. m. It is always the nice modest silk umbrella that keeps the rain alike from the just and the unjust; it is the modest umbrella that shields the insurance agent, the lightning rod man and the sewing machine peddler, and, to sum up the evidence, what this country wants is to return to the honest and trustworthy shade of the blue cotton umbrella.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FITS.—Salt put into the mouth will instantly relieve the convulsive movement in fits either in children or animals, and the frequent use of salt is the best remedy for epilepsy.

THE APOSTOLIC CLOCK.

A fac-simile of the original apostolic, musical and astronomical clock in the Strasburg cathedral, a curious and wonderful piece of mechanism, celebrated the world over, was opened for exhibition at Horticultural (lower) Hall yesterday. It is the work of a young clockmaker's apprentice, Fritz Von Engle, of Strasburg, who having conceived the idea of making a fac simile of the clock invented by Isaac Habrecht, obtained permission from the sexton of the cathedral to copy it. After seven years' close application to his self imposed task his work was completed, and so overjoyed was the young man that he became insane and died six months after. A disagreement arose among the heirs respecting the disposition of the clock, which was purchased about a year ago by the present proprietors for the sum of $5,000 in gold.

The clock stands on the base 4 feet front, 2½ feet deep, and 20 feet 4 inches high. The lower section has a dial representing the ancient zodiac, with the signs of the first, second and third magnitude, with the signs of each month of the year exhibited at the proper time and seasons, the dial making but one revolution in the year, and but one-half of it is exposed at a time. Above this, in each corner, are lions' heads, with rings in their mouths. Above this is another section, with a dial twenty-two inches in diameter, on which is represented on the outer circle the minutes and hours in the usual manner. Within are four dials, representing the month, day of month, day of the week, and phases of the moon. In niches on either side of the frames are carved figures of Time and Justice. Above this are two Roman columns, with capital, representing two rams' heads. On the top of the capital there stands a wolf watching the sheep. Above the dial is a keystone, with a small door in the centre, with chamois on either side guarding it. The top section is in the form of a Gothic chapel, with a small door on either side, and a large one over a star in front in the centre, with a balcony over centre, and spires extending up either side.

At every half hour is heard the ringing of the bell, and the door of the keystone opens, showing the figure of Death, followed by the music of an organ. Three minutes after a chime of twenty bells is heard, when from the right door of the chapel the disciples come out in procession, while the middle door opens and the Saviour comes in sight. As the disciples reach him they pause, one by one turn their faces towards him and bow, except Peter, which is the central figure. The bow is returned by the Saviour, and immediately a cock perched on the right corner flaps his wings and crows, when Satan appears and disappears in the balcony above. Meanwhile a Roman sentinel on the left of the procession has faced towards it and remains until the procession has passed, when Satan appears again, turning his head in the direction of Judas. After Satan appears he is followed by the music of the organ, when the left door closes the scene. The Apostles come out once every half hour during the day and evening.—*Boston Advertiser.*

AN EASY PLEDGE.—Of course almost every one has heard of the New England farmer who signed the pledge, with the reservation that he might drink all he wanted to while he washed his sheep; and how he kept it two or three months, and then got drunk in the middle of January. A brother taxed him with breaking the pledge, whereupon the farmer led him to the barn, and pointing to a shivering, dripping, old ram, remarked:

"I've jist washed the old (his) feller eight times (his) already this mornin', and I ain't done a washin of him yet!"

A four printer in Pittsburgh is equally as ingenious in keeping the letter of his pledge. The great Murphy excitement there has been gathering in signers by the thousand and he was "snooped" along with others. The "pledges" are printed on neat cards, so that the signers can put them in their wallets after attaching their signatures.

The night on which Hughes signed was a crowded one, and pen and ink not being handy, Hughes subscribed his name in pencil. For a week or two he observed the pledge religiously, but one night a brewer sent a half barrel of beer to the foreman to treat the "troops." It was duly tapped as soon as the last telegram was up, and the boys began to enjoy the exhilarating beverage, with the exception of Hughes, who looked on. At length he asked if it was good beer, and was informed that it was a prime article. He pulled out his pledge and looked at it fixedly. An idea struck him, and he whistled a bar of opera just above his breath. Hunting up a piece of rubber, he easily erased his name, and then joined and drank his share of the beer. Having finished it, he quietly subscribed his name again in pencil. Since then, whenever he wants a glass of beer, he rubs his name out and takes it. He claims that he never breaks his pledge, as his name is not signed to it when he drinks.

AN INGENIOUS INVENTION.—An ingenious person named Frank P. Jermayne, of Washington, D. C., inspired probably by sympathy for the numerous short sighted persons who are compelled to wear, or who affect eye-glasses, has invented a self-adjusting "nose-clamp," which not only relieves the skin of the nose of the unpleasant contact with bone clamps common in ordinary glasses, besides avoiding dangerous pressure upon the optic nerves, but also and last (not least) one of the products, a provoking guard chain generally in use. The invention is so simple that the wonder is that no ingenious man has ever thought of it before. In place of the usual permanent nose clamp of hard rubber, bone or tortoise shell one of soft rubber is substituted, and it is hung in the middle on a hinge which permits it to adjust itself to any angle or any part of the bridge of the nose. When once placed it cannot be shaken off, and yet the pressure on the skin is felt much less than that of ordinary frames. The new frames can be applied to an ordinary eyeglass by any optician.

A PROMISING youth of only seven summers, who had been accused of not always telling the truth, cross-examined his father. "Father, did you lie any when you were a boy?" "No, my son," said the parent, who evidently did not recall the past with any distinctness. "Nor mother, either?" persisted the young lawyer. "No; but why?" "Oh, because I don't see how two people who never told a lie could have a boy that tells as many as I do."