Cambria Freeman.

H. 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, APRIL 13, 1877. NUMBRE 12.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its positive virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and useful to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Ulcers, Eruptions, and eruptive diseases of the skin, Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, and internal Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver. It also cures other complaints to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility, and Leucorrhœa, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the blood and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder exists, people feel better, and live longer, by cleansing the blood. The system moves with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

RULE ON THE HEIRS AND LEGAL REPRESENTATIVES OF ROBERT SISK, deceased, to accept or refuse.

CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Richard Roberts, David Roberts and Rebecca Roberts, children of Hugh Roberts, late of Hugh Roberts, deceased, and Winfield Roberts, a minor child of Hugh Roberts, deceased, who have for husband or parent the late John J. Roberts, John Thomas Reese, Martha Jones, formerly Ellen Reese, Ellen Davis, formerly Ellen Ann Taylor, formerly Jane Ann Reese, all residents in the county of Cambria, Ann Yerks, formerly Catharine Reese, late of Cambria county, Pa., heirs of Eleanor Reese, late of Eleanor Roberts, dec'd, John Humphreys, Mary Humphreys, Mary Wike, formerly Mary Humphreys, all residents in the county of Cambria, and heirs of Mary Humphreys, dec'd, the names and residence of whom the petitioner does not know, heirs of Mary Humphreys, formerly Catharine Robeson, Sarah Sonner, formerly Sarah Brown, Peter Brown and Ellen Brown, all of Cambria, heirs of Margaret Brown, late of Cambria, deceased, Catharine Roberts, formerly Catharine Roberts, of Cambria county, John Roberts, of Blair county, Pa., David Roberts, of the state of Iowa, Robert Roberts, of the state of Iowa and Margaret Evans, formerly Margaret Roberts of Pittsburgh, Pa., heirs of Hugh Roberts, intermarried with Evan Roberts and Leonard Roberts, Lucy Evans, formerly Lucy Roberts, Richard Roberts, Evan Roberts, George Roberts and David Roberts, all of Cambria, heirs of Hugh Robert, who was the son and heir of the said Robert Sisk, deceased, greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, at Ebensburg, to and for said county, on the FIRST MONDAY of JUNE next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Robert Sisk, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by the Court and returned by the Sheriff of the county, on the 7th day of March, A. D. 1877 and unless they the same should not be sold. A certain messuage and tract of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded by lands of Richard Rumford, John Thomas and others, containing about forty-seven acres, with the appurtenances, valued and appraised at the sum of thirteen dollars and five and one-half cents per acre—$613.74. Herein fail not, but have you then and there before the Honorable John Dean, President of our said Court, at Ebensburg, this 7th day of March, A. D. 1877.

JAMES M. SINGER, Clerk O. C.

Attest: JOHN RYAN, Sheriff. [3-23.-4t.]

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN SLATTERY, dec'd. Letters of administration cum testamento annexo having been granted to the undersigned in the county of Cambria county on the estate of John Slattery, late of Washington township, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them to me duly probated for settlement.

MARY SLATTERY, Administratrix.

Washington Twp., March 2, 1877. 6t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of PATRICK SLATTERY, dec'd. Having been appointed Administratrix of the last will and testament of Patrick Slattery, late of Washington township, Cambria county, dec'd, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will secure settlement without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them to me properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY SLATTERY, Administratrix.

Washington Twp., March 2, 1877.. 6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of ROBERT SISK, dec'd. Having been granted letters testamentary on the estate of Robert Sisk, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, the undersigned notifies all persons indebted to said estate of the payment of their respective accounts must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them to the property authenticated for settlement.

JOHN SISK, Executor.

March 30, 1 77. 6t.*

SELECT SCHOOL.—The undersigned will open a Select School in the Mahoning "Union School Building" for a term of six weeks, commencing MONDAY, MAY 7, 1877. The common branches, higher mathematics and natural sciences will be taught. Instruction in book-keeping will also be given to all who desire it. TERMS.—Five dollars per term for all studying only the common branches; six dollars per term for the higher branches and instruction in teaching.

F. A. LYTE.

March 23, 1877.-3t.

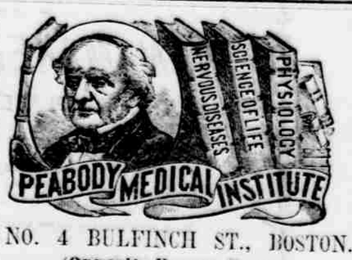
ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of PATRICK DUNEGAN, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of Patrick Dunegan, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are required to make payment, and those having demands or claims against the same will produce them without delay.

LUKE DURBIN, Administrator.

Carrolltown Springs, March 30, 1877.-6t.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonel Roberts' building, recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Centre street. [1-21. 76.-1t.]



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(Opposite Revere House.)

The SCIENCE of LIFE;

Or, Self-Preservation.

More than One Million Copies Sold.

Gold Medal Awarded to the Author by the "National Medical Association," March 31st, 1876.

JUST published by the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, a new edition of the celebrated medical work entitled the "SCIENCE OF LIFE; or, SELF PRESERVATION." It treats upon MANHOOD, how lost, how regained and how perpetuated; cause and cure of Exhausted Vitality, Impotency, Premature Decline in Man, Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Losses (nocturnal and diurnal), Nervous and Physical Debility, Hypochondria, Gloomy Forebodings, Mental Depression, Loss of Energy, Haggard Countenance, Confusion of Mind and Loss of Memory, Impure State of the Blood, and all Nervous Affections arising from the Errors of Youth or the indiscretions or excesses of mature years.

It tells you all about the Morale of Generative Physiology, the Marriage, of Wedlock and Offspring, Physical Contrasts, True Morality, Empiricism, Perversion of Marriage, Conjugal Precept and Friendly Counsel, Physical Infirmity, Its Causes and Cure, Relations between the Sexes, Proofs of the Expansion of Vice, the Mysteries of Imprudence, Ancient Ignorance and Errors, MEANS OF CURE, Cure of ody and Mind, TRUE PRINCIPLES OF TREATMENT, Address to Patients and Invalid Readers, The Author's Principles. The price of this book is only $1.00.

This Book also contains MORE than FIFTY PRESCRIPTIONS for the above named and other diseases, each one worth more than the price of the book.

Also, another valuable medical work treating exclusively on MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISEASES; more than 200 royal octavo pages, twenty elegant engravings, bound in substantial muslin. Price only $2.00. Barely enough to pay for printing.

"The Book for young and middle-aged men to read just now, is the Science of Life, or Self Preservation. The author has returned from Europe an excellent plan, and has settled in this City as consulting Physician of the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass."—*Republican Journal.*

"The Science of Life is beyond all comparison the most extraordinary work on Physiology ever published."—*Boston Herald.*

"Hope nestled in the bottom of Pandora's box, and has yet plumed anew, since the issuing of these valuable works, published by the Peabody Medical Institute, which are teaching thousands how to avoid the maladies that sap the citadel of life."—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

"It should be read by the young, the middle-aged and even the old."—*New York Tribune.*

"The highest moral encomium conferred upon any Medical Man in this country, as a recognition of skill and professional services, was presented to the author of these works, March 31st, 1876. The presentation was noticed at the time of its occurrence by the Boston Press, and the leading journals throughout the country. This magnificent Medal (of solid gold, set with more than one hundred Diamonds) is of rare brilliancy.

"Altogether, in its execution and the richness of its material, and size, this is decidedly the most noticeable medal ever struck in this country for any purpose whatever. It is well worth the inspection of Numismatists. It was fairly won and worthily bestowed."—*Massachusetts Ploughman, June 3d, 1876.*

☞ Catalogue sent on receipt of 6c. for postage. Either of the above works sent by mail on receipt of price. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, (or W. H. PARKER, M. D., Consulting Physician) No. 4 Bulfinch St., Mass., opposite Revere House.

N. B. The author can be consulted on the above named diseases, as well as all diseases requiring skill, secrecy and experience. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. [7 7.-1y.]

WHO WANTS TO INVEST?

THE subscriber will sell on the most favorable terms and give immediate possession of the following

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE:

1. PART OF A LOT OF GROUND situate on Centre street, in Ebensburg Borough, with a two story Frame Building thereon erected, now used by the "Cambria Freeman" as a Printing Office.
2. A LOT OF GROUND situate on Julian street in West Ward of Ebensburg Borough, 40 feet front and 240 feet deep, with a two story Frame Dwelling House, a large Frame Stable, and the usual Outbuildings.
3. A TRACT OF LAND (formerly known as the Gillin property) situate in Blacklick Township, Cambria County, containing 129 Acres, more or less, about 60 Acres cleared, with a two story Stone Dwelling House, a good Barn, and an opened Coal Bank, furnishing the best of coal, on the premises.
4. A TRACT OF LAND situate in Washington Township, Cambria County, known as the "Perote Mill Tract," containing 139 Acres, a small portion of which is cleared. There is coal in abundance on this tract.
5. A TRACT OF LAND situate in Summerhill Township, containing 400 Acres, about 100 Acres cleared, with a good Dwelling House, Barn and necessary Outbuildings—the same being now in the occupancy of E. Metlade.
6. A TRACT OF LAND in Carroll Township, formerly owned by Henry J. Campbell, containing 60 Acres, 25 Acres cleared, with a one-and-a-half story Plank House and Frame Barn thereon erected.
7. A TRACT OF LAND situate in Cambria Township, known as the "Cunningham Tract," situated 3 miles west of Ebensburg and containing 400 Acres. This tract is unimproved and will be sold altogether or in parts, to suit purchasers.
8. A TRACT OF UNIMPROVED LAND in Cambria Township, 3 miles west of Ebensburg, lying between the Pittsburgh Turnpike and the Blacklick, containing 200 Acres.
9. A TRACT OF LAND situate in Susquehanna Township, now in the occupancy of Wm. Miller, containing 40 Acres, 20 Acres of which are cleared, with a Log House and Log Barn thereon erected.
10. A TRACT OF LAND situate in Barr Township, now in possession of James S. Luckett, containing 125 Acres, all but about 25 Acres being cleared, with a two story Frame House and a Frame Barn thereon.
11. A TRACT OF LAND situate in White Township, adjoining lands of Bell's heirs, James E. Davis, and others, containing 129 Acres, about 29 Acres of which are cleared.
12. A TRACT OF LAND situate in Montgomery Township, Indiana County, about five miles from Cherry Tree, (formerly owned by Chapman Lydic,) containing 60 Acres, 25 Acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story Frame House, Bank Barn, Wagon Shed &c., &c. There is also a thriving young Apple Orchard on this property.

R. L. JOHNSTON.

Ebensburg, March 30, 1877.

NO SUCH THING AS FAILURE.

B. L. FAHNESTOCK'S LUNG SYRUP is a safe and speedy cure for Consumption.

We will refund the money if it does not do all we claim for it. Trial size, 25 cents. Large size, $1.00, equal to five small bottles. Sold by all dealers. B.L. Fahnstock & Co., Prop'rs, Pittsburg.

"Having tried B. L. Fahnestock's Lung Syrup, we can safely commend it as an excellent medicine, and for use among children it is invaluable, acting like a charm."—Ed. Pittsburg Christian Advocate. (3-16. 3m.)

GOOD BEEF!—Having recently purchased several head of fine FAT STEERS, which were brought from the State of Illinois, I am prepared to furnish my customers with the best meat ever offered for sale in this place. Choice Steak, 15 cents per lb.; Steak and Roast, 12 cts. per lb.

JOSEPH GUTWALD.

Ebensburg, March 30, 1877.-4t.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight.
You do not prize the blessing overmuch—
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow on your tired knee—
This restless curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,
If the white feet into the grave had tripped—
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder that some mothers ever fret
At their little children clinging to their gown,
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot
And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is—dead.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

There was one man in Toulon whom I wished much to see. There were a great many historic places, and points of surpassing interest, which had deeply engaged my anticipations of enjoyment, but of the thousands of inhabitants of that famed old city there was one alone whom I cared to see and to know; and for the very good reason that of only one man surely residing in Toulon, had I ever heard anything unusually interesting. And who and what do you suppose this man was? I will tell you: He was Victor Lacour, then keeping a well ordered shooting gallery on a little cul de sac opening out from the Place d'Armes, and formerly a convict and a galley-slave. I had heard the story which had been told throughout France, and which had made him famous, and which was now making his shooting gallery one of the most popular resorts in Toulon. This is the story as it was told to me:

In the department of the Lower Alps, in 1842, there had been famine, and want, and suffering. There was much sickness, and the poor people had looked death in the face, for death came very near to them. Among the few who were blessed with plenty was a nobleman of Casteiane, occupying a great old chateau in one of the most fertile districts of the mountainous region and owning hundreds upon hundreds of acres of the most valuable land. His crops had thrived while other crops had failed, because his land was so situated that it lacked not for moisture. In the midst of desolation monseigneur's garners were filled to overflowing and his herds were sleek and fat. The poor people came to him for bread and he turned them away hungry. They begged of him work that they might earn a few sous and he would not employ them. Famishing mothers, with famishing children, applied at his gates—if he would let them have bread and oil now, in their sore distress, they would work for him when the summer came, and their service would be of use; but he would not listen. His heart was cold and hard, and for suffering humanity he cared not a whit. It was such as he that had driven the *sans culottes* to revolution, paving the way for the Reign of Terror.

By and by, when suffering had made the poor people mad, some of them determined that monseigneur should be compelled to yield food to the famishing. Victor Lacour was a young artisan of Castelane. He was not himself suffering, save in so far as he suffered in seeing others suffer; and this, in truth, was deep suffering for one with a heart so tender as was his. When he heard that the people had resolved to break open monseigneur's store houses and help themselves to bread, he offered to lead them. And he did it not more to help the sufferers than to be of service to monseigneur. He knew the excitable temperament of the *sans culottes*. He feared, if they went upon their lawless mission without a cool and clear-headed leader, they might plunge into excesses of simple diabolism. Victor Lacour went with them as their leader.—Monseigneur was asked to give of his great plenty to the poor and the starving. He refused with utter coldness and reviled the humble petitioners. And then they beat down his gates and his great doors, and carried away much of his breadstuff and dried fruit, together with a goodly quantity of wine.

Victor Lacour had been recognized as the leader. Monseigneur made no account of the prodigious efforts put forth by him to prevent the multitude from destroying what they did not carry away. He only made account of the evil score. Victor was arrested, and tried, and convicted, and condemned to the galleys. It was in the month of March that he was put on board an old hulk in the harbor of Toulon, with a chain and ball of iron made fast to his legs; and when he was taken to his work he was forced to wear this ball and chain.

Victor Lacour was then five-and-twenty years of age, and had been sentenced for ten years. He was tall and strong, and handsome, and all up and down the valleys and hillsides of the Lower Alps there was deep grief on his account.

Not quite five months had Victor spent in his cruel condition in the galleys when he managed to make his escape. He lurked in the house of a true friend in Toulon three nights and three days, and then under cover of darkness, in disguise, and with a false pass, he left the city and fled to the northward, aiming for Switzerland. The second night from Toulon brought him to a little hamlet in a a retired vale, close by Castelane. It was very near the breaking of day when he appeared at the door of an isolated cot for succor. He was admitted by the master, whose wife was soon up and dressed.

"I am an unfortunate man," he said, "fleeing from a great danger. I have no money, but if you will give me a crust of bread and a cup of water, and shelter for the hours of daylight, I will bless you."

The peasant and his wife offered him all they could give. They were willing to give him protection without asking farther questions, and as for food, it must be a simple crust, since they had no more for themselves.

Victor saw plainly that the poor peasant and his wife were in deep distress. Their drooping, lusterless eyes, and wan, tired faces, showed that they had not slept through the night, and when, a little later, the children—five of them—the oldest, a boy of twelve or fourteen and the youngest just able to stand alone—when these came in from their sleeping coop, Victor discovered what was the matter. The mother shed tears when she saw her children, and the oldest boy kissed her, and told her not to grieve; he was growing stronger and stronger, and would work for her.

"Do not let our misery add to your distress," said the peasant, when Victor had asked for an explanation. "Suffering is our lot, and we can better afford to suffer wrong than do wrong. You behold my family in the old home for the last time. For fifteen years my wife and I have lived here. We took the place when we were married, and have never failed to pay the rent until now; but this year we are unfortunate. Last season our crops failed and every son that we could raise has gone for food. Our rent is not high, but were it not more than ten francs, I could not pay it. We have sold everything we had to sell—all our trinkets—all our best clothing—have sold them for bread. Ah, Nanette, weep not. God will provide in some way. See—our Victor is not cast down."

"Victor!" cried the convict.

"So we call our eldest boy, good sir. It is a brave name, and a brave lad wears it."

"My name is Victor, too. Tell me, sir, how much do you owe for rent?"

"For the whole year, sir,—eighty francs. So much I pay in money, and for the rest, work at cutting wood. The work I have done; but the money I cannot pay. Our landlord has left us off month after month, and now he is offered more rent than we pay by a man who has the money."

"But if you had the money—the eighty francs—the owner would let you stay?"

"Yes, sir. We have been here so long. He is a stern man, but just."

Victor Lacour reflected. He could not bear to see suffering which he had power to relieve. He was fleeing for liberty, but what would liberty be to him with the weight of this poor family's sore distress upon his conscience? How could he ever enjoy a freedom which he had secured at the expense of the peace and comfort of this devoted father and mother and their helpless little ones?—for so he put it to himself. If he had the opportunity, and exercised it not, the blame would be his.

"My good man," he said, "cheer up and take courage. I am Victor Lacour. I escaped from the galleys less than a week ago. A reward of one hundred francs has been offered for my apprehension. I will go with you to Castelane, where you will deliver me up to the sub prefect, and he will have to pay you one hundred francs. That will be grand. You will have eighty francs for your landlord, and twenty will be left to buy you bread. Do you see? We will set forth at once, for you must be here with the money when the owner comes."

The peasant and his wife gazed upon their guest with a horrified look.

"*Grand dieu!*" cried the husband.—"Deliver up Victor Lacour? I will die first! Ask my wife."

"No, no," exclaimed the woman, with equal warmth "don't ask me. We will both die first. We cannot do so base a thing."

But Victor Lacour was determined.

"See here," he said, with a look and tone that made the poor people tremble—"if you do not take me to the sub-prefect I will go myself. I swear to you that I will not give up my purpose. It will make me very happy to give you that hundred francs; if you rob me of the pleasure, I will let monsieur the *Sou-Prefet* keep the money which he will, of course, pocket on his own account. What will you do?"

When the poor peasant saw that his guest was in downright earnest and that disobedience would greatly offend him, he agreed to the proposition. It was hard to bring the woman to consent, but she did it at length.

"Ah!" cried Victor, when he was able to get away from the tears and blessings of the mother and her children, "am I not richly repaid already?"

So the poor peasant, Jean Brignol, and his son Victor, set out with the convict, who had made them bind his arms behind him with a piece of rope, and did not stop until they reached the village of Castelane. Several times on the way Jean tried to persuade his prisoner to give up his plan, but the man was sternly inflexible. The sub-prefect wondered much to see the dowdy peasant and his stripling boy bringing in as a prisoner a man so physically powerful as was Victor Lacour, but the peasant claimed that he had done it all by strategy. The officer of the police was glad to get Victor back into the hands of justice, and he paid to Jean the hundred francs without hesitation.

And with a heavy heart, Jean Brignol went back to his home. He paid the rent, and the old home was still for him and his family; but how could he enjoy it when he thought of the brave, true soul condemned again to the galleys—condemned to toil and degredation that he and his might prosper!

That night Jean and his wife talked the matter all over, and on the following morning, as soon as they could get their breakfast, they set out for Toulon, a distance of not quite sixty miles, the wife riding the mule while Jean trudged along by her side on foot. They were two days on the journey. At Toulon they gained access to the minister of justice, to whom they told the story of Victor Lacour. The minister was deeply interested, and he promised the peasant that he would do what he could. He would not treat the matter lightly.

And he was as good as his word. He examined into the case of Lacour, and found that he was not of the criminal class, and that in the affair of monsiegneur's store-houses he had sought to do good rather than evil. He pushed the matter on up to the executive head, and in a few weeks Victor Lacour was pardoned, and set free; and be sure there was a happy gathering at the cot of Jean Brignol when the redeemed man went to thank the kind friends to whom he owed his liberty. And we can imagine that Victor Lacour was not the only grateful one.

That was the man—Victor Lacour—whom I had desired so much to see; and I not only saw him, but spent several pleasant hours, at different times, in his shooting gallery. He was all that he had been represented to be, and I am free to confess that I greatly prized his friendship. I was young then, and a hero worshiper.

Hornets in a Palace Car.

The following exciting story is told by the St. Louis *Republican*: "As the Missouri Pacific train was leaving Miller's Landing on a recent night a gentleman came aboard carrying a stick, to which was curiously attached a hornet's nest. He had found it in the woods, and it had the appearance of being tenantless. But when brought into the warm atmosphere of the car and placed near the stove the heat soon awakened its dormant life and a low, humming noise from the interior warned the embryo naturalist and his companions in distinct misery that the sorrow was about to begin. A frantic effort to throw the nest from the window released the imprisoned insects, and the next instant they swarmed through the car, each individual hornet armed with fury and savagely bent on the war path. They struck right and left, and everywhere left in their trail a cry of agony. Women shrieked and men vented curses loud and deep. But the sorrow waxed apace, and the misery increased. People tumbled over seats and grovelled on the floor. Polonaises were torn and scattered in promiscuous confusion, and shapely extremities were exposed in a frantic search for hornets that had ventured in directions which hornets have no right to penetrate. Bald headed men mopped their shining pates in agony and cursed the fool who had turned that happy car into a carnival of pain. Rushing to the rescue of the beleaguered passengers, Conductor King was met on the threshold with such a warm reception that his inquiry: 'What the —?' may not have been so far wrong after all. But the conductor only clasped his lips with both hands, and commmenced an Indian war dance in perfect keeping with the conduct of his passengers. He seemingly lost all anxiety to inquire any further, or if his curiosity was not appeased he prudently refrained from expressing it. Finally the doors and windows were thrown open, and the hornets began to leave the car. In a little while only a few stray ones were left and these the passengers kindly refrained from hurrying, but allowed to take their time, which, everything considered, was magnanimous on the part of people who had undergone so much discomfort."

FROM Tudor times down to the beginning of the eighteenth century the Welsh people were, even in Cromwell's time, devoted adherents of the Church of England, inasmuch as they had native bishops and clergy, and in 1700 there were only thirty-six dissenting chapels in the whole principality. In the eighteenth century, however, the Welsh were suspected of an inclination toward the Stuart cause, and, in order to convert them politically, Englishmen ignorant of the language, traditions and feelings of the people were sent down to Wales, and from 1714 to 1870 not a single Welshman was appointed to a Welsh bishopric. So, while the clergy of the Established Church preached to empty churches in English, the people built dissenting chapels—there are now 3,000—where they heard their vernacular. 1870, however, Mr. Gladstone appointed a Welshman to a bishopric, which gave immense satisfaction. The degree to which through the above and other causes, the Welsh have, though an integral portion of England, retained their language, while in Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man English is almost universally spoken, is very remarkable. It is estimated that of 1,200,000 souls, at least half are incapable of deriving any benefit from English services, and another 300,000, though understanding English, prefer a Welsh service. Thirteen weekly newspapers are published in Welsh, and nine or ten monthly magazines. There are eighteen Welsh chapels in London, and nearly as many in Liverpool.

ONLY A JOKE.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"A difference of tastes in jokes is a great strain on the affections."—*George Eliot.*

"I was always fond of a joke," said Uncle Moses Fuller to the friends who had assembled to commemorate the golden wedding of his good wife, Aunt Patty, and himself. "But jokes have their proper times and places, and that reminds me of a little story that I will relate to you, young people, while mother is in the other room taking down the old china.

"Some of you are married now, and some of you are likely to be at no distant day—if there is any truth in signs or in hearsay—and none of you will object to receiving a mild lesson from an old man.

"I was always fond of a 'joke,' as I was saying, but I never 'joked' my wife but once. That was after we had been married about a week, and had got nicely to housekeeping. The old minister who had married us, and who had known us both all our lives, and his wife, came to make us a call, and Patty urged them to stay to tea. They accepted the invitation so cordially given with evident pleasure.

"As they were our first visitors, Patty wanted to put her best foot forward, of course; so she made hot biscuit for supper. I remember as if it were only yesterday, how pretty she looked in her blue home-made gown, and clean, freshly starched check apron, as she was stepping around in her shy, quiet, womanly way, making the biscuit, looking at and turning them in the tin baker before the open fire-place, setting the table, and pleasantly talking with her guests at the same time; for we had no parlor then.

"I felt quite proud of her, I assure you, when we drew our chair around the neatly spread and bountifully loaded table, and just at that moment I thought more, I fear, of Parson and Mrs. Bancroft's opinion of Patty's cooking and housekeeping than I did of the grace he was saying. Both of our guests praised the light, short properly browned biscuit, and Patty's girlish face flushed with genuine pleasure as she shyly glanced up at my face for her husband's approval.

"But I did not speak, and presently she asked timidly: 'I hope you like them, Moses, for they are the first biscuit I have made since—since—' 'Since you became Mrs. Fuller,' said the parson's wife, considerately helping out her speech.

"'Oh, yes,'" I replied flippantly, thinking it would not do to praise my wife before company, and not relishing the possibility of losing an opportunity to get off one of my 'jokes,' 'I like them, to be sure; but I should hate to have anybody throw one of them at my head, for the consequences might be serious.' Patty's countenance changed as if she had received a blow; and wife-like she tried to throw off her ill concealed mortification at my thoughtless speech. Although I could find no fault with the way she performed her duties as hostess, I noticed she ate very little of the supper.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft started for their home just before dark, and as I was tucking them up in their comfortable old chaise I thought what a happy, contented old couple they were. When I handed the parson the reins, after everything was ready, and they had bidden Patty 'good night,' and she had gone back through the gate into the yard, he leaned down towards me, and putting his trembling hand on my shoulder, said: 'My son, bear in mind that pure, burnished gold even may be scratched and defaced by rough usage.'

"I felt like a brute all the time I was getting the cows and milking and doing the chores. When I carried into the kitchen the brimming pails of milk, Patty was washing and polishing and putting away that very china she is now taking down, and I could see in the gathering twilight that she had been crying. I kissed her impulsively with my heart in my throat, and catching the empty water-pail started for the well. I didn't make any promises to anybody but to myself.

"The moon was shining high in the heavens, and as I ran down the bucket, I saw it reflected in the clear water at the bottom of the round, deep well. I felt as if it might be Patty's love going down, down, far beyond my reach, slipping away from me forever. As I drew up the brimming, mossy bucket, the brilliant harvest moon was reflected upon that, too, in broken flashes of light, shining up curiously from the dark depths of the well. I hurriedly drew up the smooth pole, feeling that I was regaining what I had come near losing.

"I set the overflowing bucket down upon the soft green grass, and let it be until the perturbed water became still and smooth like a mirror. Then looking into it I saw the moon peaceful and calm once more. I emptied the bucket into my pail, and as I did so, I said aloud: 'I will never joke Patty again. She is gentle and sweet, and sensitive; far too good for a rough fellow like me. I will never grieve her tender, loving heart by my peculiar kind of joking again.'

"And I have kept my word. We were married fifty years ago to-day, and although I have had my jokes with other people—jokes that they say are 'rather cutting, though Uncle Moses don't mean anything'—I have never joked my wife. She has proved to be qualityed gold, and thanks to the good old parson's advice, it has not been defaced or had its luster dimmed by rough usage. I have never happened to see the moon reflected in the old well without the memory of those supremely unhappy moments coming back to me. Life is short at the best, young people, and you cannot be too careful about wounding the sensibilities of those who are nearest and dearest to you."

A REMARKABLE TURTLE STORY.—We have all heard of the frog story, but we have the land turtle this time. In chopping down a tree about two feet in diameter, the other day, we were surprised to find embedded in the heart of the tree, surrounded by solid wood, an ancient and remarkable specimen of the land turtle species. We accidently cut the animal slightly, but when exposed to the warmth of the sun it became exceedingly frisky. The 'rings' of the tree showed that the animal must have been imprisoned about one hundred years. Some initials have evidently been carved on the shell, but all attempts so far to decipher the letters have proved futile; they resemble an old fashioned G. W. Colonel Boyd will be pleased to show the remarkable creature to all who wish.—*Cascyrille (Ill.) Times.*

IN THE EVERGLADES.

A STORY OF THE SEMINOLE WAR IN FLORIDA —THE DEADLY SWAMP.

The exploration of the everglades of Florida bring to light many incidents of the long and terrible Seminole war. Beyond the "Mules' Wallow" there is a marsh about which the most remarkable stories are narrated. It is called "Feather Bed Bay." No wild animal when chased by the hunter was ever known to cross it; the baying of the hounds might force the deer a little way from the firmer earth, but it would then become alarmed with its rapid sinking and struggle out even "into the jaws of death." Under the tread of any living thing upon the treacherous tussocks the whole surface of the marsh will tremble as if it were merely a floating scum on a hidden depth of water. As one surveys its tall furze and tufted grass, traversed by the quivering undulations produced by the breeze, and ponders on the frightful stories of the lives which have been smothered in the unfathomable slime, his wonderment at the application of the name of "Feather Bed Bay" ceases. It was comparatively unknown to the whites until one battle took place. The Indians, in retreating, hoped by their superior lightness of foot to cross the "Feather Bed Bay" before they were overtaken. They would have avoided it had they not been pressed very hotly, and on boldly attaining the other shore they thought that the whites would be induced to attempt to follow them. But the trepidation of the moment prevented the safe passage upon which they had reckoned. The surface of the bay shook under so many moccasined feet, and warrior after warrior sunk in the slime, his last breath gurgling up like the croak of the frog at twilight. To add to the horror of the scene, which even to the heated whites was repulsive, Indian women, whom rumors had warned of the nearing struggle as they sat fishing on the margin of "Sink o' Pinhooks," appeared on the further side of "Feather Bed Bay," wringing their hands and tearing their hair with terror as their husbands, brothers, lovers and fathers struggled with the strange cyclops. Some of them even flung themselves with long resounding and long remembered shrieks into the fatal pool of mire and disappeared with their defenders. Stalwart warriors, whose coppery flesh seemed a redder hue from having been painted with the blood of the whites, painfully struggled back to the shore, with eyes glaring, tongues protruding and faces streaked with the sweat and gore. There the whites, with the passion of revenge grimly burning in their eyes, stood firing at the figures which were attempting to reach the other side; and those who struggled back, affrighted with death in so sickening a form, were given their quietus by blows inflicted with the butts of their muskets. Their bodies were thrust back into the mire and never seen more.

Fifty of the savages passed "Feather Bed Bay" either by treading the tussocks with superior quickness and agility or by running around it with their utmost speed. The latter example was followed by many of the whites, who resumed the pursuit, after preventing the escape from the mire of two braves who toiled nearly shoulder deep to the edge. Some of the whites here turned back, but others, forgetting discipline and not hearing the voice of command, pressed on in hot pursuit. The night had fallen and the sound of breaking vines and shrubs and the splashing of the water in the morasses as the fugitives swept through was all that guided the soldiers. On, on they went; the faint light of the moon only served to confuse all nether objects, and the vistas of pine and cypress assumed strange aspects as they sped along. There was a sort of intoxication in the wilderness, and uncertainty of the hunt. There was danger of ambush by wild beasts as well as by savages. They heard the snarl of the panther over their heads frequently as they passed into the dense tangle of the palmetto hammocks or "tight eye" jungles. But they were men who had cause to thirst for the blood of the Seminoles, and they knew during these hours of night only of the now near, now distant, sound of their footsteps and hated voices; sometimes the sobs of the querulous squaws, sometimes the defying yells of the fiend like warriors.

Judging by the position of the moon, they went eastward from the "Sink o' Pinhooks," where there stood a few deserted wigwams, crossed several streams and "thicks," and finally approached a large island in the midst of a great expanse of water and forest. The island was densely and closely shaded with magnolias, bays and live oaks, and a great camp fire in the center cast about a wonderful glow, which disclosed to them a circle of many wigwams. The Indians stood at bay and renewed the fight. But they were surprised by the sudden apparition of their pursuers, who, they supposed, had been baffled by the tortuous and tangled way which they had led them. The soldiers dashed in upon them and killed a squaw, but they were quickly surrounded by more Indians than they had expected to encounter, and could only cut their way back into the morass, from which they maintained an occasional fire at the figures, which ventured out of the wigwams. They related that some of these were negroes. They then plunged backward the way that they had come, and about sunrise found themselves at the Lower Pinhook Sink.

TRY THIS.—The following seasonable recipe is easy of application, and we are satisfied that if properly used it will do good. Try it:

To destroy bugs on squash and cucumber vines, dissolve a tablespoonful of saltpetre in a pailful of water, put one pint of this around each hill, shaking the earth so that it will not spread much, and the thing is done. Use more saltpetre if you can afford it—it is good for vegetable but death to animal life. The bugs burrow in the earth at night and fail to arise in the morning. It is also good to kill the "grub" in peach trees—only use twice as much—say a quart to each tree. There was not a yellow or blistered leaf on twelve or fifteen trees to which it was applied last season. No danger of killing any vegetable with it—a concentrate solution applied to beans makes them grow wonderfully.

WHAT is the difference between a student of history seeking the house and an Arab? One gets up the dates in order to tell the palm; the other gets up the palm to carry off the dates.