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, JULY 13, 1877. NUMBER 25.

THE SUN
—FOR THE—
WAR AGAINST NATIONAL FRAUD.

President who was not elected by the people, being both inaugurated at Washington and kept in possession of fraud, we call upon honest men of all parties to rally together in a determined and persistent effort for the correction of this great wrong and for the punishment of the guilty, to be enforced through the ballot box.

We discourage upon the right of self-government the Republican party and its present leaders are primarily responsible; but the people who have taken office through such means and are actually exercising the power of government upon such authority, are no less guilty than they who conceived and executed this unparalleled political swindle.

President President and his advisers have undertaken to forsake the ancient ways of the Republican party, and having invited a leading and a former Rebel to occupy one of the most important offices in the Cabinet, and to absorb the honest public sentiment of the South by the bestowal of offices upon an enormous system of Government aids to railroads and canals, hoping thus to conceal corruption the work begun in 1872 to be done time, with hypocritical pretense of reforming the civil service, they call upon the party of Northern theorists, to the support of the great crime in which this Administration is founded may be overlooked and condoned.

This complex scheme, as against the people with whom it originated, we call upon the people to commence immediately a war as merciless and pertinacious, and waged upon that from beginning to the end. THE SUN shall never be found laggard or faithless in this holy crusade; and we invite our friends from every quarter to join in the contest.

We call upon our friends and readers—a body of intelligent souls—the same number as that of intelligent citizens who, in November last voted for Samuel J. Tilden for President—to say that we shall continue to do as in the past, to contend for honest reform, economy, and justice in the conduct of the public business, and that we shall still endeavor to make our columns a source of information, and trustworthy authority on all events and news from every quarter of the globe, while from Washington especially we expect to be full.

Terms—Daily SUN, 55 cents a month, or $6 for one year; or, with the Sunday edition, eight pages, for $7 a year; the Sunday edition, eight pages, alone, is $1 a year.

WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, is $1 a year, and every person who sends in subscribers from any one place can have one copy for himself without charge.

THE SUN, New York City.

IF YOU WANT

Aught
To be Bought,
Silver or Gold,
Merchandise Sold,
Goods to Appraise,
Opening Days
To announce;
Houses or Acres
Brushers or Bakers,
Boats,
Voters,
Dress Skirt or Flounce,
A Cure for Disease,
A honey Valise,
A Muslin Chemise,
Cheese,
Teas,
Bees,
Pens;
Or are prone
To make known
Your Store,
Hosiery,
Dry Goods,
Upholstery,
Picnics,
Excursions,
Knick Knacks,
Diversions,
Clothes ready made,
Increase of Trade,
Coals, Coke and Wood,
Pictures,
Lectures,
All kinds of Food;
Works on Theology,
Music, Astrology,
Wealth or Felicity,
World-wide Publicity,
Flags,
Rags,
Hags,
Nags,
Dress Shirts or Collars,
Almighty Dollars,
Houses to Rent
Store, Tenement,
Cash to be Lent,
Cash to be Spent,
Scent,
Tent,
Roman Cement,
Go
Read the advice,
Far beyond price,
Written below—

ADVERTISE
IN
The FREEMAN!

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
The undersigned has taken possession of the well known house in Ebensburg, which he has refurnished in good style, and offers accommodation on strict temperance principles. The subscriber earnestly solicits the patronage of those who may visit the county seat on business or pleasure, all whom he pledges himself to treat in the best possible manner at the lowest possible prices. Excellent accommodations will be furnished to summer boarders, and the "Crawford" is a pleasant and economical place at which to spend the heated term.
ISAAC CRAWFORD.
Ebensburg, April 27, 1877.

DR. RIVINIUS,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Respectfully informs the public generally that he still continues to do all work in his line such as repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., at short notice, in the very best manner, and on the lowest possible prices.
Shop in Mrs. Evans' store, one door west of Huntley's Drug Store. Please give me a call.
Ebensburg, June 22, 1876-6-1y.

Miller House
LATE "CAIN HOUSE,"
Near Main and Pittsburgh Sts.,
CREENSBURG, PA.
Centre of town. Fronts the south entrance to the Court House.
[5-18-1y.] JOHN PORTER, Lessee.

WEALTH is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any person of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the business which we furnish. You need not leave home over night. You can give your time to the work, or only your spare moments. It makes nothing to try the business, we make the work easy, and we will pay you handsomely for your time. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. [3-23.-1y.]

GOOD BEEF!—Having recently purchased several head of fine FAT CATTLE, which were brought from the State of Ohio, I am prepared to furnish my customers and the public generally with the best beef ever offered for sale in this place. Steak, 15 cents per lb.; Steak and roast, per lb.
JOSEPH GUTWALD.
Ebensburg, March 30, 1877. 4[illegible]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa., has located and residence in new building on High street, one door west of Blair House. [Nov. 25, 1876-tf.

DR. A. M. KEIM,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LORETTO, PA.
Office opposite A. T. Christy's Drug Store. Calls can be made at the office. [5-4.-tf.]

W. A. S. G. A. C.

BARGAINS! CASH.
BARGAINS! CASH.
BARGAINS! CASH.

A. A. BARKER & SON

Are now offering to the people of northern Cambria a rare opportunity to secure

BARGAINS!

As they are selling their entire stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, Queensware,
Shoes for Men, Women and Children,
AT COST FOR CASH!

And many other goods at less than they cost in the city, and will continue to so sell until the entire stock is disposed of.

LOOK AT SOME OF THEIR PRICES:

Prints, good fast colors.....6 cts. per yard.
Brown Muslins.....from 6 to 9 cts. per yard.
Alpacas, Cobergs, &c., " 20 to 40 cts. " "
Tickings..... " 15 to 20 cts. " "
Pant Cloths..... " 20 to 50 cts. " "
All-Wool Cassimeres.....60 cts. " "
White Piques, stripe.....15 to 25 cts. " "
" " lace stripe..20 to 35 cts. " "
Ladies' and Children's Hose, 5, 8, 10, 15 and 20 cts. per pair.
Ladies' and Children's Gloves, 10 to 15c. per pr.
Clark's O. N. Thread.....50 cts. per dozen.
Wax Thread, for hand sewing, 30 cts. " "
Shawls.....from $1.75 to $1.00.

Will sell you more pins, needles, hair-pins, shoe-laces, etc., etc., for 10 cts. than you ever before obtained for the same money. Also, a great variety of other goods at equally LOW PRICES. Go and see them, and learn for yourselves, as you will be sure to learn, that money can be saved by dealing with them.

REMEMBER THAT THEY SELL FOR CASH

And don't forget that they have added to their stock a large assortment of

Superb CLOTHING

For men and boys, which they do not propose to sell at cost, but pledge themselves to dispose of at lower rates than wearing apparel equally perfect in make and fabric can be bought anywhere else in these parts. Call and examine goods and prices, and bear in mind that—

W. A. S. G. A. C.
A. A. BARKER & SON,
[5-18.] EBENSBURG, PA. [3m.]

STATEMENT OF AUDITORS' SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Susquehanna Township, April 21st, 1877:

G. W. LLOYD, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount Road Tax Duplicate for 1876....	$295.16
" " Cash " " " "	130.02
	$425.18

Cr.

By amount work on roads.....	$271.32	
" exonerations.....	3.53	
" land returned.....	3.96	
" orders paid.....	31.00	
" services as Supervisor, 32 days at $1.50 per day.....	48.00	
" per centage on cash tax.....	6.50	
" burning stumps.....	5.00	
" tax worked by U. Lloyd.....	1.53	
" work done with team.....	8.68—	408.32
Balance due Township.....		$ 16 86

DANIEL S. MCANULTY, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount Road Tax Duplicate for 1876..	$232.97
" " Cash " " " "	105.97
	$338.94

Cr.

By work done on road.....	$229.92	
" exonerations.....	1.50	
" services as Supervisor, 34 days at $1.50 per day.....	51.00	
" am't paid on Scanlan's docket.	25.00	
" " " for plank.....	4.00	
" per centage on cash tax.....	5.29—	317.71
Balance due Township.....		$ 21.23

We, the undersigned Auditors of Susquehanna Township, certify that the above is a correct statement of the settlement with the Supervisors of said township.

JOHN SOMERVILLE, } Auditors.
J. R. STAUB, }
CHAS. WEAKLEN, }

Attest—JAS. A. PORTER, Twp. Clerk. [6-29.3t.]

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF BARR TOWNSHIP SCHOOL DISTRICT, Cambria County, for the year ending June 4th, 1877:

STATEMENT OF TAX COLLECTOR.

Gross amount of Tax Duplicate.....		$425.23
Deduct exonerations, etc.....	$ 9.93	
" Collector's commission.....	20.76—	30.69
		$394.54
Am't paid Treasurer and Orders.....		231.59
Balance due Treasurer.....		$162.95

STATEMENT OF TREASURER.

H. J. KRUMENAKER, Treasurer, in account with Barr Township School Board ..... Dr.

To balance from former Treasurer.....	$282.18
" am't tax rec'd from A. Schnable, Col'r.	231.59
" State appropriation.....	142.60
" am't rec'd from County Treasurer.....	80.25
" " " " Carroll Township.....	52.20
" " " for use of School House No. — for election purposes.....	6.00
	$794.82

Cr.

By cash paid Teachers' salaries....	$615.00	
" " " for fuel, etc.....	91.51	
" Treasurer's commission.....	14.08—	$720.59
Balance in favor of Township.....		$ 74.23

R. J. NAGLE, Pres't of Board
Attest—S. D. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

June 9th, 1877. we, the undersigned Auditors of Barr Township, certify that we have examined the above stated accounts and find them to be correct.

CASPER LIEB, } Auditors.
[6 29.-3t.] S. P. KIRSCH, }

GEO. M. READE, Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [6-27,-1y.]

SITTING AROUND.

They were sitting around upon barrels and chairs,
Discussing their own and their neighbors' affairs,
And the look of content that was seen on each face
Seemed to say "I have found my appropriate place!"—
Sitting around.

In bar-rooms and groceries calmly they sit
And serenely chew borrowed tobacco and spit,
While the stories they tell and the jokes that they crack
Show their hearts have grown hard and undoubtedly black
While sitting around.

The "sitter around" is a man of no means,
And his face wouldn't pass for a quart of white beans,
Yet somehow or other contrives to exist,
And is frequently seen with a drink in his fist
While sitting around.

The loungers they toil not, nor yet do they spin,
Unless it is yarns while enjoying their gin.
They are people of leisure, yet often, 'tis true,
They allude to the work they're intending to do
While sitting around.

They've a habit of talking of other men's wives
As they whittle up sticks with their horn-handled knives;
They're a scaly old set, and wherever you go
You will find them in groups or strung out in a row,
Sitting around.

DODGING FOR LIFE.

BY REV. IRVING L. BEAMAN.

John King was sent in haste on an errand to his uncle's, a mile distant. His way led along a well-trodden path across a belt of woods.

It was in Western Pennsylvania in the dark years of Indian wars; but the savages had not been seen in that vicinity for some time, so that no danger was feared from the lad on such a short trip. Indeed, he had passed, over the same road almost every day since his father moved into the Presque Isle country, two years before, and had never met anything stranger than a wild turkey or a deer.

John was a brave, athletic boy of fourteen, quite noted in the settlement for his punctuality, and as sure to return on time as an express. As he left the door he noticed that it was one o'clock, and said in a jolly tone to his parents:

"Now, for a race with the shadow; I shall be back before it reaches the two mark."

So many years ago the pioneers of the borders measured the flight of time by a sort of sun-dial on the cabin floor. A spot was selected where, in clear days, the sun shone full through the narrow window, and when some officer having a watch was present, the line of the shadow made at noon by the perpendicular window casing was drawn along the floor. Then the hours and half-hours were spaced off on either side the noon mark for the forenoon and afternoon. This kind of clock answered very well when the skies were clear, but in cloudy weather a settler's family was sadly adrift on the flood of time.

When the shadow had crept across the two mark, the mother noted it, and said to herself, "For once John is outdone." When half past two was reached she went to the door and looked for him; when the three mark passed she felt very anxious about him, and called to her husband who was in the field near by. But their confidence in the young fellow's ability to take care of himself was such that they waited, though uneasily, until after four, when the father slung his gun across his shoulder and started up the path by which the absentee was expected.

Mr. King was a fine specimen of a border man, tall, strong, steady nerved, brave and intelligent. He was an experienced hunter and a successful Indian fighter.

But now, leaving him, as with a cat-like step and a watchful eye he treads the belt of woods, let us go with John and discover the cause of his unusual delay.

He had done his errand, his aunt had stuffed his pockets with parched corn, and on his return he had reached a certain bend in the path where he had sat down on a mossy bank to tighten the strings of his coarse shoes. Just as the matter was finished, a noise caused him to look sharply among the trees, when he espied within a few rods, running towards him with uplifted tomahawk, an exceedingly large Indian. A glance was enough to start the lad to his feet and prompt him to his best speed for safety. But the warrior's position was such as to cut him off from the path to his home, or to his uncle's, so that no way was left him but to strike into the untrod forest and run for life. He had gone but a little distance when he heard the steps of his pursuer rapidly overtaking him, and knew that he could not escape by flight. And to aggravate his case, he saw at this instant, just before him, a large tree upturned by the roots and lying directly across his course.

His fate seemed sealed; every instant he expected to feel the edge of the battle-ax; and such a horror had he of the knife, and of having his scalp stretched on a hoop to dry, that he involuntarily put up his hand to save his head, a fact about which, in after years, he used to laugh heartily. The tree, towards which desperation impelled the boy's feet, had grown in three parts, and as it fell the largest was uppermost, some six or seven feet high, and the other two directly underneath like the rails of a fence; while the great flake of earth adhearing to its roots made a cross section of wall two feet thick, a rod long, and ten or twelve feet high. What a trap!

But as he came close to it he saw that the three prongs, as they lay one under another, were far enough apart for him to slip between, which he instantly did, just in time to dodge a furious but fruitless blow from the tomahawk.

The Indian, perceiving that the place was too small to admit his huge body, swiftly sprang around the root, thinking to catch his victim on the other side. But the keen-eyed lad was too wary for him. Detecting the red skin's purpose, like a flash he slipped back between the fallen trees, so that as his bloodthirsty enemy dashed in sight with a yell, the barricade was still between them. At this the savage rushed to the fence, and placing his hands on the upper tree, attempted to jump over, but he could not spring so high. Then he tried to crawl through where John had just gone, but found only room enough for his ugly head.

After a little he turned about, and saying in broken English, "Good-by—me go 'way," walked slowly around the root and disappeared. The boy knew, however, that it was only a trick, and kept his eyes and ears alert against surprise.

Immediately he detected the snakish eyes of the savage gleaming at him from among the dry leaves on the ground at the corner of the root on the opposite side of the fence, where the old rascal had crept in order to watch the youngster unseen.

After lying in this position for two or three minutes—only his head in sight and that covered with leaves—he made another dash around the root. But John was too quick for him, and slipped safely between the logs once more.

Failing again, the wicked red-skin resorted to another ruse. He began to parley, saying: "Me good Injun—me no hurt. Shake hands!" And he thrust his hand through the barricade. Of course he did not succeed in cheating the little fellow by such a shallow device, and so again changed his tactics.

Presenting his gun he commanded John to surrender or be shot; but the lad preferred to die by a bullet rather than a tomahawk, and so stood his ground. Strangely enough, the Indian did not shoot; but after looking across the sights of his gun and making fearful faces, he placed the weapon behind a tree some rods away, and resorted to the dodge of parleying once more.

"Injun hungry—good boy go home get Injun bread."

But John did not think it best to start for home on such an invitation.

The next effort was to kill the lad by throwing his tomahawk at him between the trees; but he miscalculated the space and struck the weapon against a log, breaking out the handle, which, falling at John's feet, was immediately picked up by him as a means of defense.

One of the savage's devices, by which, perhaps, he meant to frighten his victim, was to place his hideous face at the opening between the logs, and howl and gnash at him like a wolf.

But the boy's courage had rallied, and he began to pelt his enemy with stones and lumps of earth obtained from the upturned soil, giving him many a stinging hit. This so maddened the Indian, that he drew his scalping knife and gave chase for a long time, perhaps thinking to tire the youngster out by constant dodging. But in this plan he was mistaken, for a resolute, hard-working, frontier boy has a vast fund of endurance. Once the gleaming knife, thrust between the logs after him, came near doing its bloody work; but John's grit was aroused, and he struck the brutal hand a heavy blow with the tomahawk handle.

But the many turns and tides, tricks and dodges of that fearful struggle, can never be related. There are some scenes too tragical for words; Besides, the particulars are covered under the drifts of forgetfulness ever heaping above the past.

Of course, during all that terrible afternoon, John's thoughts and eyes were constantly turning in the direction of his home. He knew that his father would seek him before night, and as the hours wore on he began to look with great anxiety for his coming. He had the common faith of all children in parents, and felt they would not leave him to perish.

At length he caught a distant glimpse of a form coming up the path. Oh, how his heart bounded!

With renewed force he began again to hurl at his foe everything he could seize, raising such a commotion as to attract his father's notice, who comprehended the whole scene at a glance, and stole up within gunshot of the unsuspecting redman.

The sequel is soon told. The crack of the settler's rifle signaled the Indian's fate.

The warrior's weapons and trinkets were taken as trophies; the gun having a bullet but no powder in its chamber, could not be fired, thus explaining why he had not shot the boy when he had threatened to do so.

These trophies are still treasured by the grandchildren of our hero, who are justly proud of such an exploit. In those early times, American boys were trained in a school that developed a rugged and noble manhood.

THE PAPAL TIARA.—The Pope's tiara, like those of most sovereigns, is sumptuously ornamented with precious stones and surmounted by a diamond of great price and romantic history. Splendid as it is, it is far from being the equal of a dozen others that had been worn at the Vatican since the days of Boniface VIII., each of which eclipsed its predecessor in cost and beauty. They were a treasury for a Roman court, which more than once availed itself of their jewels to discharge its debts—so frequently, indeed, that in the evil days of Pius VII. but one gem remained. The papal tiara at the beginning of this century was of cardboard, with ornaments of paste and glass, save the master diamond. After the Concordat, in 1801, Napoleon gave the Holy Father the diadem that is still worn. It is valued at $44,000 and consists of one emerald, eight rubies and twenty four pearls, with a cross of twelve diamonds and pendants of pearls and rubies, the whole fastened to the head of the Pope—who, by the way, wears it but rarely—with two cords of gold. The tiara was hidden during the revolution of 1848. The big diamond once belonged to the crown of the Great Mogul, then was bought by Charles the Bold of Burgundy, whose magnificent tastes led him to take all the precious articles which made him the most sumptuous prince of his time—the middle of the fifteenth century—with him when he took the field. At his defeat at the battle of Grandson his treasure, among which were three splendid diamonds, fell into the hands of the Swiss. One, valued at $600,000, is now one of the ornaments of the Austrian crown; another, the famous Sancy diamond, became the property of the French crown under Louis XIV., and after the restoration was sold by the Duchess de Berry to the Demidoffs. The third was picked up under a chariot by a soldier, who thinking it to be a piece of glass, first tossed it away contemptuously. He subsequently picked it up and sold it to a priest for a crown; the priest sold it for three crowns, and its next possessor obtained for it 5,000 ducats. Finally Pope Julius II. purchased it for 22,000 ducats, which in the sixteenth century represented a much larger sum than it would now.

THE surest remedy against scandal is to live it down.

A Wonderful Automaton.

THE MARVELLOUS MACHINE WHICH FAIRLY EXCELS ALL PREVIOUS INVENTIONS.

[*From the London Times.*]

Messrs. Maskelyne & Cooke's Zoe, the new writing and sketching automaton at the Egyptian Hall, bears no resemblance whatever to the celebrated androids of the Swiss mechanician Le Droz, of the French mechanician Maillardet, and of the great conjuror and subtle inventor Robert Houdin. They were ingenious pieces of clockwork and nothing more. Thus Mr. Le Droz's figure was the size of life. It held in its hand a metallic style, and when a spring was touched, so as to release a detent, the figure immediately began to draw upon a card of Dutch vellum previously lain under its hand. After the drawing was executed on the first card the automaton rested, and five other cards being placed in succession, it delineated that number of different subjects. Two of them were likenesses of the King and Queen, and one feature of merit consisted in the precision with which the figure lifted up the pencil in its transition from one point of the drawing to another without making the slightest mistake. Maillardet's writing and drawing automaton was the figure of a boy kneeling on one knee and holding a pencil in his hand. The attendant dipped the pencil in ink and adjusted a small sheet of drawing-paper upon a brass tablet, and upon pressing a spring the figure began to write. When the line was finished the hand returned to dot the i's and cross the t's. It executed beautifully just four pieces of writing in French and English, and also three landscapes, the time occupied being about an hour. Robert Houdin—a wonderful master of real sleight of hand, as well as the inventor of various principles for working automata and magical apparatus by electro-magnets, by concealed levers, and other clever devices—also constructed a drawing figure which was remarkable for its life-like imitation of the motions of the arm and hand in using a pencil, and for its faithful and exact execution of minute details in sketching and in writing. But in all these pieces of mechanical apparatus the path traversed by the pencil point was guided by tracers resting against the peripheries of slowly revolving circular cams, or rather shapeless wheels or barrels, on which were made indentations and waving indentations conformable to the lines of the picture to be drawn on the card. Now, Mr. Maskelyne's automaton Zoe, while imitating the motions of an artist's arm with facility—holding her crayon in professional form, striking a true line across her easel in a masterly manner, promptly carrying her hand from one point of her drawing-board to another, carefully yet instantaneously raising her pencil from the paper and transferring it to another point, returning to add touches and insert omissions, and finally lowering her arm and hand when a sketch is completed—does not execute merely the particular specimens of writing, figuring and drawing which she might be constructed and set to do. She executes anything she has a mind to, or, in other words, she can write any letters or numbers called for by the audience, and designs forms and pictures impromptu, according to the ability of the secret operator who must certainly govern her movements.—Herein lies the wonder of this new invention of the machinist at the Egyptian Hall. How is it possible that any motion at all, much less the multifarious and complicated movements of the arm and hand, wide in range as well as exact in short strokes, while describing straight lines in any direction, and curves of any tortuous form whatever (to say nothing of the eyes surveying the paper and different parts of the work as it proceeds), can be conveyed to a figure detached and isolated as this is? Mr. Maskelyne submits to the examination of the audience a small stand or table, having an oblong base or plinth of wood resting on five small knob feet, also of solid wood, and a single wood pillar supports the thin table top, which, on its upper surface, is of silk stuffed like a cushion. This light stand is then placed upon the stage, and is isolated from the floorcloth by flat squares of clear plate-glass, first inspected by the audience, and then, without possibility of substitution, laid one under each foot of the table. Zoe, the model of a young lady in Greek costume (of a more voluminous character than would seem orthodox to Dr. Schliemann), is fashioned in a sitting attitude, and if she could stand up would be about four and a half feet in stature. She is carried round for any one to test by her weight the fact that she is certainly a hollow doll fitted with light mechanism, and cannot possibly be an outside shell holding a diminutive human being within. She is placed sitting upon the stuffed top of the little table, with her back to the audience; an easel, supported by a bracket from the table top, holds upright before her, and at nearly arm's length, a drawing-board with a sheet of white paper about 21 inches long by 18 inches broad, and a crayon is held between her wax finger and thumb by means of a sliding-pencil arrangement, with a small weight which, when the crayon is applied to the paper, maintains a uniform slight pressure sufficient for distinct marking. While Psycho is going through his feats of calculation, Zoe records the products and totals, writing figures about a couple of inches long (though they may be much smaller or much larger at pleasure) with celerity, her facility being particularly observable in the way she adds the bottom stroke of a figure 4 or touches off the top stroke of a 5. While Psycho is playing his hand at whist and performing his inscrutable card tricks, Zoe executes various outline sketches, two, on the occasion of our visit, being original and excellent caricature representations of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone.

THE mistress of a most disorderly school at Skowhegan, Maine, lost control of her scholars one day last week, and allowed the naughty boys to throw wads of paper and balls of clay at the pretty girls. One of the girls finally "reported" a certain boy who was annoying her with pot shots from a popgun. The timid school mistress sternly reproved her for tattling in school. The girl returned to her seat, and her prosecutor, resuming military operations and firing at long range across the school room, hit her in the face. "If the teacher can't lick you I can," said the pretty girl, and darting across the room she struck him with a big book, dragged him out of his seat, and beat him until he lay on the floor blubbering and begging for mercy.

Handsomest Woman in France.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in his account of the recent ball in Paris to Don Carlos, says:

However, as far as the entertainment itself went, Don Carlos seems to have had more luck than in the Basque mountain. His great success was in waltzing with the Duchesse de Chaulnes, and assuredly he could have found no lovelier partner. The Duchesse de Chaulnes (born Princess Gallitzin) is a bride of two years' standing, and just 19. She is, perhaps, a slight degree too tall; for standing beside Don Carlos, who is a good six feet high, the difference of height struck no one. But being perfectly proportioned and slim and willowy, the tallness of the young duchesse is no drawback. Her complexion is of the most exquisite pearly white, now and then faintly lighted up by a pale rose blush; her large eyes are of the darkest hazel, and a fine, broad, open brow is crowned by such a mass of pale gold chestnut hair as never was seen on a human head, unless on that of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. The Duchesse de Chaulnes is not as lovely as the latter, because probably no other born woman ever was or will be. She has not that strange radiance, that sovereign grace, that undefinable "something" that instantly compels and proclaims the goddess, the Venus reluctantly surrendered to the sea; but though not equal to the absolutely supernatural Elizabeth of Austria, the fair Duchesse de Chaulnes is by common consent the handsomest woman in France and walks a youthful Juno in the world.

Her story is a fairy tale, and has been enough of an "event" to bear recording. The Prince Gallitzin married a French wife and lived in France, exiled by Russia for having turned Catholic. He had one daughter, Sophie, who really "came up as a flower," for there was literally less than "no money at all." Meanwhile the old Duc de Luynes had died, leaving his daughter-in law, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, a widow, with two sons. The family descends in a straight line from the famous Connetable de Luynes, who, under Louis XIII., killed the Italian favorite of Marie de Medicis, Concini, and reigned over the young king (future father of Louis XIV.) with absolute sway. Besides this, the Luynes are among the richest families of France. During the war of 1870 the young Duc de Luynes, who had married his cousin Yolande de Larochefoucauld, and was already blessed with two baby boys, was killed at the battle of Patay. There were widows on all sides at Hotel de Luynes, and the only grown man of the clan was the Duc de Chaulnes, who at 23 had also won renown against the Germans.

With a large fortune at his command, nice looking if not handsome, gay and ready to enjoy the pleasant things of this earth, the Duchesse de Chevreuse was desirous to see her son, the Duc Chaulnes, married and out of harm's way. But he was not seemingly of this mind, and he resisted the maternal entreaties. One morning, however, he announced to his mother that at a ball the night before he had seen his future bride, or that no mortal woman would he wed. This Juliet was no other than Mlle. Sophie Galitzin, the dowerless daughter of an exile! Of course, there was an unqualified opposition. But the young couple had the luck to get the Jesuits on their side, and it was authoritatively expounded to the Duchess-mother of Chevreuse that the fair Franco-Russian was a perfectly warranted "*miraculist*," that the Holy Virgin of Lourdes was certain to be her friend, and that altogether the marriage would bring into the Luynes-Chevreuse family a large amount of patronage—in paradise, and an unlimited share of the favors of the Church! Against this the dowager was unarmed. She yielded—and a marriage took place, the like of which has never been witnessed in this country in modern times. But the medal had its reverse too. If the ecclesiastical community was universally content, the merely secular portion of society was, and remains to this hour bitterly irate and unforgiving. In the first place the mothers whose daughters have not married M. de Chaulnes, yet who were rich enough to buy any duke, are leagued together in everlasting hatred and abuse of the portionless damsel who has married him, and in the next the entire population of "used up" young paupers who live in the hopes of being "chosen" by fabulously rich heiresses do not disguise their disgust at the Duc de Chaulnes and say openly in their clubs and elsewhere that he is a traitor and has spoiled the trade: "*Il a gate le metier.*" That is the received expression. Nevertheless the youthful duchess walks—I repeat it—Juno like, over the floor of Parisian salons, looking rather as though she knew the enmity she excites and repaying it with incontestible disdain.

GREENBACKS.—The saviors of the people.

Every man and woman in America wants them.

The lawyer pleads for them.
The preachers pray for them.
The printer sets for them.
The farmer plows and hoes for them.
The merchant sells his goods for them.
The soldier faces death for them.
The Congressman betrays his constituents for them.
The Executive vetoes the will of the people for them.
The tramp begs for them.
Men mortgage their property for them.
Thieves risk their lives to steal them.
The hungry starve for the want of them.
Business languishes without them, as plants wither for the want of rain.
They keep the labor of the country employed.
They develop the resources of the nation and make the waste places blossom.
They keep death at bay, and drive want from the door of labor.
They strew the earth with the flowers of paradise, and draw prayers of thanksgiving from stony hearts.
They feed the hungry, clothe the naked, administer to the sick and afflicted, and constitute the most potent agent ever devised to promote peace on earth and good will among men.
They are the cheapest, safest, most reliable and most uniform medium of exchange ever adopted, and while they were in sufficient quantity the country enjoyed a degree of prosperity never before known.

Now the golden-throated male with his tail sticking out as straight as a pump handle, and his breath as sweet as new mown hay, humps his back and sings his summer song.

A Plucky Woman's Feat.

AFTER TWO BURLY COWARDS JUMPED SHE STOPS A RUNAWAY TEAM.

On the stage route between Ellenville and Summitville, N. Y., is a long, steep hill known as Budd's Hill. As the stage, containing Mrs. Jane Hollingsworth and two small children, William Bram and James Low, the driver, had just begun the descent of the hill the pole slipped through the neck-yoke and the stage ran heavily against the horses' heels. They at once started at a furious rate down the hill. The driver dropped the reins and jumped from the stage to the roadside. Bram, who occupied the seat with Low, sprang out at the same time. Mrs. Hollingsworth and her two children occupied the rear seat in the stage, and there was no possible way for her to escape from it, if she had thought it wise to do so. Seeing herself and children left to their fate by the men, she determined to make a desperate effort to save their lives, if possible; although with the team plunging madly down the steep declivity, without restraint or guidance of a driver, and the coach swaying from side to side threatening momentarily to be capsized down the high bank on the lawn side, the chances for escape from death seemed slim indeed. Mrs. Hollingsworth clambered over the three high backed seats between her and the driver's box, first quieting her children, who were screaming in terror, with the assurance that she would save them. Reaching the driver's seat she was compelled to climb over the dashboard to the tongue of the coach, between the two frantic horses to gain possession of the reins, which had apparently been flung over the horses' backs by the cowardly and terror-stricken driver. Mr. H. Tallman, of Middletown, who was driving up the hill, saw the stage team dashing over towards him, just as Mrs. Hollingsworth had secured the lines and was climbing back to the driver's seat. Tallman says she was as pale as death, but clutched the lines firmly as the stage dashed by his wagon. He says he expected to see the coach hurled over the bank at the turn in the road below, but the courageous woman by most miraculous strength succeeded in pulling the horses close along the base of the hill on the upper side and rounded the curve in safety. Tallman and others who had witnessed the thrilling scene, hurried after the flying stage. They came in sight of it, and saw the horses pulled skillfully against the hill by Mrs. Hollingsworth, until the fury of their career was broken, and then were adroitly turned off at a level place in the road and brought up against a fence, where, after several ineffectual plunges to free themselves from the obstacle, they came to a standstill. When the men came up the brave woman was still holding the lines, but was unconscious. Where the lines had been wrapped about her hands they had almost buried themselves beneath the flesh, and blood streamed from the ugly gashes they made. The children were still crouching in terror in one corner of the coach, locked in each other's arms. There was not a scratch on the horses, not a break in the harness, not the slightest injury done to the coach. Mrs. Hollingsworth was at once taken to the nearest house and given the best of care. She soon recovered, and in an hour or so had the strength and nerve to proceed on her journey in the same coach and behind the same horses which she had had so terrible an experience. She says she never expected to see her children again when she left them to attempt the control of the team. Her bravery and prowess made her a heroine, and the crowd that had been drawn to the scene gave her three hearty cheers, when the stage finally drove on with her and her children. Mrs. Hollingsworth is about thirty years old, and of a slight frame.

Low, the driver, and Bram, the passenger, were both badly hurt by their cowardly jumps, but their injuries did not save them from the scorn and indignation of the populace.

CONCH-SHELL BUTTONS.—It was possibly during his stay in New York in 1789 that Washington began to wear on his coat the conch-shell buttons, now in possession of Captain Lewis's daughter. A new fashion in dress, introduced by a president, is worthy of record, especially when there is an interesting story connected with it. This story, related by Robert Lewis, illustrates two strikingly characteristic traits of Washington—generosity and economy.

A needy sailor with a wheelbarrow of shells accosted the General on the street, and, holding up a number of conch shells, implored him to buy them. Washington listened with sympathy to the story of his sufferings and want, and kindly replied that he would buy them if he could in any way make use of them. Necessity perhaps sharpened the sailor's wits, and he promptly suggested that they would make lovely buttons for his velvet coat. The General doubtless smiled at the ingenious proposal, but agreed to try them. Carrying home his ocean treasure of pink shells, he sent for a button-maker to know if he could manufacture a useful article out of the pretty playthings with which he found himself encumbered. The workman replied he could make the buttons if he could find an instrument sharp enough to pierce them. Washington would have nothing useless about him; and so the shells were delivered to the manufacturer, who in due time returned them to him in the shape of concave buttons, a little larger than a quarter of a dollar, with a silver drop in the center hiding the spot where the eye was fastened beneath. The President then astonished the republican court by appearing in a coat with pink conch-shell buttons sparkling on its dark velvet surface. Eighty years ago, it seems, fashion ruled in the hearts, or over the costumes, of men and women just as it does now—for Captain Lewis bears testimony that conch-shell buttons immediately became the rage. The shell venders' and button makers' fortunes were made by the General's passion for utilizing everything that came into his possession.—*Scribner for May.*

THE latest thing in dolls is a young lady of tinted wax, who, when wound up and given a high chair at the table, reaches out her arms, seizes a piece of bread and slowly puts it in her mouth. When she has done this a certain number of times, it is necessary to open her back, remove the food, and wind her up again. Dyspeptics will probably yearn for so simple and easy a method of escaping the horrors of indigestion.