EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1877.

NUMBER 28.

THE SUN

TUME XI.

M MAINST NATIONAL FRAUD. who was not elected by the peoa mangurates at Washington exof fraud, we call upon hon-arties to rally together in a destent effort for the correcto be enforced through the

> enupon the right of self-govmean party and its present sarily responsible; but the soften through such means exercising the power of pon such authority, are mourable led political swin-

r President and his advisers n to forsake the ancient ways party, and having invited a rmer Rebel to occupy one the banest public senti-the bestown of offices system of Government ets and canals, hoping thus tion the work begun in times with hypocritical g the civil service, the orthern theorists, to the me in which this Adminmay be overlooked and

uplex scheme, as egainst the about it originated, we call a commence immediately a less and pertinacious nat from beginning to the never be found laggard or alverosade; and we invite ends and readers a body of

f souls—the same number as white citizens who, in Novem-Samuel J. Tilden for Presisay that we shall continue past, to content for honmy consult our columns and trustworthy actents and news from every will continue to be full. ITSUN isabconts a month.

a cight pages, alone, is UN, night pages, is \$1 a ry person who sends copy for himself with-

THE SUN. New York City.

YOU WANT

In be Bought. Suver or Gold, Merchandise Sold, Goods to Appraise, Opening Days A Core for Disease. handy Valise. Muslin Chemise,

or marker known ery Goods. photstery, entes, ACUISODBS. Diversions, zu treatures Ciotus ready made, oals. Coke and Wood.

Works on Theology. modified, Migic, Astrology, wealth or Felicity. World-wide Publicity. THE. Nazs, Dress Shirts or Collars, Almighty Dollars, East to be Lent. ash to be Spent. Roman Cement.

DVERTISE e FREEMAN!

Read the advice.

eat Reduction IN TEETH! ULSET FOR \$6.00

Quincy A. Scott's, TR PENN AVENUE.

TSBURGH, PA. are the competitors has given Dr. while when they and the pun-tion when they get it that they like BEST.

LL PAY EVERYBODY TO SIT PITTSBURGH TO DR. QUINCY A. SCOTT TRACT THEIR TEETH

TITHOUT PAIN ABSOLUTELY SAFE AN ESTHETIC, IT IS THE ONLY ONE IN EXISTENCE,

to be taken with entire confidence by old and young and people in every condition of health.

OTHER DEATH FROM LAUCHING GAS. darrison, a surgeon of 30 year

ster England, lately died from halations too many.

L RIVINIUS,

NATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. Dersi to do all work in as fepairing Clocks, eweiry, &c., at short to rery best manner, lowest possible prices. ". one door west of Huntley's ug, June 22, 18,6,-1y.

MEL McLAUGHLIN. Attorney-Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old anding, tup stairs, corner of Clin-est streets. Will attend to all bus-

ter with his profession. LAKE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW ng. Pa. Office with Begister

FAILED:

A POEM OF HARD TIMES.

Failed! Jim Miserton failed! You don't mean to say so? Had it from Smith, at the bank? a man that should know. Forty-two cents on the dollar? I canno believe my own ears. There's no such thing as judging a man by

the way he appears. Yes, the times are hard-so Miserton's gone with the rest, Though he was down A 1 in the lying Mer

cantile Test. He whom every one thought the soundest and strongest of all, floating on worthless paper the whole of the summer and fall

Yes, you may well say "failed!" there's more than the term implies, When all there is of a man in hopeless ruin lies. To come after twenty years of a stubborn uphill strife. It isn't a business smash so much as a failure in life.

Gold was always his God-he'd nothing else in his soul Money, for money's sake, was ever his ulti 'self-made man' they styled him, for low and poor he began; But now his money is vanished, and what is

When he was only a youth he was saving and scheming, and smart; Had every one of old Ben. Franklin's max ims by heart; Bound to rise in the world, and with mer

left of the man?

ch int princes to rank ;

Every cent he could scrape he would salt right down in the bank. What on earth is the use," Jim often to me would say, 'Of footing on concerts and sleigh-rides your

hard earned money away? Where's the profit of pleasure and vain expensive delights? Better work extra time and quit running around at nights."

So he would save and stint just to add to his hoarded peif; Hard he was upon others, but just as hard

Never would ask nor give, and neither would borrow nor lend; Never went out of his way to do a good turn for a friend.

He had no eye for beauty, for literature no taste; Buying pictures or books he counted a shameful waste. Nothing he cared for art or the poet's elabotate rhymes, His soul was only attuned to the musical jingle of dimes.

S lfish, exacting, and stern, a hand be would treat like a slave; Long were his hours of toil, and scanty the pay that he gave: Made of cast iron himself, his zeal in the struggle for gold Left him no pity to spare for those of a dif ferent mould.

Never a cent for the poor, for the naked never a stitch : "Twas all their fault, he would say, they should save like him and grow rich. Now and then to a church be'd forward liberal amount, Duly set down in his books to the advertising account.

So he succeeded, of course, and piled his coffers with wealth. Missing pleasure and culture, losing vigor and health. Now he s down at the bottom, exactly where

he began ; Even his gold has vanished, and what is left of the man? A self-made man, indeed! then we owe no honor to such ; The genuine self-made man you cannot hon-

or too much, But be sure what you make is a man wit a heart, and a soul, and a mind, Not merely a pile of dollars, that goes leaving nothing behind. -Phillips Thompson,

RATHER GHOSTLY.

[FROM AN OLD MAGAZINE.]

We were four travellers of different na tions, stiting around a fireplace on a stormy February evening in dear, beautiful, old Lisbon. The party consisted of six, but he never before or since had passed so untwo of its members had gone to a soirce at the English Ambassador's; the others, quite wearied with sight-seeing and deterred by the storm, remained at the ion to repose for the labors of the next day. We that he had been horribly frightened. were two Americans, one Englishman and

ping of the rain on the stone terrace just outside of our windows and the moaning of the wind disposed us to rather melancholy of his own." topics. We talked of home and the deep longing for beloved absent faces, of great | er dose of horrors, as we were beginning to trials, of dangers by sea and land; but feel the orthodox shivering that makes a when we heard the watch dogs begin their nightly howlings the conversation naturally one to believe that a phantom is standing fell upon ghos s.

"When I was travelling in England last summer," said the Russian gentleman, "I fell in with a very amiable looking old lady -snort, stout, good-tempered and comfort- officer, who had no particular religion, but able. It was in my power to render her told me her name. She was no other than Side of Nature.' I gave her some ghost stories which I know to be true, and which you will probably see in the next edition of her book.'

"But why should we wait for her book?" exclaimed one of the American ladies. -This is just the evening for a ghost story; and since you know them to be true, we promise to believe them implicitly."

After a little persuasion the Russian began his true ghost story :
"You have heard of Count Pahlen, of

course; and when I say that this story was related by him to me you will understand how I know it to be true, though it did not happen to myself. He was not an imaginative man, not of a speculative turn, and had butle patience with the superstitions and over-credulous. He ridiculed the idea of ghosts, and often wished one of those

"Well, he had been bunning in Transyl vanua; in the ardor of the chase night all was over. came on, and be discovered that he had lost his way. After some wandering he came upon a ruinous chateau, where he knocked till an old peasant made his appearance. The Count explained his state and asked for a night's shelter.

"'The castle is scarcely habitable,' replied the old man; 'the owners never live bere now; my wife and I are left in charge, but the rains have destroyed all the rooms

suit Your Excellency.'

Why not? " It is too large and chilly. " 'Is there a fire-place in it?" ti 'Oli, yes, it is in the picture gallery ; but Your Excellency would do much bet-

ter to proceed half a league further, where "'I am exhausted, interrupted the Count, piqued by the old man's evident re luctance, 'and insist upon having a fire

built in the picture-gallery; and sleeping there to night.' " I pray Your Excellency not to insist,

because-, because-, in short, the gallery is haunted !" " 'Is that all, my good old friend?' laughed the Count; 'I have often desired to meet a ghost, and consider myself qui e in luck; so let your wife cook me a comfortable supper, and do you build me a roaring

"The old man was forced to obey, though sorely against his will, and he did so muttering, with fears and regrets. In a short time he was ready. The gallery had been originally a very handsome apartment, but the pictures had all been removed, and the discolored, denuded walls, with here and there a tarnished frame, made it dreary enough. A large, old-fashioned India screen, relie of former magnificence, was drawn around the fire; and there, within a charmed circle of hight and warmth, was placed the Count's bed and table with his supper. I have forgotten to say that he was not entirely alone, being accompanied by a large and ferocious English bull-terrier named Bob, whom he considered more than a match for any German ghost, and on whom, to tell the truth, he rather relied for discovering what he believed would prove

an imposition. "The supper was good and the cheerful warmth of the fire, together with the fatigues of the day disposed him to fall asleep at the table. He was fast becoming nuconscious when the growling of his dog suddenly roused him. He started from his chair and looked round; nothing was to be seen, but the fire had sunk to embers and the room was rapidly becoming cold. He raked the coals together, put on some more logs and settled himself to another easy doze. Again the dog gave token of uneasiness; again he rallied his senses and peered into the long, gloomy room. This time he saw something. At the very end of the gallery he perceived a whitish mist cipitated one upon the other, and out of 120 after the departure of my mother-in-law a other, handsome, accomplished, and highand after a few moments saw that this and all the others were seriously injured; | asked for shelter, which was given them. ganzy mist seemed slowly advancing up the not a single one escaped unburt. This is | They were no somer in bed than a gentleroom. He called out. 'Who is there?' No answer was returned, while the mist slowly, steadily advanced, and a sensation of intense cold, like a sharp wind, appeared to precede the progress of the cloud. 'You do not answer, he said; then I will set my dog on you. At him, Bob! Bob rushed at the cloud, but had no sooner reached it than be suddenly returned to his master, his tail between his legs, and whin-

ing with fear. The Count thought this curious, but was not alarmed. The cloud advanced, the cold increased, and a second time he made the dog dash at the unknown adversary, though with manifest reluctance on the part of the animal to leave his master's side. Again Bob ran whining back, his hair standing erect with fear and his tail

between his legs. "And still the white cloud glided toward him, and the sensation of cold became intense. The dog would not stir, so the Count took him by the neck and threw him at the appearance. The third time he rushed back, shaking with the vehemence of his terror, and crouched under the farthest side of the bed. The Count was now fairly frightened, so he jumped into bed all dressed and pulled the covers over his head, while the last thing he saw was this cloud close upon him and he was conscious of a deadly cold that chilled him to

the bone.' "Well," said the American lady,"

that all? What else did he do?" "My dear young lady," said the Russian, "that is all, and, in the Count's place, you would probably have considered it amply sufficient to give what you Americans call a realizing sense of a ghost. He lay still till the morning, and confessed to me that comfortable a night. The terror came upon him suddenly and was overpowering; his reputation for bravery was well enough established to allow him frankly to confess

"I don't attempt to account for anything one Russian. in the story, but simply relate it as my friend told it to me. If you feel so disposed I will give you another, which a friend assured me was a personal experience.

We were unanimous in requesting anothghost story so effective and half induces

by one's side invisible. "This story is not very terrible," he said. "but is curious as being a sort of warning." "Captain R-off was a gay Russian went to the Greek Church, because in St. some little attention, and on parting she Petersburg cer ain observances are expected of the army. He was intimate with Mrs. Crone, the authoress of the 'Night- Captain K-, who, though by no means a religious man, was more scriet, and occasionally endeavored to persuade Captain R-off to pay more attention to the rules of the Church. Some quarrel in a cafe over a game of cards with an Austrian officer led to a duel on K-'s part and R-off was one of his seconds. K--- fell, mortally wounded, and expired on the field. As he was dying he gave his watch to his friend, saying, 'This is my last gift to you, dear R—off, and I beg you to keep it with extreme care, not only for my sake, but for your own. Let nothing persuade you either to sell or give it away, and if you should be so unfortunate as to lose it you must watch your actions with fearand trembling for the twenty four hours immedia ely following the discovery of the loss, Let no tempta ion induce you to commit the slightest sin during that time, and be i tangible gentry might come wi hin his careful not to run into any danger because this way, so I have always some plain declared she was not dead, but should be -. Here the blood bubbled up into empty rooms to give; but you shall not carried back to Mogador. The Arabs and

> "R-off took the watch, and for the sake of his friend kept it with much care, though he did not attach any impor ance to the talismanic character given it in his deing injunctions. It was a good timepiece. handsomely set with jewels, but there was nothing in its appearance to remind him of the solemn warning attached to its possession, or, I should more properly say, its lose; and so as time slipped away

excepting one, and that one would scarcely cumstanse had nearly faded from his mem-"Years passed on, either in the high frivolities of a St. Petersburg winter or the sterner realities of a campaign in Circassia; but no incident of interest brought serious

thought to his mind. After some time of active service he obtained a permission to friend's chateau near the city. One morning he started as usual to ritle into town, intending to pass the day there, dine, and attend in the evening a Jewish wedding to which he had been invited.

"The sound of a horse's hoofs close to his side made him turn his head to see who was the rider ! . but he found himself entirely alone in he centre of a broad road, with nobody within sight. He went on, but still the tramp continued, and in some mysterious way his mind was impressed with the conviction that this invisible com panion was his friend K- who rode by his side, but always opposite to that on which he turned.

"This persuasion, by a very natural succession of ideas, induced him to feel for his watch. To his dismay, it was gone! He instantly rode back to the chateau, and init could be found nowhere. During the excitement and confusion incident to the search for the missing watch, Captain R -- off was led to speak of the curious and painful circumstances under which it came into his possession, and the earnest injunction to abstain from sin for twenty-four hours af er discovering its loss. The mistress of the chateau, to whom he related this strange stoy, exclaimed at this point, Then you must not go to the Jewish wedding this evening ! 'Absurd !' rejoined the Captain; 'I shall most assuredly go.' The lady, however, was very earnest in pleading that as, according to the rules of his Church, it was not lawful for him to attend the religious ceremonies of any other faith, he was committing a sin in going to this wedding-that it was a slight sacrifice to make-and, great or small, she, as his hostess, begged him to give up his Intention. Overpowered, though scarcely convinced, he ceded the point and refrained from going. You may imagine his feelings when he heard the next morning that the floor had given away the marriage was

"You believe it, then?" said the American lady who had spoken before. "I certainly cannot disbelieve it," replied the Russian. "The story was told me by Captain R --- off himself, who was entirely persuaded of its truth, and who was greatly changed after his remarkable preservation, for it is natural to conclude that, had he been present at the wedding, he would at least have been seriously injured if he

had not been killed outright. "If you care to hear another story of ghosts," said the English lady, "I will tell they forced the door open and found the you something that really took place in my husband's family, and was related to me by my mother-in-law, herself the beroine of the tale. As it occurred in America, it

may be rather interesting to you.' Like Oliver Twist, we were anxious for more, and the lady was begged to make no

delay in giving us her story, which was as follows:

"My husband's father was a Britsh officer and took part against America in your war of independence. When the English New York, however, he had fallen in love with a pretty American girl, married her and had two children. Family encumstauces, not bearing on this story, made him leave her behind while he returned alone to England, keeping his marriage a secret from his relations, who would have bitterly opposed such a connection. He was of a strict Catholic family, and while the children were still very young, almost babies, he wrote her a command that she was to take them to Montreal, where the boy was to be placed with some priests and Lady Superior who was his relation, would train her according to her father's belief. This was very hard for the forsaken Protes am wife; but in those days busbands held to the strict letter of the law, which enabled them to claim obedience as their due, and she did not dare to withhold compliance. And if there were moral impediments to her journey, the physical ones were just as great. There were no railways then, and even very few beaten roads through the State of New York. Passengers who went from New York to Montreal could not start at their own pleasure, but were forced to wait till a certain number should be made up, when they hired a came from friend or fee. There was no conveyance and engaged an Indian to guide them through the great forests that lay between them and their destination. In this way my mother-in-law started. A very severe winter had set in, and after some days' travel a blinding snow-storm came on, so that, after a few hours, the Indian was forced to confess that he could no louger distinguish the track or the marks on the trees, and they must wait till the morning to continue their route, The thought of passing the night exposed to this wild storm in a strange place was, naturally, terrible to this young mother, who feared that her little children might perish with cold. Alter some a onel guncertainty the hearts of the travellers were rejoiced by bearing the bark of a dog; they eagerly bent their steps toward the sound and found themselves at a comfortable farmhouse belonging to substantial farmers, who readily acceded to their request for food and shelter. The farmer's wife was much taken with the children and their sweet young mother, to whom she said : 'We do not keep an un; but we often are called upon to accommodate stray travellers in that a sudden conviction smote him and he poor K-'s mouth, and in a few moments fare like the rest, I will put you in a large | Christian bystanders remonstrated and had spare chamber that we keep for our own relations when they visit us.'

"The room was, indeed, as comfortable as possible, and justified the housewife's curtains, running with brass rings on an ing borne to the cemetery, but regarded it fron rod. Here she lay quietly for a little as one of her fever fancies. The physician nile, when the second of the cortain skip ordered this view of the marter to be say

ping on the rod made her open her eyes. diously presented to her, and it was not At the foot of the bed, between the halfopened curtains, stood an old man in a long, white flannel gown, with gray hair streaming over his shoulders. He immediately spoke to her, saying that if she would obey his directions she would be rich and independent for life. On the left hand of travel, which carried him after some wan- the fire place, in the second row of stones, derings, to Milan, where he stayed as a she would find one that had the corner broken off. This she must raise, and keep what she found beneath. Here he ceased, and passed out of sight, closing the curtains. She was half dead with fright, and shut her eyes in dread to see bim again. After some time she succeeded in persuading herself that she had been asleep, and this was only a dream, at which it was very silly to be alarmed. So she reasoned herself into calmness and unbellef, and was just sinking quietly to sleep when the noise of the brass rings roused her to new terror. She opened her eyes, and there was the old man again this time with a reproachful expression. He upbraided her for not following bis directions, which he repeated with great minuteness, adding that if she negletted them, she would repent it all her life. This time she could not reason herinto composure. She shut her eyes stituted a most thorough search for it, but | tightly, drew the cover over her face, and lay there till the farmer's wife came to

> left the room she took the light toward the fireplace, and there, on the left side, in the second row, was a stone with the corner broken off. The sight qui e upset her, and she harried from the room, but said not a word of her strange visitant to the hos ess. "The remainder of her joffrney was prosrous and without incident. She reached Montreal in safety, placed the children av-

cording to her husband's orders, and re-

rouse her for the early starting of the travel-

lers. It was only 4 o'clock, they dressed

rapidly by a single candle, but before she

turned alone to New York. "On her way home she stopped, according to promise, at the farm house where she had her strange adventure. The farmer's wife, delighted to see her, said she should again have the best room. 'Not for worlds!" was the exclamation that broke from her, and naturally provoked an explanation. When it was made the hostess was quite overcome, saying more than once, 'Why did you not tell us? Oh, if we had principal actor. only known! But now it is too late.' On celebrated on the third story of a large | being pressed for the meaning of her evi- officers of a very distinguished family in or cloud without shape; he watched it, people present eighty were killed outright, large number of belated travellers had principled. They were idolized in their to his lady love, married her the same day, an historical fact, and, as such, easily veri- man rode up and begged to be allowed to fied. The adventure of the watch in connection with it was also generally known in Milan."

I mail rolle up and begged to be disorded to remain till the next day, when he would pursue his journey. The house was already full except what I must call the haunted chamber, and though this was reserved for special occasions, the hospitable farmer determined to give it to him. Accordingly he retired to rest there, saying he did not wish to be called in the morning,

but desired to sleep off his weariness. "At 4, or about daybreak, the travellers departed, leaving the solitary horseman asleep, as it was supposed. Hours passed on, and the day was now so far advanced that the farmer determined to knock at the room empty. The bed had evidently been slept in; but what excited their wonder was that the stones of the fire place had been removed, a great hole was visible under the hearth, and just in front of it stood a huge earthen po with the cover lying beside it. It was empty, and there was nothing to indicate where it had come from or what had been its use. The mystery of the displaced hearth-stones was great, but there was no one to solve it. On going to the stable his horse had disappeared, and a Army evacuated New York be was among farm-servant, who slept there, said the the officers withdrawn. During his stay in | traveller had come down about 3 o'clock, saddled his horse in silence, and rode rapid-

"It was now evident that this horseman had seen the vision, and, not being overpowered by fear, had prefited by the knowledge of so large a fortune. At any rate he was a practical man, and thought nothing would be lost by looking if there really were money under the stones. The far-mer and his/wife were loud in their expressions of distress and disappointment, and my mother in law fulfilled the old man's prophecy by never ceasing to regret that the girl in the Ursuline Convent, where the her fears had gotten the better of her curiosity. Nothing further was ever heard of the horseman."

"A strange thing happened to a cousin of my father's," said the Russian, "and since we have entered upon family revelations, you shall have it, madam, as a com-

panion to your story. "This gentleman was at an opera ball in Paris. Towards the close of the entertainment be went into an almost deserted saloon and was standing alone in the centre of it when he felt a heavy blow on his shoulder. Not having heard any one approach, he turned suddenly, half in wonder, half in displeasure, to see if the blow one near; he stood absolutely alone and an uncomfortable feeling crept over him. When he went home his valet asked him how he had been hurt, pointing out on his domino the mark of a bloody hand just where he had felt the mysterious blow. A few weeks later that arm was carried away at the shoulder in the bat le of Borodino.

"I have no ghost story to tell," said the elder American lady; "but a circumstance that happened to my mother-in law is worth hearing. Living in Mogador, where her husband was Consul-General, she was attacked with the African fever, and, to all appearance, died. The Christian cemetery is outside the walls, and she was wrapped in linen, according to the custom of the country, and carried by Arabs to the grave. Arrived there, her husband, who was devotedly attached to ber, bade the bearers set down their precious burden that he might once more gaze on those beloved features. They obeyed him; the wrappings were removed and the linen lifted from her face. It was so life-like, the faint color still lingering in her cheeks, almost succeeded in persuading him that his fond fancy deluded him, when sine opened her eyes and softly sighed. This, of course, put an end to all discussion; praises. She put her children to bed, and, she was carried back to her bed, where for cary and thankful, lay down herself for many weeks she seemed to hang between the repose she so much needed. Her bed life and death. On her recovery it was was a large four-poster, with white dimity found that she had no remembrance of be-

till years had passed that she knew what a fearful fate had been averted by her busband's love. She had a recollection of the measured pace of the bearers and the playing of the wind as it raised the linen coverings over her face, but beyond all that was refer to the subject, and I have seen ber turn pale when it was alluded to in her hearing."

"The mettion of grave-clothes," said the Russian "reminds me of a story devoutedly believed in a village near Moscow. A rich farmer took for his second wife a woman who treated very badly the children of the first marriage. They were bruised and beaten, their clothes were in tions, namely, pills, rags and they crept at hight supperless to beth glad to escape from the tyranny of the stepmother. The mother was not so his weapons, with which he had fought dead that her children's years could fail to even death himself, and he would fight wake her; they wept her out of her grave with no others. Upon consultation the and every night when the stepmother had gone to bed the mother would rise to comfort her little ones. The Russian villages | weapons | and a right, if it was his selecare generally composed of one long street. with the cemetery at one end. The far- four pounders. mer's house was at the opposite end, and every night, at the same hour, she was seen passing in her grave-clothes. The There were two pill boxes, one white the peasants knew when she was coming by other black-life in one, fleath in the oththe howling of their dogs, and closed their shutters to avoid seeing the shrouded mother. The children had no fear of her, and she would caress them, tend them, feed them, wash them, and care for them as in her life. During these ghostly visits doctor obtained the fatal black box, the the step-mother invariably remained opponent lawyer the white. The pills were plunged in a heavy sleep, from which nothing could rouse her; the husband, on the drawing. The dector solemnly gave the contrary, continued awake, watching directions for the disposal of his property her maternal ministering with usingled and instantly, upon a signal, each swallowthread and love. She never spoke to him, and he never could summon the necessary | erect and smilling, as he saw the doctor contage to address ber, but he watched for her nightly appearance with a feeling half by the fatal pill. He finally ceased to

dread, half satisfaction. "And now, ladies, it is 12 o'clock, just the proper time to see spirits; it is also and by such an unusual duel, and was adfull time for us all to go to bea; but before vised at once, with second and surgeon, to we separate for the night, by way of warning against too credulous fancies, I will tell you the story of the "Du ch Brothers," Ireland. as it was related to me by a rifered of the

"These Dutch brothers were two young regiment, perhaps paricularly so on account of almost their only fault, a certain rash valor, rather different from the quiet pruofficers were execedingly anxious to see a hopes of finding them tenanted by beings from the other world. At last they seemed to find the orthodox old castle with its haunted room; everybody bore wimess to the borrible sights and sounds nightly to be seen and beard therein, and these young gentlemen determined to pass the night there. They provided themselves with a good supper, a fire, lights and loaded pistols. The hours were on ; no ghost was seen, no ghostly sounds were heard. The younger brother laid his head on the table and deliberately resigned himself to a comfor able sleep. The elder brother, though exceedingly weary, determited to remain awake and await the issue of events. Af ter a while a noise roused him from a reverie into which he had fallen. He raised his eyes and beheld the wall opening in front of his sea. Through the opening glided a tall figure in white, who signed to him to follow. He rose and followed the figure through long, damp, dark passages till they reached a large, brilliantly lighted room, where a ball was going on. Above the strains of music and the din of voices pierced a strange, sharp clicking sound, like the noise of castanets. Bewildered and dazzled by the sudden transition from darkness and silence to this gay festive scene, it was some moments before he could collect his senses; but he was shocked into sobriety by perceiving that these gayly dressed ladies and their richly uniformed cavaliers were skeletons, and the curious sound that had impressed him so strangely was the clicking of their flesh-less jaws! The figure at his side ordered him to take a partner from this hideons throng, which he refused to do. Irritated at this refusal, the figure raised his arm to strike, but the officer instantly leveled at him the pestol he had continued to grasp, and discharged it full in his face.

"With the shock and report be started to his feet. The white figure, the ballroom, the fearful, ghas:ly dancers, all had vanished, and he was in the room where he had supped, but his brother lay dying at his side. He had shot him in his dream, and awakened only to receive his last breath. From that night he was an altered man; all the gayety had gone out of his life, all the sunshine bad faded from his days, and after a few years of unavailing anguish of remorse he found himself unable to bear the burden of his regrets, and put an end to his life. "And now, good night !"

PROVERBS FOR SUBSCRIBERS, -"A wise son maketh a glad father, and a prompt paying subscriber causeth an editor to

"Foily is a joy that is destitute of windom," but a delinquent subscriber cause b suffering in the house of a newspaper

"All the ways of man are clear in his own eyes." except the way the delinquent subscriber bath in not paying for his newspaper. "Better is a little wi h righteons. ness' than a thousand sub-cribers who fail

to pay what they owe.
"A just weight and balance are the Lord's," but that which is due upon your newspaper belongs the publisher thereof. "Better is the poor man that walketh in integrity," and payeth his subscription, than the rich man who continually telleth the "devil" to call again.

"Judgmen's are prepared for scorners, stripes for the backs of fools," and ever- write. He professed penitence for his lasting punishment for him who payeth waywardness, expressed a longing to be at not for his newspaper. "Hoped deferred maketh the heart sick,"

is a proverb sadly realized by the publisher who sendeth out bills, "A righteous man hateth lying," bence an editor waxes wroth against the subscri-

morrow, yet calleth not to settle. "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," whom the adder ges through adding up the amounts due from

Lib subscribers.

A DUEL WITH PILLS.

Near Dublin lived a beautiful young lady, rich as she was beautiful. Of course she was beloved and sought by many snitors, and among them were a lawyer and a doctor. The latter was the favorite of the vague and confused. She never liked to lady, and consequently the disciple of Demosthenes was jealous of the follower of Æsculapius. The former initiated a quarrel with the latter, who applied an insolting epithet to him, whereupon the lawyer challenged the doctor, and he, therefore had the choice of waxpons. Esculapius chose that with which he may have killed many a patient, in addition to writing the death warrants in Latin prescrip-

Demosthenes was indignant; but was answered by his opponent that those were seconds decided that the challenged party from time immemorial, had the choice of tion, to fight with pitchforks or twenty-

The day and place were arranged, and the manner of the third was as follows: er-a terrible alternative. The duellists were to be blindfolded, the bill boxes to be placed in a hat, well shaken before taken, as is tustomary with physic. The challenged party to d aw first; he did, and the to be swallowed within five minutes after ed his allotted pill. The lawyer stood fall to the earth, in all the agonies caused breathe. The lawyer, however, became frightened at the death of his opponent journey to France to escape the penalty of the English law, which prevailed also in

They took the advice and were off like rockets, without even taken leave of the fallen physician. Searcely were they out

and lived the happiest of the happy.
"How did he recover?" Why both pills were made of pure flour, the bread of life, dence usually ascribed to their pation. and not death. His skill, acting and inagination fought and won his victory matrimonial. He was regarded thereafter as ghost, and took a great deal of pains to the best bred (bread) physician in Dublin, plunge into all sorts of pokey places in the and his patients increased accordingly; while the lawyer beased to have clients, from having lost the chief suit of his life.

ANOTHER GHOST STORY.

A lady, in a little trip across the deep sea, was lying across the sofa in the ladies saloon, when, to ber surprise, a gentleman entered the saloon, unannounced, and passing through it, went out by the opposite door. She was much astonished, not only that any not should enter the room, but also that he should do so without knocking; and, moreover, as she did not renognize the gentleman, although she had associated with all the passengers for many days. She mentioned the matter to her husband, who merely remarked that he might have been confined to his bed up to this time, and that this was probably his first appearence, and that no doubt at the dinner table she might satisfy her mind. All that time the lady carefully scrutinized the faces of all the assembled persons, and was positive the one she saw was not amongst them.

She asked the captain if he had any one on board who was not then at the table? He answered her there was not,

She never forgot the circumstance, though her husband treated it as a mere fancy, and thought no more of it. Some time afterward she was walking with him in Lordon, when she pointed out a gentleman in the streets, and said with some agitation. "There ! that is the person I saw in the packet. Pray go and speak to him. Do go and ask him if he was not there?" "Impossible, my dear! He would think that I meant to insult him."

However, his wife's importunity and agitation prevailed. Stepping up to the gentleman she had pointed out, and applogizing for the liberty he was about to take, he said, "Pray, sir, may I ask you if you were in the West India packet Atrato at such a time "

"No, sir," replied the gentleman addressed, 'I certainly was not. But may I inquire who you thought I was?" His interrogator related the circum-

stances. "Why, what day was it?" asked the other,

The date having been told him, he replied, "Well, sir, it is a very remarkable circumstance. I had a twin brother, so like myself that we could scarcely be distinguished apart. Poor fellow, it was on that very day that he died in Jamaica." The most remarkable point in the story

is, its localism, so to speak. A man dies in Jamaica, and is seen on that very day on board a ship going from Jamaica to England, as if purposely crossing from that country to the other.

A LITTLE TOO ROMANTIC .- The St. John the bas resulted in an incidem which is either a contemptible hand or one of those events the truth of which is stranger than fiction. Mrs. Mary Hale, of Obio, sent a package of clothing as a contribution for the needy in St. John, and among the articles was a suit of clothes which be longed to a son who ran away from home years ago. Since the package was sent she has received a letter purporting to be from this ronaway. He says that the suit was accidentally assigned to him, and reviving his memories of home, had led him to home once more, and here is the disturbing element which will affect the iscredulous ones who read the story-requests a remittance of money to help him return.

"Brtren is a dry monsel and quietness ber who promiseth to call and settle on the therewith," than a long list of subscribers who cheat the prin er,

> A TONE that young ladies by in outdies 17 minusas