THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - - JAN. 4, 1878.

IN our enumeration in the last issue of the FREEMAN of the officers to be filled at the election next November, we inadvertently and unaccountably forgot to mention two members of Assembly. Our readers no doubt readily detected and supplied an omission so apparent.

IT is reported that Sam Josephs proposes shortly to sail for Brazil, where he is said to be connected with certain railroad projects. It is not stated, and if it were we would not believe it, that he is in any way connected with the Messrs. Collins in their railway contract around the rapids of the Madeira river, in that country. If Josephs should expatriate himself, it would be a source of infinite relief to the honest portion of the Philadelphia Democracy, but it would be very bad for some of the guileless subjects of Dom Pedro.

WE neglected to state in our last issue that J. T. Farley, Democrat, had been elected by the Legislature of California to the United States Senate as the successor of A. A. Sargent, Republican, whose term will expire on the 4th of March, 1879. Four years ago, when Booth, the present *Independent* Senator, as he calls himself, was elected, Mr. Farley was the nominee of the Democratic caucus, and his election now is a just recognition of his ability as well as his claims to the honor. The Senate will gain immensely by the disappearance of Sargent, who is the head and front of the corrupt Pacific coast ring, and who as a Senator has always been the willing and unscrupulous advocate of the worst species of legislative jobbery. Democratic lightning will next strike the four unsavory carpet-baggers—Patterson, Conover, Spencer and Dorsey—and then, after the 4th of March, 1879, farewell—a long farewell—to the bloody shirt rule of Conkling, Edmunds, Blaine, and their associates in the Senate of the United States.

AT a late meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee of Allegheny county, next Tuesday was fixed as the time for holding the county convention to elect delegates to the Democratic State convention. From the remarks made by several members of the committee, it can be stated, in advance, that the delegates will present a solid front in favor of the nomination of Hon. James H. Hopkins, of Pittsburgh, for Governor. He is a gentleman of ability, a consistent and hard-working Democrat, and retired from Congress on the 4th of March last, in which he faithfully represented for a single term one of the two strong Republican districts of Allegheny county. We take pleasure in saying this much about Mr. Hopkins, and if all the other prospective candidates were as competent as he is admitted to be, there would not be much danger of an unfit nomination being made. The qualifications of the candidates should be freely and openly discussed before the meeting of the convention, so that in the event of the Democracy being successful at the election neither they nor the people of the State will have any cause to be ashamed of the result.

IN a recent sermon Henry Ward Beecher boldly avowed his disbelief in the existence of hell. The same doctrine has lately been preached in England by Dr. Farrar, a distinguished clergyman of the Established Church, which has caused a vast deal of excitement in that country. A very short time before Beecher's new departure, Dr. Porter, President of Yale College, and Dr. Hopkins, ex-President of Williams College, the two foremost Congregational seats of learning in this country, in a council held at North Adams, Mass., warmly espoused the same doctrine. If it had been known that Beecher repudiated the existence of a hell his testimony would have been excluded on his trial for adultery, and the pulpit of Plymouth church would not have known him for a considerable length of time. His is the plainest case of a man whose "wish is father to his thought." It is a most comfortable belief, and the worst elements of society would no doubt like to see the dreaded place abolished. If Beecher could bring the world to his happy way of viewing the matter, what a high carnival of crime would be inaugurated, to be followed by the building of another ark, the selection of another Noah, if one could be found, and after that a second deluge.

ROBERT SMALLS, the colored member of Congress from the Fifth South Carolina district, has manifested a devotion to the interests of his constituents which is worthy of all praise. Smalls bore a good character, but in an evil hour during the high old times of reconstruction he sought office, and from 1868 until he was elected to Congress was a member of the South Carolina Legislature. While he was in the State Senate he fell from grace by accepting a bribe of $5,000 for his vote in favor of a certain bill, for which offense he was indicted and convicted about a month ago, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. A motion relating to the case was made by his counsel, and he was permitted to enter bail for his appearance on the day appointed by the Court for its argument. Smalls' guilt was made so plain on his trial as to preclude any hope that the sentence will not be executed. The penitentiary, however, has no terrors for him, for only a few days before the recess of Congress he quietly appeared in the House and took his seat as though nothing unusual had befallen him. Smalls enjoys the proud distinction of being the first member of Congress who, while a sentence of three years in the penitentiary is suspended over him, patriotically assists in making laws for the government of the people of this model Republic. Who will say that this is not a great and a glorious country?

UP to the recess of Congress Ben Butler was as completely "bottled up" as Grant represented him to have been on a certain occasion during the war on the James river. About ten days ago, however, he opened his mouth to a Republican club in Boston, and in his address had the heroic impudence to say that between then and the first of February Mr. Hayes must decide whether he would be the President of the Republican party, or go clean over to the Democracy. We have no doubt that Butler is politically miserable and unhappy under the changed condition of things at Washington, and that it is hard for him to realize that Grant does not occupy the White House with a two-thirds majority in Congress obedient to his stubborn will. Butler is in the same pitiable plight as John A. Logan, who lately confessed, with a sad heart, that his influence with Mr. Hayes and his administration did not amount to a row of pins. Logan could not have paid Hayes a higher compliment. It is a most happy deliverance for the country that the counsels of the Logans and Butlers, and men of their stamp, have ceased to have any influence at the White House. Butler's opposition to Hayes of course grows out of the Southern policy of the latter. Under its wholesome operation, which was simply adopting the long avowed purpose of the Democratic party, profound peace prevails throghout the South, and all classes of society are working harmoniously and prosperously. That is the very condition of affairs which malcontents like Butler do not want to see, and which they did not anticipate when they supported Mr. Hayes for the Presidency. It is of no consequence, however, what Butler may think or say about Hayes and his treatment of the South as long as the country applauds and endorses it. That Mr. Hayes will continue in the same patriotic course he has been pursuing in defiance of the loud threats of the radical wing of the Republican party is not to be doubted. He could not change or reverse his policy even if he desired to do so, which he clearly does not. The first of February, the limit allowed by Butler to Hayes for a change of base, is rapidly approaching, and after it has passed Butler will find that no back step will be taken, but that Mr. Hayes will rigidly adhere to his Southern policy because it is right, has brought forth the most satisfactory results, and is sustained by fair-minded people throughout the whole country.

BEECHER ON (NOT IN) HELL.—The following extract from Henry Ward Beecher's late sermon on hell, to which editorial reference is made elsewhere, will enable our readers to understand the views entertained by that shining light of Plymouth church on so vital and interesting a question:

"It was also said that Adam sinned, and that in consequence of that sin the whole human race fell. The human race had existed on the earth for thousands and thousands of years, and had gone on propagating and multiplying until all the waves of the ocean which had rolled in upon the shore during those centuries did not contain drops enough, nor the sands of the sea particles enough, nor all the figures of the arithmetic numbers enough, to compute the preface, to say nothing of the body, of the great history of the human race. The numbers of the human race were actually beyond computation, and for thousands and thousands and thousands of years they had been born into the world, had lived, and struggled, and finally died, and gone—where? "If you tell me that they have all gone to heaven, my answer will be that such a sweeping of mind into heaven would defile its precincts, and I cannot accept that. If you tell me that they have gone to hell, then I swear by the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have sworn to worship forever, that you will make an infidel of me. The doctrine that God has been for thousands of years peopling this earth with beings, during a period three-fourths of which was not illuminated by an altar or a church, and 19 places where a vast population of those people are yet without that light, is to transform the Almighty into a monster more hideous than Satan himself, and I swear by all that is sacred that I will never worship Satan, though he should appear dressed in royal robes and seated on the throne of Jehovah. Men may say, 'You will not go to heaven preside over by such a demon as that, who has been peopling this world with millions of human beings, and then sweeping them off into hell, not like dead flies, but without taking the trouble even to kill them, and gloating and laughing over their eternal misery, is not such a heaven as I want to go to. The doctrine is too horrible. I cannot believe it and I won't. They say the saints in heaven are so happy that they do not mind the torments of the damned in hell; but what sort of saints must they be who could be happy while looking down upon the horrors of the bottomless pit? They don't mind—they're safe—they're happy! What would the mother think of the sixteen-year-old daughter who, when her infant was lying dead in the house, should come dancing and singing into the parlor, and exclaim, 'Oh! I'm so happy, mother, I don't care for the dead baby in the coffin! Would she not be shocked? And so with this doctrine; and by the blood of Christ I denounce it; by the wounds in His hands and His side, I abhor it; by His groans and agony, I abhor and denounce it as the most hideous nightmare of theology."

SHORTLY after the fall of Plevna, the Emperor of Russia went to St. Petersburgh, where he was received with the most extravagant rejoicing by the people. He promised the army that he would return to it in about a month. Heavy snow storms and intensely cold weather in Bulgaria have rendered army movements impossible, and the present campaign may be regarded as at an end. Many thousands of army horses and several hundred Turkish prisoners have been frozen to death. The pontoon bridges across the Danube have been swept away by the floating ice, with the exception of two, which have been taken up to prevent their destruction. The Russian army is consequently in a very precarious position, as its supplies of food for the men and forage for the horses are on the northern bank of the river, and cannot be transported across it in the absence of bridges until it freezes over. As the army cannot go to where the provisions are, nor the provisions be conveyed to the army, its perilous situation can readily be comprehended. The Sultan of Turkey, at the close of last week, addressed a note to the British government, asking it to ascertain from Russia upon what terms peace could be effected, and Russia has replied that Turkey must first apply to the Russian commanders-in-chief in Bulgaria and Armenia for an armistice, which will be granted. If affairs should assume this shape, the pen will take the place of the sword, and the war may be terminated by peaceful negotiation before the opening of spring.

THE Legislature met at Harrisburg on Tuesday last. In the Senate, Thomas V. Cooper, of Delaware county, was elected President *pro tem*, while in the House, E. Reed Myer, of Bradford county, Speaker of the last session, resumed the chair. With a few exceptions all the former officers of both houses were retained. The Governor's message, a synopsis of which we will publish next week, was sent in on Wednesday.

Light on a Dark Story.

It is now more commonly believed than acknowledged that the campaign which began with the advance of the army of the Potomac under General Grant, May 3, 1864, was unsoldierlike and unstatesmanlike, and resulted only in the squandering of costly human lives. Even the ultimate success at Appomattox has never reconciled the country to that awful series of battles lost and hopeless flanking marches through which our army was moved from the Rapidan to the James, baffled by a foe it outnumbered three to one and leaving on its bloody way as many men as Lee commanded. Those who have looked at events with the purpose of finding their true meaning, and not with the design of interpreting to fit partisan theories, long ago perceived that the transfer of the army of the Potomac to the James was a confession on the part of General Grant that the overland campaign was a failure, and a vindication of the soundness of General McClellan's original plans for the capture of the rebel capital and the overthrow of the rebellion. When Grant departed from the course of McClellan he met with disaster; when he put himself in McClellan's footsteps he met with success. The superiority of the former as a fighting soldier has generally been conceded, but the superiority of the the latter in strategy is beginning to be acknowledged and, as a consequence, the righteousness of his quarrel with the administration which recalled him from Richmond and insisted upon a direct advance from Washington. These are themes which now have chiefly a historical interest, but a statement in some "Reminiscences of the Civil War," contributed by Gen. Richard Taylor, one of the foremost of the Confederate commanders, to the current number of the *North American Review* revives them as if by the incantation of a wizard. It puts them also, we are sorry to say, in a new and most painful light. Everybody knew that either the administration or its chosen general had blundered in that unfortunate campaign of the Wilderness, but few have supposed that the responsibility of either went any further. General Taylor now clears the military reputation of Grant by an assertion which involves the administration in downright crime. He states that the overland campaign was adopted in the facee of Grant's explicit declaration that it would involve the sacrifice of 100,000 more human lives. These are his words:

"After the battle of Chickamauga in 1863, Gen. Grant was promoted to the command of the armies of the United States and called to Washington. In a conference at the war office between him, President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, the approaching campaign in Virginia was discussed. Grant said the advance on Richmond should be made by the James river. It was replied that the government required the interposition of an army between Lee and Washington and would not consent at that late day to the adoption of a plan that would be taken by the public as a confession of previous error. Grant observed that he was indifferent as to routes, but if the government preferred its own—so often tried—to the one suggested, it must be prepared for the additional loss of 100,000 men. The men were promised, Grant accepted the government plan of campaign and was supported to the end. The above came to me well authenticated and I have no doubt of its correctness."

This is certainly a horrible story. The immolation of 100,000 men to avoid a confession of error on the part of an administration matches anything in the annals of the most despotic governments on earth. To believe that the long agony which the nation endured in 1864 was borne to make good the blunders of civilians involves so much that is revolting that nothing but the reputation of the soldier who vouches for the tale could make us entertain it. General Taylor expressly and significantly says that it came to him on good authority. No authority for such an accusation can be good which is less than that of one of the men directly concerned. President Lincoln was dead before Gen. Taylor came North after the war. Edwin M. Stanton was probably capable of the atrocious calculation charged, but he is not likely ever to have had an opportunity of communicating it to Gen. Taylor. There remains, therefore, but one source from which it could have reached General Taylor. This consideration will make our readers shudder with us at the probability of its truth.—*N. Y. World.*

A QUARRYMAN'S ROMANCE.—Not long ago a man, whose Anglicized name was Peter Taylor, fell from a derrick at the Allandale quarries, in Canaan, Conn., and was killed. He was merely a laborer in a stone quarry, and received no more than usual mention incident to such accidents in the local papers. But for all that a romance belonged to his life, more sad perhaps than unusual, yet still not without interest. Many remember how a quarter of a century or more ago the dashing and magnetic Hungarian rebel, Louis Kossuth, came to this country, and how tens of thousands of Americans, sympathizing with the spirit of freedom and resistance to tyranny which he presented, not only gave him a welcome, but invested in Kossuth bonds, and scorned to ask security. Many others, also, sought these hospitable shores about the same time, having fled from the wrath of angry governments. They wore the black hats and feathers which became the grand rage, and sported the splendid military mustaches that were the envy of the young Americans. Among these exiled fellows of the unfortunate chief was Peter Taylor, young and handsome, but reserved and sensitive. The adverse result of this fight for liberty had crushed his prospects forever. His ambition did not thrive in a strange land. There came a time when he might have returned to Hungary, but it was worse to go than to stay. His nearest friends were dead. The lady whom he would have married had he returned to his home with a conquering army was either dead or had married another, and so he remained where he had first found himself after securing an asylum in this country. With few friends, and perhaps fewer enemies, he had lived a patient life, and in his death was hardly to be pitied, for fortune had been his enemy, and now at least she can no longer quarrel with him.

THE CASE OF BRIDGET.—It is a pity that Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm cannot be taught a lesson of moderation and Christian charity by the *United Presbyterian*, which publishes a three column article of the most cruel and unjust abuse of the domestic "Bridget," who is so sinful as to be an Irish woman and belong to a different church from that which Mrs. Swisshelm honors with her presence. One would imagine that a religious newspaper would know better than allow itself to be made the vehicle of the ill-natured phillipic of a scribbling scold. Among the charges which this Christian lady brings against the poor servant girl is that "she steals more than her wages," and straightway gets absolution by dividing her plunder with her spiritual adviser. This is a cruel falsehood, hitting Bridget and the Church at the same time. A New York lady, who keeps a large establishment, told the writer, who, on one occasion, expressed astonishment that she, who was not a Catholic, should always insist on having Irish Catholic servants, that she did so because it was a guarantee for their good behavior. "Too often," she said, "one cannot appeal to the intelligence of servants, and I find that the Roman Catholic Church acts upon my girls as a moral police. Many servants are given to pilfering, but I never knew a s eady church going Catholic girl who was dishonest."—*Washington (D. C.) Post.*

ALMANACS are dipe again at the drug stores.

News and Other Notings.

—There were 1,100 deaths in Pittsbugh last year.

—Forty nine persons were killed in Allegheny county last year.

—Patrick Murphy has been missing from Pittsburgh for five weeks.

—The Pope declined to accept any diplomatic congratulations on New Year's day.

—A four year-old boy in Middletown Conn., smokes and swears, just like his papa.

—The new Union depot at Pittsburg cost the Pennsylvania railroad company $65,000.

—Miss Weatherhog, of Kingsey Falls, Quebec, has just got rid of her name in the ordinary way.

—There is talk of a bill changing the time for the meeting of Congress, and the reasons offered seem plausible.

—An explosion occurred at the Stanton shaft, near Wilkesbarre, on Friday, in which seven persons were injured.

—Mr. Isaac Davis, of Indianapolis, has a Cochin China hen that catches and kills mice with the dexterity of a terrier.

—Late Monday afternoon two more bodies were recovered from the ruins of the Barclay street (New York) fire, making eight in all.

—In the Commune of Rivola d'Adda, in Italy, a woman has given birth to quintuplets, all living. A year ago she bore four children at a birth.

—John Mangus committed suicide at Tracy City, Tennessee, Monday night, by jumping into a bake oven, an almost complete cremation ensuing.

—The publishers of the Pittsburgh *Leader* presented a boot black's box to every boy in the city engaged in that business, on New Year's day.

—Thomas Durkin has been arrested, charged with being one of the Mollie Maguires that murdered Superintendent Smith at Jeanesville, Pa., November 5, 1863.

—The Twin Relic still flourishes. Sixty-five polygamous marriages were celebrated at Salt Lake on Friday and as many more saintly couples were sent away until Saturday.

—Benjamin Snyder died at Kutztown, Berks county, a few days ago, in his 86th year. He leaves 105 living descendants—6 children, 48 grandchildren and 51 great-grandchildren.

—The Governor of New York has pardoned John Ryan, sentenced May 8, 1874, to twenty years for burglary and larceny. The District Attorney, Judges and complainant believe him innocent.

—There were published in the Philadelphia *Ledger* last week notices of the deaths of ten men and ten woman whose ages were over eighty years. The oldest was over ninety eight years of age.

—The exasperating work of putting up a stovepipe resulted in a tragedy in Lancaster. Cheney and his father-in-law, Snyder, quarreled over the job, and Cheney was killed in the fight that ensued.

—A Berks county resident while eating oysters on the shell found a nickel cent of date of 1853, partly covered over by the heart of the oyster. There was also an indentation in the shell produced by the cent.

—The Pittsburgh *Post* thinks there is danger the Bible will be driven out of the public schools, since a Catholic priest down east insists upon its being kept among the school books. This seals its doom.

—Mrs. Dalby, of New Orleans, locked her baby, five months old, up in a room with a pet terrier, and when she returned found that the dog had almost eaten off the little one's foot, which was so badly mangled that it had to be amputated.

—A special from Vienna to London *Telegraph* states that instructions were sent by telegraph from St. Petersburg, on Sunday, to the Russian commanders in Europe and Asia, to receive any overture for a truce that might be made by the Turks.

—The Irish Catholic colonization society of Philadelphia has purchased about 7,000 acres of land in Virginia, about ninety miles west of Richmond, on the line of the Richmond & Danville Railroad. A Catholic colony will shortly settle on this land.

—A young man in Saline county, Mo., playfully attempted to kiss a pretty young widow who was boarding in the same house with him. In the scuffle the widow suddenly thrust a finger into one of the young man's eyes, totally destroying the sight.

—A little child three years of age named Michael Dodds, of Saltsburg station on the Connellsville railroad, was accidentally shot in the head on Sunday by a cousin named Peter Dodds, who was examining a revolver. The child was expected to die.

—William Strider, of Greenfield, O., is a man of an unbounded stomach. In 1876 his Christmas dinner consisted of a fourteen-pound turkey and six mince pies; last year (last week) he devoured a twenty-five pound gobbler, with the usual accessories.

—In Georgetown, D. C., Monday night, George Washington and Jas. Hutchinson, brothers-in law, quarreled, and went into a yard adjoining their premises "to settle it." It was settled by Washington stabbing Hutchinson in the region of the heart, Hutchinson dying within an hour.

—On Monday night the barn of Michael Shadle, in Limestone township, Lycoming county, was burned, together with the entire crop, five horses, ten head of cattle, hogs, poultry, harness and wagons. Loss, $2,000; no insurance. The family were absent at the time, attending a meeting at the church near by. The house was saved.

—Innocence and crime are curiously blended in the case of the little girl at Philadelphia, whose parents took her from school and treated her as a servant in a house of ill fame which they conducted. The society for the Prevention of Cruelty to children, to whom she applied for deliverance, very properly removed her from their inhuman keeping.

—There is a case of *lapsus naturæ* on Fountain street, Allegheny. A well developed child was born the other day with a tumor fully the size of its natural head growing from its neck. As this growth was covered with hair of the same hue as that on the head of the child, it gave the appearance of two heads. An enterprising photographer has taken the child's picture.

—"That's the medicine that would have saved me a week ago," said Elizabeth Gibson, aged forty-eight, an occupant of the Ashley Building, St. Louis, when they gave her some soup. She died of starvation in a room where her husband lay paralyzed, and her son, a boy of five, was reduced by hunger to a skeleton. Then the neighbors bustled about and gave her remains a $30 funeral.

—On the night of Tuesday last Lewis Howland, of Indianapolis, a student at Cambridge, Mass., dreamed that he had received an Indianapolis paper announcing his father's death. The dream made such an impression on his mind that he mentioned it to some of his comrades Wednesday morning. On Wednesday evening his father died and the son received a telegram announcing the fact.

—New Year's night about 9 o'clock John Haddock, aged 21, stabbed and instantly killed Miss Lizzie Davis, aged 19, while at her home in the village of Ferndale, about two miles from Catasaqua, Pa. Haddock then returned to his own dwelling, a few doors off, and shot himself through the heart. It is not certain what was the real motive which led to the murder of Miss Davis, but jealousy is believed to have been the primary cause.

STILL IN THE FIELD, AND THE BARS DOWN!

When You Visit Carrolltown,

Which you should do if for no other purpose than to secure big bargains at the

PEOPLE'S CHEAP CASH STORE!

BE SURE TO CALL BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE ON

S. TEITELBAUM & BRO.,

WHO HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM THE EASTERN CITIES WITH A LARGE STOCK OF

ELEGANT NEW GOODS FOR FALL SALES!

WHICH THEY HAVE OPENED THIS WEEK AND ARE NOW OFFERING AT

PRICES NEVER BEFORE TOUCHED!

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD DEAL WITH US:

We bought $10,000 worth of Goods for $5,000 cash from the stock of a Wholesale House in New York city which was closed out at Assignee's sale, and are determined to give the people a remedy for hard times by selling them Goods 35 per cent. cheaper than they have ever before or can now buy elsewhere.

CALL AND SEE OUR GOODS,

AND EXAMINE OUR PRICES,

As we have the largest assortment and greatest variety in the county, and are prepared to give BETTER BARGAINS than can be obtained at any other establishment.

S. TEITELBAUM & BROTHER,

Oct. 5, 1877.—3m. CARROLLTOWN, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

—At Laporte, Indiana, on Thursday, a number of citizens rode through the principal streets on a boat drawn by mules, the mud being a foot and a half deep.

—Thrifty souls! In Ontario recently the father of a man for whose apprehension as the accomplice of a murderer a reward was offered, gave the son up, remarking that "he had been put to a good deal of expense and must get some of the money back;" in Michigan the female cousin of a young man who was wanted for an attempted assault on a girl tracked him and gave him up so as to secure the reward and get married, and went to housekeeping on the proceeds.

—The efforts to let light in on the dark mystery which surrounds the assassination of James O'Neil, the locomotive engineer, upon the streets of Bloomington, Ill., one night last week, have culminated in the arrest of Charles Wheaton, yard master of the Chicago & Alton Railroad at Bloomington, upon whom suspicion rests so firmly as to justify his detention under a capital charge. It is believed that Wheaton killed O'Neil for suspected or known "intimacy" with Mrs. Wheaton, his wife.

—Charles Napier, an Englishman of good standing in science, has been testing the theory that alcoholic drink is compatible with animal food, but not with farinaceous. He announces, as the practical result of many experiments, that a vegetable diet is a remarkable help to the cure of drunkenness. He mentions the case of an old man whose constitution had been shattered by repeated attacks of delirium tremens, and who was cured of his appetite for liquor in seven months by eschewing meat.

—Dr. L. B. Woodfolk, of Lexington, Ky., says that the present mild weather indicates his well known weather theory, that heavy cannonading draws the Arctic currents to the place of firing, taking with them cold weather and great snowfalls and giving to the other parts of the world no snow. The cold at the Crimea in 1854-'5 gave to this continent an open winter, and now the bombardment of Plevna and other Turkish strongholds is bringing on the same conditions of weather as then.

—A terrible accident occurred at Memphis on the day before Christmas, about 2.30 A. M. Detective C. Pride, while half asleep, imagined he heard a burglar at the window, took a pistol from under his pillow, and, in attempting to cock the weapon, it was discharged, the ball passing through the body of his five months' old child, and also through the body of his wife, causing the death of both in a few hours. An inquest is being held. Pride is almost crazed in consequence of the terrible accident.

—Carl Maas and wife, of Morgan township, Crawford county, Iowa, locked their three children, aged respectively one, two and a half and four years, in the house on Christmas day, and went to husk corn.—They were shortly after apprised by a neighbor that their house was burning and when they reached it it was wrapped in flames, and the children burned to a crisp. The mother frantically attempted to rush into the flames, but was forcibly prevented. The foggy morning had prevented them from seeing the fire sooner.

—A Ponca Indian, while engaged in the chase a few days ago, was the victim of a singular and fatal accident. He was riding at full speed through a grove of trees, when his neck became suddenly caught between the forked branches of a tree, and, his horse keeping on its course, he hung suspended, like Absalom or Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. His comrades soon after found him, but not until he had choked to death, and so they left him hanging up as he was, and thriftily saved his funeral expenses.

—A singular and romantic piece of good luck has befallen a poor young man, aged eighteen, named August Kohlemann, a bill clerk in the wholesale drug house of Greensfelder Brothers, in St. Louis, working for three dollars per week. Four days ago he received advices from San Francisco that a bachelor uncle, named H. Kohlemann, of whose existence the youth knew nothing, had died leaving him a fortune of $300,000. Young Kohlemann was incredulous, but upon inquiry he learned that the news of his good fortune was true, and he left by the next train to take possession of the wealth left him.

—Great excitement prevails in Washington, D. C. since Saturday, owing to a terrible outrage perpetrated upon a young lady in the eastern part of the city on that day. A movement is on foot for the organization of a vigilance committee to patrol the streets. Two negroes were arrested on suspicion, and but for the strong protests of the police the crowd would have taken the matter in their own hands and summary punishment would have been visited upon at least one of them then and there. A largely attended indignation meeting was held on Saturday evening.

—The N. Y. *Evening Post* tells a very doubtful story in this wise: Perhaps the most remarkable coincidence ever known has taken place in Allentown, Pa., where live Mr. and Mrs. Barney Ward, who have been man and wife since 1867. On the 4th of July, 1870, their first child was born, a second was born July 4, 1871, and a third was born July 4, 1872. Every succeeding 4th of July has been celebrated by Mrs. Wards presenting to her husband a fine, healthy child, and now the Ward family contains eight children born within as many years, and all on the 4th of July.

—A. Shannoi, a French miner employed at the Hood Mines, near Youngstown, Ohio, stepped into the car Saturday morning to go down the slope, supposing it coupled to the chain that lets it down at a gradual speed. It being uncoupled his weight started it, taking him to the bottom, two hundred feet, at a fearful speed, breaking his neck and killing him instantly. He leaves a large family destitute.

—New phase of Enoch Ardenism. In 1847 McArthur, of Ekfrid, Canada, went West, leaving behind him a farm, a wife and two children. In 1849 his wife heard that he was dead, and married one Davidson, by whom she had seven children. Davidson mortgaged the farm, the mortgage was foreclosed and the family ejected. McArthur returned after thirty years' absence, and now the courts have given him back his wife and the property, holding that he was her lawful husband and had done nothing to vitiate his right to the estate.

—A new invention has been perfected in Paris—that of glass printing type. This kind of type is made out of hardened glass, and is as hard as lead. They last longer than the metallic; are not liable to be crushed by the printing cylinder; they do not suffer in the least from sudden cooling in stereotyping, and they do not injure the health in handling, as lead types do. In this respect they have great advantage. The atmosphere in printing offices is impregnated with particles of lead, and chronic lead poisoning is one of the complaints of type-setters. All this is obviated by the new invention, which has the merit also of being much cheaper.

—At Edenburg, Clarion county, a shocking accident occurred a few evenings ago. Henry Grinager left his home and went down town to make some purchases, leaving his wife alone with their children—Harry, aged five, and Annie, aged three. Mrs. Grinager had been doing some ironing and had a hot fire in the stove. When this was done she undressed the children and put them to bed in an adjoining room, where they were asleep. She extinguished the lamp, closed the stove and went to a neighbor's house, about seventy feet away. Five minutes later the premises were discovered in flames. But it was too late for assistance. The whole house was consumed. Nothing but crisp burned trunks remained of the children.

—The horrors of war have been often described, but the following from a correspondent at Plevna will bear repeating: He says that when the Turks made their sortie they left a thousand sick and wounded starving and unattended. These unfortunates remained in this state three days and hundreds of them died. Over a thousand have been already buried, and about a hundred corpses come from the hospital daily. Undoubtedly many who were not quite dead have been buried.—Those killed in battle were unburied. Turkish prisoners are encamped among them and are almost starving. Plevna is one vast charnal house, surpassing in horror anything imaginable. Let us hope the Russians are doing all they can to alleviate the miseries of the unfortunate prisoners.

—Patrick Quinn, convicted of wife murder, November 17th, was sentenced, at Pottsville, on Monday, to eleven years and six months in the Eastern Penitentiary. He made a statement giving his version of the killing, and said he labored under an apprehension that the Mollies were breaking into the house to kill him, and he rushed from bed for a gun which stood in the corner, and fired down the stairway. He heard more noise, and, believing a rush was being made at the door, he took his pistol out of a drawer and fired again. It then dawned upon him that he had shot his wife, and he dressed and went for the priest and a doctor. He insisted on his innocence, but the Court took no stock in his story, and he was sentenced to within six months of the maximum punishment.

—In the little manufacturing village of Queechy, Vt., a new breed of cats have made their appearance. Several old family cats, all of them quite aged, gave birth to litters of kittens of a very peculiar appearance. They were long haired, with large legs and long claws and very heavy tails. One specimen in each litter was raised, so as to see this freak of nature in maturity. At six months of age they are very large. Some of them are striped like a lion, others are quite black. The fur is from three to six inches in length all over the body; a tuft of long hair rims the ears. The head is like that of any cat, except the eyes of all of them have a wild or scared look. At the neck the fur stands out like a wide ruffle, the tail is covered with long fur and would measure, perhaps, six inches in circumference. All of them are very active, and will spring from the floor to the top of a room eight or nine feet high with perfect ease. When frightened, they are disposed to turn and show fight, and they will not permit much petting.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.—Ben Franklin gave the people of his day a recipe for obtaining health, wealth, and wisdom. The present generation is not supposed to be in want of wisdom, and would prefer happiness combined with health and wealth. The modern way to obtain all these is told in the advertisement of Barrick, Roller & Co., headed "Health and Happiness" in this paper. We cordially recommend our readers to the careful consideration of their advice. [ad.]

A MEXICAN MONSTROSITY.—The Mazatlan *Occidental*, a Mexican paper, contains an account of an extraordinary phenomenon in human nature. The mother of this living curiosity is named Antonia Garcia, residing in Rosario, State of Sinaloa. Her husband is Lorenzo Rodriquez, a native of Chapuderos, District of Concordia, in the same State. About nine years ago Antonia gave birth to twins, boys, who still live. Two years afterward she gave birth to three children, all of whom had reached a natural state. About a year ago she gave birth to another child, which promises to develop into a monstrosity. This boy child was born at Copala, and as soon as the phenomenon was known to exist the parents had good grounds to believe that it would be stolen, so they moved to Rosario.

The child, according to the story of its progenitor, was born without other defect than having an indentation on its skull in the shape of a cross. But in a little while the head commenced to grow enormously, and at the end of one year was from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter. The indentation, in another sense, may be said to resemble a hand-grenade, in the form of a cross, commencing at the forehead and running back to the nuca or nape of the neck. The other part of the cross extends from ear to ear. The indentations are from two to three inches in width and slightly covered with hair. In the nighttime, by putting a light across the head, the brains and other material can be plainly seen, as if a light-house were shining upon them. The eye-lids of this creature instead of being above the eye are below, and almost encircling it, going upward. The forehead has almost disappeared on account of the deformity of the head. The whole body is extremely rickety, and the skin appears to stick to the dry bones. The monstrosity weighs a little over ten pounds, is healthy, and promises to live many years, and is beloved by its parents. Dr. Rio has offered to make a scientific study of the phenomenon, and the result of his investigations will be given to the public.

—David Hottenstein, of Gatelauneu near Reading, Pa., never turned away a tramp from his door, indeed kept three beds for casual visitors and has had as many as thirty weary wayfarers sleeping in his barn. Verily, he had his reward, for a tramp's pipe set fire to his barns the other day and burned them down.

PRICELESS DISCOVERY.

Sure Cure for Piles.

A sure cure for the blind, bleeding, itching, and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. William—an Indian remedy—called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single bottle has cured the worst old chronic cases of twenty and thirty years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. William's Ointment supports the tissues, allays the intense itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles and nothing else. Thousands of cured patients attest its virtues, and physicians of all schools pronounce it the greatest contribution to medicine of the age. It matters not how long or severely you have been suffering, you can be cured.

Mr. Joseph M. Ryder, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: I suffered for years with Itching and Ulcerated Piles, tried remedy after remedy advertised, and consulted physicians in Philadelphia, Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and this city; and spent hundreds of dollars, but found no relief until I obtained a box of Dr. William's Indian Ointment, some four months ago, and it has cured me completely. I had a part of the box left which I gave to a friend of mine who had doctored with many physicians, and as a last resort went to the noted Hot Springs, Arkansas, for treatment. He informs me that the Indian Ointment has saved him of the Piles. It is certainly a wonderful discovery, and should be used by the many thousands who are now suffering with that direful disease.

$10,000 Reward will be paid for a more certain remedy. Sold by all Druggists. DR. G. W. FRAZIER, sole proprietor, Cleveland, O.

DON'T NEGLECT A COUCH

or Cold, when 25 cts. will buy a bottle of Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup at any drug store. It has wrought a complete change in Cough medicines, is pleasant as honey, and always cures.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup, used in connection with Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters, WILL CURE CONSUMPTION.

STANDARD STEAM LAUNDRY, Cleveland, O., Oct. 30, '76.

DR. FRAZIER,—Dear Sir: I feel it a duty I owe to suffering humanity to write you. For some time I was sorely afflicted with a cough, raising bad stuff, with every symptom of being a confirmed consumptive. I tried different medicines and cures without finding relief; I also consulted three of our most prominent Cleveland physicians, the last one of whom pronounced my case serious, and informed me that I could not live more than a few months. About this time, hearing of your wonderful success, I commenced taking your Syrup in connection with your Root Bitters, and was at once benefited, and after using the medicine some two months I find myself entirely cured.

LORENZO DUNN.

Mr. Dunn again writes under date of Aug. 4, 1877.—Dr. Frazier, Dear Sir: I can endorse your medicines more strongly than ever from the fact that it is now nearly one year since I was cured. My lungs are to-day strong and sound, having no return of the disease.

The above Medicines speak for themselves. DR. G. W. FRAZIER, Proprietor, Cleveland, O.

For sale by all Druggists.

Health and Happiness.

Health and happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS!

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed C. Wm. Wright, Phila." If your druggist will not supply you, send 25 cents for one box to Harrison Brothers & Co., 704 N. 4th St., Phila. [1y.—10-27.]