Cambria Freeman.

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1878. THE 1878.

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Assignee's Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I ...expose to sale by public vendue or outcry, on ...premises, on

TUESDAY, JAN. 22, 1878,

...2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

...situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, ...described as follows: Beginning at a beech ...Chest Creek; thence south 84 degrees, east 60 ...ches, to a large sugar; thence by land in name ...Isaac Van Ant south 2 degrees, east 158 perches, ...ironwood; thence by land conveyed in name ...Moses Cox, south 88 degrees, west about 159 ...ches, to Chest Creek; thence down Chest ...eek, the several courses and distances thereof, ...the place of beginning—containing about 199 ...res, about 40 Acres cleared, having thereon ...ted a two story PLANK HOUSE, a one-and-a-...story PLANK HOUSE, and a STABLE.

RESERVATION.—I am also directed in said or...of Court to offer said property for sale reserv...right of way for pipe, &c. conveyed by deed ...Herman Haupt, and if a sufficient price be bid ...cover debts of record, then make report of such ... If a sufficient price to cover said debts be ...bid, then he is ordered to offer the same with...reservations.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase ...money to be paid on confirmation of the sale, one-...third in one year thereafter, and the balance in ...two years thereafter. Payments deferred to bear ...interest from the confirmation of the sale, and to ...be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage ...of the purchaser. JOHN WAGNER,

Jan. 4, 1878. Assignee of Charles A. McMullen.

Administrators' Sale of Real Estate!

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the subscribers will offer at ...public sale, on the premises in Cambria township,

On TUESDAY, JANUARY 22d, 1878,

...at 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real ...estate, known as the HALFWAY HOUSE, of ...which Clement Fresh died seized, to wit:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

...situate in said township, along the Ebensburg and ...Carrolltown plank road, adjoining land of Edward ...Thomas, Robert Edwards, David Abrams, et. al., ...containing **One Hundred and Twenty-five and One half Acres**, in a good state of culti...vation, with a fine orchard, an abundance of good ...growing timber, pure water, etc., on the premises. ...The improvements consist of a two story frame ...building, well suited for a farm house or public ...house, a large barn, and other outbuildings. Title ...indisputable. The above property is convenient ...to school and church.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third on confirmation of ...sale and the balance in three equal annual pay...ments, to be secured by mortgage and bond of ...the purchaser, with interest from date. The ...widow's lien of one-third to bear interest and to ...be paid to her annually during her lifetime, the ...same to be and remain a lien on said property.

CATHARINE FRESH,
JOHN W. SHARBAUGH,
Administrators of Clement Fresh, dec'd.
December 21, 1877.-ts.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—On Dec. 12, 1877, on motion of A. V. BARKER, Esq., the Orphans' Court of Cambria county appointed the undersigned Auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of CHARLES BURTON, trustee to sell the real estate of LEWIS BURSHOOP, deceased, as shown by his second and partial account, to and amongst the parties entitled to receive the same. Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1878, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund. GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg Dec. 28, 1877.-3t.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to distribute the funds of W. H. Sechler, Esq., executor of Samuel Stiles, deceased, as shown by his account confirmed absolutely Dec. 10th, 1877, to and amongst those entitled to receive the same hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on Friday, the 2?th day of January next at 10 o'clock, a. m., to attend to the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

J. G. LAKE, Auditor.

Dec. 21, 1877.-3t.

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S. S. MARVIN & CO PITTSBURGH PAN CAKE FLOUR

With cold water or sweet milk make a batter and bake on a hot griddle. **Ask your Grocer for it.** [1-11.-8t.]

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Whereas Paul Ellwanger and Regina Ellwanger, his wife, of the borough of Carrolltown, Cambria county, have made an assignment to me of their real and personal estate for the benefit of their creditors, those indebted to said Paul and Regina Ellwanger are requested to make payment, and those having claims against them will present them to me for settlement.

JACOB YEAGLEY, Assignee, &c.
Carrolltown, Jan. 4, 1878.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of JOHN HAMMAN, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of said decedent, late of Juniata county, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ADAM HAMMAN, Administrator.
Allegheny Twp., Dec. 21, 1877.-6t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Estate of JAMES DOYLE, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Jas. Doyle, late of Altoona, Blair county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to J. G. Lake, residing at Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

J. G. LAKE, Administrator.
Dec. 6, 1877.-6t.*

STRAY HORSE.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Cambria township, on the evening of the 27th of December last, a large bay horse, about sixteen hands high and aged between seven and eight years. No marks visible. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law. THOMAS HOOVER.

Cambria Twp., Jan. 4, 1878.-3t.

STRAY CALF.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, in White township, no or about the 10th day of December last, a bull calf, of roan color and one year old next spring. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take it away; otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

MICHAEL SHEEHAN.
White Twp., Jan. 10, 1873.-3t.-$*

FOR RENT.—The farm, saw-mill house, barn, etc., late the property of Anthony Swires, dec'd, situated in Clearfield township, are offered for rent for the coming year. Apply to GEO. M. READE, Executor.

Ebensburg, Jan. 11, 1878.-3t.

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa. Night calls should be made at the Post-office. [8-17, '77.-tf.]

DOES ANY ONE CARE FOR FATHER?

Does any one care aught for father?
  Does any one think of the one
Upon whose tired, bent shoulders,
  The cares of the family come?
The father who strives for your comfort,
  And toils on from day unto day,
Although his steps ever grow slower,
  And his dark locks are turning to gray.

Does any one think of the due bills
  He's called upon daily to pay;
Milliner bills, college bills, doctor bills,
  There are some kind of bills every day.
Like a patient horse in a tread mill,
  He works on from morning till night.
Does any one think he is tired,
  Does any one make his home bright?

Is it right, just because he looks troubled
  To say he's as cross as a bear?
Kind words, little actions of kindness,
  Might banish his burden of care.
'Tis for you he is ever so anxious,
  He will toil for you while he may live;
In return he asks only for kindness,
  And such pay is easy to give.

TAKING IT COOLLY.

Some of many instances of extraordinary coolness in the midst of danger and otherwise that have been recorded are here offered to our readers, together with some amusing sayings and doings. When gallant Ponsonby lay grievously wounded on the field of Waterloo he forgot his own desperate plight while watching an encounter between a couple of French lancers and one of his own men, cut off from his troop. As the Frenchmen came down upon Murphy, he, using his sword as if it were a shillelagh, knocked their lances alternately aside again and again. Then suddenly setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off full speed, his eager foes following in hot pursuit, but not quite neck and neck. Wheeling round at exactly the right moment the Irishman, rushing at the foremost fellow, parried his lance and struck him down. The second, pressing on to avenge his comrade, was cut through diagonally by Murphy's sword, falling to the earth without a cry or a groan; while the victor, scarcely glancing at his handiwork, trotted off whistling "The Grinder."

Ponsonby's brave cavalry man knew how to take things coolly, which, according to Colonel R. P. Anderson, is the special virtue of the British man-of-war, who, having the utmost reliance in himself and his commander, is neither easily over-excited nor readily alarmed; in support of his assertion the Colonel relates how two tars, strolling up from the Dil Kusha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, towards the Residency position at Lucknow, directed their steps by the pickets of horse and foot. Suddenly a twenty-four pound shot struck the road just in front of them. "I'm blessed, Bill," said one of the tars, "if this here channel is properly buoyed!" and on the happy-go-lucky pair went towards the Residency, as calmly as if they had been on Portsmouth Hard. During the same siege a very young private of the One Hundred and Second was on sentry, when an eight inch shell, fired from a gun a hundred yards off, burst close to him, making a deal of noise, and throwing up an immense quantity of earth. Colonel Anderson rushed to the spot. The youthful soldier was standing quietly at his post, close to where the shell had just exploded. Being asked what had happened, he replied unconcernedly, "I think a shell has busted, sir."

Toward the close of the fight of Inkermann, Lord Raglan, returning from taking leave of Gen. Strangways, met a sergeant carrying water for the wounded. The sergeant drew himself up to salute, when a round shot came bounding over the hill and knocked his forage cap out of his hand. The man picked it up, dusted it on his knee, placed it carefully on his head and made the salute, not a muscle of his countenance moving the while. "A neat thing that, my man!" said Lord Raglan. "Yes my lord," returned the sergeant with another salute, "but a miss is as good as a mile." The commander was probably not surprised by such an exhibition of *sang froid*, being himself good that way. He was badly hurt at Waterloo, and, says the Prince of Orange, who was in the hospital, "I was not conscious of the presence of Lord Fitzroy Somerset until I heard him call out in his ordinary tone, 'Hello! Don't carry that arm away till I have taken off my ring!' Neither wound nor operation had extorted a groan from his lips.

The Indian prides himself upon taking good or ill in the quietest of ways, and from a tale told in Mr. Marshall's "Canadian Dominion," his civilized half brother would seem to be equally unemotional. Thanks mainly to a certain Metis of half-breed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, a Sioux warrior was found guilty of stealing a horse, and condemned to pay the animal's value by instalments at one of the company's forts. On paying the last instalment he received his quittance from the man who had brought him to justice, and left the office. A few moments later the Sioux returned; advanced on his noiseless moccasins within a pace of the writing table and levelled his musket full at the half breed's head, but his hair was singed off in a broad mass. The smoke clearing away, the Indian was amazed to see that his enemy still lived. The other looked him full in the eyes for an instant and quietly resumed his writing. The Indian silently departed unpursued, those who would have given chase being stopped by the half-breed with, "Go back to your dinner and leave the affair to me."

When evening came, a few whites, curious to see how the matter would end, accompanied the Metis to the Sioux encampment. At a certain distance he bade them wait, and advanced alone to the Indian tent. Before one of these sat crouched the baffled savage, singing his death-hymn to the tom-tom. He complained that he must now say good-bye to wife and child, to the sunlight, to his gun and the chase. He told his friends in the spirit-land to expect him that night, when he would bring them all the news of their tribe. He swung his body backwards and forwards as he chanted his strange song, but never once looked up—not even when his foe spurned him with his foot. He only sang on, and awaited his fate. Then the half breed bent his head and spat down on the crouching Sioux, and turned leisurely away—a crueller revenge than if he had shot him dead.

It is not given to every one to play the philosopher, and accept fortune's buffets and favors with equal placidity. Horatios are scarce. But there are plenty of people capable of behaving like Spartans when the trouble does not touch their individuality. "How can I get out of this?" asked an Englishman, up to his armpits in a Scotch bog, of a passer-by. "I dinna think ye can get out of it," was the response of the Highlander as he went on his way.

Mistress of herself was the spouse of the gentleman who contrived to tumble off the ferryboat into the Mississippi, and was encouraged to struggle for dear life by his better-half shouting: "There, Samuel; didn't I tell you so? Now then, work your legs, flap your arms, hold your breath, and repeat the Lord's Prayer, for it's mighty onsartin, Samuel, eternity?"

Thoroughly oblivious of court manners was the red-cloaked old Kentish dame who found her way into the tent occupied by Queen Charlotte, at a volunteer review held shortly after her coming to England, and after staring at the royal lady with her arms akimbo, observed: "Well, she's not so ugly as they told me she was!"—a compliment the astonished queen gratefully accepted, saying: "Well, my good woman, I am very glad of that." Probably Her Majesty forgave her critic's rudeness as the outcome of rustic ignorance and simplicity.

There is no cooler man than your simple fellow. While General Thomas was inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga with General Garfield, they heard some one shout: "Hello, mister! You! I want to speak to you!" General Thomas, turning, found he was the "mister" so politely hailed by an East Tennessean soldier.

"Well, my man," said he, "what do you want with me?"

"I want to get a furlough, mister, that's what I want," was the reply.

"Why do you want a furlough, my man?" inquired the General.

"Wall, I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long is it since you saw her?"

"Ever since I enlisted; nigh on to three months."

"Three months!" exclaimed the commander. "Why my good fellow, I have not seen my wife for three years!"

The Tennessean looked incredulous and drawled out: "Wall, you see, me and *my* wife aint that sort!"

The Postmaster-General of the United States once received an odd official communication; the Raeborn postmaster, new to his duties, writing to his superior: "Seeing by the regulations that I am required to send you a letter of advice, I must plead in excuse that I have been postmaster, but a short time; but I will say, if your office pays no better than mine, I advise you to give it up." To this day that Postmaster-General has not decided whether his subordinate was an ignoramus or was quietly poking fun at him.

Spite of the old axiom about self-praise, many are of opinion that the world is apt to take a man at his own valuation. If that be true, there is a church dignitary in embryo somewhere in the young deacon, whose examining bishop felt it requisite to send for the clergyman recommending him for ordination, in order to tell him to keep that young man in check; adding by way of explanation: "I had the greatest difficulty, sir, to prevent him examining me!" This not to be abashed candidate for clerical honors promises to be as worthy of the cloth as the American minister who treated his village congregation to one of Mr. Beecher's sermons unaware that popular Brooklyn preacher made one of his hearers. Accosting him after service, Mr. Beecher said: "That was a fair discourse; how long did it take you to write it?"

"Oh, I tossed off one evening," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Beecher. "Well, it took me much longer than that to think out the framework of that sermon."

"Are you Henry Ward Beecher?" asked the sermon stealer.

"I am," said that gentleman.

"Well, then," said the other, not in the least disconcerted, "all I have to say is, that I ain't ashamed to preach one of your sermons anywhere."

We do not know if Coleman invented the phrase, "As cool as a cucumber;" but he makes the Irishman in "The Heir at Law" says: "These two must be a rich man that won't lend and a borrower; for one is trotting about in great distress and t'other stands cool as a cucumber." Of the two, the latter was more likely to have been intending a raid on another man's purse, for the men whose "very trade is borrowing" are usually, we might say necessarily, the coolest of the cool; like Bubb Doddington's impecunious acquaintance, who, rushing across Bond street, greeted Doddington with: "I'm delighted to see you, for I am wonderfully in want of a guinea."

Taking out his purse, Bubb showed that it held but half a guinea.

"A thousand thanks!" cried his tormentor, deftly seizing the coin; "that will do very well for the present;" and then changed the conversation. But as he turned to take leave, he inquired: "By-the by, when will you pay me that half guinea?"

"Pay you? What do you mean?" exclaimed Doddington.

"Mean? Why, I intended to borrow a guinea of you. I have only got half; but i'm not in a hurry for t'other. Name your own time, only pray keep it!" saying which, he disappeared round the coroner.

"John Phœnix," the American humorist, being one night at a theatre, fancied he saw a friend some three seats in front of him. Turning to his next neighbor he said: "Would you be kind enough to touch that gentleman with your stick?" "Certainly," was the reply, and that thing was done, but when the individual thus assaulted turned, Phœnix saw he was not the man he took him for, and became at once absorbed in the play, leaving his friend with the stick to settle matters with the gentleman in front, which, as he had no excuse handy, was not done without considerable trouble. When the hubbub was over, the victim said: "Didn't you tell me to tap that man with my stick?" "Yes." "And, what did you want?" "O," said Phœnix, with imperturbable gravity, "I wanted to see whether you would tap him or not!"

"Jack Holmes," a man-about-town, living no one knew how, was once under cross-examination by a certain sergeant-at-law, who knew his man too well. "Now, sir," said the learned gentleman, "tell the jury how you live!"

"Well," said Holmes, a "chop or a steak, and on Sunday perhaps a little bit of fish; I am a very plain-living man."

"You know what I mean, sir," thundered the questioner. "What do you do for a living?"

"The same as you, sergeant," said the witness tapping his forehead suggestively, "and when that fails I do"—going through the pantomime of writing across his hand—"a little bit of stuff—the same as you again."

Equally ready to relinquish his loot when there was no help for it was a Chicago negro, caught by a poultry fancier in the act of carrying off some of his live stock, and challenged with: "What are you doing with my chicken?" "I wuz gwine fer ter fetch 'em back," explained he. "Dere's a nigger roun here what's bin disputin' along er me 'bout dem chickens. I said dey wuz Coachin Chyniz an' he said dey wuz Alabarmar pullets, an' I wuz jes takin 'em roun' fer ter stablish my nollidge. Dey don't lay no aigs, does dey, boss? Ef dey does, I'm mighty shamed of hustlin 'em roun'. Aigs is scase."

"My lud, I shall not ask this obtuse witness any more questions," said the angry counsel.

"Brother," said Baron Martin, "I think you had better not."

Here is a hint for our old friend the clown in the pantomime. At the burning of a provision store, the crowd helped themselves freely. One man grasped a huge cheese as his share of the luggage; rising up with it he found himself face to face with five policemen, and with admirable presence of mind put the plunder into the officer's arms, saying: "You had better take care of that, policeman, or some one will be walking off with it."

Impudently cool as the darkey was he must yield the palm for effrontery to the Erie Railway guard whose interview with Manager Fisk is thus related in an American paper.

"You are a conductor on the Erie, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been on the road?"

"Fifteen years."

"Worth some property, I learn?"

"Some."

"Have a very fine house in Oswego? Cost you some thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Some little money invested in bonds, I am told?"

"Yes, sir."

"Own a farm near where you reside?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had nothing when you commenced as conductor on the road?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"Made the property since?"

"Yes, sir."

"Been at work for no other parties?"

"No, but I have been saving money, and invested it from time to time to good advantage."

"Well, sir, what will you give to settle? Of course you cannot pretend to say you have acquired this property from what you have saved from your salary? You will not deny that you have pocketed a great deal of money belonging to the railway—at least fifty or sixty thousand dollars? Now, sir, what will you give to settle, and not be disgraced as you certainly will be if a trial is brought, and you are compelled to give up the property you profess to own, but which in reality belongs to the company?"

"Well, Mr. Manager, I have not thought of the matter. For several years I have been running my train to the best of my ability. Never looked at the matter in this light before. Never thought I was doing anything wrong. I have done nothing more than other conductors; tried to earn my salary and get it, and think I've succeeded. I don't know that I owe the company anything. If you think I do, why there's a little difference of opinion, and I don't want any trouble over it. I have a nice family, nice father and mother, relatives all of good standing; they would feel bad to have me arrested and charged with dishonesty. It would kill my wife. She has every confidence in me, and the idea that I would take a penny that did not belong to me would break her heart. I don't care anything for the matter myself; but on account of my family and relatives, if you won't say anything more about it. I'll give you say—a dollar!"—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Touching Story Touchingly Told.

In the year 18—, as the mail train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad bound west to Cumberland, in charge of the late Captain George A. Rawlings, conductor, was approaching Doe Gulley tunnel the engine struck and killed a cow belonging to the widow of a watchman at that point who lost his life in the service.

The accident soon brought to the scene quite a number of the people living in the immediate neighborhood, and among them the widow of the watchman and her five small children, who were weeping most piteously at their loss, and using the most heart-rending expressions. Rawlings, who was proverbial for his kindness of heart, took up a subscription, the passengers and train-men contributing, and he soon collected over seventy dollars and handed it to the widow.

With tears in her eyes she turned to him and said: "You will never regret this kindness to the poor widow and her children, and it will come home to you some day or other."

Time rolled on and the incident was nearly forgotten, when one night Rawlings left Cumberland on his east bound trip in a terrible rain storm, and after passing through Doe Gulley tunnel, his engineman blew for brakes in sharp and quick blasts, indicating sudden and unexpected danger.

The train was brought to a standstill within fifty feet of an immense landslide covering the track for a distance of fifty yards, close to which a large bonfire had been built, and standing within a few feet of it the widow, with a blazing pine knot in her hand, waving it and shouting: "Where is the conductor? Where is the conductor?"

Rawlings soon appeared, and going up to him she said: "I told you you never would regret your kindness to the poor lone widow and her children. I heard the fall of rock and earth in the cut, and I knew you were coming down and I built a fire to warn you of the danger. God bless the man who thought of the poor widow and her children when they were in trouble."

The scene can be better imagined than described.

This act of the widow saved the lives of the passengers and train-men, and, to this day, "Tommy Becket," who ran the "Delaware" on the occasion, and who is still running on the Washington branch, ripe in years, no doubt often thinks of the widow with the blazing pine knot, who signalled him at Doe Gulley tunnel.

THE earth, per day, moves 1,601,900 miles in its orb, 66,745 per hour, and 1,112 miles per minute.

TOOTHACHE.

Gracious! Godfrey! how it pains me!
  Lordy! don't that old tooth jump!
Seems as though ten thousand devils
  Pried with crowbars round its stump.

Whew! can't some one give me something
  Just to stop this blasted pain—
Hot-drops, laudanum, cloves, or hop-bags?
  Quick or I shall be insane!

Stop that 'tarnal baby's squalling!
  Jehew! don't my tooth ache sweet!
Darn the cat, I'd like to kill it!
  Always under some one's feet.

Jove! I'd like to fight with some one,
  Just to get my jaw stove in—
Fire! murder! Godfrey! Gunther!
  Oh! it's aching now like sin.

Howling, am I? Well, I know it,
  And I guess that you'd howl, too,
If you had a blasted toothache—
  Same as this one—troubling you.

Curse! I know it don't relieve me;
  But I'm crazy with the pain!
Ain't there anything to ease it?
  Let me try the hops again.

There, now, gently—place them easy!
  Phew! They're hot! Just let 'em cool!
Well, put 'em on. You're bound to burn me!
  There you've done it! Darn a fool!

Lost in Magellan's Straits.

One might look all the world over without finding a coast more bleak, desolate and inhospitable than that of Terra del Fuego, and the southern part of Patagonia. Owing to certain meteorological causes, the cold is comparatively greater in the southern than in the northern latitude; icebergs are found ten degrees nearer to the equator. In the Straits of Magellan, which are about the same distance from the equator as central England, the cold in winter is so intense as to be almost unbearable. Here icebergs are found floating, and glaciers larger in extent than any Switzerland can boast of; the land is entirely covered with snow, down to the water's edge, while bitter, piercing winds rush down the clefts in the mountains, carrying everything before them, and even tearing up huge trees in their passage. Not a pleasant coast this on which to be cast away; and yet such, in 1867, was the fate of two unfortunate men who formed part of the crew of her majesty's ship Chanticleer, then on the Pacific station; and an account of whose sufferings we propose to lay before our readers.

One day early in September a sailing party had been sent off with the hope of increasing the ship's stock of provisions by the addition of fresh fish, which is here very abundant. The nets soon became so heavy that extra hands were required to haul them; and, as there appeared even then little chance of the work being over before sunset, the fishing party obtained permission to spend the night on shore. Tents were pitched, huge fires were lighted, with the double object of affording warmth and cooking some of the produce of their successful expedition; blankets were distributed, grog was served out, and altogether the party seemed determined to defy the cold, showing a disposition to be "jolly" in spite of it that would have gladdened the soul of the immortal Mark Tapler. However, after all these preparations to keep off the effects of the biting frost, they were compelled about nine o'clock in the evening to send off to the ship for more blankets and provisions.

Two sailors, Henty and Riddies, volunteered to go on the errand in the "dingy" (a small two-oared boat), and having obtained the desired things, they started to return; but when about midway between the ship and the shore the wind began to rise, carrying the boat to some extent out of her course, shortly after which she struck on a sandbank, and in trying to get her off one of the oars was lost. Soon they were drifted out into the strong current. It was now dark as pitch; the wind continued to rise, and although all through the night they made every possible effort to reach the shore, when morning dawned to their alarm they found themselves miles away from the ship, and powerless to contend any longer with their one oar against the force of both wind and tide. They were finally driven on to the beach in a bay opposite Port Famine, a spot not less dreary than its name.

The sea was so rough that here for a day and a night our two men were compelled to remain; and when on the second day they ventured to launch the boat, it was upset; nearly all their things were lost, and they were left to endure the intense cold without the means of making a fire, with no clothes but those they wore, and scarcely any food. For a while they walked about trying not very successfully to keep up circulation; and by-and by the feet of both began to swell and grow so painful that it was no longer possible to keep on their shoes. Still, although suffering both from hunger and cold (Henty's toes being already frost bitten,) they kept up their spirits in true British fashion, not for a minute doubting that sooner or later they would be picked up; and true enough, on the fourth day the Chanticleer was seen in the distance under weight, and standing over toward them. Taking the most prominent position that could be found, they made signs and tried in every possible way to attract attention, but in vain. If they had only possessed some means of kindling a fire, they might have succeeded; but although those on board were at the moment on the lookout for their lost messmates, no one saw them; and the hope with which the two poor fellows had buoyed themselves up faded away as the ship changed her course, grew smaller and smaller, and by-and by, late in the afternoon, while they still watched, altogether disappeared.

Although now their only chance of rescue was apparently gone, and the last scrap of food was consumed, yet the brave fellows did not despair. Their boat was very leaky; but on the 5th of September, having repaired her as far as possible, they took advantage of finer weather to endeavor to reach some spot where there would be more probability of getting rescued by a passing ship, but they had scarcely got half way across the straits before there was a terrific snow storm; it blew a gale; the boat began to fill rapidly; and finally they were blown back again into the bay, upset in the surf and nearly drowned, being unable to swim through having lost the use of their legs from sitting so long in water.—However, they were thrown up by the waves high, though by no means dry, and in this miserable plight and under a pitiless snow-storm, they were forced to remain all through the night. The next day they managed to erect something in the form of a hut, in which they might lie down and be to some extent protected from the weather, which was so boisterous as to render it useless to attempt to launch the boat. For some days, owing to exposure and want of food, they were both very ill; but still hoping for better weather, they kept themselves alive by eating seaweed and such shellfish as could be found, until the 12th of September, when the weather suddenly clearing, they again launched their small boat; and this time, after a day's hard toil, succeeded in reaching the opposite side of the straits, where they had left the ship, which it is needless to say was by this time far away.

When first the men were missed, rockets had been fired, and blue lights burned; and on the following day the cutter was sent to the westward, while the Chanticleer coasted along the opposite side; lookout men were constantly aloft; but nothing was to be seen of the missing men. The next day the ship had remained at Port Famine, and exploring parties were sent in all directions. On the third day they again weighed anchor, and examined a fresh piece of coast, but all to no purpose; and finally it was decided, with much regret, to give up the search, for every one concluded that the poor men must by this time have perished, even if they had survived the first night's cold, which no one on board thought possible. Both men were generally popular, and great grief was felt for their loss. Immediately a subscription was started by the whole ship's company for the widow of the one man and the mother of the other. Strangely enough, when the sad news reached England, the former, in spite of what seemed conclusive evidence, firmly refused to believe the assurance of her husband's death. Whether the wife's intuition of the more logical inferences of every one else proved correct, events will show.

By the time Henty and Riddies reached, as we have seen, the opposite side of the straits it was quite dark; but on the following day they found that the current had drifted them fourteen miles from Port Famine, toward which they had steered, and for which place they now started on foot. Here they saw in the distance a ship under steam going toward the Pacific; but again all efforts to attract attention failed. They knew of no settlement that they could hope to reach, and at this rough season there was not the slightest chance of falling in with any wandering tribes of natives. The only course left them was to endure the cold, wait as patiently as might be, in the hope of some ship passing within hail, and to keep up what little life remained in them by chewing seaweed, and seeking and devouring the mussels, which fortunately were to be found in great abundance on the rocks. After a time, however, they grew so weak as to be only just able to crawl out of the place they had made to lie down in, and every day the effort to gather their scanty nourishment grew harder.—Once more, on the 4th of October, they saw a vessel pass through the straits, but were unable to make any signals. On the 7th both men had grown too weak to stir, and nothing was left for them but to confront death. The 8th day passed, the 9th, the 10th, and they were still sinking slowly from starvation. On the 11th, when they could not possibly have lived more than a few hours longer, and had become little short of living skeletons, they were picked up by the officers of the Shearwater, and at once taken on board, where, after receiving the most careful attention, both, although still suffering greatly, began after a time to recover. Being conveyed by the Shearwater to Rio, they remained some time in the hospital there, and finally were sent home invalided; and yet both men lived to regain their full strength, and to serve as striking examples of what tough human nature can endure in the shape of physical hardships and mental anxiety. They had contrived, by a patience and energy almost unprecedented, to lengthen out existence for a space considerably over a month, with no other food than seaweed and shellfish; the last four days indeed eating absolutely nothing; while the whole time exposed to intense cold, the roughest weather, and more hardships than it is possible for those who have never seen that barren or desolate region even to imagine.

TALE OF A MULE.—"Speaking about mules," remarked a six-footer from Barnet county, as he cracked his whip at market, "I've got a mule at home which knows as much as I do, and I want to hear somebody say I'm half a fool."

No one said so, and he went on:

"I've got disgusted. When you come down to kicking, I want to bet on my mule. A friend came along and took dinner with me the other day, and as he seemed a little down-hearted I took him out to see Thomas Jefferson, my champion mule. I was telling the good man how that mule could flip his hind feet around, and he said he'd like to see a little fun. He'd passed his whole life in the South, but he had never seen a mule lay his soul into a big time at kicking. Well," he continued, "after borrowing some tobacco, I took Thomas out of the stable, backed him up again a hill, give him a cuff on the ear, and we stood back to see the amusement. It was a good place to kick his durndest, and d'ye s'pose he did? In ten minutes by the watch he was out of sight. In five more we couldn't feel him with a twelve-foot pole."

Here the crowd began to yell and sneer, and the narrator looked around and asked: "Does anybody here think I'm lying? Would I lie for a mule? Right here under my arm is a pound of tallow candles which are to light the hole for me to go in after Thomas; and I got word not an hour ago that the hind feet of a mule were sticking out of a hill thirty-nine miles as the birds fly from where my mule went in. I'm shakey on religion gentlemen, but our family never had a liar in it."

BAD LANGUAGE.—Bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Select any society you please; suffer yourself to converse in its dialect, to use its slang, to speak in the character of one who relishes it, and your moral sense will very soon lower down to its level. Becoming intimate with it you lose your horror of it. To be too much with bad men and in bad places, is not only unwholesome to a man's morality, but unfavorable to his faith and trust in God. It is not every man that could live as Lot did in Sodom, and then be fit to go out of it under God's convoy. This obvious principle, of itself, furnishes a reason not only for watching the tongue, but for keeping ourself as much as possible out of the company of bad associates.