Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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Sheriff's Sales.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.*, *Alias Vend. Expon.*, *Fi. Fa.* and *Fi. Fa. Post Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

MONDAY, March 4th, 1878,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Martin Woodley, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Chest township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Eunice Libby, John Lantzy, Conrad Yeager, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a log house and frame barn, now in the occupancy of Martin Woodley. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Bradley.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Michael Kelly, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Alex. McMullin, Joseph Nutt, Zachariah Kaylor, and others, containing 75 acres, more or less, about 60 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one and a half story log house and bank barn, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Bradley.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of S. W. Johnston and Ange Johnston, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in Chest Springs borough, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lots of E. & H. Nutter and fronting on —— street on one side and an alley on the other side, having thereon erected a one-and a-half story plank house, now in the occupancy of Geo. Rininger. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of S. M. Douglass.

ALSO, all the right title and interest of John P. Hartzog, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Joseph Miller, Charles Tomlinson, and others, containing 63 acres, more or less, about 45 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one and a half story plank house and frame barn, now in the occupancy of John P. Hartzog. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Catherine Mouse, for use of F. D. Sapp.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of James E. Neason, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land, situated in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of the estate of Thomas Adams, dec'd, John Neason, dec'd, and others, containing 75 acres, more or less, about 35 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story log house and log barn, now in the occupancy of James E. Neason. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Bennett J. Sawyer, for use of John Melton.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Daniel Murphy, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the village of South Fork, Croyle township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the township road on the west, adjoining an alley on the south and lot of Michael Gates on the east, having thereon erected a two story plank house now in the occupancy of Daniel Murphy. *Also*, all the right, title and interest of Daniel Murphy, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the village of South Fork, Croyle township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the township road, adjoining lot of J. C. Stineman on the south and an alley on the north and east, having thereon erected a plank stable. *Also*, all the right, title and interest of Daniel Murphy, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the village of South Fork, Croyle township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the township road, adjoining lot of J. C. Stineman on one side and a street on the other, running back to an alley, having thereon erected 2 two story plank houses, now in the occupancy of Michael McGrath. *Also*, all the right, title and interest of Daniel Murphy, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Croyle township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Daniel Burtnett, Dave Lamb, Philip Moyer, and others, containing 6 acres and 39 perches, more or less, about 6 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and saw mill, now in the occupancy of Jacob Murphy. *Also*, all the right, title and interest of John Murphy, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the village of South Fork, Croyle township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on —— street on the north, adjoining lot of Joseph Yoder on the east and an alley on the west and south, having thereon erected a two story plank house and stable, now in the occupancy of Adam Horchel. *Also*, all the right, title and interest of John Murphy, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the village of South Fork, Croyle township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the south on —— street, adjoining public school property on the east and an alley on the west and north, not now occupied. *Also*, all the right title and interest of John Murphy, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Richland township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of George Orris, Samuel King, and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, about 20 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a log house and stable, now in the occupancy of Frank Rose. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jacob Murphy, for use of Adam Rose.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Jacob Johnston, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Baum, P. Kimports, Peter Garman, and others, containing 200 acres, more or less, about 50 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one and a-half story plank house and board stable, now in the occupancy of Jacob Johnston. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Weakland.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Uriah Lloyd, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John W. Leamer, other lands of Uriah Lloyd, Isaac Wirtner, Jonas Baum, Thomas Tozin, and John B. Baum, containing 93 acres, more or less, it being the same premises conveyed unto Vincent Yount, to John Ripsch and Uriah Lloyd by John B. Baum and wife, by deed dated 13th January, 1875, recorded in Record Book, vol. 3, page 597, &c. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. M. Lloyd & Co., for use of John McColgan.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Sam'l Will, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Wm. McNelis, Patrick McGuire, and John Wharton, containing 210 acres, more or less, about 100 of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one story plank house and bank barn, now in the occupancy of Samuel Will. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Bradley.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds *before* the confirmation of the deed.

JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 8, 1878.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Fi. Fa.* and *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the hotel of Conrad Raab, in Johnstown, on SATURDAY, the 2d day of MARCH, 1878, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Ephraim Adams, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Taylor township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Cambria Iron Company, Jonathan Eckel, George L. Bowser, and others, containing 150 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two story plank house, a one story log house, bank barn and stable, now in the occupancy of Henry Eager and Jesse Berkepile. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of David R. Hess, administrator of John D. Adams.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Frederick Hoffman, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the 4th Ward of Johnstown borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the Bedford turnpike on the east, adjoining lot of Hugh Ryan on the north, and lands of heirs of J. Horner, deceased, on the south, running back to an alley, having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of Frederick Hoffman. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Margaret Stemmer.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds *before* the confirmation of the deed.

JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 8, 1878.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to hear and decide upon the exceptions filed to the confirmation of the first and partial account of Sylvester Byrne executor of James Byrne late of Carroll township, deceased, and report distribution of the fund in the hands of the executor to and among the parties entitled to receive the same, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, MARCH 8th, 1878, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when and where they must present their claims or be debarred from coming in for a share of said fund.

G. O. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Feb. 14, 1878.-3t.*

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's office at Ebensburg, in and for the county of Cambria, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county, for confirmation and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, the 6th day of MARCH, A. D. 1878, to wit:

1. The account of Francis Hoover, guardian of Mary A. Eckard.
2. The first and final account of Thomas Hewitt, administrator of John Hewitt, late of Gallitzin borough, deceased.
3. The first and final account of Dan'l Dimond, executor of Levi Dimond, late of Taylor township, deceased.
4. The first and final account of Margaret A. Myers, executrix of Ann Myers, late of Munster township, deceased.
5. The first and partial account of Mary Phalen and Henry Bebe, administrators of Jas. Phalen, late of Carroll township, deceased.
6. The first and partial account of John S. McKiernan, executor of Benjamin Byers, deceased.
7. The second and final account of Jacob Yost, administrator of Leonard Ott, late of Blacklick township, deceased.
8. The first and partial account of J. T. Peterson, administrator of Sam'l Eakins, late of White township, deceased.
9. The first and final account of Bridget Brown administratrix of James A. Brown, late of Munster township, deceased.
10. The first and final account of Mary Jane Larimer, executrix of Wm. Larimer, who was executor of Robert Williams, late of Cambria township, deceased.
11. The first and partial account of Mary J. Schmidt and E. F. Spencer, administrators of E. F. Schmidt, late of White township, deceased.
12. The first and final account of James Myers administrator of Catharine Todd, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased.
13. The first and final account of John H. Arble and Rosanna Arble, administrators of William Arble, late of Carroll township, deceased.
14. The first account of John H. Douglass, guardian of minor children of Magdalen Luther (late Magdalen Davis), deceased.
15. The first account of Moses B. Miller and Wm. Slick, executors of Wm. Slick, late of Stony creek township, deceased.
16. The second account of Joseph S. Strayer administrator de bonis non of Conrad Heckeroth, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
17. The first account of John Cox, administrator of Wm. Orr, late of Johnstown boro', dec'd.
18. The first account of Evan J. Bennett, executor of John Bennett, late of Carroll twp., dec'd.
19. The account of Henry Walters administrator of John Dively, late of Croyle township, dec'd.
20. The account of F. J. Christy, executor of F. X. Christy, late of Gallitzin township, deceased.
21. The first and final account of F. A. Shoemaker, administrator of Wm. Quinton, late of Blacklick township, deceased.
22. The first and final account of John Snyder, administrator cum testamento annexo of George Snyder, late of Carroll township, deceased.
23. The account of George Snyder, executor of Jacob Kuntz, late of Carroll township, deceased.
24. The second and final account of Chas. Anna, guardian of Julian Glasser, minor child of Francis Glasser, late of Chest township, dec'd.
25. The first and final account of Griffith G. Owens, guardian of Oliver E. Thomas, a minor son of John R. Thomas, deceased.
26. The first account of Geo. C. K. Zahm, administrator cum testamento annexo of John Zimmerman, dec'd.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 4, 1878.

TRIAL LIST, MARCH TERM.—List of Causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg in and for the county of Cambria, commencing on MONDAY, MARCH 4th, 1878:

FIRST WEEK.

Dishart	vs.	Snyder.
Dishart	vs.	Snyder.
Stich	vs.	Crouse.
Buck	vs.	McMullen.
Rose's use	vs.	Murphy's
McFarlane & Co.	vs.	Litzinger.
McLaughlin Bros. agents	vs.	Jones.

SECOND WEEK.

Bonner	vs.	Christy.
Horner	vs.	McLaughlin.
Heslop	vs.	Heslop.
Watson	vs.	Lepsley.
McDermitt's	vs.	Flynn et al.
White	vs.	Martin et al.
O'Connor et al.	vs.	Cambria Coal & Coke Co.
Buck	vs.	Scanlan et al.
Collins, Johnson & Co.	vs.	Donegan.
Linn et al.	vs.	Oaks.
Troxell	vs.	Ostheim.
Negley	vs.	Solomon.
Flattery	vs.	Flattery.
Flexter	vs.	Benton.
Shartz	vs.	Lamb.
Stiler	vs.	Walters.
Hopple	vs.	Stineman et al.
Wadsworth's	vs.	Crossover.
Fisher et al.	vs.	McConlow.
Collins	vs.	Cambria Iron Co.
Porter et al.	vs.	Wright et al.
Headrick	vs.	Ryan.
Umerlander	vs.	Arnold.
Crowley	vs.	Crowley.
Amherst	vs.	Behrensen.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 4, 1878.

Adjourned Assignee's Sale.

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

FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1878,

at 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, Pa., described as follows: Beginning at a beech on Chest Creek; thence south 84 degrees east 60 perches to a large sugar; thence by land in name of Isaac Van Ast south 2 degrees, east 158 perches, to an ironwood; thence by land conveyed in name of Moses Cox, south 88 degrees, west about 159 perches, to Chest Creek; thence down Chest Creek the several courses and distances thereof, to the place of beginning—containing about 100 Acres, about 30 Acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story PLANK HOUSE, and a one-and-a-half story PLANK HOUSE, and a Stable.

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,
Assignee of Charles A. McMullen.
Feb. 15, 1878.-3t.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following named appraisements of property of decedents, selected and set apart for the widows of intestates under the Act of Assembly of 14th of April, A. D. 1851, have been filed in the Register's office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for approval and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, the 6th day of MARCH, A. D. 1878, to wit:

1. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Henrietta Powell, widow of Thomas A. Powell, late of White township, deceased—$300.
2. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Annie E. Ziegler, widow of Justus Ziegler, late of Millville borough, deceased—$251.82.
3. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Mary Doyle, widow of James Doyle, late of Altoona, Blair county, deceased—$300.
4. Inventory and appraisement of certain real estate appraised and set apart for Mary J. Schmidt, widow of E. F. Schmidt, late of White township, deceased—$225.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 3, 1877.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—S. E. BURNS *vs.* JOHN J. KRISE *et al.*—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County. No. 189, December Term 1878, F. D.
And now, February 12, 1878, on motion of Johnston & Scanlan, Esqs., Joseph McDonald, Esq., appointed an Auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of the Sheriff, arising from the sale of the real estate of John J. Krise, to and among the parties entitled thereto.
By the Court.
In pursuance of the above appointment, I will sit at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, MARCH 1st, 1878, at 1 o'clock, P. M., where and when parties interested can attend if they think proper.
JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Feb. 12, 1878.-3t.

PAY UP! PAY UP!—All persons indebted to the undersigned will oblige me and save costs for themselves by settling their accounts on or before the first day of April next.
WM. LITZINGER.
Loretto, Feb. 15, 1878.-3t.*

PIO NONO—FEBRUARY 7, 1878.

It was in Sinigaglia; at a shrine;
An aged woman knelt, and bow'd her head;
Upon her face a sorrow half divine,
As to her neighbors worshipping she said,
In mournful accents, "The good Pope is dead!"

Then she recalled his gentle ways and face,
When but an humble priest his flock he fed
With words of wisdom and exceeding grace,
And tears fell fast as tenderly she said,
To sobbing kindred, "The good Pope is dead!"

What he had done for comfort of the poor,
The widow and the orphan and to spread
The joy of heavenly love from door to door,
This she remembered as with reverent head,
She still repeated, "The good Pope is dead!"

Along the bay the winter sun shone bright,
And o'er the crisp, cool waters gaily sped
The lateen sails, like wings of life and light,
While fervently with heaven her sad voice plead
For saintly glory for the good Pope is dead.

Above her rose the vast Cathedral's dome;
From niche and vault shone many a sculptured head!
Of Saints who toiled to build a mightier Rome
Than Cæsar knew; unheeding them she said,
Filled with his presence, "The good Pope is dead!"

So shall all people say, forgetting strife,
As o'er the world the mournful tidings spread,
How well he walked the thorny ways of life,
And o'er the darkest paths the sweetness shed
Of love and gentleness—the good Pope is dead!
—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

SAVED BY A DREAM.

That was a serious day for young Hubert Collins, when, during the financial panic of thirty years ago, the firm of Woolsey & Pellard succumbed to the pressure and went their way, with thousands of other concerns all over the country, to irretrievable ruin. Hubert, though but 21 years of age, held a responsible position under these unfortunate merchants, and was in the enjoyment of a lucrative salary. He was highly esteemed by his many acquaintances for the good qualities he possessed, as well as for the talent, aptitude and energy he evinced. Besides, he was liberal to a fault; and this, of itself, was enough to gain him innumerable friends, however questionable or brittle may be the bonds of amity pertaining to many of them.

Hubert had been married some three years when this fatal tide in his affairs engulfed him, and the father of two very interesting specimens of babyhood—a little girl some two years old, and a bouncing boy who had attained the mature age of six months or so.

Virginia Collins, the wife, was a sweet tempered little woman; scarcely 20 and seemed to live, and was contented to live only, for her husband and little ones. She was not an extravagant wife, though like the rest of her sex, it is safe to assume that she yearned for the many feminine trifles in the way of dress and the like; but she knew that Hubert could not afford them, and she silently submitted to the inevitable. It would have been infinitely better for her husband had he practiced the same economy in his out-door life, but Hubert was generous and full of hope, and liked his billiards and his wine as well as the rest, and he enjoyed them too. He was never at a loss, neither, to find some one to join him, and graciously permit him to settle therefor, which isn't a singular fact.

This prodigality had its due effect, however, when Hubert found himself without employment or money, and with three helpless beings dependent on him.

On the evening of the day on which his employers had failed, he turned with a heavy heart in the direction of his home, bitterly, but uselessly, bewailing his misfortunes and the prodigacy which had only rendered his situation incalculably worse. Happy in her ignorance of the day's events, his joyous little wife met him with her usual welcome; but, with a woman's quick perception, she easily discerned, despite his efforts to appear natural and self possessed, that something unusual had eventuated to make Hubert abstracted, uncommunicative, and altogether unlike his happy, careless, frolicsome self.

Supper had been discussed, and the table cleared. The little ones had long since placed their tiny feet in dreamland, and Hubert and his wife sat alone. In grim, oppressive silence, he smoked his accustomed cigar, while the busy fingers of his wife plied diligently the maternal needle, ceasing occasionally to raise her large, gray eyes in dumb questioning to Hubert's clouded face and gathered brow. Though sharing, in common with all Eve's daughters, a woman's curiosity, she never asked the nature of his evident trouble, but patiently waited for him to break the silence. At last he did, with the single dissyllable, "Virginia!"

"What, my dear?" she replied.

Another moment of undisturbed quiet followed, when he again laconically said, "We're beggars."

"Beggars, Hubert?" she ejaculated. "Why, what do you mean?"

He briefly but fully acquainted her with the day's disaster, concealed nothing regarding their critical and hopeless condition and concluded his unhappy recital with bitter curses on himself for his improvidence when he might have saved, and thus have provided in advance for a contingency which, had he been a prudent man, he should have feared, if not expected. Tears of mingled anger and penitence filled his eyes and rolled unheeded over his cheeks. Man's boasted strength had broken down in the face of present evil; but woman's nobler courage, ignoring the present, pointed only to a future pregnant with hope and happiness.

"Well, never mind, dear," she soothingly answered. "This financial storm will soon blow over, and you'll have employment again. In the meantime——"

"Yes," he interrupted, as he despondently echoed: "In the meantime——"

"We can live for a little while without work," she continued, gayly; "for I have over twenty pounds which I saved from time to time, and deposited in the Britannia Bank——"

"The Brittannia!" he exclaimed, again interrupting her. "Poor girl, that, too, has failed."

"Well," she calmly rejoined, "that's what I feared, and so I drew out my little hoard a week ago."

Poor Hubert was overwhelmed. Tears of unavailing remorse would not be repressed; and he knelt at the feet of his precious wife, imploring her pardon for his improvidence. She gently raised him from his supplicating posture, and bade him say no more about it. But troubles come in groups. Hubert and the baby were taken sick at once; and by the time each had recovered, the twenty odd pounds were exhausted, and they were in truth beggars.

Virginia had some wealthy connections, and a home was offered her and the little ones if she would leave her husband, whom, for some reason, they disliked. Like the true wife, she refused, though urged to accept the offer by Hubert himself; for he, too, well knew what trials and deprivations his loved ones must undergo in his hopeless fight with the world. But, no! Her place, she said, was by the side of him whom she had taken for richer, for poorer. She had shared his prosperity, and would not forsake him in adversity.

Severe indeed was the struggle. Business was completely deranged. Clerks were continually being discharged, and there was no room for others. Days, weeks and months passed. The dreaded winter was full upon them; and the little family, sinking lower and lower in the chill depths of poverty, suffered untold misery. At last, poor Virginia succumbed, and lay tossing on the apology for a bed, in a high and dangerous fever.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good;" and the truth of this was exemplified even during that terrible crisis. While thousands sank beneath the weight of liabilities they would never be enabled to discharge, others welcomed the storm that cast such richly freighted wrecks upon their shores. Hubert felt this keenly, as day after day, in his solitary ramblings in the city, he met the well dressed bankers and merchants, whom he knew by sight. There, in his wretched quarters, lay the fever stricken form of his wife, and there were his half starved, ragged little ones, suffering actually for the want of food and fuel. A tithe, even, of what some wealthy merchant spent on a dinner party or ball would relieve their every want. Why should it be? Could there be a God, and such injustice at once? He sought work, and found it not. They sought only pleasure, and lo! it was at hand. These reflections maddened him. Smarting under his troubles—stifling the voice of conscience, and seeing only the emaciated, shivering forms of all he loved on earth—he thought; and the deed was conceived. An opportunity was not long in presenting itself, and the deed was deed.

Not a penny had the poor fellow earned the whole day; not a crust remained, and starvation stared the little family grimly in the face. Goaded to despair by his terrible surroundings, he seized his hat; and resolutely grasping a stout staff he set out. The night was favorable to his fatal purpose. Dark clouds hid the moon and stars, and a freezing wind swept wildly through the almost deserted streets. For hours he walked—walked until the clocks tolled the noon of night.

Hark! a step, uncertain as the tipsy voice accompanying it to some bacchanalian melody. Hubert seeks the friendly obscurity of some convenient alleyway. Nearer and nearer the same uncertain step approaches, and now it stops under the sickly glare of the street lamp. From his hiding place Hubert sees the reveller draw forth a costly watch and consult it. Diamonds glisten on his shirt front, and he has every appearance of being a rich prey.

Unseen by his intended victim, Hubert stealthily advances. With a murmured "Heaven forgive me!" from his lips, the heavy staff descends and the unsuspecting convivial reveller lies stunned and bleeding at the robber's feet!

Too late to rescue. On, Hubert, on!—Your wife and little ones are perishing! And he obeys the voice. Watch and money are quickly transferred, and Hubert turns tremblingly away from the scene of his first crime. He lingered too long, however. His movements had been witnessed, and now the police were in hot pursuit. The startling cry of "Stop thief!" echoed on the night air, and the rushing breeze bore the shout along. Hubert ran wildly, closely followed by the police, and several men and boys who had joined in the chase. The pursuit was destined to be a short one, however, for Hubert fell on the treacherous ice, and in a moment he was in the strong grasp of the law.

* * * *

The trial was over; the sentence pronounced; a woman's shrieks rang piteously through the court; and Hubert Collins, the convicted felon—the victim of circumstances—was remanded to goal, preparatory to transportation to Australia.

Still loving her, Virginia's relatives came to her relief, and provided generously for her. But the loving wife, again remembering her vow to take him "for better, for worse," refused to listen to any overtures looking at eternal separation from her husband, for believing him the soul of honor, and attributing the commission of the crime, which he was then expiating, solely to his love for her and his children, she determined, when his sentence should expire, to join him under any circumstances, and, seeking where they were all unknown, to begin life anew, filled with better purposes and hope.

* * * *

Sixteen years had glided into the irrevocable past—years fraught with painful longings and wretched doubts to Virginia Collins; for Hubert's sentence had long since expired, and not a word of him had reached her. She knew that he had served his time, and was discharged alive and well; but whither he had bent his steps, or what had been his employment, she never learned. Refusing to believe him dead, and trusting that he would yet return to her, with the little money left her by some deceased relative, she retired to a quiet village with her children, and, under the assumed name of Greenwood (which we shall continue to call her), patiently waited for him to come. Her daughter, Virginia, had developed into a fine looking, intelligent girl of eighteen, and she was justly proud of her; but her most intense love centered in her boy. He was the counterpart of his absent father; and, for that, if nothing else, she worshipped him. He was a noble lad, and entertained the highest sense of honor—thanks to his mother; for she had striven to inculcate throughout his early years, the best principles in him, and had succeeded.

The daughter, Virgy, as she was called, had numerous suitors, but, respecting her mother's unexplained reason, she rejected all offers, and was still heart free.

The family was highly esteemed in the village, and Mrs. Greenwood was supposed to be a widow. She had never said as much, but took no pains to correct the supposition. Their lives passed in one uninterrupted current of quiet and domestic sunshine; and though the heart of the poor mother was heavy with her burden, she maintained a calm exterior, and her children, as well as the rest of the world, were ignorant of the existence of any sorrows. Their house, though small, was neatly furnished, and an air of cultivated refinement prevaded its inviting interior. Though not rich, Mrs. Greenwood possessed enough to satisfy every reasonable want, with a little to spare occasionally for the afflicted, while the wages earned by her son augmented the general fund. Nightly—nay, hourly—the poor wife besought heaven to restore her wandering husband. For years, upborne by a holy faith, she had ceaselessly prayed; but, as yet, without result. The time approached, however, when her entreaties were to be answered, though not in the way she had fondly anticipated.

For several days rumor was busy with the accounts of many robberies which had been perpetrated in a neighboring town, and all efforts to unearth the criminals had proved futile. Fears were entertained by the villagers of Louden, where our friends resided, that they, too, might be visited by the daring burglars, and every precaution was therefore adopted.

On a clear October night in the year 1855, the figure of a man, closely muffled, emerged from the stretch of woods in the rear of the village, and cautiously stole along till it halted at the house of Mrs. Greenwood. Carefully approaching one of the windows, the man scientifically and noiselessly pulled the shutters apart, and, in a moment stood within the kitchen. Pausing an instant to ascertain if his surreptitious entrance had occasioned any alarm, he drew forth and lighted a taper. With stealthy tread he explored every corner and closet, but finding nothing to satisfy his cupidity, the burglar quietly proceeded to the floor above. Reaching one of the rooms, he entered it. In the bed lay the sleeping form of young Virginia Greenwood, while, close at hand, under a pretty little mirror, stood a toilet table, upon which lay glittering, under the light of the intruder's taper, her watch and other jewelry.

Advancing to possess himself of the trinkets, the robber was arrested by a movement of the girl in her sleep. Satisfying himself that she still slept, he was about to seize the jewels, when his ear caught the sound of words issuing from the sleeper's lips. Shading the taper with his hand, he approached the bed, and noiselessly bent his head towards the sleeper's face. Why does he pause so suddenly in his movements? The lips again move in utterance, and these words fall brokenly upon his ear: "Father, dear father, come——"

And the voice died incoherently away. Then he gazed upon the unconscious features. What was there in them that caused his hand to tremble, and unnerved the robber's arm? Again he looks; and this time he started back, and the taper falls from his hand. There, before him, lay the living picture of the wife he had been torn from sixteen years ago. Then the words the daughter had spoken in her dream were fully understood; and with the cry, "Wife—daughter—oh, heaven!" Hubert Collins sank heavily to the floor.

In an instant all was confusion. The daughter's shrieks awoke her mother and brother, who came rushing excitedly into the room bearing lighted candles. There knelt the burglar, who, extending his arms towards his wife, said, with choking voice and streaming eyes, but one word, "Virginia."

Wonderingly she approached him and closely scanned his bearded face. There was nothing familiar in it save his large, unchanging, handsome eyes, lighted by the sacred flame of his old love. Those she recognized, and, with a joyous cry, she clasped his neck and said, "Hubert, darling Hubert, thank God you've come at last!"

There was no more sleep in that house that night. The children and father were made acquainted, and all were happy. He showed them how he had gained entrance, and in the presence of his children, said he only wanted to surprise them. But when alone with his wife he confessed all. When he completed his sentence he determined to clear his name from every stain by becoming again a man of honor and respectability. When he should have succeeded in attaining this commendable end, then, but not till then, he would seek his family. He worked his passage back to England, but on his arrival, vainly he sought employment in every direction. A short sighted, hollow and uncharitable society had placed its ban upon the prison bird; and having no testimonials, he found no employment. Rejected by society, he was forced to companionship with other released prisoners, and joined a gang of desperadoes. When this step was taken he relinquished every hope and intention of again seeking his beloved ones; but accident, that night, had thrown him among them.

The next morning he drove with his son to a neighboring town, where, after having his grizzly beard entirely shaven off, he procured new and becoming clothing. His wife scarcely recognized him on his return, so complete was the transformation.

The news soon flew through the village that Mrs. Greenwood's husband had returned from several years' captivity among the Patagonians or Feejee Islanders, they didn't know which. It is needless to say that they were never satisfied; for another morsel of wonderment was thrown among the gossippers with the fact that every article robbed from the adjacent town had been mysteriously restored.

Shortly after, Hubert and his family, under the name of Greenwood, (the children had never known any other) migrated to Canada. Before he went, however, he communicated anonymous information to the proper authorities, who were thereby enabled to effectually break up the band of which he had been a member.

The children never knew their father's history. In Canada he became a rich and respectable member of the community. Saved by a dream, to be sure; but he owed all that he attained on earth, and, doubtless, the mercy and forgiveness of his Maker in heaven, to the devoted love, the unvarying affection, the bountiful faith and the untiring patience of a true and loyal wife. Are there many such?

PROBABLY no man ever felt worse at being in the wrong pew than Jonah, when he found himself in the whale's spew.

THE THREE BATHERS.

A NEVADA INCIDENT.

Tom, with two friends, Joe and Jake, was making a painful journey from Pine Grove, in Esmeralda county, to Eastern Nevada. They camped one afternoon by some hot springs near Walker lake, and, discovering a hole half full of cold water near one of the hottest springs, turned the hot water as it flowed out of the spring into the hole, until the hot and cold water blending made exactly the right temperature for a bath. Then they plunged in and enjoyed the delicious water as only those can who have traveled over dusty alkali roads for several days. When they had eaten their supper and lighted their pipes the theme of conversation for a long time while they smoked was their bath and the wonderful refreshment it had brought them. They spread their blankets on a grassy spot behind some willows, a few yards away from the springs and fell asleep.

Tom was up with the dawn. The memory of the bath was fresh in his mind, and so he bounded from his blankets, and with a skip and a jump plunged into the clear water and sank to his neck. Then came a howl of anguish, and he sprung upon the bank with all the agility of a wildcat. In the meantime his fair skin had changed to the color of a pickled lobster. The hot water had been running all night; all the cold water had been neutralized hours before the dawn, and now the water in the hole was almost of the same temperature as the water in the boiling spring from which it flowed. Tom was in a terrible state. He says: "I thought I was pickled." But he did not hesitate as to the course he should pursue.

With infinite care he drew on his pants and boots. Forcing back tears of anguish he managed to walk back to camp. Though it wrung his heart, he put on his old time frank smile as he neared the rendezvous, for Jake was just then sitting up in his blankets, gaping and stretching. Seeing Tom approach, Jake asked where he had been. Tom replied that the recollection of the magnificent bath of the previous evening was so vivid in his memory that he could not think of breaking camp without repeating it, and added: "It's just lovely, Jake."

Jake did not wait to hear more, but sprang from his bed and rushed away toward the spring. As swiftly as Tom could he followed, and from behind the willows kept covert watch. He saw Jake throw off his few clothes, spring into the water, heard a yell of anguish, and then saw him with wonderful haste emerge and spring upon the bank, and vainly try by swift application of his hands to different parts of his body, to arrest the intolerable pain, swearing and crying all the time.

At last Jake managed to get into his clothes and started for camp. Meeting Tom he began with fierce invective to upbraid him for his deception. "Hush up," said he; "would you bawl like a calf and give us away when I want to cook the other son-of-a-gun up in camp?"

Soothed by this, Jake grew quiet, and both leisurely proceeded to camp. By this time Joe had commenced to rouse up, and, seeing the others approach, asked them where they had been. Tom answered cheerfully (he was holding his pantaloons away from his body in the rear at the time): "Do you think we could break camp without one more magnificent swim? Not much."

At this Joe, getting up, cried: "Not much, you bet!" and dashed away toward the spring.

As he disappeared behind the willows Tom sprung for his pistol, and said to Jake: "Get your gun, quick; it will mean business when Joe comes back." In a few seconds Joe did come. He was crying and cursing furiously, and never stopped until he caught up his pistol.

"Drop it," said Tom. "I have a dead bead on you, and so has Jake. Besides I took all the caps off your gun."

The difficulty was finally adjusted; but the trio took their breakfast standing that morning, and, to spare the mule, they did not ride much for the succeeding three days.—*Chicago Ledger.*

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—If money be power, says the *Whitehall Review*, what a force is J. W. Mackey, who, thirty years since, was a penniless boy in Ireland. Twenty years ago he travelled through the United States as a speculative salesman, and sixteen years ago he was a bankrupt. To-day at the age of forty five, Mr. Mackey owns three eighths of the great Bonanza, the richest silver mine that has ever been discovered, and draws out of Nevada a yearly income of £2,750,000, which is the interest at five per cent on a capital of £55,000,000. Though comparisons are odious, it is curious to note the difference in the income of the three richest men on earth.

	SENATOR JONES.	ROTHCHILDS.	MACKEY.
Capital	£20,000,000	£40,000,000	£55,000,000
Per year	1,000,000	2,000,000	2,750,000
Per month	80,000	200,000	200,000
Per day	3,000	6,000	7,000
Per hour	100	200	300
Per minute	2	2	5

Mr. Mackey's fortune increases £5 every minute. The question is what will be do with it. Or, perhaps, it would be more cautious to ask, what will it do with him? Fortunes in the far West often vanish as rapidly as they are acquired.

A MISTAKE IN THE NAME.—The Middletown *Press* prints this story: "The following is fresh from Syracuse, and is entirely authentic: A prominent church of that city has been afflicted in its last two pastors, one of whom has deceased, and the other become disabled by overwork so that he has sought a milder climate for the winter. One of the brethren, a correspondent of the absent pastor, knowing the anxiety to hear of the minister's welfare, announced at one of the meetings his latest intelligence just received, but by a singular infelicity got the deceased pastor's name into the place of the debilitated one. 'I have just got,' he remarked, 'a letter from the dear absent pastor, ——,' giving the dead minister's name. 'He says the weather is very warm—indeed, unusually and uncomfortably warm even in that locality.' At this point a general smile, which could not resist the provocation to become vocal in the congregation, brought the brother to a pause, and a perception also of a mistake in the matter of his nomenclature. 'Oh, I see; it is Rev. Dr. ——, our present pastor, whose name I meant to give.'"

SCIENTIFIC JUGGLERY.

We have often thought that if professional conjurers would substitute for such time honored tricks as making omelettes in hats, and causing cards to appear and disappear, some of the really wonder working performances of the electric current, they would succeed much better in mystifying, amusing, and perhaps instructing their audiences.

Mr. Heller, a clever magician now performing in this city, has a neat way of bringing the electric current to his aid where it would hardly be expected. For example, after borrowing a few watches he places them on a plate which he suspends by a bit of string to a little bar between two cords from the ceiling. Suddenly a flash comes from the bar, the string is burned, and plate and watches fall with a crash. The broken plate and ruined watches are restored by shooting them out of a gun, against a framed black square, also suspended by cords from the ceiling, and here again the electric current actuates mechanism which causes the lightning-like disappearance of an interposing screen. The current again works the hammer of a glass bell apparently suspended by a mere thread, but which accurately counts the number of spots on chosen cards. In electro music Mr. Heller is an adept. He has a dozen or more drums which he heaps up on a kind of barrow in the middle of his stage. Then seating himself at his piano, at some distance away, he plays a lively air, to which the mysterious drums at first beat time, and then play a deafening accompaniment. Of course, concealed hammers operated by electro-magnets are at the bottom of the puzzle. The Heller orchestrion is a much more elaborate contrivance. It is a good sized parlor organ, provided with a supplemental keyboard, and surmounted with a bewildering mass of brass tubes and apparatus. An air played by the performer is suddenly accompanied by a chime of large bells at the further end of the hall, then by small bells near by, then from another organ near the ceiling issues notes like a flute, a chorus of sleigh bells in still another part of the hall joins in; the music imitates a storm, and a huge iron plate in another quarter rattles itself, while from a box near the ceiling issues the sound of falling rain. Finally two sharp explosions from miniature guns near the roof are heard, the lights are turned down, and on the organ appear revolving Geissler tubes, flashing out green and blue light in the weirdest manner, as the curtain shuts the magician and his instrument from view.

He also shows a number of other ingenious illusions, some of which depend upon remarkable automata and many upon electrical action. Upon a simple trapeze suspended from a bar over his stage, he seats a doll dressed as a gymnast. The trapeze is set oscillating, and thereupon for some ten minutes the doll goes through a series of performances, the very variety of which baffles all theories as to how the figure is worked. The hands alone touch the trapeze bar, and the mechanism in the body is necessarily governed through the ropes and cross pieces; but it is no so easy to explain how, in concluding, the figure lets go with its hands, throws a somersault and catches on its toes, continuing the swinging in that position. Another automaton is a peacock, which cries, moves its head, eats, and spreads its tail at the order of the conjurer. Still another is a doll which emerges from a box, seats itself on the edge, goes through many laughable antics, and ends by smoking a pipe, puffing forth the smoke in the most natural manner.—*Scientific American.*

A Bit of Washington's Strategy.

In the month of July, 1777, the American army was at Middlebrook, N. J. General Howe, with the main body of the British army, held New York, and it was known that Burgoyne was coming down the Hudson with a heavy force. An English fleet lay in New York bay, and toward the middle of the month (July) it was reported to Washington that an unusual movement was being made on the water. He was uneasy. It was a critical period. A certain movement he much desired to make, and in order to make it successfully not only must the utmost secrecy be preserved, but, if possible, the attention of the enemy must be drawn in another direction. Finally he prepared a despatch of seeming great importance, directed it to General Israel Putman, which he proposed to forward by an honest Vermont soldier. The soldier was directed to don the garb of a common farm laborer, and to then report at the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, which he did. Admitted to Washington's presence, he was directed to take off one of his heavy shoes. A shoemaker was present with his kit of tools, who took the shoe in hand, and very soon had the despatch pegged up between the two soles.

When the soldier, who had witnessed the operation, had put on the shoe again Washington told him what he was to do. He was simply to deliver that shoe to General Putnam at a certain cantonment between Princeton and the Hudson, and he was to make his way through the Ramapo Pass.

"But, General," cried the man in amazement, "I can reach General Putman just as quickly by another route. Think of the Cow Boys and the Tories in that pass. I shall be surely captured."

"My good man," said the Commander-in-Chief, betraying not a particle of anger, "I do not require you to think, but simply to act and obey. If you fear to go by that route I will send another in your place. I know the danger."

"No, General, I will go."

And the man went; and he was captured as Washington had known he must be, and the enemy, keenly on the alert, found the despatch, for the hiding place between the soles of the shoe was an old device—found it, as the sender hoped it would be found, and the contents of that despatch led General Howe upon a false trail long enough to enable General Washington to accomplish the purpose he had in view.

MUSICAL FISH.—Round the coast of the island of Ceylon, in the Indian ocean, may be found musical fish. Their song—if it may be called a song—is not one sustained note, like a bird's, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, something like the vibrations of a wine glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. In the harbor of Bombay there is another species of fish producing a sound like an Æolian harp.