

### H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher,

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

Terms, \$2 per year, in advance.

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

A WOMAN WHO WAS SENT TO THE PENI-

NUMBER 16.

# VOLUME XII.

CTATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT
S with the Street Commissioner, Collector
and Treasurer of Chest Springs Borough, April
s. 1875:
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# SOMEBODY'S MOTHER. The woman was old and ragged and gray, And bent with the chill of the winter's day ; The street was wet with a recent snow, And the woman's feet were aged and slow. She stood at the crossing and waited long, Alore uncared for, amid the throng Of human beings who passed her by, Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye. Down the street with laughter and shout, Glad in the freedom of school let out, Came the boys like a flock of sheep, Hailing the snow piled white and deep, Past the woman, so old and gray, Hastened the children on their way. Nor offered a helping hand to her, So meek, so timid, airaid to stir. Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet Should crowd her down in the slippery street, At last came one of the merry troop-The gayest laddle of all the group ; He paused beside her and whispered low ; "I'll help you across if you wish to go." Her aged hand on his strong young arm, She placed, and so, without burt or harm, He guided the trembling feet along. Proud that his own were firm and strong. Then back again to his friends he went. His young heart happy and well content. "She's': omebody's mother, boys, you know, For all she's old, and poor and slow," "And I hope some fellow will lend a hand; To help my mother, you understand, "If ever she's poor, and old and gray, When her own dear boy is far away." And "somebody's mother" bowed low her In her home that night, and the prayer she Was: "God be kind to the noble boy, Who is somebody's son and pride and joy !" THE STONE CUTTER'S STORY. He was whistling over his work, careless

from long custom of the solemn significance of the letters he was cutting in the white marble. The June sun was nearly Silks at the end of the day's journey, sinking slowly to rest upon the bosom of the broad Dress Goods Atlantic, whose waves washed the shores of the little seaport town of Monkton. A Mourning Goods stranger, handsomely dressed in gray, Cloakings with large, lustrous brown eyes, came to the fence that was around the yard where Flannels he stone cutter worked, and read the let tering, almost completed, upon the tomb-Linens stone-

# EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1878.



Bird's-eye View, John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Thirteenth Street,

## **SPRING**, 1878. HE second year of the General Dry Goods Business | Ladies' & Misses' Suits at the Grand Depot is just opening. It is proper to

say that what was deemed an experiment, the first year, experience proves to be a success, and we now 44 propose to greatly improve on the first plans. The principles of-

### 1-A uniform low price for everything throughout the House.

### MET BY CHANCE.

'Now, in Silverton, Nevada, we used to

'Silverton ?' Yes.' 'Nevada ?'

### 'Yes.

'Well ! you're the first man I've seen from Silverton in a coon's age. I left there six years ago-left my wife there.'

Such was the passage of a conversation going on between two strangers taking a meal in a Utah restaurant, which attracted the attention of myself, eating at a different table. The man latest from Silverton was a short, stout, sandy looking man, with beard closely cropped, and a scar, beginning-as I suppose-somewhere in the forehead along the right of the nose, making nicks in the lower part of the nose and in the lips, then disappearing in the beard of the chin. It looked as if some one had started to skin him, and given it up on the offer of a better job. The other man was tall, quick-spoken, nervous, and dark-looking, with beard streaked with gray ; and he would have been cross-eyed if he had two eyes; as it was, his one eye was set

"Well ! how is Silverton now " continued the dark looking man.

'Ob, petered !'

'Anybody there?' 'Few old fellows sticking to claims that they think there's something in. They'll stay till Gabriel's trump races them out.' 'Did you know Tom Slemmons?'

'Yes ; killed himself drinking whisky.' 'What became of John Littlefield ?' 'Mose Lawler killed him in a fight over

the Sweetly Dreaming claim.' 'Reckon Sandy Jones ain't there now ?'

Sold out of the Bet Your Boots for forty thousand, went back to Pike, and is cultivating a family."

'Dick Branigan made money there ?' 'Yes ; but he's dead-whisky got him.' 'Did Harry Martin getrid of his money?'

'Yes; went to the Black Hills, and was killed by the Sioux."

'Did his brother Thad go?' "He went, made a big fortune out of the placers, and is a member of Congress from Nebraska now."

TENTIARY AS A MAN. [Buffalo Express.] On the 23d of October, 1877, William Freeman was sentenced to the Erie County Penitentiary for one year and six months, having pleaded guilty to a charge of burglary and larceny. Freeman was duly re-ceived into the Penitentiary, was put to work in the shop at polishing backles, and continued quietly and with uniform good behavior to pursue the dreary routine of prison life until yesterday morning, when a surprising discovery was made. It became known to the prison authorities, and later to police officials and a few others, hair of his head, thence running down the | that the supposed William Freeman was a woman. It seems that some friends in Allegheny county had applied to Governor Robinson for a pardon for the supposed William Freeman. In such cases it is usual for the Governor or his authorized agent to write to the keeper of the prison in which the person for whom the pardon is asked is contined, for a statement of the condition of the prisoner's health. To ascertain the physical condition of the convict a medical examination was requisite. Dr. P. Sonnick, the physician to the Penitentiary, was accordingly requested to investigate the case, and at 9 o'clock yesterday morning proceeded to perform that duty. It was not very long before he hurried to Deputy-Superintendent Wander with the startling information, "that's a woman." The prisoner, who for the past six months has toiled in the shops with as hard a lot of men as could easily be got together, was indeed a woman, and the astonishment of the keepers was increased by her statement that she had worn the clothes first of a boy, then of a man, from the time she was eleven years old.

As soon as the startling discovery of her sex was made, Mary Aun Schafer, as she confessed her true name to be, was removed to another and secluded part of the prison, provided with the costume prescrib-ed for female State prisoners, and by Superintendent Baker's orders was made as comfortable as the rules would permit. She had utterly broken down, and begged the Superintendent to keep her there for 'Alvin Sanders, who kept the Dew-of. life rather than to allow her secret and her name to be published. Mary is twenty-three years of age, ab out 5 feet 7 or 8 inches in height; with dark bair and dark eyes, but pale complexing, and weighs probably 140 pounds. Her wrists and ankles are small, but her hands and feet, from the roughest kind of labor. are large and coarse, and her waist has never known the grip of a corset. As William Freeman she was as good-looking as the average man, as Mary Schafer she is not a homely woman. Her story, told with an abundance of tears and with much apparent feeling, was to this effect :- She was born in New York city, or on shipboard. Her early home was in Allegheny county, with her mother and a step-father, whom she left when she was eleven and a half years of age. To make a living was man in Slagtown, and got six months in at best a hard task for one of her age, and believing that as a boy she could do best and earn most, she dressed herself in boy's clothes and hired out to do farm work, This she has done all her life sinceploughing, chopping wood, taking care of horses, and all the rough work of a farmand although all the time in the vicinity of her home, she avers that not a soul except her mother until yesterday knew her or knew the secret so carefully preserved. The crime for which she was sentenced she claims she did not commit. She had rented a farm about five miles from her family's home, which is at Wellsville, and woman to act as housekeeper. This woman's nephew committed a burglary by which he secured a quantity of dry goods, which he concealed in her barn. The property was found and she was one of the number arrested. Being committed to jail, she was employed by the Sheriff to take care of horses, and taking advantage of the opportunity for liberty which this service offered, she escaped and fled to Canada. In some manner she was induced to return. The man who committed the crime threatened her life if she betrayed his guilt, and, she says, under intimidation she made the plea of guilty. So long has this young woman followed the ways of a man that to see her in femin ine raiment would be amusing if the spectacle did not excite pity. The simplest bit of woman's work she does with all the awkwardness a rough man would show. A DOG CAT AND THREE CAT-DOGS IN ONE LITTER .- The Gold Hill (Nev.) News says : "The attention of a News reporter was to day called to a most wonderful case of luxus natures. The saloon and boarding house of Charles Tobener, near the Imperial Hoisting Works, Gold Hill, is the place where this strange frenk of nature may be seen. Entering the bar room, the reporter made known his business. Diving into a dark cellar, the boy of the house brought forth what at first sight appeared to be an ld cat and a litter of four kittens. Upon closer examination, however, it was seen that one of the litter was not altogether feine. With the head, task and body of a dog, it combines the claws and tail of a cat, while the mozzles are supplied with whiskers common to the pat family. The three remaining members of the family are undoubtedly kittens, though they have a peculiar canine look about the head. Their teeth are not formed correctly either as dogs or cats, being saw-shaped and fitting into one another like the jaws of a steel rap. The animal which most resembles a pup mews like a kitten, and the ones which ook most like kittens growl like young pups. The my her suckles them all alike, and is seemingly as found of the dog-cat as of the cat-doks, as they may be termed, in accordance as the obsracteristics of the different species predominate. All the members of the medical fraternity that have visited this interesting family have declared the phenomena here made apparent a most startling oue."

April 20, 18.8 - #t.

### Sheriff's Sale,

virtue of sundry write of Fi. Fit issued out the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria and to me directed, there will be exic sule, at the hotel of Conrad in Johnstown,

### On Saturday, May 18th, 1878, 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Lewis , and to a lot of ground situate in the Johnstown borough, Cambria county, the east on Clinton street, ad C. Kimple on the south, and lot o in the north, extending back to lot o having thereon erected a two story ding, now in the occupancy of Lewis bo, all the tight, title, and interest of the Charles Wehn, Anton Sceger, of, a lot of ground situate in the Fourth assown borough, Cambria county, Pa., the west on Adams street adiofusing he west on Adams street, adjoining is Watkins on the south, and lot of on the north, running back to lands

Iron Co., having thereon creeted a rewery, and plank stable, now in the of Charles Wehn, Also, all the right farest of Lewis Wehn, Charles Wehn zer, of, in, and to a lot of ground situ-Fourth ward. Johnstown borough, Cam-y, Pa, fronting on the east on Adams sining lot of Rinehart Bendor on the Bedford street on the south lot of regood on the west, having thereon plank shot no, now account the ank shed, not now occupted. ALM title and interest of Anton Seeger a lot of ground situate in the Four h instown barough, Cambria county, Pa., on the Johnstown and Scalp Level Turn-pining lot of George Gilssner on the odd bt of \_\_\_\_\_ Callabar on the north, ex-back to \_\_\_\_\_ street, having thereon a one and one-hall story plank house and c, now in the occupancy of Anton See-in execution and to be sold at the hart Sciemmer, for use of John White, Son, now for use of John Dibert & Co.

name of SALE .- One-third of the purchase to be paid when the property is knocked and the remaining two-thirds before the

mation of the deed. JOHN RYAN, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Ehensburg, April 20, 1878.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP ROAD DE-TMAST, for the year ending April 8th, 1878: CHRISTOPHES ROBENA, DR.

50.83 \$1,138.53 back." CR.

By amount of orders redeemed	392.09	
A TELEVISION TO A TELEVISION AND A DESCRIPTION OF A DESCR	100 CT	
LITERS STOPPING	Sec. 27	
I GUILLET & PETTHEFALLERS	312 2.5	
THE REAL PROPERTY AND A REAL PROPERTY AND A	- 14-50 COMP.	
Percentage on \$65.51 @ 5 p. c., " cash paid for work, etc.	3.12	
cash paid for work, etc	49.66-	- 61

### JAMES FARREN, DR.

area to patablee	20.42-1576.	17
CR		
By am't taxes worked	476.19	
	16.64	
THE THE TAX STOLEN BEEN	62 00	
	8 64	-
am't returned to Commissioners.	12.70-\$576	17

We, the undersigned Auditors of Washington aship, do certify the above accounts to be cor-

## C. A. McGONIGLE, JAMES NOON, WM. BROWN, Jr. Attest-Jacon Bungoon, Twp. Clerk.

HANDS OFF !- All persons are by cautioned against interfering with the following described property, ne at Constable's sale and left with Wash by me at Constable's sale and laft with washed by me at Constable's sale and laft with to remove or otherwise dispose of it.viz: 2 young washed to a start with the sale of the sale of the sale washed to be store and the sale of t

R. M. J. BUCK. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

ALTOWNA, PA. ALTOWNA, PA. 14th streets, where night calls can be made. 9 hours from 8 to 10, a. M., and from 2 to 4 9 to 8, p. M. Special attention paid to Dis-16f the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical stions of every description. ons of every description. [4 19.-tf.]

W. H. ECK, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

CARROLLTOWN, PA. her-a good woman, he chuck have building, north God bless her soul ?"

### Muslins HIRAM GOLDBY, Aged 35, White Goods Lost at sea, January, 1866. Laces

The last six was nearly completed. A strange pallor gathered for a moment upon the stranger's face, and then he drew a long, deep breath, and said-

"Eb. sir ?"

there?"

Trimmings "Is not ten years a long time to be cutting letters on a tombstone, friend ?" Embroideries Fringes

Ribbons

Gloves

Toilet Articles

four. She prayed him stay home then,

went away, never looking at the sea with

out a shudder like a death chill. All

"Yes, sir; but he made no money of any

account, and so he went again, after stay-

ing home a long spell. Well, he never

even after his oan mother gave him up

and put on black ; for, sir, it stands to rea

"Of course it does. Nobody else doubts

She wore mourning for her that had been

stances, if there is such, and came here.

When he saw the clothes, he just fainted

The stranger's voice was husky, but the

"He tried to. He told her of a splendid

ome he had in New York, for he'd fol-

lonely. He begged his child to go, but she

"She was related, then ?"

sea air was growing chill.

"He took her away ?"

"Her father, sir."

Weeds was for widows, she said,

home the last time,"

"After the war ?"

son he's dead years ago.'

"But the stone ?"

like a woman."

"It looks so."

weeds.

Stationery

The stone cutter looked, shading his eyes with his brown hand, as he turned his face to the setting sun. Neckwear

"This is 1876," was the grave reply, "and Hiram Goldby must have been ten years under the waves."

"Well, sir, that's the question-is he "Is he there? Your stone tells us he is

and has been for ten years." "Yes, sir, so it does-so it does, And

Flowers & Feathers yet she has ordered it. She came over a week or so back with a worried look upon her sweet face that I never seen any but patient in ten long years, and she said to me : 'You may cut a stone, Davy,' she

says, 'and have it put up in the churchyard, and I don't want to see it. I'll pay you whatever you choose to ask, Davy, says she, 'but he's not dead and don't want a tombstone.' 'Lor' mum,' says I, 'he'd a turned up in all these years if he was not dead.' But she shook her pretty head, the pre tiest I ever seen, sir, and said she: 'My heart never to'd me that he was when they were married, as near as we

could guess ; Hiram was a man of twentydead, Davy, and I'll never believe it till my heart tells me so." " "His sweetheart ?" questioned the stranand he stayed a year, but he fretted for the sea, and went again, thinking, I s'pose,

"His wife, sir, his loving, faithful wife that his wife would get used to it, as all that's had poverty, an' loueliness an' mise- wives hereabouts must do. But she never ry, her full share, an' might ha' bettered did-never. It was just pitiful to see her go about, white as a corpse, when Hiram herself."

"How was that ?" "Mr. Miles, sir, the richest shipowner hereabouts, he waited patiently for seven through the war it was just awful, for Hilong years, trying to win her. Then he ram 'listed on board a man-o'-war, and I said that she was free even if Hiram came

"Enoch Arden," muttered the stranger. "What did you say, sin? '

"Nothing, nothing. What answer did the widow make Mr. Miles ?" "If Hiram's dead,' says she, 'I'm his came back. 'Twasn't no manner of use a faithful widow while I live. If Hiram's telling Fear' he was lost; she'd just shake 138.83 living, I'm his faithful wife.' Maybe her pretty head and say : 'He'll come back.' you're from the city, sir, and have heard Not a mile of mourning would she wear,

the story of our peril?" "What story is that ?"

"Well, sir, it's been told many times, more particularly in the last year, but you're welcome to what I know of it. There that 6 is done, and I'll leave the scripture text till morning. If you'll come to the gateway, and take a seat on some ram,' and they say the dying know. But of the stones, I'll tell you. That is if you even then that didn't make Pearl think so.

care to bear it." "I do care," was the grave reply ; want very much to hear the story.

"Maybe you're some kin to the Pearl of and she wasn't a widow." Monkton-that's what they call Mrs. Goldby hereabouts, It's a matter of thirtythree years back, sir, that there was a wreck off Monkton rocks, that you can see came here hunting for a child lost on this from here, sir, now tide's low. Cruel rocks coast. He'd heard of Pearl by happen-

they are, and many a wreck they've seen, the more the pity. You see them, sir ?" "I see them. "Well, sir, this one wreck, thirty-three years ago, there was nothing washed ashore but a bit of a girl baby, three or

four years old, with a skin like a lilly leaf, and gr. a back eyes ; Hiram Goldby found her in the tocks. He was a boy of twelve years, strong and tall, and he carried the lowed his wife and child, sir, to the city child in his arms to his mother. You may see the co tage, sir, the second white they had never reached. He was rich and the sea, glimmering in the half light. one on the s de of the hill."

would not. 'Hiram will come here for "I see it." "Well, Hiram took the baby there, an' me, she said, 'and he must find me where Mrs. Goldby was the same as a mother to he left me."" her-a good woman, the widow Goldby-"On what has she lived ?"

2-One Price and no partiality. Hosiery 3-Politeness and Patience to rich and poor. 4-Cash Returned if buyers return goods leven Upholstery Goods though Dress Patterns) in reasonable time and uninjured. A very large stock of all kinds of newest Dry Goods Blankets and Quilts always on hand, arranged on one floor with plenty of light to see them. A thousand people can easily be waited on at one time. Where so many goods are selling every Trunks and Valises day the people are sure of getting only fresh goods. Earnestly desiring to serve the people well, and inviting Rubber Goods them to visit the Grand Depot whether they wish to buy. or "only to see the fashions." If not coming to the city to see the magnificent new stock for Spring, send for samples, describ-Horse Covers Zephyrs and Worsteds ing class of goods wanted. We do a large business through Men's & Boys' Clothing the mail.

Very respectfully, JOHN WANAMAKER, Hats Thirteenth and Market Sts.

Shoes PHILADELPHIA.

it, for she had a bit of a temper in her, band, little one, who will never leave you "There was a shipwreck in the Pacific though nothing to harm. ocean, Davy, years and years ago, and one again. "When Hiram made his first voyage, for

man only was saved-saved, Davy, by savthey were all seafaring men hereabout, and ages, who made him a slave, the worst of there was nothing for a lad to do but ship, slaves! But one day this sailor saved the the Pearl was just a little washed out hily, life of the chief's daughter, who was in the a fretting until he came home again. And coils of a buge snake, and the chief re it was so whenever he went, for they were leased him. More than that, he gave bim sweethearts from the time he nestled her choice spices and woods, and sent him baby face on his breast, when he picked

Grand Depot.

aboard the first passing ship. So the sailor her up from the wreck. She was sixteen landed in a great city, sold his presents, and put the gold in safe keeping. Then he traveled till he reached the seaport town where he was born, and coming there at sunset, heard the story of his life from the lips of a man cutting his tombstone.'

Not a word spoke Davy. Standing erect he seized an immense sledge hummer, and with powerful blows from strong uplified arms, dashed the marble into fragments. Then, panting with exertion, he held out his brawny hand to the stranger-a stranger no longer.

"I've done no better work in my life than Pearl was just a shadow when he came I've done in the last five minutes, Hiram. Go home man, an make Pearl's heart glad.'

"She don't need it, Hiram-she don't need it. You asked me about the stone. all of us ; for Hiram Goldby was lost at sea, The neighbors drove her to ordering it, sure enough, but he was not dead, and he twitting her that now she was tich, she came to her faithful love as she always said grudged the stone to her husband's memory. So she told me to cut it, but says :-'Don't put dead upon it, Davy. Put lost at sea, for Hiram's lost, but he'll be found and come back to me.' She never looked

at it, Hiram, pever. And there's not an hour, nor hasn't been in ten years, that she's not been looking for you to come back. Go to her, man, and the Lord's

it but Mrs. Golosby. Old Mrs. Gouldby's last words were: 'I'm going to meet Hi-So grasping the hard, brown So grasping the hard, brown hand, Hiram Goldby took the path to the little white cottage where he had been born forty-five years before. The sun had set, and the only mother she knowed of, but not darkness was gathering, but a little gleam of light streamed from the window of his cottage. He drew near softly, and standing on the seat of the porch looked over

"Well, sir, I'm coming to that. A year the half curtain into the neat but poor sitago, sir, a fine gentleman from France | ting room, It was not the grand house, Pearl's her-

age in New York, but Pearl was there. A slender woman, with a pale, sweet face, and black hair smoothly banded and gath ered into rich braids at the back of her shapely head. Her dress was a plain dark one, with white ruffles, cuffs and apron. She had been sewing, but her work was put aside, and presently she came to the open window and drew aside the curtain. She did not see the tall figure drawn closely against the wall in the narrow porch, but her dark eyes looked mournfully toward "My dailing !" she whispered, "are you

dead, and has your spirit come to take mine where we will part no more ?"

Only the wash of waves below answered "Sewing, sir, mostly. The cottage was | darling coming? I feel him so near to me Heaven saloon, has left, I suppose ?' proceeded the one-eyed man.

"Left for good. Got loaded with a stray bullet while a row was going on in his saloon one night.'

'Wonder, what became of Pat Pyburg, who ran a saloon there-the Augelic ?"

'He's a banker in San Francisco.' 'John Blogden had a bank in Silverton. Where's he banking now?"

'He's herding sheep for Tommy Pugmire, on Mud Lake.'

'Tommy, the bootblack ?' 'The same ; he got feet in the Sweet By-

and-By, and sold for twenty thousand.' 'Did you know the Sloper boys?'

Well. Harry Sloper is the Co. in Blas-

dale & Co., a mercantile firm in Hong Kong, China. Luke Sloper killed a China the Carson Penitentiary. Long sentence just for killing a Chinaman ! He'll be pardoned out, though. Lige Sloper got into a shootin' scermmage with Montana Jack and killed him. Lige afterward went to the Arkansas Hot Springs; he was not

Where did Charley Madden go?'

'Why, he was a stout, healthy-looking

Whisky !

'Charley's wife and mine,' continued the tall stranger, 'were great cronies. My wife somehow never liked my name ! Heard she changed her part of it soon as I left, and in a few months married without a divorce under her new name-married a fellow named Soraggs."

Scraggs?

Seraggs ! 'Abem-ah-waiter, another cup of cof-

fee. Suppose you know Charley's brotherin-law, Louis, that busted in the brewery business ?' said the sandy-looking man. 'First rate : where's he ?'

'He's in Silverbrickbury, Arizona. Got a big brewery there.'

'Remember Alf Sykes?' said the stranger with one eye set crossing.

'Got twenty years at Carson for robbing the mail.'

'Heard Ward Smithers had some trouble? 'Five years at Carson for robbing Wells, Fargo & Uo. He didn't play it fine, lika they say old Blivens did; I believe that was his name-nickname, I guess."

'Old Blivens !'

'Old Blivens. You see he robbed Wells, Fargo, just out of Silverton ; that was before I went there ; heard of it. The mes. senger was the only witness against him ; and on the day of the trial the messenger was found shot dead at the door of the room in which he slept, and which opened on a narrow alley. It was not known for certain who did it, but the Vigilants suggested to Old Blivens that perhaps his health would be beneficted by a change of climate.

Said the dark stranger, with an expression of countenance which showed that he thought he was looking the short man square in the face :

What might your name be ?' 'Name-n.y name-is-is-Scraggs !-Yours?

40ld Bilvens I

Passing out of the door just at this point, The whole system of the woman under-I did not learn how they reconciled their went a complete transformation. From a conflicting locations. stout, portly, and unwieldy person, who

used to attract the notice of persons on ac-count of her size, she dwindled away into LEO XIII, is about to deserve well of all interested in art needlework. Hanging on the thin, spare and regular form of the the walls of many of the 11,000 rooms of typical spinster. The physician who had been attending her for the last four years the Vatican into which strangers cannot penetrate and hidden away in numberless said he could not fathem the mysteries of enphoards, are an infinite variety of pieces the case, and does not know to what cause of ancient tapestry. There are those saved he may attribute the transformation that from the sick of the city in 1527, for which was apparent to the eyes of all who knew Raphael made the cartoous; there are the woman. She herself was very sensitive splendid examples of Flemish work of the about the matter, and before her death she fontteenth and lifeenth centuries and any could not bear to hear any one pass any reher. Sighing softly, she said : "Is my marks on the change that had been made number of Gobelius, for during two centu

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very well.' "It is true. You have come !" she cried at last, bursting into a torrent of happy \*Dead tears. "I knew you were not dead. You could not be dead and my heart not tell man. me.

Sacques & Cloaks

" Underwear

It was long before they could think of anything but the happiness of reunion after the many years of separation, but, at last, drawing Pearl closer, Hiram whispered, "I walked from J\_\_\_\_, love, and I am enormously hungry."

And Pearl's merry laugh chased the last shadows from her happy face, and she bustled about the room preparing supper.

"Supper for two !" she cried gleefully. The grand house in New York is tenanted by its owners, and Hiram goes to sea no more ; but in the summer time two happy people come for a quiet month to the little white cottage at Monkton, and have always to listen to Davy's tale of the evening when be was cutting Hiram Goldby's tombstone,

and ended by mashing it into atoms. "For." is the invariable ending of the tale, "Pearl was right and we were wrong, he would."

A LIGHT MULATTO CHANGED TO A JET BLACK .-- One of those unaccountable freaks of nature which puzzle the brain of the scientist has just come to notice in West Baltimore, and furnishes the medical fraternity in particular with food for thought and theme for conversation. The case is that of a colored woman about forty-five years of age, who died last week in a house on West Lexington street from a complication of disease.

Eight years ago this woman was a light mulatto, and at the time of her death, according to the testimony of several physiciaus and others who saw her, she was as black as miduight. The change during this period of eight years was so gradual, but so certain withal, that the family with whom she lived could readily perceive the color as it deepened from light yellow into a shining black.

