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## VOLUME XII.

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. The Co-Operative Newspapers.

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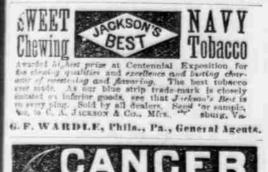
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A DAY to Agents canvassing for the Fire-side Visitor. Terms and Outfit Free. Ad. dress P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.



[Written for the FREEMAN.] MY GIRL AT THE PUMP.

How lovely and fair was the morning. The sun through the clustering trees With bright tints their boughs was adorning. Shifted soft by the wandering breeze!

I saw, 'mid the radiance, a maiden One tiptoe the old pump stand by With glittering pail lightly laden Reach up to the pump handle high.

THE. "Twas early, so early at dawning, The birds were awild in their glee; The meadows lay low in their swarding, But naught was so lovely to me.

17. As the fresh face that bent o'er the water, With grave eyes so tender and sweet-With lips half encircled with laughter, The beautiful vision to meet.

The brown arms, so strong, raised their burden And o'er the green path took her way, That Daughter of Nature disturbing No note of the minstrelsy gay.

Vf. That walted on each bush about her. To carol her on her way home; Lonely the scene was without her, My girl whom I worship alone.

VII. Slowly I rode to my labor And Greamed of the picture so fair, Wondering it my gentle young neighbor Could 'cept of my honest, best care.

VIII.

How could J enjoy of a morning To eatch the pure glint of her tone. Coming back from my pump in my garden, And call the dear slager mine own.

A MURDERED PEDDLER.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

An old time Pennsylvania Governor was once interviewed as to the methods he proposed proposing in his forthcoming messuge.

"Virst and voremos'," he said, "I dink recommentin' a bill to panish Yankee ettlers viom de Shate. You see dem fel-Silks ers does noting but go apout hoompuckin' Dress Goods de beeple mit deir pocus chimeracks, such as bassvoot nutmegs; vereas anypoty, as Mourning Goods knows anyding, knows dot de cmywine nutmeck is made out of sassyfrack.' Cloakings Had such a law been passed and strictly enforced, it would have saved Jed Sinkey Flannels a would of trouble. It was my first murder. Don't be start-Lincas led, reader-I only mean it was my first Musling case of that kind ; the aforesaid Jed being the accused party, and his alleged victim a White Goods Vankee peodler.

# EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1878.



Bird's-eye View, John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Thirtcenth 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 propose to greatly improve on the first plans. The principles of-1-A uniform low price for everything throughout the House 2-One Price and no partiality. Hosiery 3-Politeness and Patience to rich and poor. A Cash Retarned if buyers return goods (even though Dress Patterns in reasonable time and uninjured. A very large stock of all kinds of newest Dry Goods 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 day the people are sure of getting only fresh goods. Earnestly desiring to serve the people well, and inviting them to visit the Grand Depot whether they wish to buy. or "only to see the fashions."

" Underwear Upholstery Goods Blankets and Quilts Trunks and Valiscs **Rubber** Goods

" Sacques & Cloaks

THE REMARKABLE FULFILLMENT OF TWO DREAMS.

One winter evening about fifty years ago, a post chaise, with a single gentleman inside it, drove up to a little inu on the Pentland Frith, in the north of Scotland, where passengers who were going to cross to the Orkneys usually spent the night.

SAVED.

Mr. Mac T. was the owner of a large estate, and an old house which had beouged to his family for hundreds of years, in the Mainland, or chief of the Orkney Islands, and was now about to visit his property. It was a blustering, stormy night, but that only made more pleasant the elgar and the glass of whisky and the cracking wood-fire by which Mac T. sat chatting with the landlord, who was an old friend both of his father and, himself, and who was proud of entertaining the "young laird," as he called him, with his wildest tales of adventure on the sea. They did not, however, sit late, for the Orkney packet sailed very early in the morning, and Mac T. soon found himself in his cozy, well-appointed little bed-room.

The wind was chanting a grand Berserker melody, and the sea was roaring a deep bass accompaniment. Mac T. loved those sounds, for they had often been the hullably of his childhood, and soon fell asleep. For some hours he slept wi hout an image or a thought reaching his mind ; but, at length, when the morning was glimmering gray in the east,

A STRANGE DREAM

came to trouble bim. He dreamt that he was in the ancient banqueting hall of his old house, on the Mainland, sitting at the head of a very long table. The banqueting hall was now in reality almost a ruin, but in his dream Mac T. saw it hung with tapestry, and blazing with a hundred lights. The table was well filled on both sides, and he thought he glanced curiously down its length to see who the guests were. As he looked he shuddered in his dream.

# NUMBER 18.

#### OLD SOUPRAMANY.

AN ELEPHANTINE CENTENARIAN ACTING AS A BABY TENDER.

The following curious anecdote is from a book about elephants, written by a French gentleman named Jacolliot, and we will let the author tell his own story ;

In the autumn of 1876 I was living in the Interior of Bengal, and I went to speed Christmas with my friend, Major Daly. The Major's bungalow was on the banks of the Gauges near Cawnpore. He had lived there a good many years, being chief of the Quartermaster's department at that station, and had a great many natives, clephants, bullock carts and soldiers under his command.

On the morning after my arrival, after a cup of early tea (often taken before daylight in India), I sat smoking with my friend in the veranda of his bungalow, boking out upon the windings of the sacred river. And directly I asked the major about his children (a boy and a girl), whom I had not yet seen, and begged to know when I should see them.

"Soupramany bas taken them out fish ing," said their father.

"Why, isn't Sonpramany your great war elephant ?" I cried.

"Exactly so, You cannot have forgotten Sonpramany ?"

"Of course not. I was here, you know, when he had that fight with the elephant who went mad while loading a transport with bags of rice down yonder. I saw the mad elephant when he suddenly began to fling the rice into the river. His 'mahout' tried to stop him, and he killed the 'minhout.' The native sailors ran away to hide themselves, and the mad elephant, trumpeting, charged into this inclosure. Old Soupramany was here, and so were Jim and Betsy. When he saw the mad animal, he threw himself between him and the children. The little ones and their nurses had just time to get into the house when the fight commenced.

"Yes," said the Major. "Old Soup was a hundred years old. He had been trained

the knife or caustics. m, enclose two stamps for book contain-treatment, testimonials from parients as city references, etc. Addres H. Grutigny, M. D., Box 595, Cincinnati, O

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Establishment Dental CENTENNIAL SPECIMENS

ured, we state positively that those egant Beatal Specimens which received the CENTENNIAL MEDAL and DIPLOMA WRITE MADE BY

DR. QUINCY A. SCOTT assistants. And we desire also to state been in many dental offices, and ver such work tarned out anywhere to equal aroused, after some effort by a crowd of ex-

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he great celebrity of the TIN TAG TOBAC-

red many imitations thereof to be put ket. We therefore caution all Chewt parchasing such imitations.

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er 7,058 tons tobacco sold in 1877, and near-3.000 persons employed in factories. Taxes paid government in 1877, about \$3,500,008, ad during past 12 years, over \$20,000,000.

" goods sold by all jobbers at manufactur-Ar The Tin Tag Smoking Tobacco is "second April 12, 1878.-am.

LEATHER -AND-RUBBER BELTING RUBBER HOSE: RUBBER BAGO, ASBESTING TALLAN AND HEMP PACKING; LACE LEATHER, ENGINE OILS, ENGINE OILS, PLUMBAGO, ASBESTOS, And Mill Supplies Cenerally. WAREHOUSE and OFFICF,

10. 108 Water Street, Pittsburgh. THORP & CO.

Jed was too poor to employ counsel : so Laces the court confiscated my services in his be-Ribbons half. In other words I was assigned the norrible duty of conducting his defense Trimmings. gratis. We young lawyers got most of that sort of business, and we willingly accepted Embroideries

Fringes

Stationery

tainty.

trial

I asked.

proofs of my husband's innocence."

ious, "is that not sufficient ?"

band," I answered reluctantly.

till it came Jem Burkitt's turn.

have related other than your own word?"

"No," she replied, tremulous and anx

"A wife cannot be a witness for her hus-

The strength that had borne her up gave

I raised her gently and placed her in a chair, and when she had sufficiently recov-

ered to understand my words, I did my

make her comprehend that, though her lips

were sealed as a witness, now that she had

it : it served to bring us out, you see. The case was a tough one. In brief it

was this : Zephyrs and Worsteds On a certain evening a Yankee peddler, who had been making a profitable tour of Neckwear the neighborhood, found himself at Jed's door, and applied for a night's lodging. Gloves

He Jed gave him a hearty welcome. would have done so at any other time ; but on this occasion, his greeting was the more cordial because he was alone, his wife having gone to attend a sick neighbor, and Jed

was a man fond of company. He and his guest, and a neighbor who dropped in, spent a jolly evening, and when the last mentioned had gone, Jed-at least that was his story-and the peddler bade each other good night and good-bye, the latter intending to make an early start next morning.

The sun was some hours high when Jed, who was never an early riser, and whose late hours the night before had probably steady steps, advanced and stood before dentistry in all its phases, but have deepened his morning slumbers, was of eager joy shone from her eyes. cited neighbors gathered about his bed. to night," she said, "I have at last the

"The peddler ! the peddler !" were the words ia everybody's mouth. "A plague on the peddler I" growled

Jed, rubbing his eyes; he left afore daylight-leastwise he said he would, and I suppose he kept his word, tho' I warn't fool enough to lay awake to see." "But his horse is in your stable,"

"In course he is. Didn't him and me swap yesterday evenin'? Guess the Yankee didn't get much the best of it, nuther.

Old Rockey's fifteen, ef he's a day, and if his eyes keeps on, he'll have to take to specs soon ; besides he's had the lampers these ten year. But it was a fair and way, and square trade. Jem Burkitt here stood by the floor.

und seed it." But Jem Burkitt, the neighbor who had alled on the previous evening, failed to nfirm this statement.

"I didn't see no swap," said Jem ; "and wo.'s more, Old Rockey's out there in the lot now. "You don't say so," cried Jed, starting

ap; "I wonder if that tarnal Yankee's coming back to me." "The Yankee won't never come back," ut ered half a dozen voices in solemu con-

cert. "It's to be hoped he won't," said Jed, 'but if he comes back on such a fool's arrant-a trade's a trade the world over."

"He won't never come back-not in this world," gravely repeated a gray haired, earnest man-"he's dead !-murdered !his head all split to pieces, and it's only right to say there's a strong suspicion that you done it !"

The light of that morning had, in truth, revealed a horrible deed of crime. The peddler's lifeless body, covered with sickening wounds, had been discovered in a raviue not far from Jed's cabin. A bloody hatchet lying near, evidently the instrument employed in the murder, was identified as Jed's property, while in his stable story of the horse-swap. was found the horse the peddler had rid-

den. Jed was more profuse than colerent in the effect of dispelling any lingering doubts his explanations. He protested that after of the jury in whose faces a stern look of retiring for the night, he had neither seen conviction was plainly visible. ed puipose, must have left before daylight, air of composure.

If not coming to the city to see the magnificent new stock for Spring, send for samples, describ-Horse Covers ing class of goods wanted. We do a large business through Men's & Boys' Clothing the mail.

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Thirteenth and Market Sts.

PHILADELPHIA.

Very respectfully,

Toilet Articles Grand Depot.

Flowers & Feathers

jail. She clung to him to the last, sobbing | ing-place in which you have kept them, out, "Indeed, indeed, he never did it." where you were seen to take them from The day of trial was at hand. I was sit- their concealment, and after assuring yourting in my office at a late hour, giving the self of their safety, to replace them. When finishing touches to a speech I was prepar- you had gone, the person who watched ing, more, I confess, for my own sake than you, and who is now within call, took possession of these evidences of your guilt, and the prisoner's-when the door opened, and the prisoner's wife, with hasty and un- they are here to confront you."

The base wretch shrank upon his knees in regard to which nothing definite seems me. Her face looked haggard, but a gleam in abject terror. to be known, and which is a curiosity well

"Have mercy !" he exclaimed, turning "I have walked twenty miles to see you appealingly from one wondering face to another. "Have mercy, and I will confess all;" and he did so, relating in broken She spoke in an assured tone, and when sentences, the story of his waylaying and I had heard her strange story through, my murdering the peddler in the darkness of afterwards taken to cast suspicion on the "Ilave you any evidence of the facts you prisoner.

The words, "NOT GUILTY" had just fallen from the lips of the foreman, when a cry of joy rang through the court room, and Jed's wife, who, in spite of my injune tion, could keep away no longer, fell weeping on her husband's bosom. Convinced way, and reeling back, she fell swooning to almost an equal conviction of Jem Barkitt's guilt, and by stealthily hanging on the latter's steps, with the vigilance of a woman devoted to a purpose, she was at last enabled to unveil the terrible secret, and save best to soothe and calm her-striving to her husband's life.

to the uncertain riches, but prepare yourhave been a well. self for every emergency in life. Learn to work and not be dependent upon servants to make your bread. Sweep your own floors and knit your own stockings, and dain them when they need it. Above all things, do not esteem too lightly those regard to the wall save its existence. honorable young men who sustain themselves and their parents by the work of their own hands, while you receive into your company those lazy, idle loafers who never lift a finger to help themselves, nor their parents, nor anybody else. So they just keep soul and body together, and get sufficient to live in fashion, is the height of their ambition. Young ladies, shun the company of such characters as these. Bid them good night and order them out of sight.

peddler's presence at the prisoner's house Young ladies, remember this, and instead of sounding the praise of your lovers, and examining the cut of their coats, look into their hearts and habits, and see if they have trades, and can depend upon themselves. See if they have minds that will lead them to look above a butterfly's expurpose was it built? istence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin, and the soft, delicate hand, and the nor spoken to the peddler; that the latter, inc. The mitness confounted me with an

all his dead ancestors for many generations back. He knew their faces and dresses well from their portraits in the picture gallery. Next to him sat his own father, who had died about a year before. And at the bottom of the table sat a fait haired man in the dress of skins, who was a Norse chieftain, the founder of the family. It seemed to him that he sat for some minutes as if spell bound, while the spectres murmured together in low, hallow tones. At tength they all rose, and slowly; one by one, in turns, left the hall. But before they went, each one paused at the door, and turning, raised his hand in a warning attitude, fixed his eyes on Mac T. and

said in a deep voice, the word "Beware." THE SHIPWRECK.

"The packet starts in twenty minutes, sir," cried a loud voice at the door, rousing Mac T. suddenly from sleep. Confused at first, yet soon remembering where he was, he sprang out of bed and began hurriedly to dress himself. Being a bad sailor, his first glance was naturally enough at the sea, close to which the inn stood. The wind had risen in the night. The waves thundered on the shore, and the little Orkney-packet was tossing up and down like a impet shell. As he gazed, his strange dream rose up with sudden distinctness before Mac T.'s mind. He was infected with a good deal of thorough Scotch superstition. Besides he did not much like the look of the sea, and so he resolved not to go till to morrow. That day the Orkney packet was lost with every man on board, and nia, the remains of an ancient stone wall,

Mac T, and his little wife, who was left at home with the babies, had to thank that warning dream for his life. The other in cident we have to tell is quite as singular.

ANOTHER CURIOUS CASE.

Many years ago the Rev. Mr. N. held a small living in the wildest part of West Somerset. The parish church stood on a bleak hill side, and Mr. N. who was a batchelor, lodged in the farm house close river, forming a short ridge or backbone, to it. Among his flock there was no one comparatively level in the direction of its in whom the clergyman took more interest course. In ascending the steep slope fac. | than in Mary, the pretty daughter of the ing the river the wall is encountered about farmer, his landlord. When Mary was seventy five feet vertically from the top of about twenty, Mr. N. was much troubled the mountain, and from this point it can by finding she had formed an attachment be traced entirely around, following as with Jack Townsend, the eleverest workfrom the first of his innocence, she had felt near as practicable the contour of the man and the most worthless fellow on the ridge. The entire length of this wall, to farm.

the best of my knowledge, is about six One autumn night the clergyman dreamt miles, though it is estimated by some at that Mary stood at his Ledside and cried twelve and fourteen miles. There is a out in an imploring voice. "Come out on single cross wall dividing this enclosure to the hill side." The impression left on into two unequal compartments, within his mind on waking was so distinct that, the larger of which is a pool of clear water, if he had not known his door was locked, ten or twelve feet in diameter,, and which | so that no one could enter the room, he the old settlers of this region believe to would have thought. Mary must have in reality been there. Feeling, however, sure that it was only a dream he composed him-Mr. Butler, who came to this section self once more to sleep. But scarcely had he closed his eyes, when Mary was again when it was partly occupied by the Indians, affirms this pool to have been ten feet deeper than it is at the present, and that as far bere, calling to him to come on the hill as he knows the Indians knew nothing in side: Seven several times he tried to sleep,

and seven times the phantom came back. The wall seems to have been about eight always with the same cry. At length feet wide and as many in height. Where mastered by an almost irresistible impulse, he rose, dressed himself, and went out on it has fallen the stone covers a space of twenty or thirty feet wide, and in places it the hill. He walked some distance, but could see nothing except the heather bells is raised five or six feet above the surface: the remains are so distinct that it may be | waving in the moonlight, could hear nothtraced several hundred yards on either ing but a distant sheep bell tinkling softly, side from the summit of the ridge. All and the stream warbling below the valley. loose stones have been carried from within IIe was just going back, when suddenly the enclosure to the wall, and for some dis- a shrill cry reached him, seeming to come tance on the outside there is no loose rock. from a neighboring combe. Hurrying in Large masses of black flint may be seen | that direction, he saw at the bottom of the some distance above the ledge, and since combe two figures, those of a man and a there is only one black flint ledge in this woman, apparently struggling with each formation it is evident that these masses other. As he drew near, the man ran have been carried up the hill to the wall, away and the woman fell to the ground. There are two important questions to be When he came up he found it was Mary. auswered-Who built the wall? For what She had only fainted, and he soon brought ber to herself. Then by degrees she confessed to him that her lover had persuaded

I will leave the answer to some one bether to meet him that night in the combe, ter informed on these subjects, but will al-

Those who sat at the table with him were to war, and to fight with the rhinoceros. but he was too old to hunt then."

"Aud yet," said I, becoming animated by the recollections of that day, "what a galiant fight it was! Do you remember how we all stood on this porch and watch ed it, not during to fire a shot lest we should hit Old Sonpramany? Do you remember, too, his look when he drew off after fighting an hour and a half, leaving his adversary dying in the dust, and walked straight to the 'corral,' shaking his great ears which had been badly torn, with his head braised, and a great piece broken from one of his tusks?"

"Yes, indeed," said the major. "Well, since then, he is more devoted to my dear

little ones than over. He takes them out whole days, and I am perfectly content to have them under his charge. I don't like trusting Uhristain children to the care, of natives; but with Old Soup I know they can come to no harm."

Besides the children, on the banks of the Ganges, stood Old Soup with a bamboo rol in his trunk, with line, hook, bait and cork, like children's. I had not watched him long before he had a bite; for, as the religion of the Ilindoos forbids them to take life, the river swarms with fishes,

The old fellow did not stir ; his little eyes watched his line cagerly ; he was no novice in "the gentle craft." He was waiting till it was time to draw in his prize. At the end of his line, as he drew it up, was daugling one of those golden fish so abundant in the Ganges.

When Sonpramany perceived what a five fish he had caught, he uttered one of those long, low gurgling notes of satisfaction by which an elephant expresses joy ; and he waited patiently, expecting Jim to

take his prize off the hook and put on some more bait for him. But Jim, the little rascal, sometimes liked to plague Old Soup. He notded at us, as much as to "Look out, and you'll see fun, now !" SHEW. Then he took off the fish, which he threw into a water jur placed there for the purpose, and went back to his place without putting any bait on Old Soup's hook. The intelligent animal did not altempt to throw his line into the water. He tried to move Jim by low, pleading cries. It was curious to note what tender tones he seemed to try to give his voice.

Seeing that Jim pa d no attention to his calls, but sat and laughed as he handled his own line, Old Soup went up to him, and with his trenk tried to turn his head in the direction of the last box. At last, when he found that all he could do would not induce the wilful friend to help him, he turned round as if struck by a sudden thought, and snatching up in his trunk the box that contained the bait, came and laid it down at the Major's feet ; then picking up his rod, he held it out to his master. What do you want me to do with this, Old Soup?" said the major,

The creature lifted one great foot after the other, and again began to utter his plaintive cry. Out of mischief, I took immy's part, and, picking up the baitbox pretended, pretended to run with it. The elephant was not going to be teased by me. He dipped his trunk into the Ganges, and in an instant squirted a stream of water over me with all the force and precision of a five engine, to the immense ausement of the children.

The Major at once made Soup a sign to stop, and, to make my beace with the fine old fellow, I baited his book myself .-Quivering with j-y, as a baby does when gets hold at last of a plaything some one has taken from it, Old Soupramany hardly paused to thank me by a soft note of joy for baiting his line for him, before be acting back to his place, and was again watching his cork as it trembled in the ripples of the water. - St. Maholas for May.

ways be ready to answer any questions which may throw light on the subject. WILLIAM N. PAGE, HAWE'S NEST, Fayette county, W. Va.,

worth investigation by those interested in American antiquities. This wall was built on the summit of an almost inaccessible ridge, forming the watershed between Armstrong and Loup creeks, about a mile from their confluence with the Great Kanconviction of its truth amounted to cer- the early morning, and the steps he had awha River, and which at this point rises to an elevation of 1,375 feet above the

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES .- Trust not placed the clew of truth in my hand, I might, with heaven's help, be able to find for her husband a way out of the perils with which lying circumstances had surrounded him. Above all things I cantioned her to keep her secret, and by no means, unless I sent for her, to be present at the On the morning the case came on Jed looked despondent, but, on the whole bore up with courage. A jury was soon obtain ed, and the case opened. The prosecution proved substantially the facts above narrated by a number of witnesses, all of whom I suffered to go without cross examination Jem, as the strongest witness, was reserved to the last. In addition to what the others had told, he knew the fact of the

on the fatal night, where he had left them together at a late hour, and besides that he was able to expose the falsehood of Jed's The witness gave his evidence with confidence and clearness. It evidently had your minds.

Young ladies, when you marry, be sure

WHO BUILT IT? REMAINS OF A STRONG STONE WALL WHOSE INTENTION AND HISTORY ARE A. MYSTERY.

Hats

Shoes

There is in Fayette county, West Virgi

