Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1879. NUMBER 49.

DRY GOODS,

FANCY GOODS,

Millinery Goods,

Ladies' Coats,

CARPETS, &C.,

NOW ON EXHIBITION!

THE LARGEST STOCK

And Cheapest

In the CITY of ALTOONA!

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HOLIDAY GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION IN THE STORE.
THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK IN THE STATE.
500 Hops and Blankets at 9 cents for one, from 50c. up.
500 LADIES' COATS, ... Prices $2.50 up to the finest makes.
75 doz. Ladies' Trimmed Hats, 75c. up to latest and finest styles.
20 doz. Breche, Cashmere, Cloth and Wool Shawls, 25c. and up.
10 doz. Ostrich Tips and Flowers, ... Prices from 10c. up.

EVERYBODY SHOULD GO TO

C. SIMON & CO.'S CHEAP STORE,

1320 Eleventh Avenue,

Opposite R. R. PASSENGER DEPOT,

ALTOONA, PA.

Men's and Boys'

CLOTHING

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST,

AT CHAS. SIMON'S!

You can buy a Heavy Coat for $1
At 1307;
A Man's Wool Hat for 35c.
At Chas. Simon's;
A Man's Wool Home Made Shirt for 75c.
At 1307;
Heavy Overcoats, very cheap,
At Chas. Simon's;
Men's Hats, of the latest styles,
At 1307;
Heavy Warm Caps for Men, very cheap,
At Chas. Simon's;
Heavy Shirts and Drawers for 25c.
At 1307;
Ladies' Coats, the cheapest in the city,
At Chas. Simon's;
Blankets and Hops, all colors,
At 1307;
If you want to keep the warm and snug as a bug in a rug, buy an Overcoat
At Chas. Simon's;
Ladies' Trimmed Hats, from 90c. up,
At 1307.
Young Men, if you contemplate matrimony, remember it will be a matter of money to you to buy your wedding garments
At Chas. Simon's.
Gent's White Dress Shirts for 40c.
At 1307;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing and Fancy Goods, the largest stock and the cheapest in the city,
At Chas. Simon's.
Good and Working Pants you can buy for a mere song, if you are a good singer, or a bad one,
At 1307.
If you want good, reliable Clothing and other Goods cheap, call on

CHAS. SIMON, 1307 Eleventh Ave.,

Between 13th and 14th Sts.,

(OPPOSITE KISSLER'S DRUG STORE.) Altoona, Pa.

FARM AND TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale his valuable farm in Carroll township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Christian Rock, and known as the property of Christian Rock, containing 111 acres and allowance, from 75 to 80 acres of which are cleared, under good fence, and in a reasonable state of cultivation, the balance is timber, and there is a spring of pure water in nearly every field. The improvements consist of a Frame House, Frame Bank Barn, 30x72, a Wood Shed, and other useful buildings. The property will be sold entire or in parts, as purchasers may desire.

Also, a HOUSE AND LOT in Carrolltown, adjoining the St. Lawrence Hotel, now in the occupancy of Ferdinand Stier, and others. Said House is a two-story plank building, 35 feet front and 40 feet back, and is in good condition. There also is good Stable and other buildings on the premises, as well as apple and various other fruit trees.

Any reasonable offer made for either or both of the above properties will be accepted. Now is the time for any farmer to have a home in town at a great bargain. FRANCIS A. BUCK.

Carroll Twp., Nov. 22, 1878.—3m.

NOTICE.—The Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania will be asked to pass an act supplementary to an Act establishing the Town House and House of Employment in Ebensburg, and such supplement having for its object the crediting of the Poor House accounts to the county Auditors in the same manner as other county bills and expenditures of the county are credited.

[16-13. 3t.]

ADVERTISERS! send for our 28 Street List of Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. 40 Park Row, N. Y.

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

161 Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

FINEST DINING ROOMS IN THE CITY.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. OYSTERS

ANOTHER GREAT

REDUCTION IN PRICES!

AT THE EBENSBURG

Hardware & House-Furnishing Store.

OWING to the large increase in my sales since the last reduction in prices and the adoption of the cash system, I find myself able to benefit my customers by a still further reduction in the prices of all goods comprised in my large stock.

JUST THINK OF IT!

A good No. 9 Cook Stove, trimmed complete for only $20.00.
Good Roasted Coffee at 20 cts. per lb.; best do. at 22 cts. per lb. No inferior or damaged coffee sold at this store.
Good Heating Stoves as low as $4.00.
Good Tea from 30 to 80 cts. per lb.
The largest stock of Floor Oil Cloth in the county, from 1 to 2 yds. wide and from 35 to 70 cts. per yard.
Best quality English Anvils at 15 cts. per lb.
Needles at 5 cts. per paper.
Good cast steel Table Knives and Forks as low as 60 cts. per set.
Pins at 5 cts. per paper.
Best quality Blacksmith Vises at 15c. per lb.
Good Syrup Molasses at from 40 to 50 cts. per gallon.
Good Door Locks and Knobs complete, as low as 25 cts. each.
Good Cotton Thread at 4 cts. a spool.
Best quality 12 inch Mill Saw Files at 40 cts. each.
Good Rice at 8 cts. per lb.
Best quality Sole Leather at 28 to 30 cts. per lb.
Double bitted Axes at $1.05 and upward.
Largest stock of Stair Oil Cloths in the county, at 12½ cts. per yd.
4 doz. hard wood (turned head) Clothes Pins for 10 cts.
Clark's O. N. T. Machine Cotton at 5 cts. per spool.
Good long handle cast steel Shovels for 60 cts. each.
Good zinc Wash Boards for 25 cts.
Largest stock of Looking Glasses in town, very low.
Washing Soda at 4 cts. per lb.
Best quality four-tined Manure Forks at 65 cts. each.
Good Coal Shovels, 7, 10, 15 and 20 cts. each.
Pearl Starch 6 cts. per lb.
I have the largest stock of Queensware in town, at very low prices.
Best Baking Soda at 8 cts. per lb.
Diston's best quality 6½ foot Cross Cut Saws, at $1.50.
I have the largest stock of Spices in town, very low.
Good Door Latches as low as 7 cts. each.
Large stock of Table and Bed Castors at lowest rates.
Good Flour at $4.25 per sack.
Largest stock of Glassware and Lamps in town, very low.
A No. 1 Furniture Varnish at $1.40 per gal.
Good Corset Steels at 6 cts. a pair.
Over 100 lengths and sizes Tire and Carriage Bolts kept in stock, very low.
Best Tobacco in the market, at 65 cts. per lb.
200 kegs Nails now in stock, $2.60 rates, selected and made of best muck iron. No inferior or scrap iron nails kept in stock.
I have the best Cigars in town for the money.
Over 80 sizes of Window Glass kept in stock, very low prices.
Large stock of Bar Iron and Horse Shoes always on hand, at low rates.
Good fire clay Contes at 5 cts. each.
Large stock of Table Oil Cloths on hand, very low.
Best Linseed Oil, direct from Factory, at 70 cts. a gal.
Dupont's best F. F. F. Rifle Powder, 46 cts. p. lb.
Drop Shot at 10 cts. per lb.
Best Green Coffee at 22 cts. per lb.
Galvanized Coal Buckets as low as 50 cts. each.
Good Green Coffee at 20 cts. per lb.
Best pure White Lead at $2.10 to $2.20 per keg of 25 lbs.
Stove Pipe, made of the best iron, reduced to 8 cts. per lb.
A large assortment of Tinware on hand, very cheap.
12 papers Essence of Coffee for 25 cts.
Largest stock of Trunks and Valises in town, very cheap.
A large assortment of Wall Paper always on hand at lowest prices.
Paper Window Shades at 35 cts. per roll.
Toilet and Window Soaps, an endless variety.
Cook Stoves from $5.00 up to $45.00.
Large assortment of Hair, Clothes and Tooth Brushes.
Heating Stoves from $4.00 up to $35.00; very cheap.
Extra No. 1, Seal at $1.65 per barrel.
Revolvers, five and seven shots, the largest stock from $1.50 up to $10.00.
Best Carbon Oil at 18 cts. per gal.

The above are only a few of the thousands of articles in the hardware and house-furnishing line which I am furnishing at equally low prices. I don't advertise to sell at 20 per cent. cheaper, or indeed any cheaper, than other men do, as I think it better to let the public judge that for themselves. But I do advertise to sell goods as low as they can be sold and support one hundred cents on the dollar. Neither will I throw out a good staple article of goods over the counter at first cost, or even less, and then charge two or three profits on something else to make up for the loss. Yet it will be my endeavor to sell goods at the lowest living profit, and I promote this because I know that I can furnish goods at prices that will be beneficial to both seller and buyer, and not at prices which would benefit one and rain the other.

☞Thanking you all for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon me, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, I remain

Respectfully yours,
GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Nov. 29, 1878.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Peter B. Myers vs. John H. Kennedy, William Tiley and J. A. Maher.—In the Common Pleas of Cambria county No. 71, June Term, 1878. Fluries Fi. Fa.

Having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the funds in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of Personal property on above stated writ, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on THURSDAY, the 23d January, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may appear.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1878.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the fund in the hands of John Ryan, Sheriff, arising from the sale of the real estate of Michael Bush, on Fi. Fa. No. 101, September Term, 1878, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, the 4th day of JANUARY, 1879, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all parties may attend if they think proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1878.—3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Rev. JOHN HACKETT, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Rev. Jno. Hackett, late of Summitville borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

THOMAS DAVIN, Executor.

Summitville, Dec. 6, 1878.—6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of J. A. MOORE, dec'd

Letters of administration on the estate of J. A. Moore, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Administrator.

Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1878.—6t.

NOTICE.—The annual election for Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria county will be held at the office of said Company, in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1879, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

T. W. DICK, Secretary.

Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1878.—3t.

PARDON NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that an application for the pardon of John Shotzy, convicted at September Sessions of Cambria county, will be presented at the meeting of the Board of Pardons on Tuesday, January 7th, 1879.

Dec. 17, 1878.—3t.*

THE NEW YEAR.

Silent and white
Thro' the dim night
Fell the soft snow,
Now fast, now slow,
Making the posts
Like sheeted ghosts
Robing the woods
In finer goods
Than ever were spun by mortal skill,
And bleached on the sunny side of the hill.
Fringes were woven by weavers, where
The warp is mist, and the woof is air;
The world is dressed like a bird, in white,
Although the poor old year died last night.

Drop not a tear
On the cold bier
Whose course is here,
His work is done,
And battles won,
And he will be
Named with the free
Thro' future time
For deeds sublime.
We welcome here
The new-born year.
The snow that falls
From the grey walls
Of the thick clouds
Is not for shrouds
For the days fled
Or the year's dead,
'Tis the white fleece,
Emblem of peace,
Sent down to cheer
The soft young year.
May no red vein
Make a red stain
On the robe white
Wove last night,
So ring the soft
Sweet bells aloft,
Ring the true chime
Of the good time.
Ring loud and clear
For this New-Year.

THE FATAL PRESENTIMENT.

"How's the connection, Conductor Tom?"

"On the dot, Harry, and we'll get away on time, sure."

"Well, I'm glad of it, for, to tell truth, I don't feel like fast running to-night."

"Ain't losing your grip, are you, Harry?"

"Well, for this night, maybe I am; but you need not fear but that I'll make time. I'm feeling blue to night that's all, and have been trying to convince myself that it all comes from indigestion, although I always thought heretofore that my inside works were built on the ostrich order."

"And pray what has happened to give you 'the blues,' old fellow? You have a good 'hump' on pay day; and I have heard you more than once say that you had a cozy home paid for and owed no man a penny. What, then, pray, is there to give you 'the blues?'"

"You may possibly laugh at me, Tom, but, the fact is, it all comes from a presentiment."

"No, my boy, I'll not laugh at you; but I'll say that I am surprised that one with your strength of mind, and freedom from superstition, should give way to that cloak to idle fears yclept presentiment."

"But, dear Tom, remember in how many cases these presentiment's of danger and death have come true. There was the case of Llewellyn Wynmess, the Welsh engineer. He told a dozen of us that he would be killed at the Black Ravine some time, and well I remember how we laughed at him, and attributed it all to the Old Country superstition that still clung to him. And what was the result? In less than a month poor Wymness was hurled over into the Black Ravine and crushed out of all resemblance to humanity ere he reached the ditch below, with engine and cars piled atop of him. How do you account for that?"

"I grant you, Harry, there have been cases where these premonitions of death have come to pass exactly as foretold by the one having the premonition or presentiment. But, then, it don't follow that a tithe of these superstitions come true. It gets to be a chronic habit with some to have them for a time and then forget them until a new cause for uneasiness arises."

"A railroad man knows the most dangerous points of the road, and where an accident is most likely to occur. From thinking of it often the idea becomes fixed in his mind that at that very point he may meet his death. The transaction from that is easy enough to the settled conclusion that he will be killed at that very point. I think that was the case with Wymness and others you may have in mind, and these coincidences have had the effect of strengthening the same superstition in the minds of others."

"Your argument is reasonable, I'll admit, and I wish I could think as you do. Since this presentiment became implanted in my mind I have striven to drive it away by every means, but in vain. It grows stronger with each passing hour, and to day I made all my arrangements, so that, should I be side tracked by Superintendent Death, my dear ones shall be provided for. Tom, old boy, you and I have put in many a day and night on the road together, but I fear that I am about at the end of my "run" and that my feet will soon press the foot board for the last time."

"Well, well, Harry, we've all got to go sometime, and a railroad man should always be prepared for his final running switch. But it's waxing toward our time, and I'll go in and see if we're to be bothered with orders."

"My word for it old fellow, you'll forget all about your dismissal prophecy, or presentiment, or whatever you may be pleased to call it, when you are shaking the dust out of the train, and once more feel the exhilarating gallop of your mettled charger."

Conductor Tom went off laughing, and Harry returned to his engine and busied himself in getting every thing in shape to leaving "on the dot."

A few minutes later the connection came in, and when Harry received the signal to pull out, the face of the big depot clock seemed wreathed in smiles as the hands exultingly pointed to the fact that for once the night express on the A. & B. R. R. was leaving "on time."

But the genius of good luck deserted them ere a run of fifty miles had been made. At Hamlet a freight engine off the track at the switch detained them half an hour, and that necessitated fast running to make the meeting point at Hicksville for the fast line.

At Auburn fifteen minutes were lost in "sawing" by freights; and when, in starting from Conway's the link between the engine and express car broke, Engineer Harry begged his fireman to go somewhere out of hearing, and use strong words for two.

Through the inadvertance of the brakeman not a link was to be found on the train, and while search was being made for one, much valuable time was lost, certain passengers who were chronic grumblers at any cause of delay, held quite an indignation meeting little thinking that to this very circumstance they would, through Providence, owe their lives.

At last a cracked link that had been thrown aside as worthless was found, the engine was coupled on, a careful start made, and a few minutes later they were thundering through Conway tunnel.

From the black mouth at the other end to the point known as the Black Ravine was just one quarter of a mile. On this section more accidents had occurred than on all the rest of the road. This was attributed to various causes by the men; but strange enough none of them ever advanced the true cause—that of fast running.

Your true railroad man delights in the "time" he can make, and is never so pleased as when dashing along at full speed. But there was a cogent reason for fast running at this point. Just beyond the Black Ravine was a very heavy grade, and to obviate the danger of "sticking" on it the engineers invariably "dropped her down" a few notches as they emerged from the tunnel, and opened out for a run at the hill, and by the time the ravine was reached those on the train were having a lively ride.

Conductor Tom's train dashed out of the tunnel on the night in question, and the engineer, as he pulled the throttle, anxiously strove to pierce the gloom beyond the range of the headlight, as his presentiment came to him in full force, and visions of obstructions on the track, or a broken rail flitting through his brain.

Louder and louder sounded the roar of the train. It rushed from the cut, it echoed over the valley among the wooded hills, rolled like muttering thunder around the crags and peaks.

Suddenly there burst forth one despairing shriek from the engine, then came a horrible crash, a rush of steam, a thundering roar, and down the steep over the cruel jagged rocks into the dreaded Black Ravine plunged the engine.

On the track above there was a rending of wood and grinding of iron as the engine disappeared, and passengers were hurled through the coaches and promiscuously heaped with stoves, seats and baggage as the train came to a standstill.

The conductor, who was unhurt, hurriedly made an examination of his train and discovered to his infinite relief that but one passenger had been seriously injured although many were suffering from severe cuts and bruises.

"Quick, boys, with your lights!" exclaimed Tom, "and we'll see how it fares with poor Harry and his fireman. Ah, no poor fellow, his may be a true presentiment, sure enough."

The found the engine lying on the side, with the tank atop of her. The fireman was first discovered mangled and crushed, and as willing hands were extended to rescue the body, a deep groan was heard from under the wreck.

"It's Harry, and alive!" cried Tom.

Leaping over the debris, and disregarding the blistering iron and scalding clouds of steam, they found him, but so wedged in between the engine and tank that it was impossible to release him.

The horrible agony that he had suffered when consciousness first returned was succeeded by a numbness that was the precursor of swiftly approaching death.

"Harry, my boy," said Conductor Tom, with choked voice, I fear there is no hope. To rescue you is impossible."

"Ay, Tom, I know it," weakly replied Harry. "I feel that I have taken my last run. Do not fear for me, though, old fellow; I can stand it, and it won't be for long. But, Tom, do not tell my wife of this when you convey to her the dread news of death. Let her think, poor little woman, that I was free from suffering, and tell her with my last breath I prayed for her and the little ones."

"What threw you off, Harry?"

A broken rail, and within a car length of where poor Wymness left the track.—Isn't it strange that you and I talked of this very spot to night? How many cars went over?"

"Not one. The express car whirled around, and the others crushed into it, knocking the trucks from under several, and smashing the platforms but none left the top. And strange enough but one passenger was injured."

"Thank God for that! It was all owing to that cracked link. Had it not broken in two at Conway's or if we had found a second link after breaking the other, the whole train would have followed the engine. But Ned, my fireman, what of him?"

"Is dead poor fellow. He was killed instantly. But think of yourself, my dear boy, can we do nothing for you?"

"Nothing. I am past all feeling or desire for anything."

And the poor fellow closed his eyes and calmly awaited death.

A few minutes later he looked up and said, in a scarcely audible voice:

"You will not think that a presentiment arises from superstition in the future, Tom. How plainly one can see the hand of God in all things. Had he not prepared me for this, so that I might put my affairs to right, my dear wife and babies would have come to wam through the careless way in which I had conducted my business. Now I die content."

These were his last words. His voice had grown weak and broken, and the end was at hand. The sobs of his comrades as the shadow of death, which dimmed not the smile of peace and hope, fell on the lovely face; and then with hands tightly clasped in Tom's, and the wild wind mourning a solemn requiem, he passed away.

THE ARKANSAS "POSSUM."

HOW A CLERK SUCCEEDED IN ROBBING HIS EMPLOYER.

Detailed accounts of skillfully planned robberies awaken interest in almost every grade of society. The bloated Mr. Dingleshing and the admired Miss Quincewhang alike throw aside a literary criticism to read how Jack Whemp broke open a vault and stole $10,000. The following little robbery, if not planned as skillfully as robbery readers desire, is as much so as a—well, truthful—pencil could make it.

Old Ned Zickton is a negro grocer of this city. He stole three bales of cotton from his former master at the close of the war, disposed of them advantageously, moved to Little Rock and began business. Associated with Ned, in the capacity of clerk, was an old negro named Tony. Tony had been a faithful slave previous to the war, and when the rebellion came on, and he found himself without a master, he occupied the position of preacher for a small congregation and remained in that position until his honesty attracted the attention of old Ned, who offered him a clerkship, which Tony thankfully accepted, and became a man of merchandise, instead of an agent of Paradise.

Business prospered. Tony received $3 per week, the larger part, or, you might say, the bulk of which he laid aside with an idea to future investment and affluence. Yes, business prospered, inasmuch that old Ned was enabled to have an addition, a low shed room, built to his storehouse.

One day about two weeks ago, Tony, returning from dinner, found old Ned sitting by the fire, brooding heavily.

"Edward, why do I find you plunged in this unimoenetrable gloom?"

"Tony," Ned answered, slowly lifting his head, "I'm no literary man like you are, though I propose to be a gentleman, and am a person of some learning. I m not a common negro, and I well know you are not. We are no longer below the common grade of white folks, but are climbing toward that summit—but I'm no literary man. This is what I'm getting at; I see by the newspapers that all the employes of banks and mints are searched every time they leave their places of business, not because the men are dishonest, but for the purpose of keeping up system.

"I know that you are strictly honest, but you have to be searched every time you leave these premises. I don't believe you are dishonest, Tony, understand, but you'll have to undergo the examination. Those who prosper must be systematic."

Tony stood gazing at the fire. The fact is he had been taking little bits of money from the store, fifty and sixty cents at a time, which were so insignificant in comparison with his salary that he saw no wrong in the transaction.

Looking up quickly, he remarked: "Edward, after due reflection I have consented to undergo the infliction. For the interest I have in your store, and the hope of one day seeing you elected magistrate, and for the consideration that I may one day take brother White's place, I agree."

The transaction did not interfere with time, but allowed it to pass on as usual. before leaving the store, even for a moment, Tony was searched, and at night the search was made additionally rigid, at which time Tony was stripped of his clothes and examined. The minute and hour hands of watches and clocks kept on going round as evidence that time was passing. Old Tony came regularly to his work, bringing with him his pet 'possum. Notwithstanding the careful daily search, old Ned missed his money, in large sums, two and three dollars at a time. He suspected Tony, yet he didn't see how the old man managed it. The searching grew more rigid, and was carried to such an extent that Tony was compelled to stand on his head every time before leaving the house. Yesterday the affair came to a head.

After Tony had been searched preparatory to leaving for home, he called his 'possum, but the animal didn't come, but sat on the floor. He called her again, but the animal only made a struggle. Advancing and picking her up, he was about to leave, when old Ned asked:

"Look here; what's that about the 'possum that rattles so?"

"I suppose it's her teeth."

"Hold on there. Wait, I tell you."

Old Ned took hold of the animal, turned her over, and half a hatful of nickles piled out on the floor. Old Tony had stuffed her "pocket" full, by which means he had daily robbed his employer; and though Tony protested that the 'possum must have put the money there herself, old Ned had him arrested. This story has no moral—neither had the characters.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A NEW "EXCELSIOR."

It was about 7:30 o'clock in the evening when a youth created something of a sensation by passing through an Alpine village in a driving snow storm carrying a banner, upon which was inscribed the strange device, "Excelsior." His brow was sad, but his eye (according to all accounts he had but one eye) flashed like a falchion from its sheath, while he pushed on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but not forgetting to call loudly, "Excelsior!" At first the villagers thought he had been drinking, and a policeman was started on his track, but finding there was nothing disorderly in the boy's conduct he was permitted to go on his way unmolested. In happy homes the young fellow saw the light of household fires gleam warm and cheery, although coal was way up out of all reason, as it always is in cold weather; above, the spectral glaciers shone, and from his lips escaped a sigh that was heard all over town to this effect, "Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass," the old man said; "I've lived here for ninety years—I'm the oldest inhabitant—an' I never saw the signs more favorable for a big storm. Besides, the roarin' torrent is wide an' deep, an' if you get across you can't get back for a week, unless you go around by Rabbit hash an' cross on the bridge. Take my advice, young fellow, an' stop over night; you'll find the Washington, right over the way, the cheapest house in town. Shall I take your baggage?" The boy turned up another street, indicating that he intended to climb the hill on the west side of town.

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest your weary head upon this breast." And right here the conduct of the young man becomes inexplicable. He did not accept the maiden's invitation although she was comely, about sixteen years of age and evidently belonging to the best society. He simply said that he was in a hurry and would probably stop the next time he was in town. The maiden passed into the house, slammed the door and remarked to her mother that if she ever assisted a man in distress again she hoped she might be blessed. The young lady was quite indignant indeed.

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch! Beware the"——

"Oh, give us a rest!" screamed the boy, who was getting out of patience, and the well meaning peasant retired without completing the warning, which was no doubt something about "the awful avalanche."

At break of day, as heavenward the pious monks of St. Bernard uttered the oft repeated prayer, they were startled, nay, shocked to hear a young man shouting, "Excelsior," and cursing the country black and blue for being the roughest, coldest and most forbidding of any he had seen since he left New Jersey. "How far is it to the next village?" he asked, "for I have something here that will knock the socks off of anything in this country."—With that he passed on, still grasping in his hand of ice that banner with the strange device, while in the other he carried a little tin box labelled "Excelsior Corn and Bunion Eradicator."—*Old City Derrick.*

BLAINE TO BEGIN IT.

Little boy Blaine, come blow your horn,
To show the kind of a watch you keep,
And to scare the cattle out of the corn,
That entered when you were last asleep.

Open your throat and raise the cry,
Let loose the dogs of sectional war,
And cause the fur and the feathers to fly,
For there's naught to make and much to mar.

See! they have gathered, the stalwart clans,
All ready and eager to urge you on;
For this is the first of the party plans,
And you are to cross the Rubicon.

Stir up the animals; blister them well!
There's nothing but red-hot iron will do;
And give them fire to bite and smell,
For surely it's nothing but sport to you.

Little boy Blaine, do you never ask,
When loudly you shout and blow your horn,
If ever an end will come to your task
Of scaring the cattle out of the corn?

Say, can you figure and estimate
How long a party should hold its life,
That lives upon little but sectional hate,
That thrives and grows fat upon civil strife?

Say, can you figure and estimate
How long a party should hold its life,
That lives upon little than sectional hate,
That thrives and grows fat upon civil strife?

Little boy Blaine, take care! take care!
Be sure you are right when you blow your horn;
Be sure that the rascally cattle are there,
And don't you set fire to the fields of corn.

Wallace's Rejoinder to Blaine.

THE PLUMED KNIGHT'S SPEECH ANSWERED AT EVERY POINT.

Senator Wallace, in his reply to Mr. Blaine, held that no practical results could possibly follow the proposed investigation, and that was why he (Wallace) opposed the resolutions. He read the fourteenth amendment, and the court's decision thereupon, to show that no State can be deprived of any of its representations because of the acts of individuals. The remedy for all the grievances complained of by Mr. Blaine is in contest before the House. He then showed that only twenty Representatives were allotted to the Southern States because of the enfranchised negroes, and not thirty-five as Blaine had stated. He said it was not true that the white voter of the South wie'ded more power than the white voter of the North. "The first fallacy," he said, "in Blaine's theory is the bold assumption that the colored voters had no voice or power in the recent elections.—Who gives any one authority to say this? Is it true that the Republican party possesses an indefeasible estate in every colored voter in those States? Have they no liberty of thought or right of independent action? Are their votes not to be counted unless they vote the Republitan ticket? Such a statement is utterly unwarranted by facts, for we all know that in very many instances the colored voter is independent in action. Upon the Presidential vote of 1876 in those States, the seventeen Democratic members elected had a total of 272,805 votes and their opponents had a total of 219,610. The minority were just as much represented as they are in any Congressional district in the North. They voted and they were not voted. How unfairly the contrast is put! Iowa and Wisconsin had, in 1876, a voting population of 540,108. Of these, 296,505, representing about 1,200,000 people, were Republicans, and 243,503, representing about 1,000,000 people, were Democrats. If the negroes who voted for the Republican candidates in the Southern States named are not to be counted, the Democrats who voted for their own candidates in Iowa and Wisconsin ought not to be counted. The Democrats elected in the South represent the minority there just as much as the Republicans elected in the North represent the minority there. It ignores Democratic votes and population North, and omits the pregnant fact that the colored voters South both voted and were counted in making up results. If negroes are voters, and entitled to representation (and the Republican party has made them so), then they are as much entitled to be counted as are the minorities in any district in the Union. In every close contest since 1872 their votes have given the State of Pennsylvania to the Republicans. They hold the balance of power there, and invariably cast it against the Democrats. If the Senator from Maine will have one result, he must accept the other."

Quoting Mr. Blaine's assersion that the "seisure of power" by Democrats in the South was "wanton usurpation," Mr. Wallace continued:

"If it be 'wanton usurpation and a violent perversion of the whole theory of Republican Government,' what shall we call the wholesale disfranchisement of the Democratic masses North by the skillful manipulation of political power? Indiana, with a Democratic plurality of over 5,000 in 1876, sent to Congress 9 Republicans and but 4 Democrats; 23,120 or 115,000 population could choose a Republican to Congress, while it required 53,291 or 265,000 population to elect a Democrat. The home of the Senator—New England with six States—sends to this Congress 22 Republicans and 6 Democrats; 16,691 votes or 80,000 people can elect a Republican member of Congress there, while it requires 49,321 votes or about 250,000 people to elect a Democrat. To the Senate New England sends 10 Republican and 2 Democratic Senators. Upon the basis of the vote of 1876 it requires 36,721 votes or 185,000 people to choose a Republican Senator from New England, while 147,963 votes or 740,000 people are required to elect a Democrat. The six great Middle States—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa—contain 3,650,000 voters or about 16,000,000 of people, yet they have but twelve Senators as against an equal number in New England for 693,000 voters and about 3,300,000 people. These are the results of our political system, and there is just as much reason to find fault with it in New England as in the South. We must abide its inequalities and imperfections for the much greater good it contains. Sweeping charges of partisan comparisons can do no good and must do harm. The only important question is, have elections, North or South, been carried by fraud or violence? If they have, the incumbent holding by such a title should be ejected. The remedy is by contest under the statute. Orderly methods, sworn testimony, judicial inquiry, non-partisan judgment—these are the processes the people approve.

"The invective hurled at the seizure of power by a solid South may be fitly answered by grouping the six great Middle States I have named and examine political results there. In this Congress (and it is worse in the next) these States, upon a total vote of 1,842,212 Republicans in 1876, have 'seized' 75 Congressmen, while on a total vote of 1,804,341 the Democracy get but 46. Upon a voting majority of 37,871 the Republicans have 'seized' 29 Congressmen. If we add to these States New England, we find that 2,209,431 Republican voters get 97 Congressmen, while 2,100,268 Democratic voters get 52. In these twelve States 109,163 Republican majority enables that party to 'seize' 45 Congressmen. If we call a Democratic white voter North the equal of a Republican white or negro voter North, and as such entitled to equal political power, it appears that each 2,425 black or white Republicans North have chosen one of these 45 Republicans to Congress; or, upon the same basis of equality, each 12,000 people who are represented by these voters have 'seized' a Republican Congressman; or, if we generalize the whole, we find that in these twelve States 22,777 black and white Republican voters representing 113,886 people 'seize' a Congressman, while it requires 46,672 Democratic voters representing 233,360 people to elect one.

"Are not these denials an abridgment of the right to vote, so fully guaranteed by the fourteenth amendment, if the interpretation contended for by the Senator from Maine is correct? The negro voter was provided with a tax receipt, paid for by the man who claim to own him North and South, and the white man too poor to pay his taxes was driven from the polls. Federal authority intrenched itself on the election ground, in the room of the official whom common right and ancient custom places there. And the Democratic party polled at that election but 53,000 votes, against more than 62,000 polled in 1876. Would it be just to deprive Pennsylvania of her fair share of representation in Congress by reason of these deeds of unscrupulous political managers? The remedy for these wrongs must come through the wrath of an outraged people. It may come tardily, but it will come surely."

The Public and Pullman Palace Car.

PRACTICE BETTER THAN PREACHING—THE EXPERIENCE OF THOSE WHO HAVE USED THEM—THE VERDICT ALL ONE WAY—EVERYBODY LIKES THEM.

Read the following, and you will then be better able to appreciate the fact that the Chicago & North-Western Railway is the *leading* line between Chicago and Council Bluffs; that it can give you more value for your money than any other line; that it, in the use of these elegant hotel cars, has taken a long stride ahead, and that if you wish the very best accommodations you must buy your tickets over this road.

The following is from the pen of Mrs. Frank Leslie, the wife of Frank Leslie, of *Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, who has recently published a readable book under the title of "California; a Pleasure Trip from Gotham to the Golden Gate." It is needless to say that Mr. Leslie and his party went over the Chicago & North-Western Railway, in "the President," one of its line of hotel cars:

"On arriving at the Chicago & North-Western Railway station, we enter the famous Pullman hotel car exhibited at the Centennial Exposition. * * In the midst of the cheerful bustle and excitement we are off, and able to look about us 'in our new home. First, we are impressed with the superb and substantial furniture. * * We proceed to explore the internal resources of our kingdom. We find * * one end of the car partitioned off and fitted up as a kitchen; store room, scullery; reminding one, in their compactness and variety, of the little Parisian cuisines, where every inch of space is utilized, and where such a modicum of wood and charcoal produces such marvelous results. Our *chef*, of ebon color and proportions suggesting a liberal sampling of the good things he prepares, wears the regulation snow white apron and cap, and gives us cordial welcome and information, showing us, amongst other things, that his refrigerator and larder are boxes adroitly arranged beneath the car. The tables are laid for two each, with every thing neat and the finest glass and china. * * Our repast is Delmonican in its nature and style, consisting of soup, entrees, roast meats, and vegetables, followed by the conventional desert and the essential French coffee."

In these Hotel Cars the meals are *a la carte*—you pay for what you get, and nothing more; and this at very reasonable rates.

The managers of the Company have determined to omit nothing which will add to the convenience, safety and comfort of the traveling public who favor them with their patronage; and further, that they will not be eclipsed in this direction by any other railroad in the world. Hence these cars, constructed by the Pullman Palace Car Company especially by the Pioneer Line, are the finest ever built.

It is not exaggeration to say that no road in the world can produce the equal to these magnificent cars, and as the average traveler wants the best of everything that can be had, he must of necessity use this line in his trans-continental trip.

The charges for berths in these Hotel Cars are the same (and no higher) as are made in the more common Sleeping Car, so that the traveler using one of these palatial hotels is given much more worth for his money than he can get on any other line.

Remember! Pullman Hotel Cars are now running regularly between Chicago and Council Bluffs, on the Denver and California Express Trains of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. Westbound, they leave Chicago daily, except Sunday, (and on every third Sunday), from the Wells Street Depot, at 10.30 A. M., and arrive at Council Bluffs next morning. East bound they leave Council Bluffs at 5.30 P. M., daily except Saturday, (and on every third Saturday,) and reach Chicago the next afternoon.

Bear in mind! No other road runs Pullman Hotel Cars, Pullman Dining Cars, or any other form of Hotel Dining, or Restaurant Cars *through* between Chicago and the Missouri River. On no other road can you get all the meals you require between Chicago and Omaha without leaving the car you start in. This is the only line that has *through* eating cars of any sort.

THE BENEFITS OF ADVERTISING.—Men who do advertising for others, says a New York letter to the Troy *Times*, are the very ones who ask others to advertise themselves. The Harpers, for instance, receive large sums for advertising space in their monthly and weeklies, but they also pay out a vastly greater amount to other journals. Our leading newspapers, which are sustained by advertisements, use the columns of other newspapers to announce their own merits. This is the best proof of the value of the system. Probably Barnum has spent more money in this manner than any other man. The result is that a once obscure boarding house keeper has become worth three millions. Barnum's advice to all is "advertise," and he keeps up the system to this day in full operation. The late R. H. Macy was a bold and dashing advertiser. He began with $500, but his petty store gradually covered four lots, and he left half a million.

AN English traveler in the Alps was overwhelmed by a portion of an avalanche, a spell ago, and after digging down thirty fifty feet of snow his lifeless body was discovered.—*Ex.* It's snow under he was dead.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night.*