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 XIII. EBENSURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1879. NUMBER 1.

DRY GOODS,

FANCY GOODS,

Millinery Goods,

Ladies' Coats,

CARPETS, &C.,

NOW ON EXHIBITION!

THE LARGEST STOCK

And Cheapest

In the CITY of ALTOONA!

—AT—

C. SIMON & CO.'S
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EVERYBODY SHOULD GO TO

C. SIMON & CO'S CHEAP STORE,

1320 Eleventh Avenue,

Opposite P. 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
; 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 ;
Boys' 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 Rugs, all colors.
At 1307 ;
Boys coat to keep as warm and sing as a boy in a rag, 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 Misses' Furnishing and Fancy Goods, the largest stock and the cheapest in the city.
At Chas. Simon's.
Overalls and Working Pants you can buy for a dime easy, if you are a good shaper, 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 KESSLER'S BREWERY. Altoona, Pa.

FARM AND TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale his valuable Farm situated in Cambria township, Cambria county, known as the property of Christian Rose, containing 111 acres and allowance, 100 Acres of which are cleared, under good cultivation, in a reasonable state of cultivation, the balance well timbered with White Oak, Chestnut, Pine and Poplar timber. The improvements are a large two story Brick House, a Frame Bank Barn, 70x42; a Wood Shed, and other essential buildings. The property will be sold all together or in parts, as purchasers may desire.

ALSO, A BUSINESS AND LOT in Carrolltown, adjoining the Mt. Lawrence Hotel, now occupied by Parrotsel Sier and others. Said lot is a two story plank building, 18 feet front and 36 feet back, and is in good condition. There is also a 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 a farmer or a home in town at a great bargain.

FRANCIS A. HUCK.

Carroll Twp., Nov. 22, 1878. 2m.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Theodore Baker, of Susquehanna township, has made an assignment of his real and personal property to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said Theodore Baker are therefore notified that payment must be made to the undersigned, and those having claims against the same will present them in proper shape for settlement.

JOHN LLOYD, Assignee.

Ebensburg, Dec. 27, 1878.-6t.

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. 3 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 $10.00.
Good Tea from 50 to 80 cts. per lb.
The largest stock of Floor Oil Cloth in the county, 1 yard wide and from 2½ to 5 yds. wide and from 25 to 50 cts. per yard.
Best quality English Alcohol at 15 cts. per lb.
Nice Mess Mackerel at 5 cts. per pound.
Good cast steel Table Knives and Forks as low as $1 cts. per set.
Pins at 4 cts. per paper.
Best quality Blacksmith Vises at 15c. per lb.
Good Syrup Molasses at from 40 to 70 cts. per gallon.
Good Door Locks and Knobs complete, as low as 25 cts. each.
Good Cotton Thread at 1 cts. a spool.
Best quality 18inch Mill Saw Files at 40 cts. each.
Good Rice at 8 cts. per lb.
Best quality Sole Leather at 25 to 30 cts. per lb.
Double bitted Axes at $1.25 and upward.
Largest stock of Stoves in the county, at 12½ cts. per lb.
4 doz. hard wood carved head Clothes Pins for 25 cts.
Clark's O. N. T. Machine Cotton at 5 cts. per spool.
Good long handle cast steel Shovels for 60 cts. each.
Good pine 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 85 cts. each.
Good Coal Shovels, 7, 10, 15 and 20 cts. each.
Pearl Starch 6 cts. per lb.
have the largest stock of Queensware in town, at very low prices.
Best Baking Soda at 5 cts. per lb.
Disston's best quality D. Saw Cross Cut Saws, at $1.50.
I have the largest stock of Spices in town, very low.
Good Dust Letters as low as 5 cts. each.
Large stock of Table and Stand Oilcloths at lowest rates.
Good Flour at $4.50 per sack.
Largest stock of Glassware and Lamps in town, very low.
A No. 1 Furniture Varnish at $1.40 per gal.
Good Cheese Stands at 6 cts. a piece.
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 cash, selected and made at first mark from. No inferior or damaged nails kept in stock.
I have the best Cigars in town for the money.
Over 80 sizes of Wagon Boxes kept in stock, very low prices.
Large stock of Bar Iron and Horse Shoes at very low rates.
Good Boy Gum Overshoes at 85 cts. each.
Large stock of Tank Oil Cloth on hand, very low.
Best Linseed Oil, direct from Factory, at 90 cts. per gal.
Pepper's Best P. P. P. Rye Whiskey, 65 cts. per lb.
Dump Scoops at 10 cts. each.
Best Cream Tartar at 25 cts. per lb.
Galvanized Iron Buckets at 25 cts. each.
Good Brooms, 2 lb. to a Broom, 25 cts.
Best pure White Lead at 8½ cts. $9.50 per keg 125 lbs.
Stove Pipe, assortment of sizes from 10 cts. per joint, reduced to 8½ cts. per joint.
A large assortment of Tinware on hand, very cheap.
12 pounds Excelsior 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 15 cts. per roll.
Toilet and Washing Soaps in endless variety.
Cook Stoves from $5.00 up to $50.00.
Large assortment of Hats, Clothes and Tooth Brushes.
Heating Stoves from $10.00 up to $60.00; very cheap.
Farm Bells, 8, 6, 5 and 4 cts. per lb.
Revolvers, five and six shots, the largest stock from $1.50 up to $20.00.
Best Carbon Oil at 16 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 nobody knows cheaper, than others do, as I think it better to let the public judge that for themselves. But I make bold to say that I sell as low as they can, be sold and pay 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 to recover it or three profits on something else to make up for the loss. You will never see me do this. I sell all goods at the lowest living profit, and I promise this because I know that even certain goods at prices that will be satisfactory to both seller and buyer, and yet at prices which would benefit one and injure the other.

☞ Thanking you all for the liberal patronage bestowed upon me in the past, I hope for a continuance and increase of the same. I remain

Respectfully yours,

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Nov. 29, 1878.

DR. C. W. GLEASON'S

RESTORATIVE REMEDIES!

DR. GLEASON'S LUNG RESTORATIVE is a Positive Cure for Coughs, Colds and early stages of Consumption. Take it in time. Sample bottles, 25 Cents.

DR. GLEASON'S LIVER RESTORATIVE is a Sure Cure for Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Indigestion, &c., &c. Test it. Sample bottles, 25 Cents.

DR. GLEASON'S STOMACH RESTORATIVE CURES DYSPEPSIA.

DR. GLEASON'S GOLDEN ELIXIR, OR UNIVERSAL TONIC, an invaluable and invigorating Tonic for the Cure of DEBILITY and BROKEN DOWN CONSTITUTION.

DR. GLEASON'S SALINE APERIENT acts on the Kidneys and cleanses the system of all morbid matter. Invaluable medicine.

DR. GLEASON'S LAXATIVE WAFFERS, highly Aromatic. Cures Headache, Costiveness, Piles, &c. Sample box 25 Cents.

☞ *For Sale by all Druggists.* ☜

PREPARED BY DR. GLEASON, PHILADELPHIA.

August 2, 1878.-6m.e.o.w.

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the mercantile business having this day been dissolved by mutual consent, all persons indebted to said firm as well as to the estate of P. H. Shields, dec'd, will find it to their advantage to call and settle on or before the 1st day of February next, as all accounts then remaining unpaid will certainly be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. Meantime and until everything in the store is disposed of, all kind of goods will be sold at actual cost, in order to close out business. Now is the time therefore to secure such bargains as no other dealer can afford to give.

J. E. SHIELDS,
R. T. SHIELDS.

Loretto, Jan. 1, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County to report upon the exceptions filed to the account of James Lattimer, Guardian of O. Y. and J. F. McDermitt, and restate said account, will sit for the purpose of his appointment at the Court House in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, 3rd day of FEBRUARY, next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Jan. 10, 1879.-3t.

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.

THE STORY OF A TICKET AGENT.

"Western train's gone, ma'am," said Farmer Brown, coming into the waiting room of the little depot.

"The train I was to take?" I said, gasping.

"Yes ma'am. Too bad, but can't be helped. Harness will give out sometimes, you know," sympathizingly.

"When is the next Western-bound train due?"

"Not till six o'clock. You have five hours to wait. Be dreadful tiresome, ma'am. There's a nice family that live in t'other part of the house; s'pose I tote you in there. I know Mrs. Holly'll give you a bite to eat, and she'll be proud to let you rest on her bed. Fine woman, Mrs. Holly is; I know her. Won't you go in and see her, ma'am?"

"No, I thank you, sir, I dare say that I'll be quite comfortable here."

"Well, jess as you please. But now I must be going. Hope you'll git to your journey's end safe, ma'am. Good-by."

And Farmer Brown left the room, mounted his wagon, and soon disappeared down the dusty road.

"I had been visiting a friend who lived in a country settlement, some five or six miles from the solitary building dignified by the name of depot, and when the time came for me to return home, she placed me in the care of a neighboring farmer, who was going to a distant village, and would pass the station.

During our ride we met with an accident. Part of the harness gave way, and we were detained such a length of time that, as the reader knows, I was too late for the train.

After Farmer Brown left me, I amused myself by reading a newspaper which some one had left lying in the seat.

Finishing this, I studied the design of the wall paper, counted the panes of glass in the little window, and wondered at the tidiness of the whole apartment.

"Country depots are generally such vile, dirty places! Wonder why this is an exception? I said to myself. Then a thought struck me. "O, probably the place is kept clean by Mrs. Holly, over whose virtues Farmer Brown was so enthusiastic. Wonder if this same worthy female would give me a glass of water?" and I tapped on the door communicating with the other apartment.

"Come in!" said a cheery voice, and entering, I found myself in one of the prettiest, coziest rooms I had ever seen.

The most delicate tint of buff was on the walls, cool matting covered the floor, muslin curtains festooned and gaily hung at the windows, and here and there some pictures, brackets, books and flowers, and all the dainty belongings that make a room look so "homey" and pleasant.

And, most charming of all, there lay in a white draped cradle a rosy baby, fast asleep, with rings of golden hair over his white brow and a great red, velvety rose clasped in his dimpled hand.

Over him bent a woman of twenty-two or three—a little mite of a woman, with a bright, dark face, vividly colored, big black eyes, and wondrous dark hair wound in heavy braids about her stately head.

She rose with a bright smile when I entered.

"Excuse me; but may I trouble you for a glass of water?"

"No trouble at all, ma'am. Pray be seated. Excuse me, and she left the room.

Presently she returned, bearing a salver covered with a snowy white napkin, and containing a glass of water, a glass of creamy milk, a saucer of luscious strawberries, and a plate of yellow sponge cake, light as yellow foam.

"Pardon me," she said smiling, "if I take too great a liberty, but, you see, Farmer Brown told me of your being obliged to wait so long, and I thought you might be hungry."

"Why, how very kind you are!" I exclaimed, in pleased surprise.

"Not at all. It is a pleasure to me. If you are hot and dusty, perhaps you'd like to bathe your face. It is, just step in here, and she led the way into a little white bedroom, the very heart of cleanliness and purity.

In a little while I was a different being from the cross, dusty, hungry mortal who had sat in the hot waiting room.

I found Mrs. Holly a perfect little gem of a woman, and, after the manner of her sex, we soon became as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years. And while I was lying languidly on her comfortable sofa, and she seated in her low rocking chair, stitching away at her baby's dress, she told me the romance of her life.

"I have lived in this depot all my days," she began. "My father was agent here, and he served the company so long and so well that when he died they kindly allowed me to remain in his place, with the same wages, too. For, you see, I was seventeen, and father had long before taught me telegraph and all the other work. About a year after father's death I became acquainted with Jack—Holly—my husband;" and Mrs. Holly looked up and smiled.

"Jack was one of the best engineers on the road (and now, is too), and every one considered him an honest, likely young fellow. He thought the world of me, and we became engaged. But you know how girls are. The weakest of them can make a strong man tremble."

"A weak, white girl held all his heart strings in her small, white hand," I said.

"Yes, and I dare say I often pulled Jack's heart strings rather hard; but he was gentle and kind when I flirted with the country lads, and when I was wild and wayward he didn't demonstrate. But one day there came along a city chap, who engaged board for the summer at a farm house in the neighborhood.

"This Clarence Devarges, as he was called, was handsome, well dressed, and had that polished, indescribable air that is so fascinating to most silly girls. Jack was kind and well mannered, but he didn't have a bit of style about him, and style was what I doted on in those days; so I snubbed Jack, and smiled on Mr. Devarges when he offered me his attentions. I flirted most dreadfully with him, till even generous Jack was displeased.

"One morning, looking somewhat grave and sad, he came into the ticket office.—The last passenger train had gone, and the train was moving out. Jack's train had stopped to take on freight.

"Well, how long is this thing going to last?" said Jack.

"What thing?" I snapped out.

"Why, this affair with Devarges. I see it is going beyond a mere flirtation."

"Pray, what of it?"

"Only that I do not want my future wife's name joined with that of a—" Jack paused, then added, earnestly: "Well, I warn you against this fellow. Who knows what he is?"

"Mr. Devarges is a perfect gentleman, and that is more than I can say of some others, I said, hotly; and then some demon prompted me to add, and Mr. Holly, in regard to your future wife, I believe I do not aspire to that honor—and—and here is your ring. I drew off the little golden band, and handed it to him.

"Nell, do you mean this?" inquired Jack with his white lips.

"Yes, I do. I'm tired of your carping and criticising. This affair may as well be ended now and forever," petulantly.

"So be it, then. Good-bye," said Jack, and without another word he left the room.

"To tell the truth, I hadn't meant half I said, and every minute expected that Jack would kiss me and we'd make up. But now he was gone forever. A mist came over my eyes as I watched the first disappearing train, and I would have indulged in a good cry, but just then the 'special' came pulling up, and the president of the road came in. He was a kind old gentleman whom I had known since I was a wee girl.

"Good day, Miss Nellie. Everything prosperous, I hope. Will you do a favor for me?"

"Certainly, sir, if I can."

"Well, you see, when we were coming down I met a man who owed me some money. Paid me six hundred dollars, and I don't know what to do with it, as we are going up in the woods to see about laying out a new road. We shall be gone two days. Don't want to take the money with me—will you take charge of it while I'm gone?"

"If you'll trust me."

"Bless my soul! yes of course. Here's the money. Must hurry away. Good-morning."

"Scarcely had portly Mr. Sayre trotted away before Mr. Devarges came sauntering in.

"Got quite a sum there, haven't you, Miss Nellie?" eyeing the bills in my hand.

"Yes" I replied, laughing. "Mr. Sayre has made me his banker. Look! Six hundred dollars! How rich I should feel if it were mine."

"You deserve to have much more, and doubtless that pretty face 'll win it."

"Somehow his bold compliment failed to please, and so it was with coldness that I said, 'Take a chair, Mr. Devarges.'

"No! I thank you, Miss Nellie. I have an appointment. But will you allow me to call on you this evening?"

"Well, I scarcely think I shall be at home. You know mother and sister and Lou are away, and a little while ago I got word from grandma saying that perhaps I had better come and stay all night with her."

"It was true that I had received such word from grandma, but I had no thought of accepting it. I had hoped that Jack would come and make up, and of course I didn't care to have Mr. Devarges all at the same time.

"What will you do with your money, Miss Nell?" carelessly enquired Mr. Devarges.

"O, I shall put it right here in the drawer. No one knows about it, and it will be perfectly secure."

"Dare say! Good-morning," and with a courtly bow my admirer then left.

"All that day I busied myself at my duties, and when night came I put on the dress that Jack liked best, and very anxiously waited for his coming.

"Seven o'clock! eight o'clock! the last train had come and gone, and my duties for the day were over. I put out the light in the ticket office, and went into the sitting room, and sat and waited.

"Ten o'clock! half past ten! No use of waiting any longer—he would not come.

"I shivered with a nameless dread, and closed the door. Went to bed and cried myself to sleep."

"I had slept an hour, perhaps, and then awoke with a sudden start, feeling a great difficulty in breathing. A part of the quilt lay across my mouth, I thought. But, on reaching my hand to remove it, I found it was a handkerchief saturated with—what? chloroform!"

"A thrill of terror passed over me. Who had done this? Was there some one in the house?"

"I sat bolt upright, and just then almost screamed as a sudden sound smote on my ear. It was only the clock striking the hour of midnight. I placed my hand upon my heart to soothe its fierce throbs.

"Stepping along, carefully avoiding all obstacles, I reached the door, opened it, and advanced into the sitting room. No one was there; but some one was in the ticket office, for I saw a light and heard a voice! What did they want? The money!—O, the money left in my charge! Some body was stealing it and what should I say to Mr. Sayre? My God! I might be accused of taking it myself, and thus lose honor and position.

"Rather lose!" I said to myself, "my life—I'll defend that money until death!" and I looked around for some weapon.

"Under the stove was a large iron poker. Seizing it carefully, I started toward the office door.

"God aid me!" I said, with white lips, and then, opening the door of the office, I stole softly in. A man with his back towards me was at the other end of the room. He had forced open the drawer, taken out the money, and was looking gloatingly at the crisp green bills, when I stole behind him. I had just raised the poker to strike him, when he glanced around.

"My God, it was Clarence Devarger!

"Hang it! now I suppose I'll have to kill this! pretty—" He seized me by the throat, and, uttering a faint cry, I sank down. Just then Jack, my own dear Jack, rushed in. I heard oaths, blows, fierce struggling—then all was dark.

"For the first time in my life I fainted away.

* * * * * * *

"When I recovered, Jack's face was bending tenderly over me, and Jack's voice uttering loving words. I put my arm about his neck and cried like a weak baby."

"Aren't you hurt, Jack?"

"Not a bit, dearest. Devarges is disabled, though, with a pistol wound in his leg. 'Tisn't very severe, but will prevent his escape."

"O! Jack, how came you here?"

"Who, you see, when we parted this morning, Nell, I thought I'd never see you again; but to night, after I came home, I made up my mind to come and try and 'make up.'

"I rather thought he was a scamp, because when I was in the city yesterday, the chief of police told me that they had reason to think that a noted gambler and 'blackleg' had come up in these parts.—He gave a description, and it suited Devarges perfectly, all excepting a mustache you so admired, which was false, and fell off in our scuffle.

"Well, as I said, I saw Devarges prowling about, and I thought I would see what he was up to. He looked in the window at you, and I heard him mutter, 'The deuce take it! She is at home, after, after all! What the deuce made her say she was going to her grandmother's? Now I suppose I'll have to wait until my pretty bird's asleep.'

"So he sat down under one tree, and I sat down under another. We both saw you open the door and look out. After you had been in bed about an hour, Devarges forced open the sitting room window and crawled in. While he was in the office lighting the lamp, I also got in at the window and concealed myself in the closet, and—well, you know the rest."

"Jack," said I tearfully, "you'll forgive me for being naughty and wayward, and you'll believe me when I say that I loved you all the time, won't you?"

"Well, ma'am, Jack said he would and we've been happy ever since. And this is my story, ma'am—my only romance.

"There, the baby has woke up! See him stretch out his arms! I do believe he wants to go to you. Would you like to take him? He isn't a bit afraid of strangers."

NEVER FORGET.—A successful business man told me two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were ever afterward of great use to him, namely:

"Never forget anything," "never lose anything."

An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it; what shall I do then?

"You must not lose it!"

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to; I shall make no provision for any such occurrence; you must not lose it!"

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such provision against every contingency that he never lost anything.—He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down in his mind, fastening it there and made it say, 'He need to say:

"When a man tells me he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said, I do'no' care enough about your business to take the trouble to think of it again."

I once had an intelligent young man in my employment who deemed it sufficient for neglecting any important task to say, "I forgot it." I told him that would no answer in the case. If he was sufficiently interested, he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot it. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, was a lazy and careless habit, which he cured.

WHAT AN OLD MAN HAS NOTICED.—I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that silks, broadcloths and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that whatever is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that the prayer of the selfish man is, "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody who owes him pay to the uttermost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he might, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that all men speak well of the men's virtues when they are dead, and that tombstone are marked with the epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad are buried?

WIVES.—What the true man wants with a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortunes; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies and with sin; and he needs a woman that, when he puts his arms around her, he feels that he has something to fight for; she will help him to fight; that will put her lips to his ear any whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart inspiration. All through life, through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds, man needs a woman's love, and a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

A DUTCHMAN once met an Irishman on a lonely highway. As they met, each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing his mistake remarked with a look of disappointment, "Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, and it's naythur of us." "Yaw, dat is dru. I am another man, and you is not yourself, and we are some odderpodies," remarked the Dutchman.

THE most absent-minded man was not the man who hunted for his nipe when he had it between his teeth, nor the one who threw his hat out of the window and tried to hang his cigar on a peg; no! but the man who put his umbrella to bed and went and stood behind the door.

TOM POTTER'S SHOOTING.

They had been talking about the remarkable performance of Dr. Carver, the marksman, who shoots, with a rifle, glass balls which are sent into the air as fast as a man can throw them. Presently Abner Bying, who was sitting by, said:

"That's nothing."

"What is nothing?"

"Why, that shooting. Did you ever know Tom Potter?"

"No."

"Well, Potter was the best hand with a rifle I ever saw; beat this man Carver all hollow. I'll tell you what I've seen this man Potter do. You know, maybe, along there in the cherry season, Mrs. Potter would want to preserve some cherries; so Tom would pick 'em for her, and how do you think he'd stone 'em?"

"I don't know. How?"

"Why, he'd fill his gun with bird shot, and get a boy to drop half a bushel of cherries at one time from the roof of the house. As they came down he'd fire and take the stone clean out of the cherry in the let! It's a positive fact! He might occasionally miss one, not often. But he did bigger shooting than that whenhe wanted to."

"What did he do?"

"Why, Jim Miller—did you know him? No? Well, Tom made a bet once with Jim that he could shoot the buttons off of his own coat-tail by aiming in the opposite direction, and Jim took him up."

"Did he do it?"

"Don't he fixed himself in position, and aimed at a tree in front of him. The ball hit the tree, ricocheted, hit the corner of a house, ricocheted, struck a lamp post, ricocheted, and flew behind Tom, and nipped the button off as slick as a whistle. You bet he did it!"

"That was fine shooting."

"Yes, but I've seen Tom Potter beat it. I seen him stand under a flock of wild pigeons, billions of them coming like the wind, and kill 'em so fast that the front of the flock never passed a given line, but turned over and fell down, so that it looked like a kind of a brown and feathery Niagara.—Tom did it by having twenty three breech loading rifles and a boy to load 'em. He always shot with that kind."

"You say you saw him do this sort of shooting?"

"Yes, sir; and better than that, too. Why, I'll tell you what I've seen Tom Potter do. I saw him once set up an India rubber target at 300 feet, and hit the bull's eye twenty seven times a minute with the same ball! He would hit the target, the ball would bounce back right into the rifle barrel just as Tom had clapped in a fresh charge of powder, and so he kept her a going backward and forward, until at last he happened to move his gun, and the bullet missed the muzzle of the barrel. It was the biggest thing I ever saw; the very biggest except one."

"What was that?"

"Why, one day I was out with him when he was practising, and it came on to rain. Tom didn't want to get wet, and we had no umbrella, and what do you think he did?"

"What?"

"Now, what do you think that man did to keep dry?"

"I can't imagine."

"Well, sir, he got me to load his weapons for him, and I pledge you my word, although it began to rain hard, he hit every drop that came down, so that the ground for about eight feet around us was dry as punk. It was beautiful, sir, beautiful!"

And then the company rose up slowly and passed out one by one, each man eyeing Abner and looking solemn as he went by, and when they had gone, Abner looked queer for a moment, and said to me:

"There's nothing I hate so much as a liar. Give me a man who is the friend of the solid truth and I'll tie to him."

"SAW-LOGGING" IN NEVADA.—A chute is laid from the river's brink up the steep mountain to the railroad, and, while we are telling it, the monster logs are rushing, thundering, flying, leaping down the declivity. They come with the speed of a thunderbolt, and somewhat of a kindred. A track of fire and smoke follows them—it is struck by their friction with the chute logs. They descend the 1,700 feet of chute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop 700 feet perpendicularly. They strike the deep water of the pond with a report that can be heard a mile distant. Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have greater velocity than they have at the foot of the chute. Their average velocity is over 100 feet in a second throughout the entire distance, and at the instant they leap from the mouth their speed must be fully 200 feet per second. A sugar pine log sometimes weighs ten tons. What a missile! How the water is dashed into the air! Like a grand plume of diamonds and rainbows, the feathery spray is hurled to the height of 100 feet. It forms the grandest fountain ever beheld. How the waters of the pool foam and see be and lash against the shore! One log, having spent its force by its mad plunge into the deep waters, has floated so as to be at right angles with the path of the descending monsters. The mouth of the chute is perhaps fifteen feet above the surface of the water. A huge log hurled from the chute cleaves the air and alights on the floating log. You know how a bullet glances, but can you imagine a saw log glancing? The end strikes with a heavy shock, but glides quickly past for a short distance, then a crash like the reverberation of artillery, the falling log springs 150 feet vertically into the air, and, with a curve like a rocket falls into the pool seventy yards from the log it struck.—*Truckee (Nev.) Republican.*

DISASTROUS "IF."—John Henry used to go to see a girl down on Seventh street, but he doesn't do so any more since the hired girl gave him away. He tells his own story: "You see," he said, "she was a mighty nice girl, and I liked her more intensely than a life insurance agent talks up his business, and I called around on that fatal evening to see her but a minute or a little matter we had been talking about, and when the wooden headed hired girl came to the door, I asked for Miss Blank, and the girl said she didn't think she was exactly ready to see company, and would I wait. I told her to see the young lady and tell her I wanted to see her just a minute, and she needn't dress unless she was undressed. Away the girl went and presently I heard her sing out, "Miss Blank, Mr. John Henry is in the parlor and wants to see you a minute, and he says you needn't dress if you are undressed." That 'if' fixed me and word was sent down that Miss Blank was out at home to Mr. John Henry, and Mr. John Henry has not been back since.—*Cincinnati Times.*

SUNBEAMS.

Josh Billings says:—"You can't change a date by cussing after an edition has been worked off."

An Iowa witness admitted being drunk as a lord, but denied being drunk as a fiddler.

A New Jersey woman sleeps with her feet out of bed, so that the cold air may awaken her if a burglar opens the window.

Fresh.—"I wonder why my mustache doesn't grow under my nose as well as at the corners of my mouth?" Soph.—"Too much shade." (Office of more.)

Mother—"Charlotte, how do you like your new teacher?" Charlotte—"Oh, she's a splendid teacher. She don't care whether we know our lessons or not."

A fashion note explains that black stockings are worn by ladies in mourning. The man who sees a woman in black stockings can't help feeling glad that her friends are dead.

The way they weigh hogs in Kansas is as follows:—"They first tie the hog to one end of a rail, balance the rail on a fence with rocks tied to the other end, and then guess how much the rocks weigh.

A Chicago photographer has invented a way of making a large mouth dimple up and look strawberry-fied, and he's had to order three new cameras, and buy twenty-four more chairs.

At a wedding recently, when the clergyman asked the lady, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she, with a modesty which lent her beauty and additional grace, replied, "If you please."

A man tamed a dog that somebody sent him until the docile creature would eat off his hand. At least it ate off about three quarters of his thumb, but died of concussion of the brain before it could finish the hand.

Brooklyn is not as wicked as New York, nor as wise as Boston, nor as stupid as Philadelphia, but it gives its closet skeletons more fresh air than any other city in the world.—*Exchange.*

Josh Billings says:—"There is one thing about a hen that looks like wisdom—they don't knackle much till they have laid their eggs. Sum pholks are alwas a hungring and a cackling what they are going to do beforehand."

In speaking of a clerical friend who possesses a very ruddy countenance, some one said, the other day: "I don't think he drinks, in fact, I know he does not, for he told me so; but he probably sleeps in a bed with very red curtains."

"How much are we paying that salesman?" asked the senior of his junior partner. "Fifteen hundred dollars a year, sir," was the reply. "Ah, yes, fifteen hundred—hadn't we better, as a matter of economy, take him into the concern?"

An engineer on the Western North Carolina Railroad shouted to a crowd of rustics who had gathered to see the first train of cars come in, "Put down your umbrellas, you'll scare the engine off the track!" The umbrellas were lowered at once.

Grandmother—"You ought to be ashamed of yerself, Matilda Ann, to a sat without a tear when the good clergyman was talking that beautiful, and every one else was a weepin' so!" Matilda—"Why, how could I cry when I hadn't got a pocket 'andkerchief?"

"What do you mean, you little rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth who had seized him by the nose on the street. "Oh, nothing—only I am going out to seek my fortune, and my father told me to seize hold of the first thing that 'turned up.'"

After all, the Boston *Globe* is about the most patriotic paper published. It is the only journal employing a Centennial paragraphist, that is, a man who makes one good joke at the end of every hundred years. His first hundred years are not up yet.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The country shopkeeper said:—"Here, my friend, these balls of butter I bought of you last week all proved to be just three ounces short of a pound." And the farmer innocently answered: "Well, I don't see how that could be, for I used one of your pound bars of soap for a weight."

An old farmer in Richmond county, N. C., went to a horse tamer's exhibition the other day. When he went home he thought he would break his two-year-old colt. So he put the straps on him and threw him, but the colt fell on top and broke the old man's leg.

A North Carolina negro thought he could outrun a locomotive the other day on the Air Line road, and when he picked himself up, after being thrown twenty feet and landing on his head, he said: "Yer don't ketch dis yer chile doin' dat again. It's a right smart wonder I didn't tear dese britches clean off."

A sweet young creature who lives out on Angular street, and who is just back from Vassar, appealed with tender pathos to her grim parents the other day:—"Paw, dear paw, cahn't you give Cahlo away, and buy me a seal-bwown black and tan to match my walking-suit?" And because paw roared and guffawed and said there were no brown black-and-tans in the market, she cwied, poor girl.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Bayard Taylor says that blue-eyed women love harder than those with black eyes. The Chicago *Times* says that a black-eyed woman can love more in five minutes than a blue-eyed woman can in a year. The editor of the Winona *Advance* pats in and says:—"We have possessed the love of a hazel-eyed women for twenty-five years, and honestly believe that no black-eyed or blue-eyed woman on earth can love so for by as a hazel-eyed woman." Our girl has one black eye, one blue eye, and a hazel nose, and makes it red hot for us.—*Provo Sheet.*

For Ladies and Gentlemen,
161 Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA

them duly authenticated for settlement.

PETER A. BERTRAM, Executor.

Carroll Twp., Jan. 24, 1879.-6t.

however, of riding double with her; so I got off at the turn, and, leading my horse

reason of his being disguised as a girl that day. He had been stopping up at C——

hours of his absence. It is the worst possible economy to deprive the family of a

time for money and with very limited personal wants, he