THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞Look for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

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

VOLUME XIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1879. NUMBER 7.

Advertising Rates.

The large and rapidly increasing circulation of THE FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.50
1 " 3 months	2.50
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☞Job PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't forget it.

PRICES for THIS WEEK.

THERE NEVER WERE SUCH CHANCES AS THERE ARE NOW
FOR RICH AND POOR TO DRESS ALIKE.

THIS GRAND REDUCTION IS MADE BY US
FOR THE CLEARING SALE OF THE ENTIRE STOCK OF
CLOAKS, HATS, FURS, BLANKETS, SHAWLS, DRY GOODS, CARPETS, FANCY GOODS, &C.

CLOAKS reduced from $3.00 to $2.00.

CLOAKS reduced from	$ 3.75 to $ 2.75	CLOAKS reduced from	$15.00 to $ 9.00
CLOAKS reduced from	5.00 to 3.75	CLOAKS reduced from	20.00 to 12.75
CLOAKS reduced from	7.00 to 4.75	CLOAKS reduced from	29.00 to 15.00
CLOAKS reduced from	10.00 to 5.50	CLOAKS reduced from	30.00 to 18.00
CLOAKS reduced from	12.00 to 6.00		

FURS reduced from $3.50 to $2.50.

FURS reduced from	$3.50 to $2.50	FURS reduced from	$7.00 to $4.00
FURS reduced from	5.00 to 3.50		

Ladies' Hats and Millinery of all kinds at Prices never before known in this part of the State.

Ladies' Untrim'd Hats reduced from 35 to 25c. | Ladies' Trim'd Hats reduced from $1.00 to 75c.
Ladies' Untrim'd Hats reduced from 75 to 15c. | Ladies' Trim'd Hats reduced from 1.50 to $1.00
Ladies' Fur Hats reduced from 75 to 50c. | Ladies' Trim'd Hats reduced from 2.25 to 1.50
Ladies' Fur Hats reduced from 1.00 to 75c. | Ladies' Trim'd Hats reduced from 2.75 to 1.75
Ladies' Trimmed Hats reduced from $5.00 to $2.50.
Misses' Trim'd Hats reduced from $1.25 to 75c. | Misses' Untrim'd Hats reduced from 50 to 25c.
Misses' Trim'd Hats reduced from 75 to 50c. | Misses' Untrim'd Hats reduced from 35 to 20c.
Children's Untrimmed Hats reduced from 25 to 10c.
Flannels reduced from 10 to 7c. | Flannels reduced from 25 to 15c.
Flannels reduced from 12 to 8c. | Flannels reduced from 30 to 20c.
Flannels reduced from 25 to 25c.
Blankets reduced from $4.00 to 25c. per pair. | Blankets reduced from $2.50 to $1.75 per pair.
Blankets reduced from 1.50 to $2.00 " " | Blankets reduced from 6.00 to 4.00 " "
Calicoes reduced from 6 to 4c. per yard.
Carpets reduced from 10 to 7c. per yard. | Carpets reduced from 40 to 25c. per yard.
Brussels Carpets reduced from $1.25 to 75c. per yard.
200 yard spool Machine Thread, 5c.; Hand Thread, 3c.; 144 Buttons, 3c.; 280 Pins, 2c.

☞Wishing all a happy New Year, and thanking one many friends for their liberal patronage in the past, we hope to merit a continuance of their favors by furnishing GOOD GOODS at such low prices that no one can compete with us.

C. SIMON & CO.,
ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.

Great Reduction in Clothing, &c.

OVERCOATS reduced from	$ 5.00 to $ 3.65
OVERCOATS reduced from	7.50 to 5.75
OVERCOATS reduced from	9.75 to 7.50
OVERCOATS reduced from	12.25 to 10.00
Men's DRESS SUITS reduced from	6.50 to 5.00
Men's DRESS SUITS reduced from	8.75 to 6.00
Men's BUSINESS SUITS reduced from	10.50 to 8.00
Men's fine DIAGONAL SUITS reduced from	15.00 to 12.00
Men's WORSTED SUITS reduced from	18.00 to 15.00

HATS and CAPS reduced to one-half the former price.
PURE NINSHING GOODS reduced to 25c. and up.
LADIES' COATS reduced to half price.
We will sacrifice BLANKETS at and below cost.
TRUNKS, SATCHELS and VALISES from 50 cents up.

In fact, even on a small bill of goods purchased from me at any time between now and Spring, people living on the mountain can make a day's wages and save enough besides to pay their fare to and from Altoona.

A Large Stock of Millinery Goods, Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, &c., at GREAT BARGAINS.

FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS! AT HALF PRICE TO CLOSE OUT.
REMEMBER THE NAME AND THE PLACE:
CHAS. SIMON'S, 1307 11th Ave., Opposite Kesler's Drug Store, Altoona, Pa.

N. B.—A few HEAVY COATS still left at $5.00; a few DRESS COATS at $1.60; a few BOYS' PANTS at 15 cents, and the best and cheapest CARPETS in Altoona.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,
ALWAYS HAVE THE
LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, MILINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
TO BE FOUND IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.
☞Don't Forget the Street and Numbers.

Real Estate for Sale.

THE panic compels me to sell the following real estate far below its value. Good title guaranteed in all cases.

1. HALF LOT of GROUND and BUILDING in Ebensburg, now occupied as the "FREEMAN" printing office.

2. THE GILLIN FARM in Blacklick township, containing over 100 ACRES, about 50 Acres of which are cleared, with a good Stone House, Bank Barn and an excellent Orchard of choice fruit on the premises.

3. SIXTY ACRES OF LAND in Montgomery township, Indiana county, nearly all cleared. There is an excellent Frame Dwelling, a new Bank Barn and a fine Orchard on the premises.

4. A TRACT OF 441 ACRES OF LAND within a mile of the Pa. R. R., in Portage township, Cambria county, of which are cleared, the balance is well timbered and abounding in valuable coal.

5. A TRACT OF 400 ACRES situated three miles west of Ebensburg; mostly unimproved. Will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers.

6. A FARM containing 125 ACRES, situated in Barr township, 75 Acres cleared, having thereon a Frame House, Bank Barn and an excellent Orchard. ☞This is a very desirable farm in every respect.

7. A LOT OF GROUND in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, fronting on Julian street, with a two story Frame House and a good Stable now erected. Now in the occupancy of Geo. W. Oatman, Esq.

8. A FARM in Barr township, containing over 90 Acres and situated a short distance west of Smith's saw-mill, on which there is erected a Dwelling House and other improvements, now in the occupancy of Reuben Lloyd.

9. A HOUSE and LOT OF GROUND in West ward of Ebensburg borough, fronting on High street and extending along Mary Ann street 224 feet. The house is a large two story frame and there are also on the premises a good Stable and an assortment of outbuildings, as well as a number of choice fruit trees.

☞Terms will be made very easy to purchasers.

R. L. JOHNSTON.

Ebensburg, Dec. 27, 1878.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of HENRY J. BOLAN, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of Henry J. Bolan, late of Barr township, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

CASPER SMITH, Administrator.

Barr Twp., Feb. 14, 1879.-6t.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colville's new building, formerly occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq., Centre street.

TRIAL LIST.—Causes set down for trial in Common Pleas at the ensuing term of Court, commencing on MONDAY, March 3d, 1879:

SECOND WEEK.

Sloan	vs. Getty.
Myers & Lloyd	vs. Roberts.
Tierney	vs. Wilkinson.
People's Fire Ins. Co.	vs. Unversaght.
Bredemyer	vs. Ryan et al.
Cree	vs. Cree.
Dickey	vs. Baker.
Horner et al	vs. Parke et al.
Stewart	vs. Dunmyer.
Use of Hood, Bonbright Co.	vs. Hill.
Jones	vs. Prisch.
Cresswell	vs. Weill.
Cree	vs. Cree.
Griffith & Davis	vs. Klinemyer.
Schwartz & Gunsbach	vs. Myers.
Bradley	vs. Itel.
Hite	vs. Martin et al.
Love & Co.	vs. Benfords.
The Susquehanna School District	vs. Luther et al.
Use of Wynn	vs. Dysart et al.
Donahoe	vs. Christy et al.
Shaffer's Assignee	vs. M'Clarren et al.
Palmer	vs. Nix.
Nutter & Co.	vs. McGough.
Use of Jacobs	vs. McMullen.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 3, 1879.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John J. Trexler, of Dean township, has made an assignment of all his real and personal property to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to John J. Trexler are therefore notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them in proper shape for adjustment.

JOHN WAGNER,
Assignee of John J. Trexler.

Feb. 21, 1879.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MARY ANN CONRAD, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of Mary Ann Conrad, late of Clearfield township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them legally probated for settlement.

JOSEPH HOGUE,
Administrator.

Feb. 14, 1879.-6t.

$ A DAY to Agents canvassing for the Fireside Visitor. Terms and Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

30 Fancy Cards, Chromo, Snowflake, &c., no 2 alike, with name, 10 cts. J. Minkler & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cherily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower,
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from her maiden bower.

Cloud there is none in the bright summer sky,
Sunshine flings benisons down from on high,
Children sing loud as the train moves along,
"Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

Knell out drearily,
Measure out wearily,
Sad old bells from the steeple gray,
Priests chanting lowly,
Solemnly, slowly,
Passeth the corpse from the portal to-day.

Drops from the laden clouds heavily fall
Drippingly over the plume and the pall;
Murmur old folks as the train moves along,
"Happy the dead that the rain raineth on."

Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling, like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.

Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach,
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach;
Ringing in life from the bud in the bloom,
Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as ye pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day.
In sunshine and gladness,
Thro' clouds and thro' sadness,
Bridal and burial have both passed away.

Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife;
Tell us that death ever leadeth to life;
Life is our labor, and death is our rest,
If happy the living, the dead are the blest.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A BRAVE BOY.

I was teaching a school in a little town in a Western State several years ago, and during the winter many farmers' sons and field-boys entered, who were not able to come at other times of the year. Some of them were dull scholars, but nearly all were anxious to learn, and they did not give me near so much trouble as the few sons of wealthier parents who were also under my charge.

There was one among the sunburnt faces of these boys that always struck me as especially intelligent. It belonged to Henry Chalmers, a lad of fourteen.

He worked for a neighboring farmer nine months in the year, in order to attend school during the remaining three; but it was evident he had other sources of instruction besides those given in the school, for he often came to me with questions which showed knowledge beyond what I could expect from one no further advanced in his studies.

Most of the scholars were younger than Henry, or else about his age, but there were four or five boys and several girls who were older. There was one boy of nineteen, a slow and stupid, but good-hearted fellow, and another of sixteen, George Cassell, whom I never quite liked. If he was not selfish and unprincipled, he was at least very silly.

He always wore exceedingly flashy neckties; he cocked his hat on one side, and displayed a cheap ring, of which he was evidently very proud, on his stubby little finger.

Moreover, he carried a cane wherever he went, even to and from school, which seems to me very foolish and conceited for a boy with sound legs to do under any circumstances, but especially so in his case.

However, that cane proved itself of utmost service to me and to the scholars, if it was not of service to Cassell, and met its end in a very extraordinary manner.

It was one of the last days of the spring term, and I was just ready to hear the first recitation, when a little girl burst into the school-room all out of breath with crying and running, and exclaimed, as soon as she passed the door, "O Miss Franklin, there's a mad dog right out in the road!"

The scholars all laughed. Mad dogs are a favorite terror with little girls.

"Maggie," said I, "come here;" and I took off her hat and cloak. "How do you know the dog is mad?"

"Why, he was running down the road as fast as could be, and he looked awful mad, and Mr. Atkins says he is mad, and—oh, did you hear that?"

It was the loud report of a gun directly in front of the school house, followed by a chorus of "Oh's" from the scholars, and some shrill screams outside.

Then another little girl ran along the walk near the side windows, screaming with all her might, and opening the rear door of the building, rushed, just as Maggie had done, into the room where we were all seated.

Closely following her, and at one time almost seizing her dress, came a large dog, without doubt in a rabid condition.

He had been shot at in the road, and was apparently but very slightly wounded.

If the girl had closed the door behind her, which she could easily have done, the dog could not have entered; but as it was, she let the mad creature directly into the room where we were.

The door was behind and on one side of me. As I turned and looked my heart stood still, for I beheld what I hope I may never again see,—a really mad dog, his mouth dripping, his eyes glaring, and his hair bristling.

He stopped at the doorway for an instant; then, with a growl, he started into the room.

I have heard people tell about thinking quickly in times of great danger, but for my part, I can say that on this occasion I did not think at all. Hardly knowing what I did, I seized a ruler, grasped the two little girls and drew them to me.

The dog advanced towards us, but he had not taken three steps when a boy's form suddenly interposed. It was Henry Chalmers.

He had picked up the first weapon that came within reach, which happened to be a cane standing in the corner near his seat. Although its duty when in George Cassell's hand was solely as an ornament, it was, nevertheless, apparently designed for use, for it had a thick shaft and a large knob for a head.

With this he struck the dog swift blows over the back, and the animal instantly turned upon him with a fierce snarl.

"O Henry," I screamed, "be careful, for your life!"

He did not answer, but held the cane down to the dog's mouth. The animal grasped it in his teeth, bit it furiously, receiving as he did so a heavy kick, which sent him off his feet, Henry's motive evidently being to knock him senseless.

This manœuvre was repeated several times, until the dog refused to seize the stick, and made an attack upon his assailant's legs. Then the cane came down again with a loud crack and broke in two, or rather split, for it left a very sharp-pointed weapon in Henry's hands.

The idea of lending aid in a struggle did not seem to enter the minds of the other boys. In fact, what had occurred took place so suddenly and unexpectedly that but little chance for doing anything was afforded.

Several of the girls pushed up one of the back windows, and by their screams attracted the attention of the man who had already shot at the dog, and was now looking for him.

Meanwhile Henry was keeping the creature at bay, so that he could not get at the scholars, by continual blows and kicks. He had not yet been bitten, but his trowsers were badly torn. At length he tried a new plan.

He held out his left hand towards the dog, and as the animal started forward to seize it, he thrust the point of the broken cane into the open mouth.

The creature bit it savagely, but Henry, holding on to the advantage he had gained, continued to push further into the dog's mouth.

"Come here, Joe, quick!" he called; and one of the largest boys came up.

"Now, you kick him while I hold on here," he said, keeping tight hold of the cane, which seemed wedged into the dog's mouth.

Joe drew back his heavy farm boot, and kicked with all his might directly against the creature's side.

"Not there; no, not there!" cried Henry. "Kick him under the stomach, so as to take away his breath."

Again Joe drew off and kicked, and this time fortunately the dog was lifted off his feet and tumbled senseless against the wall.

"Open the window! open the window!" Henry called out.

Several boys sprang forward to obey, and the dog, on the point of reviving, was seized and thrown out into the yard. A moment later the report of Mr. Atkin's gun told that the poor creature's career was ended.

I took a long breath. It seemed as tho' it was the first time I had breathed since the dog entered the room. He was gone, and the only tracks left of the unfortunate creature were some stains on the floor, two windows open, a broken cane, and several scholars out of their seats.

Henry was coolly walking to his seat when I stopped him.

"Henry, are you sure you are not bitten?" I asked.

"I don't think he bit me anywhere," he answered, looking at his hands.

I examined them carefully. How glad I was that I could not find upon them a single scratch!

Involuntarily I exclaimed, "You are a noble, brave boy! I thank you with all my heart, for myself and for the school, and shall remember you as long as I live!"

He looked for an instant frankly and with a pleased expression into my face, and then, without a word, took his seat.

I thought that in the then excited state of both teacher and scholars, teaching would be an impossibility, and with a few words dismissed the school until afternoon.

The entire village was much excited by this extraordinary event, as was natural it should be. Of course, Henry was quite a hero in the town, but it seemed to me that no amount of praise went beyond what he deserved.

I wrote an account of the matter for a local journal. From that it was copied into some of the city newspapers.

I also wrote to a wealthy gentleman of my acquaintance, and told him the whole story. He replied by an invitation to Henry to come to the city and see him, enclosing a check to pay his fare.

Acting under my advice, the brave boy gave up his place on the farm and went to the city. My friend immediately gave him employment with good wages, so as to allow him to save money to pay the expense of his education. He had also time given him to continue his studies in preparation for college, where I expect he will soon go.

This is a true story.

A NEW POSTAGE STAMP.—The Post Office Department has ordered a new postage stamp to be used on letters not prepaid. Heretofore a letter being posted and wanting a stamp has been held in the office at which it was mailed. The postmaster at this office then writes to the individual addressed, saying that such a letter has been held in that office for him, the postage not having been prepaid. The new stamp which has just been ordered under the new regulation is put on the letter not prepaid and sent to the postmaster at the office of its destination, who is charged with the amount due, and to collect the same from the person addressed on the delivery of the letter. A new stamp has also been ordered to be put on the letter after it passes into the hands of the carrier, who then becomes responsible for the collection of the postage. This new stamp is intended as a check upon the carrier, who is thereby prevented from pocketing his collections. The new system acts somewhat similar to the bell punch of street car conductors.

MOLINO DEL REY.

AN OLD AND GLORIOUS STORY OF AMERICAN VALOR TOLD.

Colonel Kelley, of New Orleans, who participated in the engagement, told me, says a reporter of the Chicago *Times*, all about it three weeks ago in the St. Charles Hotel. His description was so vivid that I had no difficulty in recognizing the different positions. General Scott, as history tells, did not expect much more than "an affair" at the Casa Mata and Molino del Rey. He did not, it would appear, sufficiently estimate the importance of the position, the Molino being in reality an outwork of Chapultepec, which is the key of the capital to an army advancing from the west. During the night General Worth received information that Santa Anna, taking advantage of the over-confidence of General Scott, was pouring troops from the city into the defences of Molino del Rey and its surroundings. This fact the soldiers of the devoted division were not aware of. They, too, expected only a sharp skirmish. General Scott wished to capture the Molino in order that the molds used for casting cannon by the Mexicans might be captured and destroyed. Worth was of the opinion that it would be better to make one meal of the whole thing and assault Chapultepec at the same time. This the Commander-in-chief would not listen to and the attack was ordered with Worth's division alone. In the dusk of the morning Duncan's battery, supported by the regulars of McIntosh, opened the engagement on the right. Bang! went their first discharge, and immediately their guns were run forward toward the Casa. Bang! they went once more, the flashes lighting up the eager faces of the cannoneers and revealing for a second the sturdy ranks of the supporting infantry. Duncan's guns fired another round, and still another, advancing nearer and nearer, while the Mexican army kept ominously silent, the crash of our cannon balls through the solid masonry and the reverberation of the reports being the only sounds that disturbed the repose of the valley. This led the American officers to suppose that the Casa Mata was abandoned, and the Fifth Infantry, supported by other regulars, were ordered to charge and take it. They advanced at a run but hardly had their leaders shouted the word of command than the Mexican artillery and musketry belched redly forth along the whole line, deafening both armies for a minute. The American column seemed enveloped in fire and smoke, and the vanguard went down in whole companies. Staggered, but undismayed, our soldiers fired a return volley, and, with leveled bayonets made a rush for the moat. They were under the full sweep of the Mexican cannon, loaded with grape, and supported by the file of the infantry. Their bravest efforts were bootless and the gallant regulars were mercilessly cut down. Colonel McIntosh fell, Lieutenant Colonel Scott fell. The Major and ranking Captains fell, and out of fourteen officers who led the charge, only three were unwounded five minutes after the order to charge was given. It was an awful butchery.

Other regiments were ordered to support their comrades, but nothing human could withstand that terrible fusillade. Baffled but not demoralized, the regulars fell back slowly, disdaining to fly, although scores fell at every discharge of the Mexican batteries. Unfortunately, some of the wounded were left between the guns of the Casa, and these were ruthlessly slaughtered by the Mexicans, who were inflamed with vengeance and intoxicated by their momentary success. General Worth allowed the battle before the Casa to slacken, while the American center and left, consisting of Garland's brigade, directed a furious onslaught against El Molino Del Rey itself.

The main object of the attack, as already stated, was to capture and destroy the cannon molds in "the King's mill." Santa Anna converted the church bells into gun metal, holding that it was no sacrilege to destroy the invaders with material designed for the glorification of God alone. The Mexicans lined the parapets of the west and north walls, and maintained a deadly fire against our battalions.

The main fight was for the ponderous gateway which led to the mill, and there occurred the most appalling slaughter. Our soldiers, with matchless recklessness, directed all their efforts against that entrance. They forced backward the Mexican line still outside the Molino, fighting with desperation. In leading a forlorn hope to recover lost ground, the Mexican General, Antonio Leon, and twenty-seven of his officers were killed in a heap. The Americans were by this time excited to a pitch of madness, and slew all before them. Leon and his companions did not last them long. They fell as if blasted by lightning. On the spot which they reddened with their blood Mexico placed the memorial already spoken of. It was erected in 1856, and an inscription on two sides narrates that it was "authorized by President Comonfort, in the name of the Republic, for the honor and glory of the brave defenders of Mexico, who there sacrificed their lives in resisting the invaders of their country." The names of the fallen are engraven upon the east and west faces of the monument. The memorial is simple in design. The material is white marble, and on the summit is a finely-executed figure of Mexico weeping over the urn which contains the ashes of her brave.

The foregoing is a digression which will be pardoned, as the battle has been fought thirty-one years, and the narrator has the privilege of introducing fresh incidents into what is, in some measure, a twice told tale.

It might be tiresome, at this day, to enter into all the details of that memorable battle, in which the small American division suffered a proportionately greater loss than did the French at Waterloo. Infuriated by the murder of their wounded comrades in front of the Casa, General Garland's brigade, headed by Buchanan, McKenzie, Ayres and Armstrong, with frantic cheers and blighting volleys, while the artillery played from the slopes above them, swept the Mexican riflemen from the parapets, burst into the main gate, leaping over the bodies of friends and foes, and literally ankle deep in blood, stormed the Molino, captured and destroyed the molds, spiked the hostile guns, re-attacked the Casa Mata, which contained a magazine, routed the garrison and blew up the fort. Appalled by such unequaled valor the cavalry of General Alvarez, twenty-five hundred strong, drawn up in magnificent fields on the flank, did not dare to charge that small American force. Their object accomplished, Worth's division, obedient to the orders of General Scott, withdrew out of range of Chapultepec, counted their loss and buried their dead, all of whom they carried from the field.

As a feat at arms this battle has rarely been equaled. Less than thirty-five hundred American soldiers participated in the attack. Of these nearly one thousand were killed or wounded, including the extraordinary proportion of fifty-nine officers. They defeated notwithstanding their strong situation, ten thousand Mexicans, led by their boldest chiefs; made the field of their victory the American Balaklava. They have not died in vain, for Americans will ever cherish their achievements and seek to emulate their devotion. Honor to the brave who yield up their gallant spirits on yonder storied plain, and honor to the surviving heroes whose gray hairs are descending to the grave, crowned with the crimson glory of Molino del Rey!

SHE SEWED ON HIS BUTTONS.—Everybody who knows old Blummer knows a pretty tight-fisted man. Several days ago he said to his wife: "Maria, I want you to look over that broadcloth vest of mine and put buttons on it, 'cause I'm going to a card-party to-night, and it'll pay me to look a little sprucer than common."

"But, Ely," answered Mrs. B., "I havn't any buttons to match that vest; and—"

"Thunder!" broke in Blummer, "the idea of a woman keeping house as long as you have, an' pretending to be out of buttons. By George, I b'lieve you'll ask me for money to buy 'em with next—" And then old Blummer shook his head threateningly and departed down town, leaving Mrs. B. looking after him with a peculiar expression in her eyes.

That evening Blummer hurried through his supper and began arraying himself for the card-party. Presently he called for the broadcloth vest, and Mrs. B., with marvelous promptitude, handed it to him. He took it, hastily unfolded it, and then, as his eye took in its complete appearance, he stood as one transfixed. It was a six-button vest, and there were six buttons on it, and the dazed optics of Blummer observed that the first, or top one, was a tiny pearl shirt-button, and the next was a brass army-overcoat button, with U. S. gleaming upon it, and that number three was oxydized silver affair, and that number four was a horn button, evidently from the back of one of the Puritan Fathers' coats, and then came a suspender button, and then, as the dazzled eyes of old Blummer reached the bottom—a poker chip (found in Blummer's pocket) with two holes punched through it—he gave a snort that made the chandelier jingle. There is, after all, a fine sense of humor about Blummer, and he laughed till he cried. And there won't be any button money grudged in that household hereafter.

WHAT'S ONE BULLET TO A BASKETFUL?—An incident occurred in the battle of Franklin which I have never seen in print. The sanguinary battle was at its height, and now and then there was a soldier who would not face the music, and, holding to the idea that "distance lends enchantment," on all such occasions would exhibit his faith in the idea by taking "log-ball" for the rear. These cases were getting too numerous towards the close of the battle, and Col. B——, A. A. G. of our brigade, was sent back to the rear to intercept those seeking for safety and return them to their respective posts of duty.

Col. B—— said he hailed one fellow who was making tracks for some place of safety with all the energy of despair.

"Halt! I say, and return to your command!"

The flying son of Mars took no notice of the command.

"Halt! I say, and return to your post!"

The soldier paid no attention to him.

The Colonel now became exasperated, and yelled out:

"If you don't turn and go back to your command I will shoot you, sir!"

Without pausing in his flight the soldier yelled back at him:

"Shoot and be hanged! What's one bullet to a basketful?"

Col. B—— let him go, and after the battle told the incident as a good joke.

A BETTER HAND THAN HIS.—A man with a rusty beard that ran down to a peak, and a rusty hat that ran up to a peak, boarded a Western train the other day, took a seat near the stove and fell into a gentle slumber. In a few minutes a brakeman opened a door and shouted "Queens!" The slumbering passenger slightly shifted his position and muttered: "The pot's yours; I stand in on jacks!"

WHALES SHOW A NORTHWEST PASSAGE.—If arctic explorers have not discovered a practical northwest passage, whales have, as is shown by the fact that whales have been captured in the North Pacific having harpoons that were thrown into them on the other side of the continent. Captain Bauldry of the Helen Mar of San Francisco has taken a whale having in it a large flint harpoon, supposed to have been put in by natives of Cape Bathurst, or the regions beyond the mouth of the Mackenzie river, because the natives living to the westward of that river never use such weapons, but always bone or iron.

TELLING TRUTHS.

BY ELI PERKINS, FOR A. P. BURBANK, THE ELOCUTIONIST.

OMAHA, MASS., July 41, 1932.—While strolling around Oshkosh yesterday I was surprised to meet two very distinguished and truthful individuals. Surprised, I say, because I supposed these gentlemen were thousands of miles away. These men were Mark Twain, sometimes called the Great Truthteller of the Sierras, and P. V. Nasby, generally known as the Great International Truthteller at Large from the State of Ohio. Now, I thought Mark Twain was doing missionary work in New Jersey, and I had been informed that Mr. Nasby had gone to labor in the temperance field in Italy with Mr. Murphy. Notwithstanding my surprise at seeing them, I was glad to have a chance to sit at their feet and hear the truth defended.

After we had talked a spell Mr. Twain laid down his cigar and told us about a fast horse he once owned in Virginia City. Said he:

"Gentlemen, this horse of mine was tough bitted, and he went so fast that I had to guide him by electricity—had to have wire lines and keep a battery in the wagon all the time in order to stop him."

"Why didn't you stop him by hollering whoa?" I asked.

"Stop him by hollering whoa!" exclaimed Mr. Twain. "Why, I could not holler loud enough to make that horse hear me. He traveled so fast that no sound ever reached him from behind. He went faster than the sound, sir. Holler whoa and he'd be in the next town before the sound of your voice could reach the dash-board. 'Travel fast?' I should say he could.—Why I once started from Virginia City for Meadow Creek right in front of one of the most dreadful rain-storms we ever had on the Pacific coast. Wind and rain? Why the wind blew eighty miles an hour and the rain fell in sheets. I drove right before the storm for three hours—just on the edge of that hurricane and rain for forty miles."

"Didn't you get drenched?"

"Drenched? No, sir! What did I keep that fast horse for? Why, I tell you, I drove right in front of that rain storm. I could lean forward and let the sun shine on me, or lean backward and feel rain and catch hailstones. When the hurricane slacked up the horse slacked up, too, and when it blew faster I just said 'G—lk!' to the horse and touched the battery, and away we went. Now I don't want to lie about my horse, Mr. Perkins, and I don't ask you to believe what I say, but I tell you truthfully that when I got to Meadow Creek my linen duster was dry as powder. Not a drop of rain on the wagon seat either, the wagon box was level full of hailstones and water, or I'm a——, a——."

"Look here, gentlemen," interrupted Mr. Nasby; "speaking of the truth, did you ever hear of me striking that man in Toledo?"

We said we had not.

"Well, sir, it was this way: There was a man there—one of those worldly skeptical fellows, who questioned my veracity one day. He said he had doubts about the truthfulness of one of my cross-roads incidents. He didn't say it publicly, but privately. I'm sorry for the sake of his wife and family now that he said it at all—and sorry for the man, too, because he wasn't prepared to go. If he'd been a Christian it would have been different. I say I didn't want to strike this man, because it's a bad habit to get into—this making a human chaos out of a fellow man. But he questioned my veracity, and the earthquake came. I struck him once—just once. I remember he was putting down a carpet at the time and had his mouth full of carpet-tacks. But a man can't stop to discount carpet tacks in a man's mouth, when he questions your veracity, can he? I never do. I simply struck the blow."

"Did it hurt the man much?" I asked.

"I don't think it did. It was too sudden. The bystanders said if I was going to strike a second blow they wanted to move out of the State. Now, I don't want you to believe me, and I don't expect you will, but to tell you the honest truth, Mr. Perkins, I squashed that man right down into a door mat, and his own wife who was tacking down one edge of the carpet at the time, came right along and took him for a gutta percha rug, and actually tacked him down in front of the door. Poor woman, she never knew she was tacking down her own husband! What became of the tacks in his mouth? you ask. Well, the next day the boys pulled them out of the bottoms of his overshoes, and——"

"Gentlemen!" I interrupted, "it does me good to hear such truths. I believe every word you say, and I feel that I ought to exchange truths with you. Now, did you ever hear how I went to prayer-meeting at New London, Conn., in a rain-storm?"

They said they had not.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "one day I started for the New London prayer-meeting on horseback. When I got about half-way there, there came up a fearful storm. The wind blew a hurricane, the rain fell in torrents, the lightning gleamed through the sky, and I went and crouched down behind a large barn. But pretty soon the lightning struck the barn, knocked it into a thousand splinters, and sent my horse whirling over into a neighboring corn-patch."

"Did it kill you, Mr. Perkins?" asked Mr. Twain, the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"No, it didn't kill me," I said, "but I was a good deal discouraged."

"Well, what did you do, Mr. Perkins?"

"What did I do? Well, gentlemen, to tell the honest Connecticut truth, I went right out into the pasture, took off my coat, humped my bare back, and took eleven clips of lightning right on my bare backbone, drew the electricity all out of the sky, and then got on to my horse and rode into New London in time to lead at the evening prayer meeting."

Arise and sing! ELI PERKINS.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.

AN ACCIDENT WHICH COMPELLED A MAN TO STARVE TO DEATH.

A Philadelphia dispatch of the 26th tells the following strange story:

According to the report of a local paper a man died here on the 4th inst. under very singular circumstances. His name was Levi Wagonseller. He was thirty-eight years of age and was employed in a cotton factory at Fairmount. One evening in December last he entered a Chesnut street restaurant to get supper. When about half through the meal he suddenly felt something sharp and pointed going down his throat, causing him intense pain. For a moment he thought he had swallowed a large and jagged piece of bone, but putting his hand to his mouth instinctively on feeling the pain, he found that his false teeth were missing, and he knew that it must have been they which had gone down his throat. The teeth were three in number. They were fastened to a silver plate, and had been in his mouth for many years. Recently the hooks holding them in place had worn loose, and the artificial teeth had annoyed him by falling from his mouth several times. Plate and all had gone down his throat, and he could feel them lodged against his breast. Alarmed and suffering intensely, Wagonseller went to his home, which was in a suburb of the city (Hestonville), in Paxson street, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second. He could eat no solid food, and for two days took nothing into his stomach. On the third day he managed to force down a little bread and milk. On this day the sufferer went to the University Hospital to see Dr. Agnew, who, after examining him, seemed to have little hope of saving his life.

Wagonseller then came to Philadelphia to stop at hissister's house to receive treatment from her physician, Dr. Stewart, of 1,840 Green street.

THE MAN GROWS WORSE.

Dr. Stewart was called on to visit the patient on the fifth day after the occurrence. He advised him to take a swallow of gin as the readiest means of dislodging the teeth, which still remained in his throat. The patient followed his advice, and almost immediately felt the teeth going down. But this only led to a worse result. The teeth moved down and lodged about one inch and a half above the entrance to the stomach. Had they passed into the stomach, according to medical authority, the chief danger in the case would have been over. But lodging as they did the patient could swallow nothing, not even milk or water. It was absolutely impossible to get anything down his