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?

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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.

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FOR ONE DOLLAR

10 lbs. Granulated Sugar for One Dollar.
11 lbs. White Coffee Sugar for One Dollar.
12 lbs. nice Light Brown Sugar for One Dollar.
7 lbs. good Green Coffee for One Dollar.
9 lbs. fair Green Coffee for One Dollar.
5 lbs best Roasted Coffee in the State for One Dollar
7 lbs. good Roasted Coffee for One Dollar.
13 lbs. Carolina Rice for One Dollar.
17 lbs. new Dried Peaches for One Dollar.
21 lbs. choice Dried Apples for One Dollar.
17 lbs. new Currants for One Dollar.
11 lbs. prime Prunes for One Dollar.
10 lbs. Goshen Cheese, prime article for One Dollar.
3 lbs. Black Tea for One Dollar.
3 lbs. Green Tea for One Dollar.
12 good No. 1 Mackerel for One Dollar.
50 Portland Herring for One Dollar.
25 cakes good Washing Soap for One Dollar.
14 1-lb. cakes Family Soap for One Dollar.
9 2-lb. cans Sweet Corn for One Dollar.
9 3-lb. cans Tomatoes for One Dollar.
9 2-lb cans Green Peas for One Dollar.
9 2-lb. cans Oyster for One Dollar.
7 3-lb. cans Peaches for One Dollar.
12 balls Potash for One Dollar.
12 boxes Concentrated Lye for One Dollar.
10 good Brooms for One Dollar.
7 Wooden Buckets for One Dollar.
13 yds. heavy Unbleached Muslin for One Dollar.
13 yds. good Bleached Muslin for One Dollar.
25 yds. Calico for One Dollar.
28 spools Machine Thread for One Dollar.

FOR ONE DOLLAR

A large lot of CHILDREN'S SHOES, reduced from $1.25 and $1.50 to $1.00.
A large lot of MEN'S VESTS, of all prices and textures, reduced to $1.00.
MEN'S HEAVY BOOTS - - - - - - reduced to $2.00.

For Twenty-Five Cents.

25 Cts.
4 lbs. Dried Peaches for..25 Cents.
4 lbs. Dried Currants for..25 Cents.
4 lbs. Baking Soda for.....25 Cents.
4 lbs. Pearl Starch for.....25 Cents.
4 lbs. Rosin Soap for.....25 Cents.
3 balls Potash for.....25 Cents.
3 boxes Concl'ed Lye for..25 Cents.

For Twenty-Five Cents.

25 Cts.
11 boxes Essence Coffee for 25 Cts.
3 1-lb. papers Gloss Starch..25 Cts.
3 1-lb. papers Corn Starch..25 Cts.
12 spools Thread (hand) for..25 Cts.
6 spools Thread (machine)..25 Cts.
5 lbs. Choice Dried Apples..25 Cts.
2 No. 1 Mackerel for.....25 Cts.

The above are only a few of the many bargains we have to offer to customers, and we think that if

Good Goods and Low Prices

are any inducements to buyers, they will be convinced, after an examination of our stock and prices, that our goods are not only unexcelled, but that we cannot be undersold by any one. All we ask is a trial.

OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH.

A. A. BARKER & SON,

February 28, 1879.-tf. EBENSBURG, PA.

CHECKERED FRONT

ALWAYS AHEAD!

Extra INDUCEMENTS

—TO PERSONS WHO—

BUY FOR CASH!

Sugars.

8 lbs. fine Powdered Sugar for.....1.00
8 lbs. patent cut Loaf Sugar for.....1.00
10 lbs. Granulated Sugar for.....1.00
10 lbs. White Sugar for.....1.00
11 lbs. the best Brown Sugar for.....1.00
12 lbs. good Brown Sugar for.....1.00

Teas.

The largest, best and cheapest collection in the city.

A good English Breakfast Tea for.....50
A good Green Tea for.....50
A good Formosa Oolong for.....50
Best Formosa Oolong for.....60
Gunpowder Tea from.....75 to 90
Japan Tea from.....50 to 90
Imperial Tea.....50, 75 and 90
Fong Tie Tea, in packages.....50

Green Coffees.

8 lbs. Coffee for.....1.00
Fair Rio Coffee, per lb.....15
Good Rio Coffee, per lb.....18
Choice Rio Coffee, per lb.....20
Mocha Java Coffee, per lb.....25
Mocha Coffee, per lb.....30
Old Government Java, per lb.....33

Roasted Coffees.

Fair Rio Coffee, per lb.....18
Good Rio Coffee, per lb.....20
Choice Rio Coffee, per lb.....25
Mocha Java Coffee, per lb.....30
Old Government Java, per lb.....33

Having bought a new Patent Coffee Roaster, I now roast my own Coffees and have them all the time fresh.

Canned Goods.

10 3-lb. cans Tomatoes for.....$1.00
4 3-lb. cans Table Peaches for.....1.00
8 2-lb. cans Green Corn for.....1.00
8 2-lb. cans Green Peas for.....1.00
5 cans Pine Apples for.....1.00

Dried Fruits, &c.

6 lbs. Hominy for.....25
4 lbs. Dried Currants for.....25
4 lbs. Dried Apples for.....25
4 lbs. Dried (half) Peaches for.....25
1 lb. Cherries, pitted.....25
3 lbs. Turkey Prunes for.....25
French Prunes for.....12½, 15, 18, 20 and 25
Shakers' Dried Sweet Corn, 1c., or 3 lbs. for 25
Steam cooked desiccated White Wheat, 2-lb. package for.....25
White Clover Honey, per lb.....20

Sundries.

12 boxes Bluing for.....25
10 boxes Coffee Essence for.....25
10 plugs Smoking Tobacco for.....1.00
4 lbs. Pearl Starch for.....25
1 lb. Silver Gloss Starch for.....10
1 lb. Oswego Gloss Starch for.....16
Sugar Cured Ham, per lb.....10
Breakfast Bacon, per lb.....9
25 pieces Diamond Soap for.....1.00
25 pieces Palm Soap for.....1.00
17 pieces Telephone Soap for.....1.00
7 pieces Rosin Soap for.....25
2 pieces Dobbins' Electric Soap for.....25
7 pieces Gold Soap for.....50
7 pieces Babbitt's Soap for.....50
Kitchen Crystal Soap, 10c., or 3 pieces for..25
Mackerel, per dozen, 15c.; per barrel.....5.50
All other kind of Fish at prices equally cheap.

Molasses and Syrups.

Common Syrup, per gallon.....35 and 40
New Orleans, per gallon.....75
Choice Syrup, per gallon.....50
Silver Drips, per gallon.....60
Pure Heavy Sugar Syrup, per gallons.....75

☞ The above is only a partial list of my IMMENSE STOCK OF GROCERIES, besides which I am Agent for the famous SHEARER'S ST. LOUIS and CANTON CITY TARAGON FLOUR.

D. G. M'CULLOUGH,

March 7, 1879.-1m. 1121 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

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.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [19-14.-tf

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Ag'ts. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., Augusta, Maine.

40 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c. Agents' outfit, 10c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

"BABY'S DEAD."

Just a whisper from the skies,
In the hush of midnight dreary,
Clasped with peace the aching eyes,
Bore their little sufferer weary
Home, to rest in Heaven's sweet morrow;
While far round our footsteps spread
Depths of wild, unwavering sorrow,
Baby's dead!

Still around the brow so fair
More than earthly beauty lingers;
Gently smooth the falling hair,
Fold the tiny frozen fingers;
Twine the curls so proudly tended,
In a halo round the head;
Pride and hope alike are ended,
Baby's dead!

Lonely to the hopeless tomb
Darling child! how shall we yield thee?
From its drear corroding gloom
Love would freely die to shield thee.
Can we bear that dust should gather
Round our darling's golden head?
Spare the bitter cup, O Father,
Baby's dead!

Dead! and light is quenched in tears,
Hopes that blossomed but to wither,
Sunny dreams of after years
Lost in death's cold stream forever.
Sun and moon and stars are smitten
With despair's dark night o'erspread;
Round the universe is written,
Baby's dead!

Darling, from your slumbers deep,
Mother calls—will you not waken?
In that lone mysterious sleep,
Do you dream of hearts forsaken?
Safe where joys ne'er droop and languish,
Are you watching overhead?
Oh, the passion of the anguish,
Baby's dead!

Peace at last, may hush the strife,
Where no mists of parting sever,
We may greet thee crowned with life,
Clasp thee in our love forever.
But to-night, bereft and lonely,
Yearn we for our treasure fled,
While weird echoes answer only,
Baby's dead!

POISONED IN DESPAIR.

John Grimjohn was a bit of a wag in his way, and with fifty years' experience gained behind the counter of a large refreshment saloon, he could pretty well tell what a man meant by his looks.

He was sitting very quietly, one day, reading his daily paper, and trying to understand how it was that the Turks and the Russians were both getting the best of it, when a seedy-looking individual entered the place.

"Glass of bitters," said the stranger, heaving a deep sigh, and staring hard at John, as he took down a clear glass, and drew a foaming draught of the amber liquid, which he placed clear and sparkling before the visitor.

"Here are my last two coppers," said the stranger, with a heavy sigh, as he laid them on the counter for John to rake them into the till.

"The last two pence," said the man again, as he laid his hand upon the stem of the glass, staring hard the while at John as if he expected the two pence to be refunded.

"If I had come down to two pence," said John to himself, "I don't think I should spend it in beer. I might in tobacco, but I think it would go in bread."

He did not speak, however, but sat down, and took up his paper, and began reading again. There was no one in the place, so the stranger went on again.

"My last two pence," he said, more loudly. "When I have swallowed this beer, I shall be a beggar and an outcast."

"With a glass of beer inside him," said John, sententiously.

"Eh?"

"With a glass of beer inside him," said John, quietly.

"Yes, to be sure," said the stranger; "but the last glass—the last. The world has never given me a chance; the world rejects—scorns—does not care for me. I will poison myself—mix a deadly drug with this last glass, and be free of the world."

John re-turned his paper, gave it a punch in the middle, got it folded conveniently, and went on reading.

"I say," continued the stranger, loudly, "I will poison myself where I stand, and fall here dead, as a warning to a brutal and unfeeling world."

John went on spelling through his paper without moving a muscle.

"Here, then, is an end of my worthless self," and the stranger, very deliberately took a small packet from an envelope—a packet that looked like the white powder that goes with the blue under the name of seidlitz; and this he opened very deliberately, and emptied into the beer, where, for the most part, it lay on the froth.

John looked up, saw what he was doing, and the state of affairs—how the white power emptied out of the paper refused to mix with the beer.

"Like a spoon?" he said, getting up and handing one.

"A spoon? Yes," said the stranger, with a mocking laugh that would have been worth ten shillings a night at the Surrey Theatre.

As he spoke, he took the spoon, stirred the liquor, and threw the little piece of metal down, while John resumed his place and went on reading.

"Farewell, cold world, farewell!" said the stranger. "They may bury we where they will. I might have been great; but now—ah, now, poor, neglected one!—they may bury me in sunshine or in shadow, I care me not."

He took up the glass, drained it to the last drop, and then, standing the glass down, held on by the counter, and heaved a tremendous sigh—one which sounded like satisfaction at the goodness of the bitter beer.

As for John, he went on reading as coolly as could be, his lips moving as though he were spelling over the big words.

The man uttered a roar, and moved towards the entrance; but, unable to contain his annoyance, he turned sharply round, and came back.

"Villainous type of a cold and heartless world," he said, addressing John Grimjohn, "you have taken my last coin; and you sit there and let me poison myself, without stretching out a hand to save—without saying a word."

"Have you taken poison?"

"I have—I have!" groaned the stranger.

"Have you really? Was that poison in the paper?" said John, coolly.

"Yes; I have just swallowed a fatal dose of arsenic—one of the most dangerous of our poisons."

"Ah, I know what arsenic is," said John, coolly.

"And I have taken enough to kill six men," groaned the stranger in a hollow voice.

"Well, that was wasteful," said John, grimly. "You might have bought enough for one, and spent the balance on beer."

"Enough for six—enough for six!" said the stranger, rolling his eyes, and speaking in tragic tones,

"Good!" said John, opening a flap in the counter. "Come in here."

He caught the stranger by the collar, drew him in behind the counter, through the bar parlor, and into a kind of store behind where there was a large cupboard.

"No one saw you come in," said John, quietly, "and no one saw you take the poison."

"Only you—only you," said the man, faintly. "A doctor—a doctor!"

And he was about to fling himself into a chair; but John held him up, and thrust him into the big closet.

"Doctor, eh? Oh, yes, my boy, you shall have a doctor—half a dozen of 'em.—They'll hold a fine revel roundyour corpus."

"Wh—wh—what do you mean?" gasped the stranger, as John thrust him back, and held the door ready to clap to.

"I mean I'm glad you took arsenic," said John.

"Wh—wh—why, you unfeeling wretch?"

"Because it leaves the body so nice and limp and soft. The doctors like it so."

"What do you mean?" faltered the poisoned man.

"Mean?" said John. "Why, that the doctors will give me ten pounds for a good, healthy, strong subject like you. I say, what a splendid lecture on anatomy that will be round you about the day after to-morrow?"

"Sell me—to the doctors!" groaned the horrified man.

"Of course; but not you—your body.—You won't know anything about it, my lad; and nobody else, for no one saw you come in."

"Wretch!" roared the stranger.

But the word was cut in half by John banging to and locking the closet door.

"I say," he said, knocking at the panel. "Let me out let me out," cried the man, faintly.

"Just die as quickly as you can, there's a good fellow; and don't mind making a noise, if it eases your mind—no one can hear you."

The man began to kick and hammer at the door, and John walked up and down, smiling and rubbing his hands.—Then he turned to the bar, served a few customers, left the place in charge of a bar man, and went to where the stranger was still hammering away at the door.

"Not dead yet?" John said, with his mouth to the keyhole.

"No—no—no! Let me out," groaned the man, "or I shall die!"

"Well, I want you to die," said John, coolly.

"But it wasn't poison—only powdered chalk," groaned the prisoner. "Let me out! let me out!"

"You scoundrel!" cried John, opening the door, collaring the stranger, and shaking him.

"Do you mean to say that was only powdered chalk?"

"That was all, sir—that was all!"

"Then you've robbed me of ten pounds I should have got for your wretched carcass."

"I'll never do so no more, sir—I won't, 'pon my soul I won't."

"Soul!" cried John, shaking and kicking him, "you haven't got a soul in your wretched, despicable body, or I'd shake it out. Now," he continued; opening the side door, "be off, and try and get some honest work to do, and leave off swindling. You're one of the sort of scoundrels who put soap into your mouth to make froth, and then fall down, and humbug people with believing that you've got fits."

"Yes, sir—no, sir; pray let me go, sir," gasped the poor wretch.

And at last, John set him at liberty, sending him flying a little more readily by giving him a sharp kick with his anything but light boot.

"I saw him again a week after," said John, "and he was carrying a pair of sandwich boards. I knew that he was only trying it on, and that the poisoning was a dodge. But I dont think he'll ever try to poison himself anymore. At least," he added, after a pause, and his face puckered up with a jovial smile—"not with chalk."

HOW TO MAKE A PAPER.—Some people estimate the ability of a newspaper by the quantity of original matter. It is comparatively an easy matter for a frothy writer to pour out daily a column of words—words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be a poor and meagre concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the tact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than anything else; and that, we know, is half the battle. But as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated and understood and appreciated by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform, consistent course, its aims, manlines, its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved is enough to occupy fully the time of any man. If to this is added the general supervision of the news establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they find time to write at all.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A VERY SHORT COURTSHIP.

Dr. Graham having passed a very creditable examination before the Army Medical Board was commissioned an assistant surgeon in the United States army in 18—, and ordered to report for duty to the commanding officer at Fort M Kavett, Texas.

There were no railroads in the western country at that time and the usual way of getting to Texas was by the Mississippi river to New Orleans, and then crossing the Gulf to stage it up through the State.

Dr. Graham was very desirous of examining the western country mineralogically, so applied and received permission from the War Department to go by way of Arkansas and the Indian Territory to his post.

On his arrival at St. Louis he shipped the greater part of his baggage by way of the river, and taking only what he could carry on horseback, started on his journey.

While in St. Louis, at the Planter's Hotel, he formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who, learning where he was going, gave him a letter of introduction to his brother, who was a farmer living on his route to Arkansas.

It is not necessary for us to follow him on his road, or tell what discoveries he made in the interest of science; sufficient it is that one day, toward dusk, he reached the house of the gentleman to whom he had the letter, and dismounting, knocked at the door and presented his letter to the judge (even in those days every one was a judge in Arkansas), who would not have needed it to have accorded him an open-handed welcome; for travelers were a God-send and news was as much sought after then as now.

After a short visit, he proposed to go on to the next town, about four miles off, where he intended to put up for the night. The judge would not listen to his leaving, and was so cordial in his desire for him to stay that he would have been rude not to have done so.

The judge, after directing one of the servants to attend to his horse, invited him into the dining-room, where he was introduced to the wife and daughter of his host, and also to a substantial western supper, to which he did ample justice.

After supper they adjourned to the parlor and he entertained his new-made friends with the latest news from the outside world. The judge brewed some stiff whisky punch which Graham, so inclined, imbibed quite freely. The old couple retired and left their daughter to entertain him; and whether it was the punch, or what, at all events he made hot love to her, and finally asked her to be his wife and go to Texas with him, to which she consented. She, being very unsophisticated and innocent, took everything he said in downright earnest, and with her it was a case of "love at first sight."

But I am anticipating. During the night our friend, the doctor, woke up, and remembered what he had said, and it worried him; but he said to himself, after emptying his water pitcher:

"Never mind, I'll make it all right in the morning. I must have made a fool of myself. She's lovely, but what must she not think of me?" and rolled over and went to sleep again.

Morning came, and upon his going down to the parlor, he found the young lady alone, for which he blessed his lucky stars, and was just about to make an apology, when she said:

"I told mamma, and she said it was all right," at the same time giving him a kiss which nearly took his breath away. "Papa is going to town this morning, dear, and you ride in with him and talk it over; but he won't object, I know."

"But, my dear miss, I was very foolish, and—"

"No indeed; you were all right."

"Well, I will go to my post, and return for you, for I must go on at once."

"No; I can go with you."

"You won't have time."

"Oh, yes, I will. Papa will fix that. It would be such an expense for you to come back all the way here."

"But I have no way of taking you."

"I have thought of that; that does not make any difference. Father will give us a team."

With nearly tears in his eyes he went in to breakfast, to which at that moment both were summoned; but, alas! appetite he had none. It was not that she was not pretty and nice, but he thought what a confounded fool she must be not to see that he wanted to get out of it. But it was no use. When the judge started for town, Dr. Graham was sitting beside him. The judge saved him the trouble of broaching the subject by starting it himself:

"I always, young man, give Nell her own way; so it's all right; you need not say a word."

"But I've got to go on to-day."

The old judge turned his eyes toward him. He had an Arkansas bowie in each, and one of those double barrel shot-gun looks, as he said:

"You ain't trying to get out of it, are you?"

The doctor, taking in the situation, said, promptly, all hope being gone:

"No, sir."

"That's right, I will fix everything for you; give you that black team of mine, and a light wagon to carry your wife's things" (here the doctor shuddered) "and a thousand as a starter. You can be married to-night, and leave early in the morning. That will suit, won't it?"

"Yes, sir," answered Graham, faintly. But on the judge turning toward him, he said, "yes, sir, certainly."

"After you get fixed at your post I'll come down and pay you a visit. I have been thinking about selling out and moving to Texas for some time; it's getting crowded here, and things are a-moving as slow as 'lasses in winter-time."

Things were arranged as the old judge said. The marriage took place, and the army received an addition to its ladies in the person of the Arkansas judge's daughter, and Dr. Graham has never regretted the obduracy of his father-in-law, or the unsophisticatedness of his wife.

WINNIE'S WELCOME.

Well, Shamus, what brought ye?
It's dead, sure, I thought ye—
What's kept ye this fortnight from calling on me?
Stop there! Don't be lyin';
It's no use denyin',
I know you've been waitin' on Kitty Magee.
She's ould and she's homely;
There's girls young and comely,
Who've loved you much longer and better than she;
But 'deed I'm not carin',
I'm glad I've no share in
The love of a boy who'd love Kitty Magee.
Go 'way! I'm not cryin'!
Your charge I'm denyin';
You're wrong to attribute such weakness to me;
If tears I am showin',
I'd have ye be knowin',
They're shed out of pity for Kitty Magee.
For mane an' consated,
Wid pride overweighted,
Cold, heartless, and brutal she'll find ye to be;
When ye she'll be gettin',
She'll soon be regrettin'
She e'er changed her name from plain Kitty Magee.
What's that? Am I dhramin'?
You've only been schamin',
Just tryin' to test the affection in me?
But you're the sly divil!
There, now! Plase be civil!
Don't hug me to death, I'm not Kitty Magee.
Your kisses confuse me—
Well, I'll not refuse ye,
I know you'll be tinder and lovin' wid me.
To show my contrition
For doubts and suspicion,
I'llax for first bridesmaid Miss Kitty Magee.

FORCIBLY SEPARATED.

A COMICAL SCRAP.

Not long since, on the Boston and Providence Railroad, occurred an incident which afforded an immense amount of amusement to those who saw and heard, and which may afford a slight amount of laughing fancy to the reader. At all events, I will give it, as the conductor gave it to me:

On a certain day—a day dingy and lowery—a couple left New Bedford for Boston by railroad. They were man and wife, and married on that self-same morning. The swain had come in from an outlying district, where the dwellers were half farmers and half fishermen, and he, it would appear, had followed both callings. He was a typical Yankee, pure and unadulterated—long, lean, lank, and yellow-haired, with the verdure of green grass and hay-seed clustering and clinging about him. The wife was verdant enough, but a few years spent in one of the better families of New Bedford, as a domestic, had rubbed off a little of the awkwardness. Yes, Jonathan had come in early on that morning from his home; had taken Selintha directly to the residence of a clergyman, and there had the knot matrimonially tied; and had then taken the cars for Boston, where a brief honeymoon was to be spent with his Aunt Abagail who lived, according to his firm belief and unblushing assertion, "clos' t'r th' meet'n-house."

Well, everything was lovely, we may suppose, on the way from New Bedford to Mansfield, where we find "Mansfield Junction," so called—the point where the New Bedford Branch R. R. connects with the Boston and Providence. The acute angle of the junction points toward Boston, and directly between the two roads stands the station house, the doors of which, upon either side, open, respectively, upon the platforms of the two roads. When the train from New Bedford arrived and stopped, Conducter Lincoln's train, from Boston to Providence, had already arrived, and pulled up on the opposite side. Jonathan could look from the window of the car into the station house, and the display of fruit and cake on the counter tempted him. He asked Selintha if she would like "sunth'n kind o'goodish t'r eat," and upon receiving from her a fervant and bewitching affirmative, he hurried out and pushed his way through the throng. That side of the double counter towards the door by which he had entered was crowded by customers, while on the opposite side they were thinning out; so around to the opposite side he elbowed his way, eager and determined. He had selected four big pears, and two mince turnovers, and was counting out the pay from his greasy wallet, when his ears were greeted by—"All aboard."

"If you are going on that train, sir, you had better make haste," said the young lady in attendance.

And Jonathan threw the last big copper cent on the counter, grabbed up the provisions and started—started as he saw others starting in equal haste. That he had come in by another door, and crossed around to an opposite side of the room, did not occur to him. When he reached the platform the train stood just as he had left it. Aye,—there was his car—he knew it by its color—and he made for it, reaching the platform just as the engine puffed, and jumped, and started. He grasped the iron railing for support, and so stood until another person opened the door, when he stepped in. As he entered his seat should be about midway of the car, and on the left hand. He went thither and looked at the bonnets; but he did not find Selintha's. He must have got into the wrong car, and he pushed on, stumbling and staggering, to the car forward of that, which he found to be the smoking car. Of course his wife could not be there; so, heated and sputtering, he turned and made the best way he could back into the car he had left, where he was overtaken by the conductor, who had followed him from the smoker. The conductor of that train was George Frank Lincoln, and those who know him need not be told of his carefulness, his sympathy, nor of his all pervading love of fun.

"Well my friend, what is the trouble?" he asked, kindly, touching the bewildered man upon the shoulder.

"Eh! Ah—be yeou the conductor?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Dew? Jes' tell me whar my wife is, will ye? I'll be squashed ef I didn't leave her in this ere keer!"

Lincoln took in the situation at a glance. He knew he had not had this man on his train before arriving at Mansfield,

"Look ye, my friend—where were you and your wife bound?"

"Bound? What? Why—ter Bosting, of course."

"Well, sir, your wife is by this time, probably, safely on her way; but you, my dear sir, are going at the rate of twenty miles an hour towards Providence."

"Wh—wh—what d'yer mean?"

The conductor explained the situation so that Jonathan understood it. For a brief space the unfortunate victim gazed blankly into Lincoln's face; and then thinking, probably, that he saw great humanity there, he brought two ponderous hands down upon his shoulders.

"Oh! dear conductor! For marcy's sake! O, dew—dew!—git me back ter whar I got aout."

Frank shook his head dubiously, but before he could speak the eager swain, catching his meaning, agonizingly cried:

"O! don't shake your head! O, don't, don't! Ef ye only knew! Ef ye could only know! Silintha'n I was only married this ere very mornin'! Conductor, I arsk ye ter look et it for yerself! Oh! ef ye've got a single speck on tender marcy inside on you, ye'll get me back! Can't ye stop? Oh! what'll poor Selintha dew? Mister Conductor, I tell ye, jes' 's trew's ye're a livin' critter't this minnit, ye don't know—nobody ken know what'll be the consekenses of this ere dreadful mistake ain't fixed some way!"

As soon as Lincoln could gain the frantic man's attention he explained to him, and finally made him understand that if he would sit down and keep quiet he should be taken to Providence, and sent back to Boston, all in good time and in good condition.

"Why, my dear friend, look at it," said Frank, when he had got the man soothed into a seat, and considerably composed, "you'll be in Providence within half an hour from this time. Five minutes before two o'clock, this afternoon, you shall be started on your way back, and you will be safe and sound in Boston not far from four o'clock.—In the name of common sense and common honor, won't your wife be able to look out for herself until then? Hasn't your Selintha got sense and grit nough—"

"Sense!—Grit!" broke in Jonathan, with vehement unction. "Hez she got 'em? Hez lightnin' got ginger? Hez thunder got racket? Got grit! Jes' yeou let her alone for that."

He paused for a few moments, and while the light of relief and content broke over his embrowned corrugated visage, he went on:

"Wall, railly,—on the whole, I done but it's better as you say. Selintha 'll hev' ter take the heft uv the badgerin' afore I git thur'; an' I tell yeou, Aunt Nab's folks, daown to Besting, is the alfiredest critturs for badgerin' 't yeou ever did see. They're right daown cantakerous on it, mew you bet!"

And with a sigh and a pent-up grunt he leaned back, resigned to his fate. The conductor passed on, and the other passengers in the car laughed uproariously. They couldn't help it.

SELF ILLUMINATING WATCH FACES AND CLOCK DIALS.—M. Olivier Mathey, a Neufchatel chemist, and the manufacturer of the well known "diamantine," communicates the following information in regard to the composition of these dials, to one of our foreign exchanges:

M. Recordon, of Paris, states that two years ago he took out a patent for, and has since been manufacturing, illuminated dials on an entirely different principle from those produced by the use of chemicals. His device is this: A Geissler tube, containing a gas, which gives a brilliant light, is placed on the dial; a battery about the size of a thimble is attached as an ornament to the watch chain, and a miniature induction coil is also hidden the latter. When it becomes desirable to consult the watch in the dark, a spring is pressed, the current passes into the coil, then into the Geissler tube, and illuminates the dial. The portable battery used for this purpose is that of Trouve, which, in a small compass, has considerable strength. Reduced to the size of a thimble, it is still sufficiently strong in its action to last a year, Mons. Recordon also applies the same principle to the illumination of clock faces.—*The Watchmaker.*

Phosphorescent dials are usually made of paper, or thin card-board, enameled like visiting cards. They are covered with an adhesive varnish, or with white wax, mixed with a little turpentine, upon which is dusted, with a fine sieve, powdered sulphide of barium—a salt which retains its phosphorescence for some little time. The sulphides of strontium and calcium possess the same property, but lose it more quickly than the former. After the dial has remained in darkness some days it loses its phosphorescence, but this may be readily restored by exposure for an hour to sunlight; or, better still, by burning near the dial of a few inches of magnesium wire, which gives forth numerous chemical rays.

AN INTERESTING OREGON FAMILY.—The Portland (Oregon) *Bee* says:

We have an old pioneer in Jackson county, Mr. James Savage, of Rogue river, who has raised a family of thirteen children.—The boys, four in number, are between the ages of 14 and 23, and these four boys have manufactured, by their own unaided labor, three violins and a bass viol, all of exquisite tone and finish, and on which they execute difficult music, having been without an instructor. The instruments are made of cedar and maple, and but recently one of the boys was offered $40, which was refused, for a violin. The boys can make a rifle or a wagon, shoe a horse, mend a clock or watch, work out an algebraic problem, swing a pick in the mines, or follow a reaper with perfect success. The girls of the family, nine in number, have the same musical talent, and are not ashamed to wrestle with kitchen work, afraid to mount a bucking horse, or row their skiff across the river even when it is dangerously swollen.

"BUT I W-O-N-'T."—This is the way in which a Louisville girl disposes of a young man, according to the *Courier Journal:*

She says: "You have asked me pointedly if I can marry you, and I have answered you pointedly that I can. I can marry a man who makes love to a different girl every month. I can marry a man whose main occupation seems to be to join a gauntlet in front of churches and theatres, and comment audibly on the people who are compelled to pass through it. I can marry a man whose only means of support is an aged father. I can marry a man who boasts that any girl can be won with the help of a good tailor and an expert tongue. I can marry such a man, but I w-o-n-t!"

HEARING the murmur of the mighty ocean the river run down to sea.

A CUNNING DOG.

Dogs sometimes exhibit traits that are almost human; and we sometimes wonder whether Pythagoras was very far wrong in his theory that the souls of men at their death, and also before their creation, inhabit the bodies of animals.

Certainly, if so, the soul of a certain little black spaniel named "Nig" must originally have belonged to some greedy boy whose indulgent parents fed him upon knicknacks until he died, for never was there an animal more particular in his taste in regard to food. Many times Nig would go supperless to bed because his little master insisted upon his eating plain bread and butter instead of cake; and he was known to fast an entire day on one occasion, because his breakfast consisted of fried potatoes and beef bones rather than hot rolls, of which he was extravagantly fond.

But little boys learn to get their own way, and little dogs are quite as apt.

After a time, Nig concluded that the only sure method of obtaining what he wanted was to eat, or hide away, what was given him and then beg for more; and therefore, he would carry off the crusts which he found upon his plate, bury them at the foot of the garden and then return, and with wagging tail ask for a doughnut or a cookie, which he seldom failed to receive.

By this and other tricks the spaniel generally managed to secure such food as he best liked, and, for a long time, the shrewdness which he exhibited and the hearty laughs which he excited made his master forget how bad were the habits which he was forming. But one day Nig made too great a fuss about the supper which was placed before him, and, as a punishment, a severe order was issued:

The dog was to eat just what was left from the table and nothing more. What was good enough for the family must do for him.

That night Nig slept in happy unconsciousness of the new rule; but when morning came, and breakfast was over, its full import became known to him. For his master had eaten codfish and potato, and codfish and potato was all that was left for Master Nig.

A plate with the fishy food was prepared and placed in Nig's corner, and he was invited to partake. At first he approached with evident hunger and delight, snuffing eagerly at the offered plate; but when his nose told him what it contained his countenance and his tail both fell. He looked at his master in a reproachful manner and turned sadly away. He was called back and ordered to eat. Slowly he returned, but, instead of eating, he carefully pushed every particle of the food from the plate to the floor, crowded it close under the rim of the dish, and again retired to a chair where he seated himself, looking soberly at the plate and then at his master as though entering a remonstrance against such a breakfast.

But his master was obdurate and spoke sterndy:

"Nig, you must eat that fish and potato before you have anything else."

No sooner were the words spoken than the dog leaped from the chair, ran to the door, and disappeared.

For two entire days nothing was seen of him, and his master began to fear that the little fellow was lost, when early upon the morning of the third day Nig presented himself at the door and began to beg for his breakfast as usual.

Hoping that the dog's hunger had overcome his scruples, the fish and potato were again presented to him. He regarded it for a moment with a sorrowful air, ears and tail drooping low, and then quietly walked out of the door without tasting it.

This time he was gone nearly a week, and when, at last, he returned, his master succumbed. The obnoxious fish and potato were thrown away, and Nig fared sumptuously upon fresh beef and hot rolls.

Since that time the spaniel has eaten only such food as he prefers. Like many children he had fought the battle out and conquered.—*Wide Awake.*

A REMARKABLE CASE.—A woman named Mrs. Sarah Groff, who lives at Beartown, Lancaster county, about thirteen months ago, while taking a drink at a spring, swallowed something which she took to be a small piece of wood. Three months ago she lost her appetite and began to grow thin and pale. Doctor after doctor was tried until the number had reached eleven, but none of them succeeded in reviving her. At length her case was given up as hopeless and she was told she must die. She was now reduced to a mere skeleton weighing only forty pounds. Several days ago she went to Lancaster and there was discovered at the Leopard house by Dr. Campbell, the worm doctor of this city, who undertook to treat her for a tape worm. His method was so far successful that last Friday evening she was relieved of no less than seven crabs, two large and five small ones, the former being fully one inch and the latter at least half an inch in length. The woman has regained her appetite and bids fair to ultimately recover her health. The case has excited a great amount of interest in Lancaster.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

THERE were two of them hanging on the front gate the other night. She was standing within the yard and he on the sidewalk outside, both leaning on the top rail, and apparently as happy as two pigs in a cornfield. He was saying, "Now, my own little darling, sweet idol of my soul, whose image is ever in my heart"—when he saw the old man coming down the front walk, and continued in a different strain; "the potato bugs haven't destroyed our crops so much since we purchased Paris green and you'll find that cabbages can be raised better on a rich soil." The old gentleman heard it and turned back, saying as he entered the house: "These young people take more interest in agricultural affairs than people generally suppose."

SEASONED TIMBER is but little liable to decay under the influence of a dry atmosphere, and will resist decomposition for an indefinite period when kept totally submerged in the water. The piles of old London bridge, driven 800 years before, were found to be in good condition when the new bridge was erected in 1829, and those which served as the foundation for Trajan's bridge over the Danube, A. D.