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
" " " " If not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " " If not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " " If not p'd within year.. 2.25

☞ To persons residing outside the county 50 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, 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. "HE 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, APRIL 4, 1879. NUMBER 11.

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:

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☞ *Resolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, must be paid for as advertisements.*

JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't forget it.

ANOTHER GREAT
REDUCTION IN PRICES!
AT THE EBENSBURG
Hardware & House-Furnishing Store

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

JUST THINK OF IT!

A good No. 9 Cook Stove, trimmed complete for only $20.00.
Good Roasted Coffee at 20 cts. per lb.; best do. at 22 cts. per lb. No inferior or damaged coffee sold at this store.
Good Heating Stoves as low as $4.00.
Good Tea from 30 to 80 cts. per lb.
The largest stock of Floor Oil Cloth in the county, from 1 to 5 yds. wide and from 35 to 70 cts. per yard.
Best quality English Anvils at 15 cts. per lb.
Needles at 5 cts. per paper.
Good cast steel Table Knives and Forks as low as 50 cts. per set.
Pins at 5 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 4 cts. a spool.
Best quality 12 inch Mill Saw Files at 40 cts. each.
Good Rice at 8 cts. per lb.
Best quality Sole Leather at 28 to 30 cts. per lb.
Double-hitted Axes at $1.65 and upward.
Largest stock of Stair Oil Cloths in the county at 12½ cts. per yd.
4 doz. hard wood (turned head) Clothes Pins for 10 cts.
Clark's O. N. T. Machine Cotton at 5 cts. per spool.
Good long handle cast steel Shovels for 60 cts. each.
Good zinc Wash Boards for 25 cts.
Largest stock of Looking Glasses in town, very low.
Washing Soda at 4 cts. per lb.
Best quality four-tined Manure Forks at 65 cts. each.
Good Coal Shovels, 7, 10, 15 and 20 cts. each.
Pearl Starch 6 cts. per lb.
Have the largest stock of Queensware in town, at very low prices.
Best Baking Soda at 8 cts. per lb.
Diston's best quality 6½ foot Cross Cut Saws, at $1.50.
I have the largest stock of Spices in town, very low.
Good Door Latches as low as 7 cts. each.
Large stock of Table and Red Castors 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 Corset Steels at 6 cts. a pair.
Over 100 lengths and sizes Tire and Carriage Bolts kept in stock, very low.
Best Tobacco in the market, at 65 cts. per lb.
200 kegs Nails now in stock, $2.60 rates, selected and made of best stock iron. No inferior or scrap iron nails kept in stock.
I have the best Cigars in town for the money, over 80 sizes of Window Glass kept in stock, very low prices.
Large stock of Bar Iron and Horse Shoes always on hand, at lowest prices.
Good fine Gum Coats at 6 cts. each.
Large stock of Table Oil Cloths on hand, very low.
Best Linseed Oil, direct from Factory, at 70 cts. a gal.
Dupont's best F. F. F. Rifle Powder, 40 cts. p. lb.
Drop Shot at 5 cts. per lb.
Best Green Coffee at 22 cts. per lb.
Galvanized Coal Buckets as low as 50 cts. each.
Good Green Coffee at 20 cts. per lb.
Best pure White Lead at $2.10 to $2.30 per keg of 25 lbs.
Steve Pipe, made of the best iron, reduced to 8 cts. per lb.
A large assortment of Tinware on hand, very cheap.
12 papers Essence of Coffee for 25 cts.
Largest stock of Trunks and Valises in town, very cheap.
A large assortment of Wall Paper always on hand at lowest prices.
Paper Window Shades at 35 cts. per roll.
Toilet and Washing Soaps in endless variety.
Cook Stoves from $5.00 up to $35.00.
Large assortment of Hair, Clothes and Tooth Brushes.
Heating Stoves from $4.00 up to $35.00; very cheap.
Extra No. 1. Salt, $4.65 per barrel.
Revolvers, five and seven shots, the largest stock from $1.50 up to $10.00.
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 indeed any cheaper, than other men do, as I think it better to let the public judge that for themselves, but I do advertise to sell goods as low as they can be sold and pay one hundred cents in the dollar. Neither will I throw out a good staple article of goods over the counter at first cost, or even less, and then charge two or three profits as something else to make up for the loss. Yet it will be my endeavor to sell goods at the lowest living profit, and I promise this because I know that I can furnish goods at prices that will be beneficial to both seller and buyer, and not at prices which would benefit one and ruin the other.

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

Respectfully yours,
GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Nov. 29, 1878.

KANSAS FARMS
—AND—
FREE HOMES!

The KANSAS PACIFIC HOMESTEAD

Is published by the Land Department of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, to supply the large and increasing demand for information about KANSAS, and especially the magnificent body of lands granted by Congress in aid of the construction of its road. This grant comprises.

Five Million ACRES

OF LAND, consisting of every odd section in each township, for a distance of twenty miles on both sides of the road, or one-half of the land in a belt forty miles wide, extending to Denver City, Colorado, thus forming a continuation of the belt of country which, from the Atlantic coast westward, is found to be the ultimate, and every productive structure, the most favored.

The Kansas Pacific

Is 111 Miles the Shortest Road from Kansas City to Denver.

The favorite route of the tourist and the best line to the

San Juan Country.

A copy of THE HOMESTEAD will be mailed free to any address by applying to

S. J. GILMORE, Land Commissioner,
P. B. GROAT, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.
Salina, Kansas.
Kansas City, Mo.
March 14, 1879.-6m.

Removed to Bank Building
—Next Door to Freidhoff's New Store.

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
EBENSBURG, PA.,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

GEO. W. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Ebensburg, Cambria County, Pa.

PENSIONS, Back Pay, and Bounty, Increased Pensions, Equalized Bounty, and all Military Claims speedily collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of taxes attended to. Book Accounts, Notes, Inst-bills, Judgments, Rents, &c., collected. Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, &c., neatly written, and all legal business carefully attended to on reasonable terms. ☞ Special attention given to all kinds of business in the Orphans' Court, and the settlement of Accounts of Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Trustees, and Assignees. [2-14,'79-3m.*]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [3 21,'78.-tf.]

$7 A DAY to Agents canvassing for the Fire side Visitor. Terms and Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

ATTENTION
EVERYBODY!

We desire to inform the public in general that we have

Established a Store.

—AT—

TUNNEL HILL,

And respectfully invite attention to the fact that it embraces

Much More in Quantity and Variety

than is usually kept in stores of the kind.

It is everywhere conceded by those who have given us a call that

OUR STOCK

IS NOT EQUALLED FOR

QUALITY, VARIETY and EXTENT

by any other stock in the neighborhood, and as we shall from time to time add new features and new lines of goods—shall always buy in large quantities and allow no reduction in stock—we hope by strict adherence to GOOD GOODS, CLOSE PRICES AND SQUARE DEALING TO MAKE OUR STORE THE GREAT POPULAR

HEADQUARTERS FOR

ALL KIND OF GOODS!

More than that, we shall endeavor to make it the interest of all classes to

DEAL WITH US PERMANENTLY

by carefully catering to their wants and wishes and treating them as we ourselves would wish to be treated in all matters pertaining to business.

TO FARMERS

We would say we have an unlimited demand for all kinds of best brands of seed grain. We produce, and can offer them prices in advance of others in the business.

CASH PAID FOR GRAIN WHEN SO BARGAINED FOR

☞ We earnestly solicit the patronage of the public and pledge our best efforts to all transactions.

B. M. JOHNSTON & CO.

STORES Hollidaysburg, McKee's. Williamsburg, Tunnel Hill.

FLOURING MILL—WILLIAMSBURG, PA.

January 24, 1879.-6m.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

F. W. HAY & SON

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Adjourn'd Assignee's Sale.

BY virtue of an alias order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose at public sale on the premises, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879,

At 2 o'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit: All that certain LOT OF GROUND situated in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting 60 feet on Main street, bounded on the north by lot of Joseph Zolner, on the south by lot of Mrs. Mary Kayler, and extending back to Church street on the east, having thereon erected a two story FRAME HOUSE, with CABINET SHOP attached, a FRAME STABLE, and all the necessary outbuildings, now in the occupancy of A. J. STOLTZ.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, one-third in one year and the balance in two years thereafter. Deferred payments to bear interest and be secured by the bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

JULIUS STICH,
Assignee of ADAM J. STOLTZ.

Carrolltown, March 28, 1879.-4t.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—The undersigned would respectfully inform all who wish to fit themselves for the teacher's profession, or for any other business in life, that he will open a HIGH SCHOOL and NORMAL INSTITUTE, to commence April 15, 1879, at the public school building in Wilmore borough, and continue for a term of ten weeks. In addition to the usual studies pursued in such schools, a course in Composition, Rhetoric and the higher branches of Mathematics will be added if desired. For further information call on or address

JOHN M'CORMICK,
Feb. 28, 1879.-6t. Wilmore, Cambria Co., Pa

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.—The undersigned offers himself as a candidate for the above office, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. If nominated and elected he pledges himself to perform the duties of the office with honesty and fidelity.

P. J. SANDERS.

Allegheny Twp., March 21, 1879.-t.c.

THE PRINTER TO HIS BRIDE.

Come to my arms, you lovely "quod,"
My charming little Nell;
My bride, I'll "set" you in "bourgeois,"
Trimmed round with "nonpareil."

Your "form" is beauteous to behold,
And ruddy is your "face;"
Your "color" glows just like to one
Returning from the "chase."

O had I "space" to tell you all
The charms that, when a girl,
You did possess, and gave the "proof,"
In "agate" and in "pearl."

I could not in a "column" write,
Or "pica" or "brevier,"
The "measure" of your matchless worth,
Or "justify" you, dear.

"Long primer" it would take to do
Your picture, and not flatter;
The "copy" to my heart I'd "press,"
For lack of other "matter."

Were you arrayed in costly "dress,"
A "diamond" in your hair,
Or stripped just like a "galley" slave,
You'd be to me as fair.

And should a "minion" 'round you fawn,
On him I'd put a "head;"
And with my trusty "shooting stick,"
I'd fill him full of "lead."

Happy through life, in every "case,"
This "rule" we'd rest upon;
I'd be to you true manhood's "type,"
And you my "paragon."

CLOSE CALLS.

PEOPLE WHO CAME WITHIN AN ACE OF DEATH AND YET ESCAPED.

We propose to offer to our readers a few incidents of hair-breadth escapes, by which various human beings have been saved from death.

Colonel Gilmor, relating the story of a fight in which he figured, says, in his "Four years in the saddle:" "Turning half-round in my saddle to call my men, I received a sudden shock and felt deadly sick, and at the same time saw a man trail his gun and run off. I killed him before he had gone three steps. His ball had passed through two coats and stuck in a pack of cards in my left side pocket. They were quite new, the wrapper not even having been broken open. The suits were each distinct. The bullet passed through all, stopping at the last card, which was the ace of spades."

Such another literal illustration of the phrase "Within an ace of death" is not on record; but hair-breadth escapes are common in war. At the battle of Laon, Steffens saw a shell strike the horse of a Prussian officer. Entering near the shoulder, it caused the poor animal to make a convulsive spring and throw its rider, the fragments of the shell being projected from all sides, while the rider jumped up from the ground unhurt. During the Crimean war, Colonel Windham, dispatched to find out how matters were going in the first attack on the Redan, saw a soldier walking along the trench two or three yards ahead of him. Presently, a round-shot came flying over the parapet, and the man was hidden from sight by the dust. When it subsided the colonel was astonished to find himself beside a living man whose countenance presented a curious admixture of fright and joy, as, scratching his head, he exclaimed: "Why dash my buttons, but that was amazing nigh!"

"Ay, ay, my boy," responded the Colonel; "we'd much better be digging trenches at threepence a rod in Norfolk?" To which his fellow-countryman replied: "What! are yew tew from Norfolk?"

Amazingly nigh death, although in blissful ignorance of the fact, was the Confederate staff-officer marked down by a Northerner's rifle, and only saved by the officer commanding the platoon happening to recognize in him a client of the insurance office of which he was secretary, and striking up the leveled weapon with: "Don't shoot, we've got a policy on him!"

Dr. Brydon, the sole English survivor of the retreat from Cabul, during the late Afghanistan war, was quite aware of the narrowness of his escape, but never could understand how it came about. After a long and terrible ride, he was just congratulating himself upon having at last got clear of the enemy, when he found himself pursued by a solitary horseman. He had but a broken sword with which to defend himself, and with this he managed to intercept a cut at his head, directed with such force that it cleft through the base of his blade, leaving only the hilt, which the doctor hurled in his assailant's face; and the next moment the Afghan cut through Brydon's head-piece and the magazine he had that morning placed inside it. Unarmed, half-stunned, and hopeless, he mechanically stooped to recover his fallen rein; when to his surprise and relief, his foe turned away and galloped off, leaving the Doctor to drag himself to Jelabad.

The sword of justice is not always rightly directed, and sometimes comes near perpetrating murder. A young New Yorker named Wells went one evening to Booth's Theater. Taken with a fit of coughing, he left the theater, intending to go home; but after going some little distance, it came on snowing so fast that he retraced his steps. As he strode along, two men came rushing down the street, one of them dropping a gold watch and chain, which Wells picked up and then went after the loser, running into the arms of a policeman, who marched him off to the station to explain matters. Presently a messenger arrived in hot haste, saying the thief was wanted at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Wells was taken there, and brought face to face with a man lying on a lounge covered with blood. "Is this the man that stabbed you?" asked the officer. "It is," said the poor fellow, falling back, never to speak again. Wells was tried for the murder, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged; and hanged he would have been if a fortnight before the day fixed for the execution, a prisoner in Sing Sing had not confessed on his death-bed that he had robbed the man of his watch, then stabbed him and run off, afterwards dropping the watch as he ran.

Among the communists tried at Versailles was Jean Baptiste Pigerre, charged with commanding the firing-party who shot the hostages at La Roquette. He protested he knew nothing of the dreadful business, and was not aware that the hostages had been shot until after his arrest. His denial went for nought. He had been denounced by members of his own party; three of them on trial with him declared he was at La Roquette. M. Chevrien, a prisoner there at the time, said he saw Pigerre from his cell dressed as a National Guard, trailing a scabbard after him; his face was fixed in his memory; and Soisson, a police officer, asserted emphatically: "That's the man." Only one voice was raised in Pigerre's behalf, that of the Communist judge, Genton. "You can shoot me if you like," exclaimed he; "but Pigerre is innocent; he had nothing to do with it." The prosecutor summed up, insisting upon Pigerre's conviction with the rest; the advocates for the accused said their ineffectual say; and then came an interruption. A man named Jarraud, whom everybody agreed was implicated in the murder of the hostages, and who was supposed to have been killed by the soldiers, was brought into court. Pigerre was ordered to stand forward. "That's not the man who commanded," said Jarraud. "Oh, no; the leader of the band was Sicard." The proceedings were suspended, and that same evening Sicard was found in one of the prisons. It was evident he had not long to live; but they carried him to Versailles, to testify to Pigerre's innocence, and convince all the witnesses save the three communists that they had been misled by the extraordinary resemblance between the two men. The prosecutor at once demanded that the accusation he had formulated against Pigerre should be withdrawn; and so terminated what might have proved a fatal case of mistaken identity. Yet more singular was the escape of a young Shropshire lady from an ignominious death. Staying in Paris during the Reign of Terror, she was dragged with other unfortunate "aristocrats" before one of the tribunals. She pleaded that she was an Englishwoman, but was on the point of being hurried out to the waiting tumbril, when one of the judges asked her what province in England she was a native of. In her fright she exclaimed "Salop," a reply followed by an order to let her go; and amid cries of "Salop! Salop!" the dazed girl was hustled into the street, to run home, wondering that her head was still on her shoulders, little thinking that by uttering the word "Salop," she had effectually rebutted the notion of her being one of the hated aristocrats, thanks to "Salop" being a word then used to designate one of the most depraved of her sex. Another remarkable escape of that terrible time was that of M. de Chateaubrun, for he was not only condemned, but actually waited his turn at the guillotine, standing sixteenth in a line of twenty. The fifteenth head had fallen, when the machine got out of order, and the five had to wait until it was repaired. The crowd pressed forward to see what was going on; and as it began to grow dark M. de Chateaubrun found himself gradually thrust into the rear of the spectators; so he wisely slipped away, and meeting a man simple enough or charitable enough to take his word that a wag had tied his hands and run off with his hat, had his hands set free, and managed to reach a safe hiding-place. A few days later he put himself beyond the reach of the executioner.

Major Duncan vouches for the truth of the following tale. In 1877, the Christino General Escalera was murdered at Miranda by the mutineering regiment of Segovia. About two months later, Espartero and his army arrived at Miranda; and on the 30th of October, the whole force was paraded outside the town, the regiment of Segovia being flanked by artillery and other regiments. Accompanied by his staff, Espartero rode up to it, and told the men he had come to ask for his old friend and commander, their chief Escalera. "Where is he?" he cried. Then pointing to the dead commander's resting-place, went on:

"He is there, foully murdered, and I call upon all of you who are true soldiers to give up the name of his assassin." Twice he made the appeal, and silence was the answer. Espartero then ordered the regiment to be numbered off from the right, and every twentieth man to be brought to the front and be prepared for immediate execution. At this a sergeant stepped forward and named ten men as the actual murderers of Escalera. These were marched off and placed in a line with their backs to a broken wall, one only protesting his innocence as he was dragged to the end of the line. Before the fatal volley was fired he darted nimbly round the corner of the wall and ran along the front of the troops; but was recaptured, and taken back to his allotted place. A voice from the rank, cried out that they had the wrong man, the real criminal being a soldier of the same name in hospital at Burgos. Espartero ordered the man to be removed, while the rest received their deserts. Upon inquiry being made at Burgos, the guilty one was found there, taken from the hospital and shot, his namesake of course being set free.

A snake once prevented a thief committing something worse than theft. A woman of Oude and her daughter once alighted at the station at Hurdui, and hired a conveyance to take them to their village. When they had gone half-a-dozen miles on their way, the driver pulled up in a lonely spot, demanded their jewelry, and upon their demurring, tied the pair to the vehicle and seized the trinkets. Then bethinking himself that dead women could tell no tales, the ruffian drew out his knife; but slipping from his grasp, it fell into a ditch. He plunged his hand in the water to recover the knife; and as he clutched it, a black snake fixed its fangs in the would-be murderer's hand. He succumbed to the poison, and in ten minutes was past hurting anybody. The women were discovered by some villagers and released; but the corpse of the driver was left alone until the police, coming on the scene, removed the body to the police station.

On the 14th of October, 1877, Miss Lizzie Wise made her twentieth balloon ascent at St. Louis. She had no companion, and soon after starting found it advisable to throw out ballast. The balloon shot up a half a mile, but only to descend as quickly again: and the aeronaut determined to make a dart for earth. "Now," says she, "came the most trying of all my balloon experiences. I could not see a thing on earth, and the balloon made fearful plunges through the woods, crashing and cracking the limbs of the trees as it went along. All of a sudden I was up several feet above the tree-tops, but only to plunge down more suddenly between the tall trees, when the balloon became hedged in, and I partly made up my mind to have a night's lodging there. In another moment I heard voices, and called out for help, to which came the pleasant response: "Where are you?" I cried: "up here in the tree-top; help me down please!" Mr. Sheva asked how he should do it; and I threw him a rope, and he pulled and pulled, but could not get the balloon low enough. My car was now partly bottom up, when he bade me slide down into his arms. He was big and strong. I slid down head foremost into his arms, and thus reached the ground unhurt.

Astonished as the deliverer of the distressed damsel must have been at coming upon a lady up a tree, his surprise was not greater than that of the wheel-examiner at Rugby when he saw a man's leg from under one of the carriages of an express train, and found that it belonged to a sailor coiled round the breakrod, who had adopted that risky mode of traveling for want of the wherewithal to pay his fare; and was quite uninjured, after a journey to Euston, a distance of eighty-two miles, accomplished in a couple of hours; although when the engine while at full speed took in water from the between-rail tank, there were only six inches between him and the trough—a striking example of the foolhardiness of Jack. Not but that railway servants are just as reckless as sailors, putting their limbs and lives in jeopardy without the slightest necessity, and so swelling the tale of railway disaster; for they are not always so lucky as the Ettingshall signalman who, attempting to cross the line in front of the "Flying Scotchman," was caught by the buffer of the engine and sent whirling over the embankmen nearly twenty yards deep—to come down on his feet unharmed.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A HERO FACING DEATH.

Mrs. Phebe Yates Pember, who was a nurse in the Confederate army during the late war, is writing a series of recollections. The following is one of them:

Private Fisher had remained through all his trials stout, fresh and hearty, interesting in appearance and so gentle-mannered and uncomplaining that we all loved him. Supported on his crutches he had walked up and down his ward for the first time since he was wounded, and seemed almost restored. That same night he turned over and uttered an exclamation of pain.

Following the nurse to his bed, and turning down the covering, a small jet of blood spurted up. The sharp edge of the splintered bone must have severed an artery. I instantly put my finger on the little orifice and awaited the surgeon. He soon came—took a long look and shook his head. The explanation was easy; the artery was imbedded in the fleshy part of the thigh and could not be taken up. No earthly power could save him.

There was no object in detaining Dr. M———. He required his time and his strength, and long I sat by the boy, unconscious himself that any serious trouble was apprehended. The hardest trial of my duty was laid upon me; the necessity of telling a man in the prime of life and fullness of strength that there was no hope for him.

It was done at last, and the verdict received patiently and courageously, some directions given by which his mother would be informed of his death, and then he turned his questioning eyes upon my face.

"How long can I live?"

"Only as long as I keep my finger upon this artery." A paused ensued. God alone knew what thoughts hurried through that heart and brain, called so unexpectedly from all earthly hopes and ties. He broke the silence at last:

"You can let go"—

But I could not. Not if my own life had trembled in the balance. Hot tears rushed to my eyes, a surging sound to my ears, and a deathly coldness to my lips. The pang of obeying him was spared me, and for the first and last time during the trials that surrounded me for four years I fainted away.

THE OLD CHALK PIT.

A TALE OF SOUTH DOWN.

South Down, though charmingly situated in one of the eastern counties of England, is not a place of general resort.

Here and there a cottage or two may be found, making a pleasing variety in a landscape rich in nature's loveliness; but as our narrative has only to do with that part of South Down in the immediate vicinity of the chalk pits, we will briefly introduce the reader to Adam Rawley and his wife, an old couple occupying one of the little dwellings near to this locality.

Adam spent most of his days in carting away mud and rubbish from the roadside, and at other times he would work in pits, earning enough to keep himself and wife in comfortable circumstances.

These old people lived on from day to day, from season to season, without change in their mode of life. They were quiet and orderly, causing neither trouble nor annoyance to their neighbors; but for all this they were no favorites.

The fact is, Deborah Rawley and her husband lived only to please themselves.

Possessed of every comfort—for, besides the bread-winner's earnings, they had a little income of eight shillings a week coming in regularly—and, engrossed in their own concerns, they never troubled themselves about being neighborly; thus much of the sunshine of life was unknown to them through the unapproachableness of their own characters.

They were certainly a striking contrast to the rest of the inhabitants of Lime Cottage, as the collection of little dwellings was called—among whom there was a feeling of friendliness, and many helpful deeds made life's day brighter to many of them.

But the Rawleys were strangers to acts of kindness, and so long as no misfortune happened to themselves they never thought of relieving the ills of other folks.

Mrs. Figgins, their next door neighbor, whose husband was down with brain fever, and required constant watching day and night, had three of her little children laid up at the same time with inflammation of the lungs; yet, in her domestic difficulties, she never ventured on asking aid from Mrs. Rawley; but Mrs. Keen, a busy matron, with half a dozen little ones of her own, and engaged nearly every hour of the day in ministering to their wants, proffered the necessary help even before it was solicited.

The whole community, with the exception of old Deborah and her husband, vied with one another in helping poor Mrs. Figgins through her trouble.

Not even a kind inquiry as to how the invalids were progressing passed the old couple's lips; and as to a few of the new-laid eggs, that Mrs. Rawley's hens supplied her with so plentifully, finding their way into their sick neighbor's house, such a thing was never thought of. Sooner than give them away they were allowed to ornament the shelves in the little parlor till they became too bad to be eaten by any one.

The faculty for performing kindnesses certainly did not belong to these people. All their lives they had closed their hearts to works of benevolence, and now, in their declining years, no gentle promptings from earth or from heaven seemed to arouse them to deeds of love.

Once only an angel's whisper reached Adam Rawley, making him for a moment seemed troubled and uneasy; but the bright spark which, had he allowed it to kindle, would have filled his rugged countenance with sunshine, was quenched as he muttered:

"What is it to us if they do want new laid eggs? Let them keep fowls of their own and they'll get some."

So the communication which he had overheard Mrs. Figgins make to a friend concerning the requirements of her sick family was blotted from his mind, as he convinced himself that it was not needful to bother himself with other people's troubles.

Nevertheless, he repeated what he had overheard to his wife, and as a woman's influence in whatever rank of life is all-powerful, Mrs. Rawley's reply, had it been in favor of a charitable action, might have done much towards its accomplishment, instead of which her verdict, "Let them get eggs for themselves if they want them," strengthened her husband in his opinion that the matter was no concern of theirs.

So, while others, with far scantier means, deprived themselves of even little necessaries in order to relieve the pressing wants of Mrs. Figgins's household, this old couple, who, in comparison, could have given of their abundance, shut their eyes and ears to their neighbors' necessities, though more than one of the invalids might have been making rapid progress towards convalescence but for the lack of proper nourishment.

The Rawleys were not in ignorance as to the feeling of disfavor with which their fellow cottagers regarded them—but what cared they?

Possessed of all they required, able to wait on themselves, endowed with good health, they solicited favors of no one, and with blinded eyes, and well-nigh unthankful hearts, they lived for themselves only.

One afternoon Adam Rawley had just partaken of a very comfortable tea, which his wife had prepared for him. Poor Mrs. Figgins's pale, anxious face, which he caught a sight of as she returned from her scanty marketing, had by no means disturbed his enjoyment of it, and with the same unmindfulness regarding the wants of others he prepared to set out for his work again.

"You'll about have time to shell the peas and get the supper on afore I'm back," were his parting words to his helpmeet, and with no thought beyond the present the speaker started.

The following quarter of an hour was passed in fetching the horse and cart from Farmer Kirby's. Then Adam filled his cart with a collection of rubbish, and, leading old Derry by the bridle, proceeded leisurely in the direction of the chalk pits.

Steadily and quietly the willing animal plodded on, past the Lime Cottages, down the curve of the road, to within a few feet of the deep hollow in which the load he was carrying was to be deposited.

But suddenly a loud "Whoa!" accompanied by a tug of the reins, announced that something was wrong, but this failed to rectify matters, for the horse, suddenly checked at the moment of slipping, was unable to recover his footing, and, after one or two ineffectual attempts, his knees doubled under him and down he went.

Then began a struggling and scuffling, as Adam exerted all his strength to get Derry to his feet; but the ground, which was composed of loose sand, was unfavorable for this purpose, and the horse's struggles brought him nearer and nearer to the pit's edge. In bewildered dismay, the old man gazed affrighted around, as he endeavored to pull the animal back.

In vain he shouted and called for help: no living creature was visible, and no sound broke the stillness as his agonized tones died away without response.

"She'll be over as sure as fate—and drag me in," he gasped frantically, feeling his strength failing with each plunge of the horse. While large beads of perspiration stood on his intensely puckered face, his thoughts flew to old Deborah, who was sitting in her kitchen, calmly shelling a fine gathering of marrowfats, little guessing the peril then just happening to her husband within a short distance from their dwelling.

Having finished, she rose from her seat as some one hastily passed her open door, and in another moment she heard Mrs. Figgins's eldest girl explaining something to her mother.

The tones were hurried and the sounds confused; and she might have paid little heed to them had not her own name fallen, with familiar distinctness, on her ears.

"What have they got to talk about me for?" she murmured somewhat gruffly, as, proceeding to the door, she was going to close it; but her attention was arrested by what appeared to be the outpouring of all her neighbors, and as though moved by one mind they rushed in the direction of the chalk-pit.

Mrs. Figgins alone stood stationary, and her countenance paled when she saw the look of fear that overspread old Deborah's face as she inquired:

"What's the matter—what's they all gone down there for?"

"Oh, Mrs. Rawley, don't be frightened; the horse has fallen down, and your husband cannot get him up again—and we—"

Her listener stayed to hear no more; with a wild scream she ran out, and reached the scene of the accident just as, with an awful crash, the horse vanished over the pit's mouth, dragging along with him old Adam.

The half howl, half shriek, which broke from his wife's throat, long rang in the ears of those who heard it.

"My Adam! my Adam! oh, let me get to him!" and, had it not been for kind but vigorous arms, the poor creature would have thrown herself into the pit in her agony.

"Nay, stay ye here; he'll be all right."

But as the soothing words were spoken, the speakers looked around with bewildered faces, as they saw no possible way of making good their promise, for to use their own expression, "the men" were all away.

Not a man was within call; the cottages were peopled by women and children at this hour of the evening, the bread-winners being away in the field.

"If he's alive now, he'll be kicked to death before he can be got out," wailed Deborah, as the horse gave a restless plunge, and once more she made desperate efforts to reach her husband.

All unkind behavior and past disagreeables were forgotten by the poor woman's neighbors as they wound their arms strongly about her, striving by word and deed to moderate her anguish.

"Oh, if the men would only come!" and springing on a high railing, Mrs. Keen—who had already sent her children scampering off in all directions in search of them—looked wildly towards the fields, as she waved her handkerchief high above her head, and shouted frantically for help.

How slowly those moments of never-to-be-forgotten agony crept by, as, bending over the pit's edge, Mrs. Rawley listened for any sign or sound to denote that her husband was living; but only the plunging of the horse was to be heard, and, in the violence of her sorrow, the distressed woman might have broken from her companions and cast herself into the hollow beneath, had not a prolonged shout from Mrs. Keen been followed by an assertion which sent a thrill of hope through every heart.

"They're coming! hold up, Mrs. Rawley! we'll soon have him out now!" she exclaimed, and still continued to wave her handkerchief.

Ere many seconds had passed, half a dozen swarthy men—their faces illumined with the rays of the setting sun—bounded over the hedge and rail to the scene of peril.

Their brawny hands and arms were soon earnestly engaged in the work of rescue; and while the women comforted old Deborah, her husband was got of his very dangerous position.

He made no movement as they bore him to the surface, and then to the cottage, where it was found that life was not extinct. He was fearfully bruised and shaken, however, and was some weeks in recovering his usual health.

This incident wrought an entire change in the old couple. Whether the attention and sympathy of their neighbors had anything to do with it, cannot be said; but it is very certain that few are proof against kind words and loving deeds; sneers and reproaches may harden, but who can resist the sunshine of love?

Happily the Rawleys' hearts were touched by the friendly solicitude shown them; and they evinced their gratitude in many ways. Selfishness gave place to generosity, and perhaps the final recovery of Mrs. Figgins's invalids was, in some measure, due to the frequent supply of new-laid eggs which Mrs. Rawley's hens seemed to take as much delight in laying for other people as for their own mistress.

Be that as it may, hearts which had been long closed to the sufferings around them were now awakened to the honest realization of life's duties, their earnest attention to which enriched them with a higher appreciation of life's joy sweetness and the secret of all happiness.—*British Workman.*

THE BEGINNING OF GUNS.

In 1346 cross bows were in pretty general use among the English, but a new era was to be inaugurated, for with the army of Edward III. (at Cressy) came five small pieces of cannon, a species of weapon supposed to be unknown in France, though cannon are spoken of in a sea engagement in the 13th century between the King of Tunis and a Moorish king of Seville. By whom the five pieces of cannon were made is uncertain; but Le Blond, in his "Treatise on Artillery," says that the earliest guns "were of very clumsy and inconvenient make, being usually formed of several pieces of iron fitted together lengthwise, and then hooped with iron rings; and as they were used for the throwing of stones of prodigious weight, they were of enormous bore." The "Dictionaire Militaire" (1758) asserts that cannon "were known in France," according to some authors, in 1338, under Philip, but known of only. "Nevertheless," says Voltaire, "till the reign of Charles VIII., artillery continued in its infancy. They did not make use of artillery in sieges till the reign of Charles V., King of France; and the spear was their principal weapon till the reign of Henry IV." No more mention was made of cannon in the English wars until 1405, when we are told that, at the siege of Berwick, a shot from one great gun so shattered a tower that the gates were at once thrown open by the alarmed garrison. In the year 1460, James the Second of Scotland lost his life by the bursting of one of these rude implements of war. At the siege of Roxburgh, standing in the vicinity of a gun which was about to be discharged, the rude mass composed of ribs of iron, bound together by hoops of the same metal, burst asunder, and a fragment striking the king in the thigh, broke it asunder, and killed him on the spot. Hand guns were not then invented, but at the battle of Chirping Barnet (1471) mention is made of 300 Flemings armed with hand guns, but of