THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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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One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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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.

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

Notice!

In the face of everything, Wanamaker & Brown increased their great Clothing business last year at Oak Hall nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and for 1879 the new plans will make the house more popular and increase the business much more. Eighteen years in the people's service at the old corner of Sixth and Market has taught us how to do the business well.

Notice!

Whatever may be said, no house in the United States sells anything like so much Clothing at Retail as Oak Hall, and no house in Philadelphia sells more than a quarter as many goods as Mr. Wanamaker sells *in Clothing alone.* Doing this large business shows the people's regard for our goods, and enables us to buy cheaply and sell at small profits.

Notice!

New patterns have been made this year and new styles introduced through Mr. Robert C. Ogden (formerly partner of the famous firm of Devlin & Co., New York), who is now associated with Oak Hall, and will give his whole energies and valuable experience to improving the manufacture of our Boys' and Men's Clothing. We do not buy Clothing like the dealers, but make it expressly for our own sales. The Spring stock is splendid, and no other make of goods, so far, have as much merit, or are sold as cheaply.

Notice!

Impressions have been erroneously given to the effect that Mr. John Wanamaker, who founded Oak Hall, is not interested in the old store, and that it does not have his attention; on the contrary, his ownership of it remains unchanged, and he has lost none of his love for it. Every day finds him supervising all its departments. Mr. William H. Wanamaker spends his entire time on the Oak Hall business.

A VISIT THIS SPRING PARTICULARLY INVITED.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL, 6th & Market Sts., Philad'a.
THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

HERE I AM AGAIN!
—NOT AS AN ASPIRANT FOR—
PUBLIC OFFICE
—BUT AS A CANDIDATE FOR—
PUBLIC PATRONAGE!

Having pulled down his political vest and embarked in the mercantile business on an extensive scale at his

LARGE STORE ROOM ON HIGH STREET,
Recently occupied by McLaughlin Brothers,

Where he has just opened and is now offering for sale an immense, varied and elegant STOCK OF GOODS of every description,

N. J. FREIDHOFF

Is fully prepared to pull down—in fact has pulled down—the prices of all kind of merchandise, and is giving bargains in

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,

QUEENSWARE, &c., &c., which cannot fail to attract the attention and secure the patronage of cash buyers who want to get the most goods and the best goods for their money. So don't forget to call, and this fact before you keep: A broom that's new is best of all, because it makes the cleanest sweep.

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

EBENSBURG, MARCH 21, 1879.-tf.

SIMON'S CHEAP AND
POPULAR CLOTHING DEPOT
—HAS BEEN REMOVED TO—
DR. CHRISTY'S BUILDING,
Corner Eleventh Avenue and 13th Streets Altoona, Pa.,
WHERE HAS JUST BEEN OPENED A LARGE STOCK OF
CLOTHING, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.,
—OF THE—
LATEST, BEST AND NEATEST SPRING STYLES
And at PRICES SO LOW that it will pay you to buy from
CHAS. SIMON, 1230 Eleventh Avenue, in Room recently occupied by C. Simon & Co
REAR OF P. R. R. PASSENGER DEPOT, ALTOONA, PA.

WE HAVE REMOVED
To No. 1307 Eleventh Avenue, ALTOONA, PA.
(Building occupied by us two years ago, opposite Ebert's Music Store.)
Look Out for NEW STOCK
AND BIG BARGAINS IN
DRY GOODS AND DRESS GOODS,
MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
FOR THE SPRING TRADE, THE BEST IN THE CITY.
☞We hope to welcome all our old friends as in the past, and all new ones who wish to give us their patronage, as we can assure them that the styles will be the latest and prices the lowest.
C. SIMON & CO.,
S. B. CORN Manager, ALTOONA, PA.

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 MCCORMICK,
Feb. 28, 1879.-6t. Wilmore, Cambria Co., Pa.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the first and partial account of THOMAS EGOE, Assignee of JOSEPH GAITNER and wife for the benefit of creditors, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and if no exceptions be filed to said account on or before the first Monday of June next, the said account will be confirmed absolutely.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, March 24, 1879.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE

IT SEEMS TO HIM SO FUNNY.

Yes, his front name is Tobias,
And he isn't over pious,
And his eyes are on the bias,
So to speak;
And his only aim and bent is
Nobby clothing—for this gent is
Just a bit non compos mentis
Like, and weak.

And this feather-weighted gent he—
Though not over one-and-twenty—
Has of knowledge quite a plenty,
So to speak;
For he'd rather be a prancing,
And kicking at a dancing,
Than his stock of wit enchancing
Learning Greek.

Tho' he apes the drawl and stammer
When he dons his sleek claw-hammer,
Yet Tobias shoots his grammar,
So to speak;
And he questions very rarely
(So his clothes are hanging fairly)
If his brain be fashioned squarely
Or oblique.

No, he has no education,
And his beauty took vacation
'Bout the time of his creation,
So to speak;
And upon mature reflection,
Taking each distinct bisection,
I've decided his complexion's
Rather weak.

Tho' his shirt has not a rimple,
Nor his beardless chin a dimple,
Yet he boasts a chronic pimple
On his beak;
And his voice is not refiant,
For at times he is defiant,
And at times it is a pliant
Little squeak.

Now it seems to me so funny
That this half-demented sonny
Should be loaded down with money,
So to speak;
Whilst the writer of this ditty,
Who you see is rather witty,
Has to scrub about the city
On his cheek.

—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Some years ago I was traveling through Iowa for the well known house of Scuyler, Hartley and Graham, of Philadelphia, and having busines in Montgomery the county seat of Powesheik county, I engaged a horse at Grinnell, the nearest railroad town, for the purpose of carrying me there.

Montgomery was distant some fourteen miles, and being in no particular hurry I journeyed along quite leisurely so that I might feast my eyes upon the endless, rolling prairies, which were at this season of the year (June) clothed in wild flowers of the most beautiful and variegated hues.

The sun had almost reached the meridian and, judging from the distance I had come, I momentarily expected to see the church spires of the town loom into view, when suddenly my horse, with a mingled snort of terror and pain, reared up with such violence as to almost unseat me. He then began prancing fearfully, gazing the meanwhile with terrified and distended eyes at the ground beneath his fore feet.

Casting my eyes in the same direction I beheld to my horror a large snake of the copperhead species, directly under the horse's hoofs, which had already trampled the serpent into a shapeless and writhing mass.

Dismounting, I examined the horse and discovered that he had been bitten on the right foreleg. Patting the poor fellow, I succeeded in partially quieting his fears, and, leading him away from the snake, the sight of which appeared to cause all his terror, I finally reached a cottage by the road side, the proprietor of which, upon being informed of the accident invited me into his house, whilst he made the poor animal as comfortable as circumstances would admit.

Entering the cottage, I saw that everything was scrupulously clean, an appearance of neatness and thrift pervading the whole house and its surroundings. I had barely time to make these observations, when a woman entered from the adjoining room and bade me be seated. I turned to thank her, but I started back in astonishment when I saw her countenance. Words are inadequate to describe her as she appeared to me—such an utterly woe-begone, corpse-like face I hope never to see again; it was perfectly bloodless and of a leaden hue, the eyes being expressionless, while her hair and eyebrows were as white as the driven snow, although I did not judge her to be more than forty years of age.

Perceiving that my gaze gave her pain I apologized for my intrusion and accepted the seat she proffered me.

"My son-in-law informs me that your horse has met with an accident," said she in a quiet, subdued tone, as she seated herself in a chair opposite me.

"Yes, ma'am," replied I, "He was bitten by a snake."

I shall never forget the change that came over her in an instant; she sprang from her chair and frantically screamed whilst she shook my arm, "A snake, where?" Her face, which a moment before was so deathlike, now became fairly illuminated, and her eyes, hitherto so utterly void of expression, actually flashed fire as she excitedly reiterated, "Where! where!" The next moment she had rushed from the house and down the road in the direction from which I had come, wailing as she ran, "Oh the cruel, cruel snakes!"

To say that I was surprised and astonished at this extraordinary scene but faintly expresses the true state of my feelings, and I raked my brain in vain, seeking for a solution of the mystery. The young man who had taken charge of my horse, entering shortly after, I informed him of what had occurred and requested him to explain, which he did by relating the following story:

It is some eighteen years since Mr. John Atkinson, who was a railroad builder, had a contract for grading a division of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R., lying between the towns of Brooklyn and Grinnell, and in order better to superintend the work, he determined to build himself a small house or shanty of only one room, intending to occupy it but temporarily. He chose a spot about equi-distant from both stations, and upon a large flat rock, which he said would answer admirably for a floor, he built his house.

The next day he moved some furniture into his new house, and fetching his young wife and infant daughter from Grinnell, where they were boarding, prepared to make themselves as comfortable as possible in their limited quarters.

That night before retiring Mr. Atkinson fastened the door and only shutter that the shanty could boast, and, extinguishing the light, jumped into bed.

The young couple remained awake a longer time than was their custom, conversing upon their future prospects, when John Atkinson, who was in the midst of a new project for amassing wealth, was interrupted by his wife, Mary, whispering—

"Hush, John! Listen to the queer sound in the room."

John obeyed and heard plainly a peculiar, rasping, crawling noise on the stone floor, which sounded like nothing he had ever heard before.

"I wonder what it can be?" continued Mary.

"I don't know, but I'll get up and light the lamp and find out," replied John, cheerily.

He accordingly, throwing the bed clothes aside, sprang to the floor, when, with a scream of mortal agony he cried,

"Almighty God, Mary! Cover yourself and child with the blankets. The house is full of rattlesnakes, and I'm a dead man!"

The screams of the unfortunate man as reptile after reptile fastened its fangs in his quivering flesh, were terrible to hear, and the hissing and rattling of the horrible monsters as he vainly fought them from him, added intensity to the already heart-rending scene. Fortunately it did not last long and his last words as he sank to the floor were, "God bless you and the child, dear Mary, and in his name don't uncover your head—then the snakes can't harm you! Some of the men will release you to-morrow! Good bye! good bye!"

Imagine the thoughts of the poor wife compelled to listen to the agony of her loved one, helpless herself and unable to render him any assistance, and her child to save.

All that long night and next morning she lay, covered and half suffocated, afraid to move and quieting her child, whilst the scaly reptiles crawled over her and even coiled themselves to sleep on and around her warm body, protected from their deadly fangs only by the bed clothes; and, oh! horrible thought, if she should disarrange the covering and they should crawl beneath. Thus passed that night of horror to that poor woman.

In the morning the men who worked for Atkinson wondered at his prolonged absence, he being generally the first to make his appearance, until one of the party mentioned that in passing the new house late last night, on his way to town, he thought he heard screams proceeding from it, but when he got opposite and stopped to listen, he heard nothing and so concluded that he must have been mistaken.

This was enough to alarm the workmen, who all liked John Atkinson, and proceeding to the house they knocked at the door and were answered by a smothered voice, the only word of which they could understand being "snakes!"

Just then one of the men, who had been reconnoitering in the rear of the house, startled his comrades by exclaiming, "My God, boys, come here! This house is built on a rattlesnakes' den."

It was only too true; the reptiles were wee crawling in and out of a small hole under the rock and the truth at once flashed upon their minds.

It would be certain death to some of them if they dared to enter by the door or window. But at a suggestion from one of the party, some immediately scaled the low house and proceeded to tear the boards from the roof, whilst one or two others hastened in search of ropes. After having demolished the roof a sickening sight was discovered to their view. In the centre of the room lay the ghastly skeleton of John Atkinson, the serpents having literally eaten every particle of flesh from the bones while they swarmed in hundreds, writhing and darting hither and thither, hissing and striking at everything in their blind passion at being disturbed at their horrible feast.

The men having by this time arrived with the ropes, they succeeded, after many failures, in fastening the rope to each bed post and, while one of the men kept the snakes off the bed with a pole, hoisted the bed and its occupants bodily out of the room and lowered it to the ground.

When they uncovered poor Mary and the child they found that she had fainted. By this time several women had appeared on the scene and these took charge of her and the child, whom they conveyed to town.

The men in the meantime, having now no fear of the mother and child, battered down the shanty and secured the ghastly skeleton; after which they rolled a couple of kegs of powder, which they procured from the railroad under the rock, and lighting a prepared fuse, blew up the rock, snakes and all, into mince meat. The few snakes which survived the explosion they killed easily with rods. Mrs. Atkinson survived, but she was for many years a raving maniac, and her once beautiful hair, eyes and complexion had turned in that night of horror to what you now see. She has, however, become rational again, except when snakes are spoken of in her presence, and then she once more becomes insane and lives over that night in all its horrid details. These fits are becoming rare and less violent lately, and we have hopes that, ultimately, they will altogether cease.

Yes, sir! the child lived and is now my dear wife. You can see her coming up the road now, leading her mother, over whom she has a wonderful control when she is suffering from one of those attacks.

Your horse will be all right to-morrow; copperheads are not so poisonous at this time of the year as they will be later."
—*South Florida Journal.*

A CAT THAT WILL HATCH CHICKENS.—The auctioneer Bruce, says the Madison (Wis.) *Democrat*, reports most strange transactions of a favorite female cat in his possession. Some time ago she presented the homestead with a large litter of kittens, all of which the master of the place destroyed. The old feline mother became terribly distressed over the untimely and most unnatural taking off of her kind. She moped around for days and weeks and would not be comforted. At last she took to the company of the poultry of the place, and was ever moving about in the company of hens especially. When one of the latter would seek a nest for the purpose of laying the cat would be her companion and would nestle down by the side of the fowl. By and by the cat became a nuisance to the hens and also to the roosters. They did not want the feline intruder, and war was made upon her. Four or five game old chanticleers finally succeeded in completely exterminating the cat from the premises. But in a few days she turned up at a near neighbor's place—Widow Cary's; and here she had gained the good will of several old hens that were laying in the same nest. By and by the cat took possession of the nest and could not be coaxed away from it. Then the hen used to get close to the cat's side, lay an egg, and after departing the cat would get up and let the egg roll into the nest. Then she would lie down and carefully protect the nest and its contents. She will not be driven from her possession; and she evidently expects that ere long she will be the happy mother of a large family.

"THE HAUNTED HOUSE."

A Strange but True Story Related by Dan J. Garrity in Boston Pilot.

NARRATIVE 1.—BY MYSELF.

The time of my narrative dates back to the year 1870. The events occurred in the city of Springfield, Ohio.

Situated in the very centre of the city was a mansion, old and lonely in aspect, the property of a Mr. Foos. It had been for several years uninhabited, when strange reports began to circulate. Persons who passed there at midnight, and other uncanny hours, often saw strange lights and heard stranger sounds, until people believed that it was haunted.

At length two young men of the town resolved to see whether it was haunted or not, and thus put the fears and gossipings of the town's people to an end.

Accordingly they took up their quarters at the mansion. About eight o'clock they lit their candles, and made themselves comfortable to receive their ghostly visitors.

The clock struck nine, ten, eleven, and it was now nearly twelve o'clock, the time for ghosts to appear. The great clock in St. Raphael's church began to strike one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, *twelve*, and then—No sooner had the sonorous peals died away, than the candles were suddenly extinguished, and they were left in darkness. After a few minutes a bright, circular light became visible near one of the walls, and what a terrible spectacle was brought to view! A man was stretched from a tree with a rope around his neck, while a box lay at his feet within reach—he was a suicide.—His distorted features and glaring eyes were plainly visible, while his tongue, black and swollen, hung at least half a foot from his mouth! To complete the horrible picture, hundreds of demons were dancing around his contorted figure. Then followed a wild burst of laughter and the apparition vanished.

The young men had not expected this. While this strange scene was enacting they sat stupefied with fear, their hair actually standing on end.

At length their horrible spell was broken, and without even stopping to snatch their hats, they fled the house.—As they were fleeing along the street, they ran right into the arms of a tall, muscular man, who seeing their affrighted condition, tightened his grasp upon them, and asked them to explain their fright.

They told him all.

After they had finished their story, the detective (for it was no other than Detective John Burnside, of New York, who was visiting friends there) told them "to say nothing about it, but wait and hope," and he would discover the mystery if possible.

About two weeks after the detective returned home—so his friends thought.

In course of time the young men discovered that they could no longer keep the secret, and so they divulged it.

It raised a great excitement, of course, and the people of the city gave the place a wide berth.

The strange sounds and sights were continued, until the people believed without a doubt that the house was haunted.

We will pass over a year.

One morning a *posse* of police, headed by a tall man in plain clothes, approached the Foos mansion, unlocked the door, and passed in.

In a few minutes the sound of pistol-shots was heard, and then all was still. In a few minutes the *posse* emerged from the house, looking much larger. What could it mean?

And now, little Ants, my narrative is at an end, and Detective Burnside will finish the story.

NARRATIVE 2.—BY DETECTIVE BURNSIDE.

After I left the two young men, said Detective Burnside afterwards in telling the story, my mind was made up—I would discover the mystery.

Accordingly, the next evening, I proceeded to the mansion. It was a mere repetition of the story of the young men, as far as the apparition. As soon as the clock struck twelve my candle was blown out by a gust of wind, I know, caused by the slamming of doors. And what a terrible sight met my eye. I shudder now when I think of it, so terribly real it looked.

There in the same spot that the young men had described, I saw a young and beautiful girl on her knees. A form was bending over her, its hand clasped her long golden hair, while a keen, bloody knife was drawn across her fair, white throat, while torrents of crimson blood dripped down upon the floor.

I regained by self-possession enough to draw my pistol, aim, and fire. A wild laugh followed, and my bullet was heard crashing through the wainscoting.—The apparition vanished slowly, and happening to turn around—I discovered the mystery.

It was a gang of some sort, I was sure, and I was resolved to capture them. A few weeks after I joined the gang, by means known only to myself—a professional secret. There were counterfeiters, burglars, and everything else among them. I will not weary the reader with a description of the numerous burglaries they committed, or of the various ways in which they manufactured and "shoved" their 'queer' money."

After staying with them for about a year, I resolved to break up the gang, for I had now ample evidence to convict them.

Accordingly, I obtained the *posse* of police, and raided the house. After a slight resistance they were captured.

When they found out who their captor was they threatened me with vengeance dire, if they ever escaped; but they never did, for there was not one of them but had committed enough crimes to condemn them for life.

A few weeks after the gang were sent to prison I took opportunity to show some visitors the house, and explain the secret of the ghosts. In the room where the apparitions appeared I showed them a secret door, and behind it was an alcove. This was the place where the robbers had hidden themselves every night, and, when the curious came to see the ghosts, they frightened them away by means of a magic lantern. My tale is done.

DANIEL SCHEIRER, shoemaker, of Richmond township, Berks county, has in his possession a stone which he uses in his shop, which was found by his great-grandfather, Gottlieb Scheirer, on the banks of the Monocacy creek, while taking a load of wheat to Philadelphia nearly one hundred years ago. George Scheirer subsequently got possession of the stone, which was used by him for a number of years in the shoemaking business, until he retired, when the present owner got charge of it, and is using it at present in the pursuit of his avocation.

WHAT JEALOUSY DID.

A CHILD WITH THE BODY OF AN ADDER AND THE HISS OF A SERPENT.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, writing from Paw Paw, Ill., gives an account of one of the strangest freaks of nature ever recorded. He says:

About seven years ago a family removed from an eastern state to the township of Paw Paw, in this (DeKalb) county. From all appearances the family, consisting of the parents and two children, lived in harmony. They had not lived long in their new home when the husband's sister arrived from the east and took up her abode in their family. She was fair, and in some way formed the acquaintance of a young and zealous minister then feeding a flock of lambs in a neighboring city. Through her bewitching manner and surpassing loveliness of form and face he became apparently deeply enamored of her. It is alleged, however, that he deceived the girl and never intended matrimony. As a natural consequence his actions created great consternation among his flock, and especially embarrassed his victim of misplaced confidence. So great was the excitement that the reverend gentleman left for parts unknown. Though nothing transpired to show the guilt of the unfortunate girl, she was often goaded to madness by her sister with the constant accusation of disgracing the family. In revenge she went to her brother, who often sympathized with her, and made some false, startling and disgraceful revelations reflecting on the character of her sister (his wife) in connection with the polluted pulpiteer. Brooding over his misery, he went into the hayfield. He had not worked long, however, until he discovered a huge snake crawling in the grass. Prompted by a spirit of revenge the irate husband picked it up, secreted it in his pocket, and immediately went to the house. In the doorway he met his innocent wife, who was utterly unconscious of the great wrong that had been perpetrated upon her. Approaching her in his rage, he put his left arm around her neck and shoulders and with his right hand drew from his pocket the ever-accursed snake, which he abruptly thrust into the bosom of her dress. Frantic with terror, she disrobed as rapidly as possible, but not until the serpent had glided through all the accesses of the clothing next to her person. This event though momentary in its fulfillment was an evil, the sad effect of which brands an unfortunate creature during its existence. Time passed rapidly away, until childbirth revealed the ever to be regretted incident. In the meantime the innocent wife pleaded and clearly proved her innocence and wifely virtue. This allayed the anger of the husband, and again united the heads of the household. The above are well authenticated facts, while the *Times* reporter witnessed the following in person: On a back, out of the way road, that crossed an expanse of prairie, the *Times* correspondent discovered the house, consisting of apartments built after the manner of an upright and L, and standing at a considerable distance from the road. He stopped, and his knock at the door was responded to by an intelligent looking, middle-aged woman, who invited him to come in and sit down. Everybody about the house presented a neat and homelike appearance. When he made known the object of his visit he was led to a spacious room, where, in a basket about seven feet long and three feet wide and about two feet high, lay the animated specimen that combines in one body the human and the ophidian. After removing the woolen blankets that covered the form, it uttered a prolonged hiss similar to that of a snake. It is a male, nearly five years of age, and is five feet seven inches in length. Being unable to attain an upright position, he crawls about similar to reptiles. He is speechless, and makes no utterance except to hiss. The head is bald and spotted on the crown. The mouth contains fangs. He is carnivorous, breathes slow and can live a long time without food. The body is perfect in form, but spotted with black, while the arms and lower limbs are like the body of a snake, scaly, flexible and taper to points. This horrible sight only proves the truth of the adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction." All who have seen it pronounce it one of the greatest living curiosities.

HOW BURNED MOLASSES CANDY MADE ONE WOMAN RICH.—There is a stately dwelling-house in Philadelphia which has a singular history. It stands in a grove of walnut trees; the woodwork is all of walnut; carved panels representing walnut boughs decorate the dining-room; and on the carriage of the owner, instead of a coat of arms, is a bunch of walnuts just bursting from the husks.

The story is this: About forty years ago a poor woman kept a cent store in an alley, in the lower part of the city. One day, when making molasses candy to be sold to the street children, it was scorched. The woman was in despair. The loss was a serious one in a trade whose profits were counted by pennies. She was quick-witted, however, and ready with expedients. She cracked some walnuts, mixed the kernels with the candy, and wrote a placard, "The New Nut Candy, one cent a cake." The children dropped in on their way to school. The candies were liked. They came back for more next day. The fame of the cheap confection spread from one school to another. The maker shrewdly confined herself to that. Presently she took a larger shop in the alley. In a year or two she again moved, but this time it was into one of the principal streets.—To-day her original walnut candy is sent off to all parts of the country. The woman disposed of her business a few years ago for a sum which made her rich for life. Is it any wonder that she took a ripe walnut for her crest?

But it was not to the walnuts nor to the lucky chance that she owes her fortune. How many women have burned their candy, and the result was only scorched molasses! How many men saw apples fall before Sir Isaac Newton! It is the keen eye and the ready brain that can seize on failures and make them successes.

WHAT THE CAPTAIN TOLD HIS WIFE.—Milliner (to captain who has been buying a hat for his wife)—"Tell your wife if she wants it dressy, to put a panache of six feathers poised high on one side, with feathers curling forward; place a lizard or a beetle to hold it, and put another lizard on the band that covers the curtain. That's easy to remember."—The captain (to his wife)—"She said, if you wanted it dressed up, to put a pancake and sixteen poisoned feathers curled up forrid, clap on some lizards and beetles to belay them with, and cover the lizard on the band with your curtains."

"TATER" GREEN.

HIS WONDERFUL TROTTING OX.

In March, 1859, "Tater" Green and five comrades left their homes in Northern Ohio, in the vicinity of Findlay, Hancock county, with the avowed intention of making their fortunes at Pike's peak or Cherry-creek diggings. Everything went all right with the party until they crossed the Arkansas, when a feeling of homesickness began to make itself felt among the emigrants. Men would become sick for a sight of civilization and break off with the party, causing a general divide. In this way they would sometimes cut wagons in two, and even, Green says, he once saw an ox cut in two. Green's partner was one of the disaffected, and, in deciding to pull up stakes, a division of property was made, he taking one ox and the front wheels of the wagon, Green taking the other ox and the hind wheels. Out of these he made a sulky in which he drove his ox. At Denver, disheartening reports began to meet him. Disgusted miners pushing for home met them every day. The tide turned, and threats of burning St. Louis were made. Indeed, a party was organized for that purpose, but never consummated it. Checked by the news that no gold was to be found in the Cherry creek diggings, "Tater" squatted on a 160 acre tract, upon which, by the way, Golden City now stands.

Denver, in the days of 1859, was probably as fast a place as any city on the continent. It was the point where civilization met the wilderness. The fortunes made in bonanza mining were spent here with an open hand. One day, as Green was driving his ox from his homestead into Denver, some fellows on horseback attempted to pass him. The ox, moved by the spirit which infested the place, probably, quickened its steps until it went off in a swinging trot, leaving the horses behind. This was the first intimation Green had that his bob-tailed ox (it was bob-tailed) could trot. The idea then presented itself to him that if he could only accustom the bovine to trotting a certain distance on a certain piece of ground he could out-trot any horse in the neighborhood. There was a gambler by the name of Randale, from Illinois, in Denver at this period, who owned a horse that could do his mile in 2:40. Randale was quite a chum of Green, and would occasionally drop into his quarters and blow his horse's trumpet. A day or two after Green's discovery of his ox's powers Randale dropped in on him and as usual began "talking horse." Watching his chance, Green remarked that he had an ox that could beat Randale's horse for 300 yards. Randale laughed at first, then got mad, and at last offered to bet ten to one that it could not be done. The bet was promptly taken, and they adjourned to the prepared place. The ox was backed up to a little hand-cart, half a yoke put around his neck, a couple of saplings served as shafts, and the whole rig was completed by a pair of ox-hide traces. Randale was to do the scoring and control his horse subject to the action of his bovine adversary, as Green knew very well it would never do to trifle with his steed. When everything was ready, away they went—Green, with his long black-snake, making things lively for the ox, and Randale swearing like a trooper at his 2:40 nag. Sure enough, at the end of 300 yards, the ox came in ahead. On the spot Randale bought half the ox for $500. The next day he was pitted against two horses, and the whole city turned out to see the remarkable phenomenon—a trotting ox. Again was he victorious, and, amid the wildest excitement, he passed the line six lengths ahead.

Every day thereafter he defeated a horse or two, and there soon became a popular demand for a share in the ox. Accordingly a stock company was formed with a joint stock of $6,400, being 64 shares of $100 each. The stock went like hot cakes, and sold away above par. In a week, during which he had won several more races, the stock was quoted on the gambling-tables, and passed for $1,000 a share. At last a horse sired in San Francisco came along, and a trial of speed was made up between him and the ox. If the crowd of spectators had been large before, it was gigantic on this day. It seemed as if the whole country turned out, and it was estimated that there were 10,000 people present. Everything being in readiness, away they went, heralded by a thousand voices. The ox took the lead from the start; at the 100-yard pole he was a length and a half ahead; at the 250 the distance had widened into five lengths, and the ox still gaining. But the old saying, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip," was never truer than in the present case, and when within a dozen yards of the winning post his oxship became tired and made up his mind to stop. Accordingly he planted his front feet and refused to budge. Moral suasion, profane abuse, physical ill-usage, all, separate or combined, failed to move him, and the horse quickly trotted past, and took the race, the ox never reaching the winning post at all. That minute the stock sank from $1,000 a share down to 1-64th of the value of the ox intrinsically as meat.

Many efforts were afterward made to coerce the bovine into a trot, but all enticement and persuasion, gentle and otherwise, failed, and he never trotted again.

YOUNG GIRLS.—There is no more exquisite creature on the earth than a girl from twelve to fifteen years of age.—There is a period in the summer's morning, known only to early risers, which combines all the tenderness of the dawn with nearly all the splendor of the day. There is at least full promise of the dazzling noon; but yet the dew-drop glistens on the half-opened flower, and yet the birds sing with rapture their awakening song. So, too, in the morning of a girl's life there is a time like this—when the rising glory of woman hood sparkles from the sports of an infant, and the elegance of a queenly grace adorns the gambols of babyhood. Unimpeded yet by the sweeping raiment to which she foolishly aspires, she glides amongst her grosser play-fellows like a royal yacht amongst a fleet of coal barges Unconsciousness (alas, how soon to depart!) has all the effect of the highest breeding; freedom gives her elegance, and health adorns her with beauty. Indeed, it seems to be the peculiar province of her sex to redeem this part of life from opprobrium.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.—One cannot be your friend and flatterer, too.

The sanctity of the family lies at the very base of other sanctities.

Great wants proceed from great wealth and make riches almost equal to poverty.

That family is the best who obtain not unjustly, keep not unfaithfully, and spend in a way that produces no repentance.

GENERAL SLOCUM ON THE MURDER OF MRS. SURRATT.

General H. W. Slocum, one of the most distinguished brigade, division, corps, and grand division commanders of the war, recently delivered a lecture in Brooklyn on events of the great struggle, during the course of which he expressed the opinion, always held by the *Union*, that Mrs. Surratt was a murdered woman. He said:

"I am going to speak to you one word about the execution of Mrs. Surratt at the close of the war, for I think some good lessons can be learned from the story of her trial and death. I believe any people situated as we are ought to be cautioned against placing implicit confidence in evidence given at a time of high excitement. I could stand here to-night and relate to you fifty incidents that would serve to caution everybody against taking evidence against others when the people were all in a state of intense excitement. There never was a day, there never was an hour, that I did not believe that Mrs. Surratt was an innocent woman as there is in this hall. [Applause.] She was the keeper of a boarding house in Washington. She boarded Mr. Wilkes Booth and half a dozen other rebel sympathizers, and she had a son, John H. Surratt. Wilkes Booth was guilty of shooting Mr. Lincoln, and this poor woman was brought to trial in connection with Wilkes Booth, and through the excitement of the times her neck was brought to the halter. Her daughter, a young girl eighteen or nineteen years of age, on the morning of the execution went to the President's room and begged permission to say a few words to him in behalf of her mother, and a U. S. Senator from our own State, who acted as door tender, repulsed her saying, "No, no, you cannot go in." Worse than that, meaner than that, the poor girl three or four years afterward married a clerk in the Treasury Department. No charges were made against him, but because this clerk had married the daughter of Mrs. Surratt he was discharged. Let us brag of our achievements, but at the same time let us learn to look our faults and errors fairly and squarely in the face and acknowledge them when we have cause to."

The murder of Mrs. Sarratt was the most cruel and cowardly act ever committed in a civilized country. It is a curious and suggestive fact that all who were chiefly responsible for the execution of that innocent woman have felt the unseen hand of the Great Avenger. Stanton, Secretary of War, who was perhaps the worst of the number, committed suicide in a fit of remorse, although the fact was sought to be concealed. Preston King, the Senator from New York, who repulsed Annie Surratt at the President's door, in like manner ended his own life by deliberately jumping from a ferry boat into the North River at New York and drowned himself. Andrew Johnson, who signed the death warrant and despotically suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* that had been granted by the Court, was stricken suddenly with death upon his return to the Senate after he had left the Presidency. Judge Advocate Holt, who conducted the prosecution, long ago disappeared from public view, and whether dead or alive nobody knows and nobody cares. And John A. Bingham, who assisted Holt, was driven from Congress in disgrace as one of the Credit Mobilier bribe takers, and sought refuge in Japan, where we believe he now is.—*Rochester Union.*

FAME AWAITS HIM.—Many persons are evidently bound to fill exalted positions, the buds of genius showing themselves almost as soon as the chosen one is out of his nurse's arms. Many of our most eminent statesmen gave evidence in their youth of the possession of superior talents, which eventually placed them upon the very pinnacle of fame. A San Francisco street boy has a brilliant future before him, and if he is not one day ranked among the noble army of newspaper paragraphers, this deponent had utterly failed to read the signs aright. He came bounding into the house the other day, and approaching his mother, asked:

"Ma, will candy rot folks' teeth?"

"Yes, Willie, it will indeed, and I do not want you to eat any of that injurious stuff."

The embryo laugh builder was silent for a while, evidently rehearsing in his mind the continuance of the conversation, and getting his queries in a shape that would enable him to steer clear of all pitfalls. Finally he continued:

"Will it rot girls' teeth, too?"

"Certainly, my dear."

Another silence and more mental figuring, and then he asked:

"Ma, Rotterdam isn't a bad word, is it?"

"Oh, no, Willie, that is the name of a foreign city. You will find it in your geography."

"Well, you wouldn't lick a feller for talking about it, would you?"

"Most certainly not."

"Honest Injun, you wouldn't?" and his face bore an expression of deep earnestness.

"Of course not; why do you ask such questions?"

"Well, Mary Dawson is coming over here to tell on me. She had a whole two bits worth, of candy, and wouldn't give me a bite, so I told her to jist eat it herself and I hoped it would Rotterdam teeth out." He escaped chastisement, but the moral lesson read to him will serve as a guide-post through life.—*San Jose (Cal.) Herald.*

HOW FOUR PINS PRESERVED A MAN'S REASON.—In the show window of one of the leading jewelers of Vienna is exposed to view a brooch, magnificently studded with gems, in the middle of whose elaborate chasing is inclosed the most singular of centres—four common, old, bent and corroded pins. This brooch is the property of the Countess Lavetskoly. The pins have a history, of course. Seven years ago Count Albert Lavetskoly was arrested at Warsaw for an alleged insult to the Russian Government. The real author of the insult, which consisted of some careless words spoken at a social gathering, was his wife. He accepted the accusation, however, and was sent to prison. In one of the lightless dungeons in which the Czar is so fond of confining his Polish subjects, the unfortunate martyr for his wife's loose tongue spent six years. He had only one amusement. After he had been searched and thrown into a cell he had found in his coat four pins.

These he pulled out and threw on the floor, and then