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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, else it you must. None but scalawags do oth erwise. 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 18, 1879. NUMBER 13.

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

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.

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

Of 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 grain and produce, and will 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 in all transactions.

B. M. JOHNSTON & CO.

STORES Hollidaysburg, Williamsburg, McKee's, Tunnel Hill.
FLOURING MILL—WILLIAMSBURG, PA.
January 24, 1879.-6m.

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN

—ON THE SUBJECT OF—

Cheap Groceries!

By reading the advertisements, circulars, price-lists, etc., of other dealers, and then go to

F. P. CONFER'S

MODEL GROCERY STORE!

1324 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,

and "confer" your patronage on a man who can and will show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in this city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Fruits and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, etc., and does sell at prices fully as cheap and a little cheaper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what inducements they offer.

☞ Thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon him by his friends in Cambria and elsewhere, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine his goods and prices before buying at any other house.

F. P. CONFER,
Feb. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, 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.

V. J. SANDERS.
Allegheny Twp., March 21, 1879.-4t.

☞ I MEAN TO MAINTAIN

MY REPUTATION

AS THE CHEAPEST

CLOTHING MERCHANT!

IN BLAIR COUNTY.

MY OLD

CLOTHING HOUSE,

NEXT DOOR TO P. O.,

TWELFTH STREET, ALTOONA,

—IN A—

BLAZE OF GLORY!

NEW STOCK!
NEW OUTFIT!
NEW STYLES!

GRAND SPRING OPENING

—OF—

CLOTHING

For Spring and Summer Wear.

CALL EARLY AND SECURE A BARGAIN.

GODFREY WOLF,

NEXT DOOR TO P. O.,

TWELFTH STREET, - ALTOONA, PA.

April 4, 1879.-4t.

HOW IS THIS FOR CHEAP?

S. TEITELBAUM,

OF CARROLLTOWN, OFFERS

8½ lbs. Green Coffee for	$1.00
15 lbs. Brown Sugar for	1.00
10 boxes Essence Coffee for	25c.
1 lb. Pure Japan Tea for	50c.
No. 2 Mackerel, per kit, at	1.50
Lake Herring, per ½ bbl., at	1.20
1 lb. Goshen Cheese for	10c.
1 gal. Non-Explosive C. Oil,	16c.
1 " N. Orleans Molasses,	50c.

AND ALL OTHER GOODS AT

PRICES EQUALLY LOW!

☞ Don't pass this announcement unnoticed, but read and profit by it for your own benefit.—Meantime permit us to state clearly and distinctly that it behooves all parties in these times of depression to invest their money where it will bring the best returns. Hence it is that all are urged to buy their Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, and all other kind of merchandise from

S. TEITELBAUM,
Feb. 7, 1879.-tf. Carrolltown, Pa.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 26th, 1879,

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., all the right, title and interest of James A. Smith, late of Gallitzin borough, deceased, of, in and to a PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situated in the said borough of Gallitzin, adjoining land of Penna Rail Road, James McCloskey, and others, containing **3 Acres and 51 Perches,** with a two story FRAME HOUSE and STABLE thereon erected.

Terms of Sale.—One-third the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the residue in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage.

JOHN A. SMITH,
[4-11.-3t.] Executor of JAMES A. SMITH, dec'd.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the Sheriff's hands arising from the sale of the real estate of Luke Durbin, one of the defendants in the case of Charles Flick vs. John Durbin and Luke Durbin, No. 96 March Term, 1879, *Alias Fi. Fa.*, on which the real estate of Luke Durbin was sold for the sum of $1,275.00, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of that appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, May 6th, 1879,* at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims or be forever debarred from coming in on that fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 9, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—John Bradley vs. Martin Wolfe.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County: No. 102, March Term, 1878. *Fend. Expon.*

And now, 2d April, 1879, Joseph McDonald, Esq., appointed Auditor to distribute funds in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of defendant's real estate on above stated writ. In making distribution, to hear evidence and allow defendant such credits as may be duly proven. By the Court.

In pursuance of the above appointment, the Auditor will sit at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, the **6th** day of MAY, 1879, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—J. S. Strayer, Assignee of P. F. Shaffer, vs. Jeremiah Crowley and Catharine Crowley.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County: No. 57, December Term, 1879. *Fend. Expon.*

And now, April 2d, 1879, on motion of Johnston & Scanlan, the Court appointed Joseph McDonald, Esq., an Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of defendant's real estate on above writ.

In pursuance of the above appointment, the Auditor will sit at the Court House in Ebensburg, on THURSDAY, the **8th** day of May, 1879, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Jacob Kunsman, of White township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, and Elizabeth Kunsman, his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment, have assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said Jacob Kunsman to J. C. Gates, of White township, in trust, for the benefit of the creditors of the said Jacob Kunsman. All persons, therefore, indebted to the said Jacob Kunsman will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

J. C. GATES,
April 4, 1879.-2t. Assignee of Jacob Kunsman.

LAST AND ONLY NOTICE.—Parties indebted to W. H. SLOAN, M. D., of Chest Springs, are hereby notified for the second and last time, that if they do not call on the undersigned and settle their respective accounts, either by cash or note, on or before the **1st** DAY OF MAY, proximo, they may rest assured that measures will be adopted for bringing the same, with costs and vexation of spirit thereto appended. JOHN WAGNER.
Chest Springs, April 4, 1879.-2t.*

NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given that the first and partial account of Jacob Yeagle, Assignee of Paul Elwanger, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of Cambria county and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, for allowance, on the first Monday of June next.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, April 7, 1879.-2t.

HAVE HOPE.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart
the lowly plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs
above the mountain's head—
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the
shadow of some pain,
And the smile is scarcely fitted ere the anguished tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a
weary tear,
And those lips cannot be human which
never heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary winter there has
never been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the
calmest summer sky.

So this dreary life is passing—and we move
amid its maze,
And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light;
And our hearts are often hardened by the
mysteries of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow and never
wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon and our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek
the meaning and the key;
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it
hangs the crucified,
And he answers all our yearnings by the
whisper: "Follow Me."

FATHER RYAN.

PROF. CROFTLEY'S CRIME.

AN INVENTION WHICH PROVED THE DEATH OF THE INVENTOR.

A few weeks ago some workmen engaged in removing an old mansion at the corner of California and Mason streets were considerably puzzled at finding a number of copper wires connecting the bath room with the room above. The owners of the property were equally puzzled, having never before known of their existence.

The wires were removed and nothing more thought of the matter. This recalls to my mind an incident which many will now remember.

On the 14th of July, 1862, a Professor Croftley was found dead in the bath room I have just mentioned. Croftley was well known among scientific men as a Professor of Chemistry, and, besides, had a large circle of acquaintances in this city. He was supposed at the time to have committed suicide, and his death furnished a three days' sensation for the press. The accounts in four leading newspapers materially conflicted, which made the matter all the more interesting to the public. All agreed, however, with a singular unanimity of opinion, that he was dead. Even the Call, while not positively admitting his demise in the article, virtually conceded it in the head lines.

Croftley, when found, was lying in the bath, covered with wounds of so curious a nature that no one could explain how they came to be inflicted. They were deep, ragged and gaping, there was no instrument found in the room with which they might have been made. Even the detectives who visited the scene of Croftley's death shook their heads and were at sea. Those who discovered the body found the door securely fastened from the inside, and they were obliged to burst it open. The room had no other means of egress or ingress.

"Suicide!" remarked one of the reporters.

"How came these wounds on the back?" asked a detective.

"Who else was here?" responded a journalist. And neither man had any thing more to say.

A post mortem revealed nothing new, except that the physicians found a state of the blood which they could not satisfactorily account for.

"He was frozen," said a young physician, whose opinion seemed to have its foundation only in surmise.

"You seem to have forgotten that this is July," remarked an elderly gentleman connected with a University.

The newspapers vied with each other in building up ingenious theories accounting for the affair. The Coroner's jury found a verdict of suicide for want of anything better, and the remains were buried.

The reader who desires to get a more detailed account of the affair as related at the time can do so by referring to the files of any of the city papers of that date. In fact I would produce them here did space permit. The main thing, however, is to clear up the mystery of Croftly's remarkable death.

He came to the Coast in 1860, and was reputed to be a man of sufficient means to live handsomely on the interest of his money. He stopped a while at the Oriental Hotel and there met Edward Dean, a young man, who, like himself, was a gentleman of leisure. They became intimate, and, finally, tired of hotel life, they determined to seek quarters which would be more congenial and home like. They found these quarters at the residence of Richard Armstrong, a mutual acquaintance, who lived in very desirable quarters on the corner of Mason and California streets. Before the costly habitations of Stanford, Crocker and other millionaires sprang into existence, Armstrong's house came very near being called a mansion. Armstrong rented Croftley and Dean three elegant rooms, partly because he was running on a pretty close margin financially. The two found their new quarters as attractive as men could wish. Mr. Armstrong was a widower, and the three men had some rare old times together evenings. His cellar was stocked with excellent wines, and his library with books of the very rarest vintage of literature.

One evening a hack drove up to the door, and a woman clad in wraps, bounded up the steps with astonishing vigor and agility, like the most Western girls who are blest with good health and animal spirits. She dashed into the hall in a style that sent a perceptible tremor throughout the house, and fell into old Armstrong's arms. A fusilade of kisses followed.

It was his daughter Alice.

Next morning the usual formalities of introduction were gone through, and Miss Armstrong became one of the fixtures of the place. A few days before her arrival Professor Croftley had suggested the idea of living somewhere near the centre of the city. After Miss Armstrong entered the house, however, no further allusion was made to the proposed removal. The Professor began to pay Miss Armstrong the most devout attentions, and, as a matter of course, she fell madly in love with young Dean, who paid her none. It is generally conceded that the most effective way of wooing a woman is to let some other man do it. The woman tires of the indefatigable lover and the man who treats her with indifference is soon preferred. Some men learn this by experience; Dean discovered it by accident.

He presently began to turn his knowledge to excellent account, and a bitter rivalry sprang up between the two men. Croftly soon realized that he was not the favorite, and never for the life of him could realize how a woman could form an attachment for a man who hadn't the remotest idea of chemistry. He forgot that he was somewhat old, and that women dislike to cast their bridal wreaths upon the snow. He finally determined to put his rival out of the way, and set about laying his plans.

After a couple of weeks' deliberation he concluded to murder Dean, and to do it so scientifically that discovery would be next to impossible.

One day I was in his room—being an occasional visitor—and observed him busily engaged in chemical experiments. Said he: "Did you ever realize that the conditions which result in congelation might be produced chemically?"

I confessed that I had never given the subject much thought.

"Of course you know that sudden evaporation causes cold?"

I knew nothing of the kind at the time, but nodded assent rather than confess my ignorance.

"I can produce ice instantaneously," he continued. "This is my assistant," pointing to an electric battery. "With a current of say 100 omes of electricity, I can accelerate enough evaporation to freeze instantly 100 gallons of water."

Here the professor took a basin of water and poured in a small quantity of colorless liquid. "This is ammonia," said he. "But this"—here he added about as much of some other liquid—"is something else."

"What is it?"

"No one knows but myself."

I deemed it impertinent to question him further. He then attached the wires of his battery to the water.

"When I make the connecting current the water will become ice."

I watched, much interested, and he laid his hand on a piece of metal which was part of the apparatus, and the turning of which caused the currents to connect. He turned the brass piece, and instantly a cloud of vapor rose from the surface of the water. Crystals shot from the sides of the basin with astonishing rapidity, and there was a sharp, crackling sound as the water, expanding in it, caused a strain upon the basin which pressed upon the sides.

"With 500 omes," continued the Professor, "I can freeze 500 cubic feet of water."

I left the house very much impressed with the discovery made by the Professor, and a few days afterwards learned of his death. The public considered it a case of suicide. I made a careful examination of the premises, and came to different conclusions. It was the hand of Alice Armstrong that killed Professor Croftley.

Let us go back a little. After the Professor realized what could be done with his new appliance of electricity he determined to utilize it in the murder of Dean. He hit upon the grand idea of freezing him in the bath.

"She will not love him cold," he said, and began to arrange his plans. Dean was fond of the bath. He retired at midnight, and always took a bath just before. The bath-room of Armstrong's house was an exceptionally good one. It was situated but a short distance from the suit occupied by the Professor and Dean. The tank was of marble, eight feet wide, ten feet long and six feet deep, capable of holding 480 cubic feet of water. Croftley connected the bath with his own room by means of wires. One entered the bath by the waste pipe. He reached this by digging in the garden under the pretext of planting flowers. The wire ran down the side of the house and into the ground. It was concealed from observation by a lilac bush. The other was connected with the pipe which furnished the water. He bored a hole in the wall and found the pipe, as he expected, running in the rear of the room close to the floor. He then increased the jars of his battery, and raised its strength to 500 omes.

No suspicion was excited by this, as he had been for months before making electrical experiments. His apparatus removed, its wires could be pulled away from the others and no trace would be left of previous connection.

On the night of the 3d of July all was in readiness. Croftley laid his plans with nicety and deliberation. Dean always took a bath before retiring, which was about midnight. In the morning Croftley had purchased two seats at the Metropolitan Theater, and given them to Armstrong, who took his daughter to the play. By eight o'clock every thing was safe from interruption until eleven o'clock, and perhaps later.

He now began to work in earnest. He filled the tank with water, and then tested his wires over and over again. Everything was in splendid working order. He calculated that he could embed his rival in ice about midnight, and then turn on the hot water. In the morning there would be no trace left of the freezing. He rubbed his hands with delight, and then poured in the chemical proportions, wherein lay the secret of discovery. Having done this he went back to his room and laid the two connecting wires of his apparatus side by side upon the instrument. It was now nine o'clock. He turned the gas up to a full blaze to disperse the shadows, took an easy chair, and determined to read until Dean's return. The silence of the house became unbearable, and the sultriness of the apartment more and more oppressive. His excitement began to tell upon him, and he was no longer cool. The man who is about to kill suffers more pangs than he who knows he is about to die. Croftly paced up and down the apartment, and then a strange fascination drew him toward the bath. He entered the room again and stood gazing into the motionless water in the tank, and then murmured to himself: "Four hundred and eighty cubic feet, 500 omes."

There was a gas jet above the tank, and its faint glow was reflected in the water. The water looked cool and refreshing. There was yet more than an hour. Croftly turned the catch of the door from force of habit, and throwing off his clothes plunged in. It was so agreeable that he began to reflect in his mind whether he would not continue to enjoy the bath and postpone the murder.

Suddenly the hall door was slammed, and he heard the voice of Miss Armstrong talking to her father. The pair had indeed returned, having left the theater because they did not care to be bored with Mrs. Bowers' hackneyed rendering of Queen Elizabeth. Passing along the hall, they saw the Professor's door open, and the gas in full blast. Armstrong hated to see anything go to waste, and told his daughter to go in and lower the gas, as the room was unoccupied. Miss Armstrong went in as directed, and her father passed up stairs. While alone the girl could not resist the temptation to pull a little note from her bosom and read it again. She had received it that morning and had already perused it about twenty times. It read:

DEAR ALICE: Will you be my wife?
Yours, EDWARD DEAN.

Dean was a young man, who, when he had any thing to say, said it at once, and stopped on reaching the point.

She pored over the letter about five minutes, and then, returning it to its place looked about her. Her eye presently fell on the instrument connected with Croftley's battery. She took up one of the wires, and was about to lay it on the other and see if there would be a shock, when her courage failed her, and she dropped it across its mate. A spark flashed out which startled her. She drew back, lowered the gas, and went to bed.

At the instant the wires were connected, Croftley was in the centre of the bath. A shock and terrible chill passed through his frame, and he felt a cloud of vapor rising from the surface of the water and sweeping into his face. Myriads of spear-like crystals shot out from the edge of the tank and converged toward him like so many shafts of death. He realized his situation and dashed to reach the steps; as he did so, he threw himself against the jagged edges of a sheet of ice half an inch thick.

There was a frightful gash in his side, from which blood was streaming. He struggled madly amid the ice, and every throe brought fresh wounds. His limbs moved no longer in the water; they were enveloped in slush. The ice closed about him like a vice. He was dead.

After the evaporation of the chemicals the electricity no longer had any effect, and the heat of the room began to tell upon the ice. The mass melted, and by four o'clock in the morning the corpse of Croftley was floating upon the surface of the bath. He was not missed until nine o'clock in the morning, when Dean burst open the door and found him as described.

The rest is known. The jury gave a verdict of suicide, and Miss Armstrong and Edward Dean were married on the 22d of the same month.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

THE TOAD MARKET.—Among the curious sights to be seen in Paris must be reckoned the toad market. Toads are there sold by the barrel. Think of it! Toads selling like potatoes. Who buys them? Vegetable gardeners.—Why? For the reason that toads devour the insects that would otherwise devour the vegetables. Who devours the toads? Contrary to some ideas—not the French people. But toads are being sold now, not devoured, and it is with the selling we are interested. How do they vend them? The man in blouse bares his arm and thrusts his open hand into the slimy swarm and brings up two, three or four gymnastic toads, wriggling and writhing. He points out their merits and delivers them in a box by the dozen, to the eager market gardener, who takes his choice and pays his price. The buying and selling are done expeditiously and quietly, and the profit to the venders is great.

"HIS BROTHER MAN."

A STORY OF AVARICE THAT WAS EFFECTUALLY CURED.

"I cannot wait any longer. I must have my money, and if you cannot pay it I must foreclose the mortgage and sell the place," said Mr. Merton.

"In that case," said Mr. Bishop, "I will, of course, be sold at a great sacrifice, and after all the struggles I have made, my family will be homeless. It is hard. I only wish you had to earn your money as I do mine—you might then know something of the life of a poor man. If you could only in imagination put yourself in my place, I think you would have a little mercy on me."

"It is useless talking; I extended this one year, and I can do so no longer," replied Mr. Merton, as he turned to his desk and continued writing.

The poor man rose from his seat and walked sadly out of Mr. Merton's office. His last hope was gone. He had just recovered from a long illness, which had swallowed up the means with which he had intended to make the last payment on his home. True, Mr. Merton had waited one year, when he had failed to meet the demand, owing to sickness in his family, and he felt very much obliged to him for doing so. This year he had been laid up for seven months, during which time he could earn nothing, and all his savings were needed for the support of his family. Again he failed, and now he would again be homeless and have to begin the world anew. Had heaven forsaken him and given him to the tender mercies of the wicked?

After he had left the office, Mr. Merton could not drive away from him the thoughts to which the poor man in his grief had given utterance, "I wish you had to earn your money as I do mine."

In the midst of a row of figures, "Put yourself in my place," intruded.

Once, after it had crossed his mind, he laid down his pen, and said, "Well, I think I should find it rather hard. I have a mind to drop in this afternoon and see how it fares with his family; that man has aroused my curiosity."

About five o'clock he put on a gray wig, and some old, cast-off clothing, and walked to the door. Mrs. Bishop, a pale, weary-looking woman opened it. The poor old man requested permission to enter and rest awhile, saying he was very tired with his long journey, for he had walked many miles that day.

The old gentleman watched her attentively. He saw there was no elasticity in her step, no hope in her movements, and pity for her began to steal into his heart. When her husband entered the features relaxed into a smile, and she forced a cheerfulness into her manner. The traveler noted it all, and was forced to admire this woman who could assume a cheerfulness she could not feel, for her husband's sake. After the table was prepared, there was nothing on it but bread and butter and tea. They invited the stranger to eat with them, saying, "We have not much to offer you, but a cup of tea will refresh you after your long journey."

He accepted their hospitality, and as they discussed the frugal meal, led them, without seeming to do so, to talk of their affairs.

"I bought this piece of land," said Mr. Bishop, "at a very low figure, and instead of waiting till I had money enough to build, as I ought to have done, I thought I would borrow a few hundred dollars. The interest on the money would not be near as much as the rent I was paying, and I would be saving something by it. I did not think there would be any difficulty in paying back the money, but the first year my wife and one of my children were ill, and the expense left me without any means to pay the debt. Mr. Merton agreed to wait another year if I would pay the interest, which I did. This year I was for seven months unable to work at my trade and earn anything, and, of course, when payday comes around—and that will be very soon—I shall be unable to meet the demand."

"But," said the stranger, "will not Mr. Merton wait another year, if you make all the circumstances known to him?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Bishop, "I saw him this morning, and he must have the money."

"He must be very hard-hearted," responded the traveler.

"Not necessarily so," replied Mr. Bishop. "The fact is, these rich men know nothing of the struggles of the poor. They are men just like the rest of mankind, and I am sure if they had but the faintest idea of what the poor had to pass through their hearts and purses would open. You know it has passed into a proverb, when a poor man needs assistance he should apply to the poor. The reason is obvious. Only the poor know the curse of poverty. If Mr. Merton had the least idea of what I and my family had to go through, I think he would be willing to wait several years for his money rather than distress us."

With what emotion the stranger listened may be imagined. A new world was being opened to him. He was passing through an experience that had never been his before. Shortly after the conclusion of the meal he arose to take his leave, thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bishop for their kind hospitality.

Mr. Merton did not sleep much that night; he lay awake thinking. He had received a new revelation. The poor had always been associated in his mind with stupidity and ignorance, and the first poor family he had found far in advance, in intelligence, sympathy, and politeness, of the exquisites and fashionable butterflies of the day.

The next day a boy called at the cottage and left a package in a large, blue envelope, addressed to Mrs. Bishop.

Mrs. Bishop was very much alarmed when she took it, for large blue envelopes were associated in her mind with law and lawyers, and she thought that it boded no good. She put it away until her husband came home from work, when she handed it to him.

He opened it in silence, read its contents, and said fervently: "Thank heaven!"

"What is it, John?" inquired his anxious wife.

"Good news, wife," replied John.—"Such news as I never hoped for or even dreamed of."

"What is it? Tell me quick—I want to hear, if it is anything good."

"Mr. Merton has cancelled the mortgage—released me from debt, both interest and principal—and says any time I need further assistance, if I will let him know I shall have it."

"I am so glad! It puts new life into me," said the now happy wife. "But what can have come over Mr. Merton?"

"I do not know. It seems strange after the way he talked to me yesterday morning, I will go right over to Mr. Merton and tell him how happy he has made us."

He found Mr. Merton in, and expressed his gratitude in glowing terms.

"What could have induced you" he asked, "to show us so much kindness?"

"I followed your suggestion," replied Mr. Merton, "and put myself in your place. I expect that it will surprise you very much to learn that the strange traveler to whom you showed so much kindness was myself."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Bishop.—"Well, it is a good joke," said the latter; "good in more senses than one. It has terminated very pleasantly for me."

"I was surprised," said Mr. Merton, "at the broad and liberal views you expressed of men and their action general. I thought I had greatly the advantage over you in means and education; yet how cramped and narrow have been my views beside yours! That wife of yours is an estimable woman, and that boy of yours will be an honor to any man. I tell you, Bishop," said the lawyer, becoming animated, "you are rich—beyond what money could make you; you have treasures that gold will not buy.—Somehow I seem to have lived years since yesterday morning. What I have learned at your house is worth more than you owe me, and I am your debtor yet. Hereafter I shall take as my motto, 'Put yourself in his place,' and try to regulate my action by it.'"

A THIEF SHREWDLY CAUGHT.—Dishonest people often show a great deal of cunning—and they have use for a great deal. But very few of them master all the secrets of detection, so as to perfectly shield themselves long in their bad trade.

"Where did you get them tomatoes?" asked an old Long Island farmer of a neighbor, whose real estate yields not a tomato vine. His basket was full of very fine, ripe specimens, which he thought he recognized. It was not the first time suspicion of his neighbor's honesty had arisen in his mind.

"Where did you get 'em?" he asked again.

"Bought 'em."

"Ah! Let's look at your hands."

With his basket on his arm, he held out both hands for examination. "What do you want to look at my hands for? There aint nothing on to 'em."

The old farmer was washing his own hands at the same time in a tin basin of rain water, with a wooden bowl of soft brown soap before him.

"No, there aint nothing on 'em that you can see; but look a-here! Set down your basket and wash 'em. It's werry coolin', and your face and hands look hot."

So saying, he emptied the basin and filled it with cold water, pointed to the soap dish, and relieved the bearer of his basket. The first immersion and friction of the hands in the water caused the fluid to turn green. It grew greener every second, and at length turned an intense dark green.

"Here, Jim," said the farmer to his towheaded son, "take in this basket and empty it, and bring it out again."

Then turning to his honest neighbor, he said: "You hooked them tomatoes from my patch half an hour ago. Three or four of the topones I knew in a minute. Here's your basket!"

If any country reader of the foregoing would test this discovery of a theft, let him pick one or two tomatoes next season, separating the vines with naked hands, and then wash them. There is a mysterious something about the plant, perfectly colorless, that remains on the hands until water removes it.

Moral: One never comes out of a guilty deed with clean hands, however fair an appearance he may put on.

ONE day Billy, that's my brother, he and Sammy Doppy was playin' by a mud-hole, and Billy he said: "Now, Sammy, les play we was a barnyard; you be the pig and lie down and woller, and I'll be a bull and beller like everything." So they got down on their hands and knees, and Sammy he went in the mud and wollered, wile Billy bellered like distant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he cum out muddy—you never see such a muddy little feller—and he said: "Now you be the pig an' let me beller." But billy he said: "I ain't a very good pig 'fore dinner, and itle be time 'nuff for you to beller wen yer mother sees yer close."

Dissolution of a Remarkable Copartnership in Wisconsin.

In the town of Westport, six miles north of Madison, Wis., have lived for many years two brothers named Dominick and Martin O'Malley. These brothers, when young men, in 1852, in the mountains of California, while mining there, verbally agreed to join their efforts and their fortunes and to be partners in all their business enterprises. That partnership existed until yesterday. Shortly after it was formed Martin went to Australia, lured there by the gold excitement, and Dominick remained in California. Each kept an account, and the firm, with all the vicissitudes and varying luck of the miner's life, kept solvent. Martin returned from Australia to Wisconsin, and began farming operations, and a year or two after Dominick returned. Every dollar of earnings or profits received by either of them went to the partnership fund, and every loss encountered by either, no matter in what hemisphere or under what circumstances, came out of the firm capital.

After their return to Wisconsin Martin married. The firm kept right on; the lands were all owned together; the house, as a homestead for family use, was built; every shingle used and every nail driven at firm expense, and household supplies procured also on firm account. Dominick soon after lost an arm. He went to France at firm expense to procure an artificial arm. He visited Ireland, and came back bringing a wife, imported at the expense of the firm. Then another house was built on the firm's lands and supplied out of the common fund with all housekeeping requisites. Since then their lands have been tilled; they have dealt in lands, and at present own extensive tracts in Kansas, besides some 700 or 800 acres in Westport. Such securities as they owned—the surplus earnings of many years of thrift—were invested entirely in Dominick's name. Every dollar of expense and earnings of each family were a partnership account, and the accumulation was never divided until yesterday. In fact, everything they had, but their wives and babies, were firm property. They lived in perfect concord, without a single difference or discord on the part of themselves or families. Dominick, by reason of his disablement, naturally attended to the general business, and Martin devoted himself most assidiously to the cultivation of the farms.

They were both in feeling disinclined to disturb the existing order of things. But as the years began to whiten their heads, and their children to approach mature age, they felt it a duty to dissolve this complex relation. Their method of doing this was as novel as their previous dealings had been. They went to their counsel and entered into a carefully prepared written agreement, arranging for divison and dissolution, to carry out which, at whatever cost of personal disappointment, they bound themselves by the most solemn covenants. Their respective houses were unlike in value and desirability. In dividing these and assigning to each his part they sold the right of choice to the highest bidder of the two. It was agreed that, should a change of houses be caused by their division, the entire household effects used by each should be left in the house he moved from, and that only the clothing of the family, the family Bible and pictures should be taken to the new home. The right of choice was awarded to Dominick, and he chose the house of Martin, who generously yielded it, as Dominick's family was the larger, and needed the larger house. So they are to change households, each taking his wife, children and their clothing, Bible and pictures, leaving everything else, and proceed to the home of the other and own and occupy it henceforth. It cost their wives a sigh of regret, but they cheerfully entered into this arrangement, and it was carried out with perfect confidence and good feeling. They have effected a division of all their lands except the Kansas lands, and for the first time since they were householders, they may be said to own a spoon or knife, fork, plate or tin dipper which is not partnership property.

These brothers are highly respected. They have often held offices of trust in their towns. Dominick was a member of the Assembly in the year 1861.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A DOG.—A Broughty Ferry lady, writing to her friends from Dublin, gives an account of a strange occurrence by which her husband was saved from being run down in a ferry-boat. The gentleman was just about to step into the ferry-boat to cross the river, when a large retriever rushed upon him, caught hold of his trousers with his teeth, and at the same time kept up a constant howl.

It was only after considerable difficulty that he could get himself released, and by that time the ferry-boat had been shoved off into the river.

The gentleman naturally felt much annoyed at being prevented from crossing, but his feelings underwent a changed when, a minute later, he saw the ferry-boat run down by a steamer which had approached without noticing the boat.

The passengers were thrown into the water, but, fortunately, the crew of the steamer were successful in saving them all, some being very much exhausted however.

While thinking of the singular means by which he had been saved from the accident, the gentleman could not help noticing the conduct of the dog, which followed closely at his heels.

He tried every means to get rid of it during the day, but in the afternoon the animal was still following him, and he was obliged to take it home with him. The dog has now been installed as watchman of the house, and has already shown great attachment to the gentleman and his family.