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

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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"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, JUNE 20, 1879. NUMBER 22.

Advertising Rates.

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

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

GOOD NEWS!

NEW GOODS!

NOW OPEN!

REVOLUTION IN ALTOONA.

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

YOUNG AMERICA

Clothing House

Is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

WE SNATCHED THESE

GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW

that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!

THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!

A TERRIBLE PANIC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

FOLLOWING WE GIVE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

A Man's Suit for $4.00 that others sell at $6.00.
A Man's Suit for $5.00 that others sell at $8.00.
A Man's Suit for $7.00 that others sell at $10.00.
A Man's Suit for $8.00 that others sell at $12.00.
A Man's Suit for $10.00 that others sell at $15.00.
A Man's Blue Suit for $8.00 that others sell at $15.00.
A Man's pair of Working Pant's for 50c.
A Man's pair of extra good Working Pants for 75c.
A Man's White Vest for 50c.
A Man's pair of Overalls for 20c.
A Man's good Calico Shirt for 40c.
A Man's good White Dress Shirt for 50c.
A Man's Hat for 38c.
A pair of Men's Suspenders for 7c.
Men's Socks, 6 pairs for 25c.
A Boy's Hat for 25c.
A Boy's Coat, Pants and Vest for $2.25.

And a thousand and one other things we have neither time nor space to enumerate; but just come and see the rush at the

RENOWNED AND POPULAR

Young America

CLOTHING EMPORIUM!

Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,

April 25, 1879.-6m. ALTOONA, PA.

YOU WANT TO MAKE IT PAY!

CERTAINLY YOU DO!

Then act the wise part when for bargains you go forth, and ere buying elsewhere your Dry Goods, your Dress Goods, and so forth, be sure to

VISIT THE MAMMOTH "BOSS" STORE OF ALTOONA,

—WHERE THEY DO—

FAIR DEALING AND NO SQUEALING,

And Never Back Down on the Prices They Quote.

With us will be found a full line of goods, too many to enumerate, such as

PRINTS AND MUSLINS!

At astonishingly low prices. Figured Alpacas from 10c. a yard up. White Dress Goods from 6c. a yard up to 35 cents. A big reduction in

WHITE QUILTS!

Worth $2, now offered for $1.25. Cretonnes from 6c. up; White Shirting from 5c. up; Pinafore Aprons, never sold for less than 6c., now down to 3c.; Toweling from 5c. to 12½c. per yard; Towels from 4c. each to 25c.; Ticking from 8c. up to the best quality; Striped Skirting from 8c. to 15c.; Table Damask from 12½c. to the finest; Cottonades and Jeans from 8c. up to the best; Youths' Cassimeres from 25c. up to 50c.; Dress Linens from 16c. up to 25c.; Ginghams from 5c. up to the finest Scotch and French. Also, a large and full assortment of **NOTIONS and TRIMMINGS**, such as Buttons, Fringes, &c. Spool Cotton from 5c. per dozen up. Ladies' and Children's Hose from 5c. a pair up to the finest French. 39 different qualities of Sun Umbrellas and 28 styles of Corsets.

GREAT BARGAINS in Shetland and other SHAWLS.

Kid Gloves from 25c. a pair up to the best quality; Black Silks from 65c. to $2; Summer and Colored Silks from 60c. to 90c.; Colored Dress Silks, striped, barred and plain, from 60c. to $1.25; Cashmeres, all shades, from 25c. to $1; French Satins, for wedding suits, VERY CHEAP. No, never such a bargain in All-Wool Debeige for 25c. An endless variety of Dress Goods, figured and plain, from 8c. up to 50c. Great bargains in Lawns—6¼c., 8c. and 10c., up to the best French.

Carpets! Carpets! Oil Cloths! Oil Cloths!

No, never were such prices heard of before—from 15c. a yard to the very best. Brussels Carpet, 55c., 75c. and 85c. Stair Carpet from 25c. a yard up. 4-4 Oil Cloth from 25c. up. Window Blinds and Fixtures at greatly reduced prices. Straw Mattings, Stair and Table Oil Cloths wonderfully cheap. Curtain Lace from 12½c. up to the finest. Irish Linen Lawns as low as 10c.

Bowman & Morrow's "BOSS" STORE,

[5-30.] CORNER ELEVENTH AVENUE AND TWELFTH STREET, ALTOONA, PA. [6m.]

TO BE OPENED THE COMING WEEK.

TWENTY-FIVE DOZEN

LEGHORN HATS!

ALSO, A FULL LINE OF

CHIP ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GOODS,

Trimmed and Untrimmed, for the Ladies, as well as

SAILOR AND OTHER STYLISH HATS

For Children—all of them fashionable and seasonable. Also,

FLOWERS and RIBBONS VERY CHEAP.

☞REMEMBER THE TIME AND PLACE.☜

S. B. CORN & CO., NO. 1307 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THIS standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

A. A. Hayes; M. D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Price, One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE WHISKERS.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO.
NASHUA, N. H.
Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicine.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Reject all Violent Purgatives. They ruin the tone of the bowels and weaken the digestion.

Tarrant's EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT is used by rational people as a means of relieving all derangements of the stomach, liver and intestines, because it removes obstructions without pain, and imparts vigor to the organs which it purifies and regulates.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

IF YOU ARE
GOING TO KANSAS

Send for **Free Guide** giving full and reliable information in regard to the cheapest, most productive and best located farming lands in the State. Address

J. E. LOCKWOOD,
Gen'l Immigration Agent, Kansas City, Missouri.

EMINENT DRS. S. L. & J. C. NEIDLET,
ST. LOUIS, MO.,

Write: Colden's **Liebeg's Liquid Extract of Beef** is a very agreeable article of diet, and particularly useful when tonics are required, being tolerated when other forms of animal food are rejected. In **Diphtheria, Malarial, Typhoid Fevers, Weakness,** and every depressing disease, we have prescribed it with *great success*. Sold by all druggists.

AGENTS READ THIS

We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address SHERMAN & Co., Marshall, Mich.

$10 to $1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks make fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N.Y.

SEND to F. G. RICH & CO., Portland, Maine, for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive Outfit Free.

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

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

$777 A YEAR and expenses to Agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

EMPIRE THRESHER
MANUFACTURED AT
HAGERSTOWN, MD.
BY THE HAGERSTOWN STEAM ENGINE & MACHINE Co.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

MUNSTER TOWNSHIP.—Statem't of Auditors' settlement with the Supervisors of Munster township for the year ending April 14, 1879:

JOHN KANE, Supervisor, Dr.

To am't Duplicate, work tax	$169.24	
" " " money tax	68.29	—$237.53
Cr.		
By work done by taxables	$169.24	
" services, 17 days at $1.50 per day	25.50	
" " of Jas. Criste, appointed Supervisor in place of Jno. Kane, resigned—6 days at $1.50 per day	9.00	
" orders	8.92	— 212.66
Balance due township		$ 24.87

ANTHONY SHRIVER, Supervisor, Dr.

To am't duplicate, work tax	$176.10	
" " " money tax	74.73	—$250.83
Cr.		
By work done by taxables	$176.10	
" services, 19½ days at $1.50 per day	29.25	
" cash for bridge purposes	4.80	
" orders	36.51	—$246.66
Balance due township		$ 4.17

LIABILITIES OF TOWNSHIP.

Am't of outstanding orders	$ 57.25

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we have examined the duplicates and vouchers of John Kane and Anthony Swires, and find the above to be correct according to our judgment and belief.

EDWARD FARREN,
JOHN PARRISH, } Auditors.
PHILIP FARREN,
Attest—Wm. Reiter, Twp. Clerk. [6-6.-3t.]

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Isaac Crawford, of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., and Harriet, his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment have assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said Isaac Crawford to Abel Lloyd, of Cambria township, in the county and State aforesaid, in trust for the creditors of said Isaac Crawford. All persons, therefore, indebted to the said Isaac Crawford will make payment to the said assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

ABEL LLOYD,
May 23, 1879.-6t. Assignee of Isaac Crawford.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE!—Letters testamentary on the estate of Elizabeth Stuby, late of Carroll township, have been granted by the Register of Cambria county to the undersigned, residing near Ebensburg, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate will please make prompt payment of the same, and those having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARTIN SANDERS, Executor.
Ebensburg, May 16, 1879.-6t.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

This life is but a game of cards, which mortals have to learn;
Each shuffles, cuts and deals the pack, and each a trump doth turn;
Some bring a high card to the top and others bring a low,
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps, while others none can show.

Some shuffle with a practiced hand and pack their cards with care,
So they may know when they are dealt where all the best cards are;
Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues while rogues each other cheat,
And he is very wise indeed who never meets defeat.

In playing some throw out the ace the counting cards to save,
Some play the deuce and some the ten, but many play the knave;
Some play for money, some for fun and some for worldly fame,
But not until the game's played out can they count up their game.

When hearts are trumps they play for love and pleasure rules the hour;
No thought of sorrow checks our joy in beauty's rosy bower;
We sing, we dance, sweet verses make, our cards at random play,
And while our trump remains on top our game's a holiday.

When diamonds chance to crown the pack and players stake their gold,
And heavy sums are lost and won by gambler's young and old,
Intent on winning, each his game doth watch with eager eye,
How he may see his neighbor's cards and beat him on the sly.

When clubs are trumps look out for war on ocean and on land,
For bloody horrors always come when clubs are held in hand;
Then lives are staked instead of gold, the dogs of war are freed;
This side the broad Atlantic late the clubs have had the lead.

Last game of all is when the spade is turned by hand of time—
He always deals the closing game in every land and clime—
No matter how much each man wins or how much each man saves,
The spade will finish up the game and dig the player's grave.

SWIMMING FOR LIFE.

A THRILLING EPISODE ON THE MONONGAHELA RIVER.

I am fifty years old now, hale and strong, but not the vigorous man I was at the time of the events described in this story. I was reared on the Monongahela river. My earliest employment was on that stream. I was a ferryman, a fisherman, a boatman, a raftsman, and certainly a swimmer—everything that did not call me away from the river.—When the United States declared war against Mexico I enlisted at Pittsburg in the Second Pennsylvania regiment, and went. I passed through General Scott's campaign with but one slight wound, and it was an adventure I had near the City of Mexico, after the fighting was over, that resulted, strange as it may seem, in a big swim in the Monongehela two years afterward. One day while we were quartered at Cuycan, seven miles from the conquered capital, I, being a sergeant, was ordered to take a file of men and pursue a reckless character named M'Cutchin, who had escaped from the guard house and fled toward the city. He was one of the worst men in the regiment, and had lately been confined in the guard house to await a trial by court martial on a charge of murderous assault on a superior officer. We caught sight of the fugitive before we had gone half the distance to the city, and he immediately left the road and plunged into a dense thicket of a square mile in extent. We immediately scattered through the bushes in pursuit, and five minutes later I came upon him hiding in a very thick clump of the chaparal. I expected he would run for it on being discovered, but to my surprise he sprang out and rushed upon me like a tiger, flourishing a large knife. I had barely time to club my musket when he was within two feet of me, and had he been one second sooner he certainly would have stabbed me. But with one blow from the butt of my musket I felled him, and immediately called for my companions. They were both within hearing, and soon at the spot.

"Here he is, boys," I said. "The rascal made an assault on me with his knife, and I knocked him down. Watch him. Where is that knife?"

"Here it is," said one of the boys, picking it up.

M'Cutchin had now got upon his feet and was rubbing his head, every now and then scowling upon me in a very terrible manner.

"Oh, I'll pay you for this!" he finally said.

"M'Cutchin," said I, "in arresting you I simply obeyed orders, and in knocking you down I simply acted in self-defense. You know you attempted to kill me with that knife. Now I want none of your threats, or I'll make your case worse than it is. March him to camp, boys."

We proceeded to camp, the desperate prisoner all the while glaring upon me like a demon, and repeating muttered threats. He was a very wicked and revengeful man.

He was soon after court-martialed and sentenced to wear a ball and chain about his ankle for one month, and after that to be dismissed from the army in disgrace, forfeiting all his back pay. So two months later he was put on board a transport at Vera Cruz and sent to New Orleans.

During the second summer after my return to the United States I was employed as a mate of a steamboat on the Monongahela. She was a light draught boat called the Merry, and as the water did not usually fall low till late in August, we plied between Pittsburgh and New Geneva nearly all summer—the distance being one hundred miles. Occasionally, when there was any considerable rise in the river, we ran up to Morgantown, W. Va., twenty miles above New Geneva.

One rainy evening, when we arrived at New Geneva, we found the water high enough for a venture to Morgantown, and the captain decided to run up.

Just before we left the landing a strange man came aboard, stating to the clerk that he wished to take a deck passage to Pittsburg, and asking permission to remain on the boat while running up to Morgantown and back, that he might at once "turn in," and have an unbroken night's sleep, to which the clerk assented, the passenger paying his fare to Pittsburg.

He was a rough loooking man, with a sandy beard that covered three-fourths of his face. However, I paid but little attention to him, and he soon passed aft to where the freight was stored and the deck hands slept.

Our boat steamed up the river a little before dark, and we passed the mouth of the Cheat river just as night fairly set in—which it did in terrible earnest. The clouds thickened up, the rain came down in torrents, and I never before or since saw a night so intensely dark.—The Merry could hardly proceed far without running aground, for the tall shores entirely disappeared from view in the awful gloom; but the doors of the furnace were thrown open and the blazing fire under the boilers shed a dim light ahead, which enabled the pilot to pick his way along for a time, by running very slowly.

We had gone about two miles above the mouth of the Cheat river, when, descending from the cabin deck by means of a very narrow flight of steps on the larboard side, I saw our deck passenger skulk away from the foot of the stairs and pass into the quarters aft, as though to escape observation. As he did so I caught a brief glimpse of his face—for the light of a lamp at one of the engines shone on it—and it immediately struck me that it was not unfamiliar. A moment later, while I stood pondering, the face reappeared at the door, and the deck passenger stepped out, saying, in a low tone:

"Do you know me?"

"I was just thinking I had seen you somewhere," I replied.

"Must I tell you my name?" he asked.

"Yes, I would like to know it."

The mysterious deck passenger stepped closer to me, so that his bearded face was within an inch of my ear, and whispered, "M'Cutchin."

I had scarcely time to think ere he gave me a violent push with both hands, and I fell backward from the low deck into the river, immmediately forward of the crashing wheel. A blow of one of its paddles would have crushed me, but fortunately I sank to the bottom and before I arose to the surface the wheel had passed over me. I shall never forget the sensations produced by the thundering of the paddles over my head and the rushing and bubbling of the muddy water about my ears.

My plunge into the water had been so entirely unexpected that I strangled badly at first, but being on of the best of swimmers I soon recovered, rested upon the surface with but little exertion, and began to deliberate as to what I was going to do with myself. The clatter of paddles, rapidly receding from me, reminded me that I ought to make some effort to attract the attention of those on the boat, and I shouted with all my might, but to no purpose; and the faint lights that peeped from the after cabin soon disappeared beyond a bend in the river, a little way above.

The rain was pouring down, and the darkness so intense that I strained my eyes in vain to catch the outlines of the tall hills against the sky. The heavens themselves were as black as the rushing river. Nothing was to be seen; I could only feel; and it may be relied on that I felt very uncomfortable. The water was not decidedly cold, but it was much too cool when taken in such quantities.

But I was too familiar with the water to be easily daunted, and although I could not say with Byron that I was a "child of the ocean," I deemed myself, at least, as near as a brother-in-law to the Monongahela river. So I struck out vigorously for—what? Shore? Well, yes, I had some vague notion of getting to shore before morning, but how was I to get there? In which direction should I swim? For the life of me—and that life was at stake—I could not guess in what direction either shore lay. So I struck out at random. There was a strong current in the river, but as I moved along with it, I had no means of calculating its course. Still, I swam away through the black torrent, confident that I must eventually reach one shore or the other.

When I had swam at least four times the width of the river I lay-to a moment, and again endeavored to pierce the awful gloom, but in vain. My eyes actually pained and head throbbed with the effort. It was so perfectly dark that I remember wondering if it ever could grow light again. There was no means of ascertaining where the shore was, and I endeavored more than once to "touch bottom" with my toes, but in vain.

I then struck out again, and after swimming with all my might for ten or fifteen minutes, I began to be tired, and became really alarmed. Suppose whole hours should pass, and I should still be unable to discover the shore or strike it by accident? The danger of my situation now burst upon me with bewildering force, and I felt that my strength was failing. I grew impatient and angry, and began beating the cruel waters in my frenzy, and screaming loud curses against the murderous M'Cutchin, whose revengeful spirit had prompted him to hurl me into the fearful peril.

Presently I heard the rippling of water near me, and, thinking it was the current flowing among the rocks or bushes at the shore, I struck out in the direction with new hope. I put out my hand and touched something solid.—But it was not the shore; it was a large snag that barely peeped out of the water. Gladly accepting a respite, however, I climbed upon it, almost exhausted, and sat half immersed in water, shivering, trembling, and wondering whether the morning would see me alive.

The rain was still pouring down, and I caught the glimmer of a faint flash of lightning, which was followed by the low rumbling of distant thunder. But the lightning was too dim to reveal the hidden shore. Presently I felt the snag sinking beneath my weight, and I plunged into the current again and resumed my swimming—in what direction I did not know.

At last, when I felt that I could not stay up much longer, I caught a glimpse of a light in the distance. It was evidently shining from a window, and I was sure it must be on shore; so, with new courage, I steered for the light, which for the first twenty-five minutes seemed to recede from me like an ignis fatuus. But I persevered, determined to strike as long as a muscle would move, for I was swimming to some purpose now. Ten minutes more, and I found that I was undoubtedly nearing the light. Hope lent me new strength and courage, and I think that, exhausted though I had recently felt, I now did such swimming as I had never done before.

Ten minutes more, I was rapidly nearing the light, when, to my dismay, it suddenly vanished. My heart sank again; my strength was fast leaving me, and I was about to go down with a half uttered prayer on my lips, when my feet touched the pebbly bottom, and I found myself in shallow water. I stood up, and with a tottering step, waded out and found myself on shore. I crawled up a steep and muddy bank and for a few minutes lay down almost helpless.

The rain had abated somewhat, tho' the darkness had not, but presently a flash of lightning revealed the whole scene to me—among other objects, a little log house, not more than fifty yards distant. I arose from the wet earth, and with trembling steps went staggering toward the house. Another kindly flash of lightning guided me to the door, at which I knocked without hesitation.

"Who's there?" came from within.

"My name is M'Cann," I replied. "I live at New Geneva, and am mate of the Merry. I fell off, and have just swam ashore."

"But what was the steamboat doing on Cheat river?" asked the man of the house, striking I light.

"Cheat river!" I exclaimed. "We haven't been on Cheat river."

The door was cautiously opened, and the farmer appeared, with a candle in one hand and a gun in the other.

"Oh, come in," he said, as he recognized me (for he had seen me before), "what's all this?"

I tottered in and fell to the floor exhausted. I must have been a picture to look at—with my wet and muddy clothes, hair disordered, and without hat or coat.

"Dear me," I presently heard him say in a low tone to his wife, who came in from an adjoining room, "I've often heard he drank too much, poor feller, but I never know'd he got on such terrible 'uns as this."

But I soon convinced them that I was not on a "terrible 'un." A roaring wood fire was started in the huge fire place, and some coffee made for me, which I drank, and found myself materially revived.

Then I told my story.

Mr. Davis' house stood on the right bank of the Cheat river, a mile from its junction with the Monongahela; and it began to appear to mind—and such was the fact—that after having swam a couple of miles down the Monongahela, I had varied the exercise, in the blind night, by swimming a mile up the Cheat river, and that against a strong current. I presume that I had first descried the light shining from Mr. Davis' window while still floating in the Monongahela at the mouth of its tributary.

Such was my swim for life.

Not long after I had been pushed from the deck of the Merry she ran aground, as I afterwards learned, and stuck till morning. M'Cutchin, the malevolent deck passenger, thinking it a good opportunity to escape, attempted to leap ashore; but the boat was not so near the shore as he supposed, and he landed in the water, and was soon carried beyond his depth by the swift current. Not being such a swimmer as the man he had endeavored to murder on that dark night, he soon sank beneath the muddy torrent—and his body was found a few days afterwards a short distance below Brownsville.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

On land, a short distance southeast from the Weir station, Taunton, Mass., is a double tree composed of a complete living apple tree, out of the trunk of which grows a fine elm thirty feet or more. And near the house of Mr. Dean, in the same town, stands an elm, near the foot of which there springs, or did at last accounts, the butt of a vigorous grape vine, which, at considerable distance from the ground, grows entirely into the tree, then reappears and is at length once more entirely lost. On the farm of a Mr. Read, in the same vicinity, there is a willow of considerable size grown from seed brought to maturity in the original tree over the burial spot of Napoleon, at St. Helena. A fourth wonder in this neighborhood is the grapevine on the Richardson estate. The trunk of this vine is more than twenty-seven inches in circumference, and several of the branches girt eight and nine inches. We doubt whether the famous Hampton Court vine is much bigger than some of its humble relations. About four miles northwest of Spencer, Indiana, stands a sugar tree on the brow of a hill, which has two distinct trunks that start from the ground four feet apart. They are eight inches in diameter and unite in one trunk of about twelve inches in diameter, at nine feet from the ground, forming a solid, compact body from that point upwards. On the bank of the Kansas river, a short distance north of Udora, stands a water elm, about twenty-four inches in diameter. At about twelve feet distant, another of the same species leans towards and enters into the larger trunk, and becomes a part of it at about fifteen feet from the ground. One of the most curious, and at the same time most useful of trees, is the bamboo—botanically a grass, yet practically a foreign tree. It grows as high as eighty feet and has clums so strong that they are used for masts, joists of houses, pipes, and every purpose to which poles can be applied. The tender young shoots serve as a vegetable for the natives, and are used for pickles by the Europeans; they serve, when sown together, as garments, and are also used for thatching roofs of houses. The wood cut into splints is worked into baskets, twisted into cables, and, in fact in some form or other, furnishes the bed, mattress, chair, table, curtain, pipe, chopstick, flute, broom, food, garment, book, paper, fuel, food, etc., of a large class of human beings. One of the most remarkable instances of abnormal growth is that of a decaying sugar tree, in Township Fifteen, about one mile east of Rockville, Indiana. From some cause its top has been bent down to the ground, against a hillside in such a manner that its branches became in time covered with earth that was washed down the hillside. This resulted in its taking root at the top. Then followed a series of sprouts, that become dwarf trees, along the upper side of the main trunk, forming a fantastic arch over the little hollow.

A WONDEFUL MAN NAMED SMITH.—A man named Smith in Otis, Mass., has excited great interest, and some fear, by cannibalistic propensities. He eats pies, plates and all; chews fowls right down without wringing their necks; eats fish off the hook, rotten eggs, dead snakes, and any kind of meat without picking out the bones. He swears that he ate a man in New-Jersey, where he used to live, and will eat all the young people who are fat, handsome, and don't use tobacco or wear whiskers. He has several times chased children, but so far as known has no harmed them. He offered to work six months for one little girl to eat. He worships everything that is queer, and has a wooden image for a god which he calls "Boudish." At 10 o'clock every Sunday he washes its face and bows at its feet in prayer. He also worships squirrels and gnarled and twisted trees. Some think the man crazy, but his behavior is the result of twenty years' residence among the cannibals.

A LITTLE GIRL at school read thus: "The widow lived on a limbacy left her by a relative." "What did you call that word?" asked the teacher. "The word is legacy, not limbacy." "But," said the little girl, "my sister says I must say limb, not leg."

MAJOR GENERAL SHIELDS.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A BRAVE SOLDIER—AN INTERESTING AND REMARKABLE CAREER.

The late General James Shields was one of the most gallant soldiers who ever lived. He was absolutely devoid of the sensation of fear, and to storm a fortress or lead a charge was merely a diversion for his overflowing spirits. While he was yet a young man, and was Auditor General of the State of Illinois, he challenged Abraham Lincoln to fight a duel, on the presumption that Mr. Lincoln was the author of a letter abusive of General Shields which had been published in the Springfield *Journal*. The challenge was accepted by Lincoln, and shot guns at forty paces were chosen as the weapons. Before the duel could be fought, however, the editor certified that Mr. Lincoln was not the writer of the letter in which among other things Shields was spoken of as a "dandy who went floatin' about the air without heft or earthly substance, just like a lot of cat-fur whar cats had been fightin'." Shields then challenged the editor, but the journalist, while he refused to give his author, declined to fight and published an answer from "Aunt Becca"—the author of the objectionable letter. The answer closed thus:

"If this should not answer, there is one thing more I would rather do than take a lickin'. I have all along expected to die a widow, but as Mr. S. is rather good-looking than otherwise, I must say I don't care if we compromise the matter by—really, Mr. Printer, I can't help blushin'—but—I—it must come out—I—but widowed modesty—well, if I must I must—wouldn't he—maybe sorter, let old grudge drap if I was to consent to be—be—h-i-s w-i-f-e! I know he is a fightin' man and would rather fight than eat; but isn't marryin' better than fightin' though it does sometimes run into it? And I don't think upon the whole I'd be such a bad match neither; I'm not over sixty, and am just four feet three in my bare feet, and not much more round the girth; and for color, I wouldn't turn my back to nary a gal in the Lost Townships. But, after all, maybe I'm countin' my chickens before they're hatched, and dreamin' of matrimonial bliss when the only alternative reserved for me may be a lickin'. Jeff tells me the way these fire-eaters do is to give the challenged party choice of weapons, etc., which bein' the case, I'll tell you in confidence that I never fight with anything but broomsticks or hot water or a shovelful of coals or some such thing, the former of which, being somewhat a shillalah, may not be so very objectionable to him. I will give him choice, however, in one thing, and that is, when we fight I shall wear breeches or he petticoats, for I presume the change is sufficient to place us on an equality."

In Mexico General Shields was for some time Military Governor of Tampico, but rejoining his command in the spring of 1847, he assisted at the reduction of Vera Cruz, and was commended for good conduct by his division commander, General Patterson, and also by General Scott, March 30, 1847. On the 18th of March Shields' brigade, composed of New York and Illinois volunteers, and of the South Carolina "Palmetto" regiment, halted at the foot of Cerro Gordo. The engineers, who had brought up three guns to be placed on a precipitous height for use in the coming battle, were overtaken by the nightfall and about to abandon the undertaking as hopeless, when Shields sent five hundred New York and South Carolina men under Major Harris to attempt the feat. To the general surprise they got the guns up, and next day the battery did effective service. Early in the morning Shields' brigade had orders to advance across rugged broken ground, attack the Mexican reserve, under Santa Anna, and seize the Jalapa road, in order to cut off his retreat to the Capital. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that Santa Anna had hardly time to escape into the woods, leaving his carriage, baggage, money and plate in the hands of the volunteers, and the whole medical staff of the Mexican army were surrounded and captured. A few minutes later Shields was struck down while leading his troops, a big copper grapeshot passing through his lungs. His soldiers halted to attend to their idolized commander, but he said to them: "Men, I am of no further use to my country, you are. Lay me down and let me die. I might as well die here as be taken off to die. You are all strong, able-bodied men, able to do your country some service. For God's sake lay me down and go to your duty!" But he was not fated to die then. One of the captured Mexican surgeons drew a silk handkerchief through the wound—the silk went in at the breast and came out at the back—and cleansed it of clotted gore, and, thanks to a splendid constitution and careful nursing, Shields recovered. He was brevetted Major General of Volunteers, and both Twiggs and Scott eulogized him in their reports, the latter as a "commander of activity, zeal and talent." Four months later he was in the field, and August 20, 1847, fought at Contreras and Cherubusco, leading in the latter bloody encounter the famous charge of the Palmetto and New York regiments, 400 against 4,000, fighting till Worth came up with reinforcements. Gen. Quitman, Shields' division commander, highly eulogized him for his "distinguished conduct."

While the American army lay before the City of Mexico Shields performed one characteristic deed, a recital of which reads like a chapter from a medieval romance. An English boy, arrested as a spy, obtained a private audience of the General and told him that a Mexican desperado had sought his sister's hand, and being refused had threatened vengeance and obtained from Santa Anna the control of that part of the city in which the boy's father, mother and two sisters lived, and hired a gang of villains who were to plunder the house, keep the booty and deliver the girls to this Mexican. Properly disguised, the boy had entered the American ranks to beseech assistance of General Shields, whose fame was known in the enemy's ranks. There was little time for debate, and as it was certain that General Scott would refuse to sanction any plan for attempting a rescue, Shields got together 400 volunteers and dashed at the walls. The Americans went over them with a fierce rush, bayoneted the few sentries, took the English girls and their parents and started back for the American lines. A Mexican infantry regiment which had been turned out to stop them, was scattered by a resolute charge, and the girls were brought in safety to Shields' headquarters. The most indescribable confusion reigned in both armies; the Mexicans were all under arms, apprehending a general assault, and the American commanders turned out their men, anticipating a sortie. Scott was furious, as from a strictly military point of view he well might be, but the sight of the rescued captives and the story which they told him appeased him, and General Shields was not even court-martialed.

At Chapultepec, September 13, Shields was again wounded, this time in the arm, but he refused to retire. Scott had ordered him to make a demonstration with the Palmetto and New York regiments, the Mounted Rifles and O'Brien's Battery. Shields made a dash along the aqueduct towards the city. The enemy gave way and Shields pressed them hotly to prevent them reforming. General Scott, who had intended that Worth should deliver the serious attack by the San Cosmo route, saw that Shields was making too rapid progress and sent two aides to check him. General Shields, speaking of this occurrence, said: "I didn't want any message from General Scott at that precise moment, and when the aides-de-camp got within speaking range and said, 'General Scott sends his compliments to General Shields,' I called out, 'All right, but I haven't time to talk with you now; wait a bit.' General Scott, seeing that we were still pushing ahead at a break-neck pace toward the city, sent General Quitman to me, and, my horse having been shot under me, I was on foot explaining to General Quitman that it would be madness for us to desist from our advantage, and that General Scott never would have ordered it if he knew how gloriously we were advancing. Oh, but he was a gallant soldier, General Quitman, and a generous one, and, instead of ordering me back, he told me to go ahead! So on we went and in less than twenty minutes we entered the *garita*, or city gate, and unfurled the first American flag in the City of Mexico."

A WASH DAY SKETCH.

If there is any one thing more than another calculated to make a wrong impression on the mind of the unsophisticated man, it is the picture of a woman using a patent washing machine. The picture represents a woman dressed in silk, trimmed with lace, having full train, bustle and elbow sleeves cut on the bias. There she stands, a sweet smile illuminating her countenance. Her hair is banged and frizzed in the most approved fashion, and perhaps a jaunty lace cap surmounts her wealth of golden, red, brown, black or yellow hair, as the case may be, or the imagination portray. One hand grasps the machine lightly and the other is at liberty to arrange her hair or train. The clothes are in the tub—the other clothes—and are apparently being washed without the slightest effort on the part of the woman. The wall is covered with the latest and most approved style of paper, with dado to match, and is hung with numerous pictures. The floor is covered with body Brussels carpet and several children in Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes are playing about, just as though no washing were being done. All is as serene and as clean and tidy as the sales-room of a millinery shop. Not even the faintest curl of steam arises from the tub. It is a very pretty picture, and perhaps the unsophisticated young man may think that it correctly represents the manner in which the average washing is done. But it is a delusion and a snare. The artist who drew it must have depended on his imagination wholly. He should have been a married man and should have sketched the picture from life. He should have gone to dinner some Monday and found the woman of the house up to her elbows in the wash-tub. Look at her: Her hair is wadded up in a little ball on the northwest side of her head and several locks straggle down in several directions. She is clad in a dingy old calico dress, and a pair of carpet slippers which are not mates. The scene is located in the back woodshed or "summer kitchen," so-called. The thermometer stands at ninety in the shade and in the wash-room it is ninety and nine. The woman's face, in color, resembles a boiled lobster. The perspiration drips off her chin, and her fingers, which are parboiled, remind you of dried apples, bleached. Two of the children are making pancakes in their hats out of water and coal ashes. The third one has got stuck under the back gate in an effort to crawl through. Just at that moment a small dog begins making faces at him, and the youngster, unable to wiggle one way or the other, sets up a yell which would put to blush a Comanche Indian. At the same instant one of the pancake makers slaps a hatful of "batter" on the head of his sister, and running to escape the material slipper, which he conjectures will be forthcoming, falls headforemost into a tub of suds. The last mentioned youngsters turn up and swell the chorus for the soloist under the gate. But we drop the curtain with simply the remark that at this juncture the sketcher of washing machine pictures should get his work in. A woodcut of this scene from every day life would take the romance all out of the popular pictures of washing machines.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A WONDERFUL EGG.—The Barnesville (Ga.) *Gazette* describes a most wonderful hen's-egg. It is the shape of a perfect human head, the black feathers like hair, and more resembling hair than feathers, are parted just as a young man of the dandy order would arrange his fascinating locks very near his middle. The white streak across the skull where the hair is parted, is as visible as any human skull ever exhibited after emerging from the barber's shampoo and combs. The forehead and top of the skull are as perfect a representation of the human head as Napoleon's was. The arched black brow, the twirled moustache and the delicate goatee are all plainly visible. The eye, the ear and the nose all look as if life performed its mission through them, so perfect do they appear. The delicate outline of the forehead and the little wrinkles, without which no human face could be itself, can be traced. The nicely chiseled chin is formed by the gradual tapering from the oval cheek. The rear of no human skull is more perfect in construction or appearance. The face of no human being is more interesting to look at. It is simply a wonderful phenomenon and cannot receive justice from human description. The editor will keep the egg on exhibition.

A NEWLY married lady, who, as in duty bound, was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once remarked to a witty friend:

"What do you think? My husband has laid out ten dollars for a large baboon just to please me!"

"The dear little man!" exclaimed the other. "Well, it's just like him!"