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

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

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Cash in advance, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it,'tis 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, SEPTEMBER 12, 1879. NUMBER 33.

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

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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.

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PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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JOHNSTOWN, PA.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.

STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.

PROTECTION MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY

OF EBENSBURG, PA.

Premium Notes now in force - $123,000.

Only Five Assessments in 2 Years.

NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.

GOOD FARM PROPERTES

ESPECIALLY DESIRED.

GEO. M. READE, President.

J. W. DICK, Secretary.

Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1879-1y.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & Co.

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Penn'a.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT

PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

MONEY LOANED, COLLECTIONS MADE,

AND A GENERAL

BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

☞Special attention paid to business of corporations.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

Ebensburg, Feb. 13, 1879.-tf.

Removed to Bank Building

—Next Door to Freidhoff's New Store.

CARL RIVINIUS,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

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

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

EBENSBG WOOLEN FACTORY.

COUNTRY WORK A SPECIALTY.

The undersigned having recently purchased the property known as the Ebensburg Woolen Factory, on the Susquehanna River, near the Junction of the Ames of A. V. & Geo. W. Jones, would call the attention of the public to the fact that they are putting said Factory in good repair for the purpose of doing all COUNTRY WORK, such as Carding, Spinning, Weaving, &c. Flannels, Blankets, Flannels, Linseys and Yarn.

We have secured the services of an experienced workman, and by strict attention to business, we flatter ourselves we can give satisfaction to all who favor us with a call.

F. H. BARKER.
ALVIN EVANS.
ED. JAMES.

Ebensburg, May 2, 1878-tf.

B. O. Oeschger,

FASHIONABLE CUTTER AND CUSTOMER,

EBENSBURG, PA.

In Darley Building, on High street, where a variety of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and Trimmings can be made, will at all times keep on hand, and full suits or single articles of wearing apparel for either gents or youths will be made to order on the shortest notice, in the latest and best style, and at the lowest living price. ☞Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases and the best of goods only used. Ready-made clothing is cheap as inferior clothing is always ready made. ☞A trial is earnestly solicited.

Ebensburg, May 23, 1878-tf. B. O. OESCHGER.

Important Announcement!

JOHN WANAMAKER,
GRAND DEPOT,
Thirteenth Street, - - Philadelphia.

THE large increase of our business thus far this year makes it necessary to

ENLARGE OUR PREMISES.

We have been cramped and crowded all the season in some of our Departments, and our only alternative is to make some important alterations and additions to give us the needed room.

The only time to do this is during August and September, the dullest periods of the year.

To allow the builders to get on rapidly with the work, some of our goods must be removed or sold. To save expense of removing certain stocks, to prevent loss and depreciation from dust during the alterations, we have concluded to offer many of our goods at or about cost.

The whole of our stock will be found to be marked very, very low.

THE GREAT ALTERATION SALE
COMMENCES IMMEDIATELY.

Our prices are always at the very lowest point, and at this time, when goods are advancing in price, we should not press our stock to sale but to get the goods out of the way of the

EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS

And Improvements to be made to the Grand Depot.

It is unnecessary to say that the qualities of our goods are the best. We do not mean to lose reputation by selling poor or imperfect goods. The well-known rules of Exchange and Return Money observed by the Grand Depot fully protect our customers, and, besides, in building up this great business, we are very careful to keep good faith with our patrons who are depending on us.

We only add that it will be to the interest of the people in city or country to buy during this

GREAT ALTERATION SALE.

Silks, Dress Goods, Trimmings, and everything in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wear, whether in large or small quantities, promptly forwarded by mail or express, and exactly as ordered; but even then, if not as expected, cheerfully exchanged or the money refunded. Write a postal card, specifying what you desire, and samples, with full instructions for ordering, will be mailed you, postage paid, without any obligation to purchase if prices are not satisfactory. For immediate attention, address MAIL DEPARTMENT FOR SAMPLES AND SUPPLIES.

John Wanamaker,
GRAND DEPOT,
Thirteenth Street, Market and Chestnut,
PHILADELPHIA.

REAL FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

The thoughtful and discriminating portion of the public who purchase

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Will see with even but little consideration that the old house of Wanamaker & Brown is in a position to give superior advantages to its patrons. These advantages consist in supplying goods that are

First--Properly Made Up.
Second--Materials Shrunken.
Third--Excellent in Fit.

The cut and finish of our Men's and Boys' Clothing is of a character to outrank the

ORDINARY CUSTOM WORK.

We found out long ago by actual experience that garments bought up from the Wholesale Stocks are by no means so reliable as those made up under our own personal supervision. Neither will the cut and general style (after wearing) bear a comparison to our own careful make. By making our own goods the

PRODUCER AND CONSUMER

Are brought in direct contact, and as a consequence the latter reap no small advantage.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING.

This forms a very considerable portion of our business, and we are satisfied that we can convince any one that we always offer the Handsomest and Best-Finished Goods known to the trade.

LOW PRICES

Do not always mean good value. On this head we shall only say that when Style and Quality are taken into account, we are not, under any circumstances, ever undersold, and seldom are the prices to which dealers fall as low as our first and only one fixed price to everybody.

OUR STOCK IS ENORMOUS,

Especially in thin goods, suited to the present weather. Inviting a visit and recommendations from our friends,

We Remain, Very Respectfully,

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

The Largest Clothing House in America,

OAK HALL, - Sixth and Market,

PHILADELPHIA.

1879. THE THIRD 1879.

PITTSBURG EXPOSITION

Will open at their Buildings and Grounds in the City of Allegheny,

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879,

And continue open, Day and Evening, Sundays excepted, until

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1879.

Greater Attractions this year than any previous one. A perfect reflex of the

ARTS, INDUSTRY, CULTURE AND SCIENCE

Will be displayed with a prodigality never before attempted in the city.

NEW AND STARTLING ATTRACTIONS!

THE COLOSSAL MAMMOTH, or Siberian Elephant, standing 16 feet high and 26 feet in length; together with an immense collection of Wild Beasts and Skeletons, Minerals and Fossils, have been secured at enormous expense from the Museum of Prof. Ward, at Rochester, N. Y.

Prof. GEO. R. CROMWELL, the Famous American Traveler, will give Illustrations each evening showing the beauties of European and American scenery, the most famous statuary of the Old World, rivaling the wondrous beauties of nature, and the splendor of nations in great variety.

Capt. BOGARDUS & SON, Champion Shot-Gun and Rifle shots of the World, will shoot (day and evening) from SEPTEMBER 18th to OCTOBER 2d. A GRAND SHOOTING TOURNAMENT for Prizes previous to and after the engagement of Capt. Bogardus & Son.

A Quarter Mile Bicycle Track on the enlarged grounds has been constructed for daily tournaments and races.

The Electric Light will illuminate Floral Hall and the Grounds each evening.

The Great Western Eighteenth Regiment Band will play day and evening.

Floral Hall transformed into a fairy-like grotto, with cascades, geysers, and alpine scenery, planted with the rarest of flowers and exotics, forming an enchanting scene.

The Buildings filled to overflowing with Exhibits, surpassing anything of the kind ever seen in Pittsburg.

A DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC COMFORT,

Under the management of a popular caterer, will supply at popular prices any refreshments that may be desired.

EXCURSION RATES.

The managers of the various Rail Roads centering in Pittsburg, appreciating the grand work of the Exposition Society, have made UNPRECEDENTED CONCESSIONS in the reduction of fares for excursions, the particulars of which will hereafter be announced.

General Admission to the Exhibition, - - - - - 25 Cents.
Children less than twelve years of age, - - - - - 15 Cents.

E. P. YOUNG, GEN'L MANAGER. J. C. PATTERSON,
F. A. PARKE, ASS'T MANAGER. SECRETARY.

City Office, Germania Bank Building, Wood Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE CANDIDATE.

"Father, who travels our road so late?"
"Hush, my child! 'tis the candidate!"
Fit example of human woes,
Early he comes and late he goes!
He greets the woman with courtly grace;
He kisses the baby's dirty face;
He calls to the fence the farmer at work;
He bores the merchant, he bores the clerk;
The blacksmith, while his anvil rings,
He greets and this is the song he sings:
"Howdy, howdy, how d'ye do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah, it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman."

"Husband, who is that at the gate?"
"Hide, my love, it's the candidate?"
"Husband, why can't he work like you!
Has he nothing at all at home to do?"
"My dear, whenever a man is down,
No cash at home and no credit in town,
Too plain to preach and too proud to beg,
Too timid to rob and too lazy to dig,
Then over his horse his legs he flings,
And to the dear people this song he sings:
"Howdy, howdy how d'ye do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah, it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman."

Brothers, who work early and late,
Ask these things of the candidate:
What is his record? How does it stand
At home? No matter about his hand,
Be it hard or soft, so it is not prone
To close over money not his own.
Has he in view no thieving plan?
Is he honest and capable?—he's your man!
Cheer such a man till the welkin rings!
Join in the chorus which he sings:
"Howdy, howdy, how d'ye do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah, it fits my fist as no other can,
The honest hand of the workingman!"

THE LEFT HAND.

The murder of Dr. Hunston, of West Beach, England, in 1823, presented some very unusual points of circumstantial evidence. Dr. Hunston was a physician and naturalist, and was wealthy. He lived alone, and was of somewhat miserly habits. He had an illegitimate son, whom he had brought up with care, and who was apparently a worthy youth. Dr. Hunston's house stood in the suburbs of the rural town, with trees around it. Very near to it was the residence of a lawyer named Terwhit. Dr. Hunston was originally a very successful surgeon in London, but during an autopsy he cut his right hand with an operating knife, and to prevent fatal consequences immediately submitted to the amputation of the arm. The dwelling occupied by the doctor had been purchased many years before the date of the crime to be narrated. Erom time to time he added to it until it was a peculiar structure. In a wing, reached by five steps from the parlor, was the doctor's bedroom; beyond that was his workshop, and beyond that again, is an odd angle, his study. Jammed into what appeared a passage just begun and left unfinished, was the desk in which the doctor always kept a quantity of loose cash and some old jewels of great value, heirlooms of the Huston family, from which he was descended. A coachman, a gardener, and a groom lived in the yard right below the windows of the doctor's apartments, and he was in the habit of saying that they gave ample protection to the dwelling in that direction. In his workshop

A LARGE BLOOD MASTIFF

always slept, and the windows of the parlor were supplied with strong shutters, carefully closed every night.—When lawyer Terwhit joked with Dr. Hunston about his chances of being robbed he was wont to laugh and say that it would require very expert thieves to get an entrance, or, having got an entrance, to get out again safe and sound.

It was the 15th of August, 1823. Young Hunston had returned from college and gone to London for a visit to friends. Lawyer Terwhit had sat with the doctor until 9 o'clock. Then the latter saw that his servant closed up the house, and soon afterward retired. Dr. Hunston was an early riser, and when he failed to be stirring at eight o'clock next morning, surprise was excited among the domestics. By 9 o'clock they were alarmed, and by 10 o'clock resolved to send for lawyer Terwhit and ask his advice. The lawyer suggested the forcing of the door leading from the parlor to the bedroom of the doctor. This was done and the lawyer and the domestics entered.

A DREADFUL SPECTACLE

was disclosed. Dr. Hunston lay on the bed in his night clothes. His arm was thrown out so as to hang out over the side of the bed. His head lay over the bolster, and his throat was cut from ear to ear. An ordinary kitchen knife, sharpened like a razor, lay on the left side of the bed, and in the bolster on the same side was a gash. The doors thro' the work-room into the doctor's room were open. The dog lay peacefully sleeping. The desk in the study had been

RANSACKED OF EVERYTHING

of any value. There had been difficulty in opening it, and the person forcing the lock had worked on the right side of the desk as it stood, for there were marks on the wall showing where he had rubbed off the whitewash. The windows of all the rooms were examined. All were fastened except one in the workshop. Of this the cords had been broken, for when the broken sash was raised it fell with a crash.

Right below this window was a flower bed. In the soft mold there were prints of a man's knees and of his left hand. There were also marks as tho' his toes had struck the soil. The servant men who slept near the spot had heard no noise in the night except what sounded like the banging of a shutter, and as there was wind they thought nothing of that.

Lawyer Terwhit was a very shrewd man and a very clever criminal expert. The authorities were duly notified of the dreadful crime which had been perpetrated, and measures were taken to find a clew to the guilty person or persons. The motive was clearly plunder. The perpetrator or perpetrators knew that the doctor kept valuables in his apartments. It would seem as though they knew where there was a defective window. The points presented in the case were numerous and pregnant:

THE POINTS IN THE CASE.

1. There was no possible means of access to the apartments of the doctor except by the window already spoken of. That this had been used was evident. It was twelve feet from the ground.—There were marks of feet on the coping just below, as though some one had walked along it from the corner, clinging to the windows, on purpose to avoid leaving traces. Immediatley below in the soil there were no marks of feet, and no impression of any sort other than those already mentioned, namely: the marks of the knees, the toes, and the left hand. These, it was very clear, had been made by a person in falling, and were turned away from the window, the toe-mark being nearest and the handmarks being furthest off. These impressions were evidently made by the murderer in his descent from the window. The bottom of the window-sash showed on it stains of blood, with pieces of skin adhering. How had the blood and skin come there?

2. The throat of the doctor had been cut as the murderer stood at his left side. The knife was clearly drawn from right to left, and hence the gash in the bolster on the left side. The position of the knife on the left side of the bed, where the assassin had dropped it, also proved that he stood on that side when he perpetrated the deed.

3. On the soil outside of the window there were impressions of his knees, two toes, and the left hand only. The person forcing the lock of the desk had leaned against the right wall, and evidently worked with his left hand. The person who wielded the fatal knife had used the left hand, for the wound slanted upward from the edge, and was made from the left side. If made from the left side with the right hand it would either have been straight down or inclined from the entrance of the knife downward. A moment's thought will show the justness of this reasoning.

4. Was the perpetrator left-handed? He might have been; but in that case why did he not fall on the right hand as well as the left in descending, or rather falling, from the window.

5. Had the murderer only one hand, and that the left? That seemed to be the fact, and then the remarkable coincidence presented itself of a man with only the left arm being murdered by a man with only the left arm.

6. Were the dog and the murderer old friends. If they were, the savage beast's quietness was accounted for.

THE SUSPECTED SAILOR.

Wisbeach is on the Wash, a small arm of the sea, and does a small coast trade. Seafaring men live there. Half a mile from Dr. Huston's residence lived one Joseph Harrell, an old man-of-war's man. He lost the right arm by the explosion of a gun when firing a salute, and had received his discharge. He was in middle life, and the head of a gang of smugglers who frequented the Norfolk coast. He was a pretty hard character. Suspicion fell on this man for having killed Dr. Huston from the fact of his having only the left arm. He was actually arrested and examined as to his whereabouts on the night of the murder. It was so clearly proved that he was elsewhere that all suspicion faded away.

Lawyer Terwhit found himself executor of the dead man's will, and proceeded to settle the estate. All the property, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, was bequeathed to James Hunston, the doctor's illegitimate son.

This young man was notified of his father's sudden end, and he hastened down to Wisbeach. He had recently had a fall from a horse, and sprained his right hand, which he carried in a sling. He did not stay at his late father's residence, but at a hotel, and as soon as possible settled all the affairs of the estate which needed his presence, and returned to London. He listened to all theories as to the perpetration of the crime with deep attention, and only made one remark. When the circumstance of there having been found the marks of two knees and ten toes, and of only one hand, was mentioned, young Hunston said:

"Is is not just possible that those marks were made by my father himself? He might have fallen, for you know he was fond of going among the flower beds and examining the leaves, and beetles, and worms, and such like."

This set Lawyer Terwhit to thinking. The doctor was a proverbially careless man in his attire, and if he had fallen on the damp soil, as suggested, his clothes would show it. They were examined, but there was nothing to indicate that such an accident had happened. But the lawyer had suddenly acquired a theory of his own, and he resolved to see whither it led.

WATCHED.

When young Hunston quitted Wisbeach he went to Peterboro to await the London coach, for the time, be it remembered, was before railroads. The morning following, the coach started, with Hunston on the box seat near the driver. On one of the rear seats sat a well-to-do farmer, comfortably but plainly dressed. When the coach reached London the farmer hurried away, but not for far. Once outside the precincts of the old "Bull and Mouth," on Holborn, where the coach stopped, he turned and posted himself in a doorway. Soon young Hunston came out, and was about to enter a cab which had been called for him. Suddenly a thought seemed to stir the farmer, and he moved toward the cab into which Hunston was in the act of stepping.

In those days the number was placed conspicuously on the outside with the license, and the farmer had no trouble in ascertaining it. Then he inquired from the people in the hotel where the cab was usually found, and later in the day sought the stable. The driver's memory being aided by a donation, he told the farmer whither he had driven Hunston.

"Drive me there, too," the farmer said, and in a minute he was on his way to the famous hostlery, the Golden Cross, at Charing Cross.

A CONVERSATION.

Once lodged there the farmer seemed to be comfortable. He met the landlady in her quiet little bar parlor, and in a few days was a favorite.

"That seems a nice, quiet youth," the farmer said, as Hunston passed the bar window.

"Yes, very," the landlady replied.

"Where does he keep his horses?" the farmer inquired.

"Horses?" the landlady replied: "I never knew he had any."

"Oh! I thought you said—or it might be somebody else—that he fell from his horse and sprained or broke his wrist," the farmer said.

"That is the first word I have heard about it," the landlady answered,—"Still it might be so, for he was absent for a day or two, and returned with his hand in a sling, as you see."

"It must be painful and awkward for a young fellow like that to have to go around in that way," the farmer remarked.

"It is better than having to lose the hand," the landlady replied; "at one time Dr. Ardoble thought amputation would be necessary, as many of the small bones were broken."

"Clever man, Dr. Ardoble?" the farmer asked.

"So they say," was the reply.

"You see," the farmer said, "I've got a little trouble I want to consult a doctor about, and I would as lief go to him as another."

"Here is his address," the landlady said, handing the farmer a slip of paper.

An hour later, the farmer was at Dr. Ardoble's residence, and closeted with that gentleman.

"I am executor of the will of Hunston's father," the farmer said, after some introductory matters, "and wish to know beyond doubt whether you can save the young man's hand."

"I've little doubt of it now," the doctor replied; "though at one time I was in fear."

"Have you any idea how he injured it?" the farmer inquired.

"None at all," was the answer; "he did not say and I did not care to ask. Evidently some great weight has fallen on it and crushed it."

"Such as a heavy old-fashioned window sash?" the farmer asked.

"That's the very kind of a thing that would do it," the doctor said.

When Lawyer Terwhit—for he will be recognized in the farmer—got outside, he looked up to the sky and gave a great sigh and a sob.

"My God!" he exclaimed, half aloud, "to think the bastard he had tended so lovingly should have done it!"

When the farmer returned to the Golden Cross he was accompanied by two strong men. They stayed below and chewed straws while he went up stairs and spoke to the landlady.

"Madam," he said, "my name is Terwhit, and I am a lawyer. I came here to find the murderer of my friend and neighbor, Dr. Hunston, the father of the young man whom you know. I have found him."

"Gracious goodness!" the landlady exclaimed. "You have found him!—and who is he?"

ARRESTED.

"Send for Mr. Hunston," the farmer said, "and I will announce it in his presence."

Hunston speedily attended the summons, and found himself confronting the farmer and two men chewing straws.

"Mr. Hunston," said the farmer, "if you look nearer I think you will know me, though my side whiskers have been shaved off.

"Why, I declare," Hunston said, "it's Mr. Terwhit!"

Hunston held out his left hand, but Lawyer Terwhit pushed it aside saying:

"No, sir. You are charged with the murder of your father, and these men are here to arrest you."

Hunston's face changed to purple, and he endeavored to draw a pistol from his breast pocket. Having only his left hand he was not expert enough to do what he purposed, and in an instant he was in the grasp of the officers.

The young man's guilt was now all too apparent. He resolutely denied everything. In the first place it was proved that for some time he had lived extravagantly at Cambridge and run into debt. He had kept a mistress who had drawn largely on his resources, and his gambling proclivities had led him into other difficulties.

IDENTIFIED.

It was shown that on the morning of August 18th a person answering his description, though evidently disguised, had come down to Norwich by the London coach. A blacksmith, whose forge was about half a mile from Dr. Hunston's residence, saw a young man pass his place about 9 o'clock in the evening. On the blacksmith and the driver of the Norwich coach, comparing notes, no doubt was left that the man who came down from London and the man seen by the blacksmith were identical. Then there was the wounded hand. When it came to be a question of importance, Hunston refused to say how he injured his hand. It was clear, however, that on opening the sash—from which he had probably removed the catch a month before when meditating the crime—he placed his right hand on the sill. The sash fell, and hence the injured hand. In spite of his frightful wound, however, he went on with the bloody work. No doubt he tied up the hand and then worked with the left. This

CLEARED UP THE DIFFICULTY,

and accounted for the left hand being used to cut the throat and open the lock, and also for the impression of the left hand only in the soil outside the window. The voice of young Hunston had probably pacified the dog before the window fell. He and the dog had been playmates for years, and the dog was not given to suspect wrong when his old friend was about. To complete the chain of circumstantial evidence, some of the missing jewelry was found in possession of a man to whom young Hunston sold it.

Hunston swore positively that his father gave him the jewelry on his last visit home, but Terwhit swore with equal clearness that he saw it in the doctor's hands the very day before the murder, when he was searching his desk for a fruit-knife.

Hunston was convicted of the murder, and hanged at Norwich.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.—A woman who writes from experience draws this picture of love in a cottage on a small income:

"A few months of ease and comfort, then they begin to realize they are saving very little. Retrenchment begins; they move into a smaller house; perhaps illness comes; the little money laid by goes for drugs, and other comforts have to be sacrificed to pay the doctor's bill; little helpless lives come calling for attention. The young mother who could easily attend to her domestic affairs before now finds all her time taken up with baby. Duties that came easy then are irksome now, but they must be gone through with, though the head aches and the limbs are weary, for a servant cannot be afforded. The husband, too, may have had his dreams of making life pleasant for the woman of his choice, and to find himself straining every nerve to make both ends meet; and, though his manhood cries out against the eternal grind of drudgery he has no witness, he is powerless to avert it. So they slave and slave, tasting little of life's comfort. Do you think I am overdrawing the picture? I would I were, for the sake of some I know, and thousands I do not. Lives of sacrifice are not easy ones to live, and though we may in all good faith think we could live them, and not be unhappy, few of us are the heroines we think we are, when the test is applied. Living on bread, cheese and kisses' reads well in romance, but the reality is not pleasant. For life even at its best has its cares, and husband and wife often encounter trouble that require all the love and respect they have for one another to surmount them."

WISE AND OTHERWISE.—The wild oats of youth change into the briers of manhood.

No one is ever fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Let us always be cheerful; if life is a burden let it be a burden of song.

A house without newspapers and books is like a house without windows.

A LOST STATE.

RISE AND FALL OF THE STATE OF FRANKLIN.

Everybody knows that there are thirty-eight States, and that originally there were thirteen colonies, and most people can repeat the names of these States and colonies as glibly as their alphabet: but we venture to say that very few have ever heard of the State of Franklin. And yet history recognizes the existence of such a State, and one that, in its day, enjoyed no small degree of celebrity.

It is well known that, after the Revolution, most of the original thirteen States claimed jurisdiction among themselves over the territory stretching indefinitely to the westward. The separate jurisdiction of each State was ill defined, and, to avoid all trouble, to give the general government what seemed its due, and to assist it in throwing off the debt incurred by the war of independence, the Congress of the Confederation requested the various States to cede their claims to the General Government. The matter was not definitely settled until after the adoption of the constitution; but the State of North Carolina attempted to cede, in compliance with the request of Congress, its Western lands, which now form the State of Tennessee; and it was this attempt at cession which brought about the complications that shortly afterward resulted in the brief existence of the State of Franklin.

North Carolina ceded, but Congress, vacillating and vigorless, hesitated about accepting the cession. Having made the session, North Carolina gave up all interest in her border settlements, and Congress refused to accept the change which North Carolina had thrown off. The consequences were serious for the fortunes and happiness of the Tennessee settlers. Their borders were overrun with criminals and fugitives from justice, such as always infest a pioneer community, and yet the action of the mother State left them without courts to assert justice and inflict punishment. They had at all times to be on their guard against marauding bands of Indians, and yet they were without a regularly-constituted militia for their defense. They were, in fact, cast offs, and did what one would naturally expect them to do under the circumstances. The three northeastern counties of the Territory—Washington, Sullivan and Greene—lying in the northern part of what is now Eastern Tennessee, then the only well-settled portion of the State, met in convention at Jonesboro, Washington county, in August, 1784, and after a long discussion in which the Declaration of Independence was read and cited as a fit example for them to follow, they declared themselves independent of North Carolina. After a variety of fortunes the little State was organized, and, in honor of Benjamin Franklin, was called the State of Franklin.

The chief interest which the State of Franklin has for us to-day comes from two or three striking characters which its history brought into prominence. The principal of these, John Sevier, a Virginian by birth, but a Huguenot by descent, is one of the noteworthy characters in the annals of Tennessee.

Sevier was the foremost man in all the councils and enterprises of the man who afterward formed the State of Franklin. He was commander of the Tennessee Rifleman at King's Mountain, and was chosen as the first Governor, and continued to be the only Governor of the State of Franklin.

Sevier fought hard for the State, but after the first year of its existence the fight was a losing one, for North Carolina, after the first abandonment of her offspring, suddenly turned about and reasserted her jurisdiction. She had all the power, and had the communication between the States been easy, and had she asserted her rights with vigor and promptness, the revolt of the western counties would have been crushed in its incipiency; but the fact that these two conditions were entirely wanting necessarily made the policy of North Carolina a "waiting" one, and this policy, assisted by feuds and divisions in the State of Franklin, made a peaceful and bloodless settlement of the difficulty possible.

Maj. John Tipton seems to have been as unlike Sevier as it is possible for two men to be. He had none of Sevier's suavity of manner; he was brusque and uncompromising—a man to whom it was impossible to endure a rival, who aspired to leadership, and who was jealous of all who contended for it with him. This man had supported the State of Franklin in its early days, but afterward, probably because he saw that Sevier's influence was likely to overshadow his own, threw the whole weight of his influence in favor of a return to the jurisdiction of North Carolina.

So rapidly did the fabric of the new State perish that, three years after its establishment, in the words of a recent writer upon the subject, "No Legislature at all could be assembled, and it was one of the duties of the Legislature to elect the Council, and as the Legislature, at its last session, had failed to do this, the Council was soon a thing of the past. To complete this catvlogue of misfortune, Judge Campbell, the head of the judiciary, accepted office under the Government of North Carolina. Gov. Sevier was left alone in his official dignity. Even this sole relic of the Franklin Government would not, in the natural course of events, remain long exempt from the general wreck, for the Governor's term expired on March 1, 1788, and it being a constitutional function of the Legislature to elect the Governor, and there being no Legislature to perform this duty, it followed inevitably that after March 1, 1788, there would be no Governor of the State of Franklin."

Such were the facts, and the State of Franklin thus ended.

Sevier finally became Governor of Tennessee, and for many years served in the House of Representatives in Washington.

IN one of the primary schools of Salem, Mass, a teacher was endeavoring to ascertain the extent of her children's knowledge of numbers. The question being asked: "Would you rather have three paper bags with two oranges in each, or two bags with three oranges in each?" all but one little fellow expressed themselves as without preference. The teacher asked this pupil for his decision, but he was persistent in his liking for three bags with two oranges in each, his reason, when finally given, being: "So I could have more bags to bust."

A STITCH in time saves nine boys out of ties.

THE SAMSON OF THE WEST.

FEATS OF STRENGTH ATTRIBUTED TO A WISCONSIN HALF-BREED.

A Milwaukee correspondent of the Chicago *Times* writes as follows:

Honorable Sat. Clark, of Horicon, was in town the other day, and, after telling some of his interesting reminiscences of the early days when Jeff Davis commanded at Fort Winnebago, where Mr. Clark was post sutler, he said: "By the way, you have heard of old Pete Pauquette?" The correspondent had heard long ago, and often, of the remarkable man, and knew that Mr. Clark could give interesting facts concerning him, and replied: "Oh, yes; he was the Samson of Wisconsin. Tell me something about him?"

"Rather call him," said Mr. Clark, "the Samson of the world: for without doubt he was, in his prime, the strongest man who has lived since the great gates of the city were borne away. I have never doubted the Bible stories of Samson's strength since I first saw something of what Pete Pauquette's muscles were capable of doing."

Then Mr. Clark meditated awhile and remarked: "I must have known Pauquette as long back as 1830, and I think the first stories I ever heard of his prodigious strength was told me by Jeff Davis; ah! Jeff was a bright young officer. You see, Pauquette, who was a half-breed, used to make the vicinity of the old fort his headquarters, and every now and then, as occasion happened, we would see some new evidence of his wonderful powers of endurance or strength. He was not a heavy man—or rather, is not, for he is still alive—but he was quite slim, although his arms and legs were big with muscles. I almost dislike to give instances of his feats, as I remember them, they seem so incredible. The first remarkable exertion I ever saw Pauquette make was to take an iron weight that had been used as a pile-driver and lift it clear from the ground, and swing it around more easily than I could handle a hundred pounds, and I have got some muscle myself. Quite a crowd of us saw him do it, and we got the exact weight of the iron. It was 2,600. I don't believe a man has ever lived who could it except Pauquette, and I declare he didn't seem to exert himself much either. One day a party was proceeding by boat up the Fox, intending to go down the Wisconsin. When the portage came to be made a yoke of oxen was procured to draw the boat across. The boat was very heavy, and before half the distance had been made one of the oxen gave out completely. Pauquette was along, and what do you suppose he did?"

"Picked the schooner up and threw it across?" ventured the correspondent, anxious to imply faith in anything.

"Well not hardly that; but he took the end of the yoke vacated by the played-out ox and pulled against the other ox, and the novel team hauled the boat and traps across all right, and Pete didn't seem to mind the strain half as much as the ox did. Now, I know that these assertions seem like rather tough yarns."

"Oh, not at all. Years ago I heard of Pauquette's wonderful strength, but never before had the opertunity of listening to a description of anything he had done. Go ahead."

"His muscles were like iron in their hardness. I have had him bare his arms to me and I have taken a hammer and cracked hickory nuts upon the muscles, and it was like cracking them on a stone. One feat that I know of Pauquette's doing, and to which there were a number of witnesses, seems so absolutely impossible that no one will believe the story if I tell it, but it is true—true as life."

The correspondent interrupted the narrator to assure him that implicit faith was a matter of principle with a truly good people, and that the tale should be believed anyhow.

"Well, it happened at Green Bay. Everybody up that way had heard of Pete's power and was anxious to see some evidence of it. The Sampson had a friend who kept a grocery store, and in the evening quite a crowd gathered there in the hopes of seeing an exhibition of strength. Pauquette came in in his quiet way, noted the crowd and took in the situation at a glance. A barrel of hickory nuts sat by the counter, and without a word he took up a handful of the dry, hard nuts, held them out so all could see, and then crushed them to pieces by simply closing his hand on them, just as you or I would crush a handful of birds' eggs. The crowd and other officers at the fort saw him do the same thing repeatedly, and there is no question of the fact—that Pauquette really did perform the wonderful feat as I have described it. Even more strange stories of his great strength used to be common, but I have told you only of things that I myself saw and know beyond doubt. His powers of walking running, etc., were almost equal to his strength, and he could probably go one hundred miles to Weston's sixty or seventy. It will never be positively known how much Pauquette could lift when he was in his prime, but, judging from the way in which he handled the 2,600-pounds pile driver, it is reasonable to suppose that at that time he could have easily raised double, or nearly double, that weight. At any rate, he ought to go upon the record as the modern Sampson, the strongest man in the world."

Peter Pauquette has long been known as a man of almost superhuman strength, and at one time, a number of years ago, Mr. Clark prepared and read a paper before the Historical Society (?) in which abundant proof was furnished of the half-breed having actually performed the astonishing feats Mr. Clark has here ascribed to him. In the interest of what is rare and curious, the proof that is yet obtainable ought to be gathered and made a matter of record that could not be disputed in relation to the physical powers of the Samson of Wisconsin.

REMARKABLE FEAT BY A DOG.—"H. W.," writing from 24, Marischal street, Aberdeen, to the *Live Stock Journal*, says:

"The following remarkable feat, performed by a Collie dog, may prove of interest to some of your readers. About three weeks ago I decided to have a short holiday, and started per rail from Aberdeen, accompanied by my Collie dog Clyde *en route* to Ballater. From Ballater I walked to Braemar, rested there all night, and next day went through Glen Tilt (fording the Tarif) to Blair Atholl. From Blair to Dalnaspidal, on the Highland line, was traversed the following day. Arriving at the later place late at night, and finding no accommodation, I was glad to avail myself of a lift on an engine as far as Newtonmore, and remained there that night. Thence in the morning to Boat of Garten, and from Boat of Garten to Freeburn Inn, Tomatin (15 miles from Inverness), and here my journey ended, so far as the dog was concerned, as he got out early in the morning, started a large hare or rabbit, and that was the last I saw of him.—Imagine my astonishment when a boy brought Clyde home this morning. The dog had been found near Norwood Hall, Cults, and apparently did not know his way any further, for he remained there three days; but having a collar on, was then brought here. The dog is in good condition, and apparently none the worse for his journey. This incident is, I think, one of the most extraordinary ever heard of in connection with dogs, for he must have retraced his steps nearly two hundred miles, and that notwithstanding breaks in the journey by railway travelling, fording two rivers, and visiting different places."

WORDS OF WISDOM.—Grumbling kills goodness.

Government begins at home.

Great deeds survive the flood of time.

Greatness consists in not feeling great.

Good words are worth much and cost but little.

Good nature collects honey from every herb.

Good here is better hereafter, and best at last.

Good words are good, but good dee