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

Persons residing outside the county [illegible] additional per year will be charged to [illegible] postage.

[illegible] event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their [illegible] interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

[illegible] your paper before you stop it, if you want to stop. 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, NOVEMBER 14, 1879. NUMBER 42.

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
1 "	3 months	2.50
1 "	6 months	3.50
1 "	1 year	5.00
2 "	6 months	6.00
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3 "	1 year	12.00
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1 "	6 months	40.00
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Resolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, must be paid for as advertisements.

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

HEAP!

HEAP!

[C]heapest!

GEO. HUNTLEY

HAS NOW ON HAND THE

LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED

STOCK OF

Hardware!

Stoves, Tinware,

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS

[illegible]

ever offered to be found in any one establishment in [illegible]. His stock comprises

PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of the [illegible] styles and patterns;

Builders' Hardware

of [illegible] and of best quality;

CARPENTERS' TOOLS!

of all the best in the market. Also, a [illegible] stock of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY.

Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Ammunition, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Nails, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Washers, Grindstones, Steel Shovels, Moulds, Road Scoops;

Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,

Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Cultivators, and a full line of Harvest Tools. Also a large assortment of

Floor and Stair Oil Cloths

Carriage Oil Cloth,

OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING [illegible] FIXTURES; Liverpool ASHTON [illegible] SALT, the cheapest and [illegible] LAND PLASTER; [illegible] SAFETY LAMPS, which [illegible] Children's WAGONS and [illegible] of MILK CROCKS of [illegible] of superior ware ever offered [illegible] a full line of PAINT [illegible] PAINTS, TURPENTINE, [illegible] with a large and complete

[illegible], TOBACCO AND SEGARS,

[illegible] other useful and needful [illegible] nothing I haven't got or can't [illegible] worth buying, and what I [illegible] always be relied on as repre[sented] [illegible]

[ROCK] BOTTOM PRICES!

[illegible]

GEO. HUNTLEY.

[Ebensburg], April 11, 1879.

[ESTABLISHED] FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

[J.] 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

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

[SEE] ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN

ON THE SUBJECT OF

Cheap Groceries!

[illegible] circulars, price [lists] [illegible] and then go to

F. P. CONFER'S

MODEL GROCERY STORE!

1324 Eleventh Avenue,

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

[illegible] patronage on a man who can [illegible] the largest, most varied and [illegible] goods ever offered for sale in [illegible] everything fresh and pure [illegible] FRUITS, PROVISIONS, [illegible] NOTIONS, [illegible] will at prices fully as cheap [illegible] any other man or firm [illegible] no matter where they reside or [illegible] they offer.

[illegible] for the liberal patronage heretofore [bestowed] upon him by his friends in Cambria [county] 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 [place].

F. P. CONFER,
Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

[illegible] and expenses to Agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

CITY LOTS

25x125 FEET

SITUATED IN NORTH DENVER,

Opera House, Denver, Col.

U. S. Mint, Denver, Col.

EVERY OTHER LOT ABSOLUTELY FREE!

FREE!

WARRANTEE DEED WITHOUT RESERVE.

Denver now has a population of 40,000. Great cities are the outgrowth of great countries. Twenty years ago Denver was a small trading post on the frontier, now it is a large city, with numerous Churches, Hotels, Theaters, Street-railroads, Gas-works, Water-works, Gold and Silver Smelting and Refining Works, with a United States Mint, and is the great Railroad Center of the West. There are seven First-class Railroads now running and connecting with all the Principal and Branch Railroads from Maine to California. It is the Capital of Colorado, naturally the richest State in the Union, and located in about the geographical center of the United States. The climate is charming, with the best water and purest air in the world, and the scenery is unexcelled for beauty and grandeur. It is surrounded by the richest Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Lead, and Coal Mines and Agricultural Lands in America. It is now the headquarters for Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona, and Northern Texas. The rich mineral and agricultural resources of this vast country will make Denver the largest and wealthiest city in the West.

WHY LOTS ARE GIVEN AWAY.

As the tide of immigration is now in this direction, it is the Company's interest to have people locate in Denver and on their property. To encourage emigration here, the Company will give to any one sending their name and address a warrantee deed, in fee simple, for one or more lots in North Denver, situated in Weld County, State of Colorado, in immediate view of this beautiful city, the only charge being one dollar to pay the Notary Public fee for acknowledging deed and conveyance. The Company does not give every lot away, but each alternate one, and does not expect that every person who gets a lot in North Denver will come here, but a great many will, and they will induce their friends to follow. The increased population will soon make this property very valuable, and this Company retain each alternate lot, which they hold at prices varying from $25 to $200, according to location. For this reason the above proposition is made. The deeds are unconditional, not requiring any one to settle or improve, but with full power to transfer and deed to others. The limit to any one person taking advantage of this offer is five lots. This **property is not hill-side, mountain, or swamp, but is level, fertile,** and has advantages for building upon too numerous to mention. Full and satisfactory information, with indorsements from our best citizens, will be furnished.

CERTIFICATE OF TITLE.

I, W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder within and for said County and State, do hereby certify to the above and foregoing to be true, and title complete to the land therein described according to the records in my office. I further certify there are no abstracts or transcripts of judgments, taxes or other liens standing against said land. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the official seal this 2d day of August, A. D. 1879.

[SEAL.] State of Colorado, County of Weld. } ss. W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder.

INSTRUCTIONS.

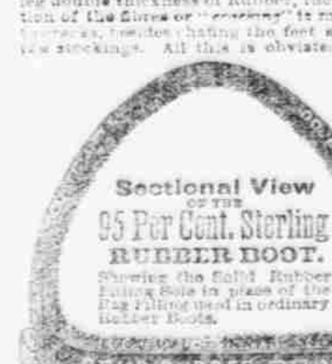
This Company will send by return mail, to any one sending within sixty days from the date of this paper their names, P. O. address, County and State, plainly written in full, a clear warrantee deed to a lot 25 feet front by 125 feet deep in North Denver, Colorado, clear of all taxes. Applications for city lots must be accompanied with one dollar for each lot to pay cost of making and acknowledging deed, postage, etc. [illegible]

High School, Denver, Col.

DENVER LAND COMPANY,
419 LAWRENCE ST., DENVER, COL.

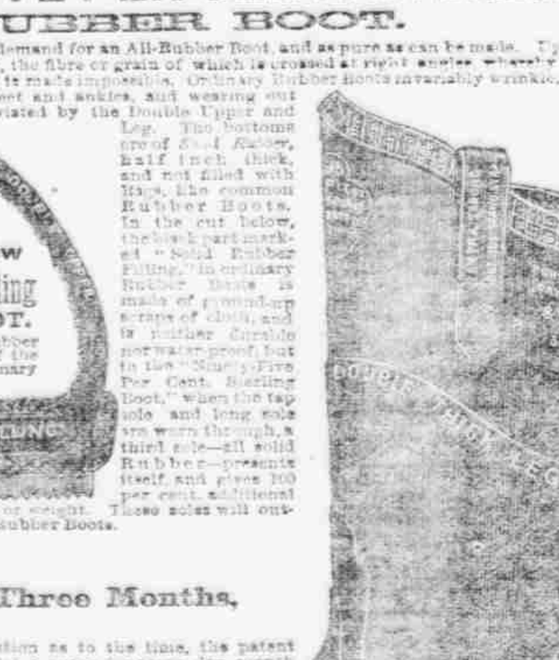
NINETY-FIVE PER CENT. STERLING RUBBER BOOT.

Made to supply the popular demand for an All-Rubber Boot, and as pure as can be made. Upper and leg double thickness of Rubber, the fibre or grain of which is crossed at right angles, whereby separation of the fibres or "cracking" is made impossible. Ordinary Rubber Boots invariably wrinkle, bending [illegible], besides chafing the feet and ankles, and wearing out the stockings. All this is obviated by the Double Upper and Leg. The bottoms are of Steel Rubber, half inch thick, and not filled with Rags, like common Rubber Boots. In the cut below, the black part marked "Solid Rubber Filling," in ordinary Rubber Boots is made of ground-up scraps of cloth, and is neither durable nor water-proof; but in the "Ninety-Five Per Cent. Sterling Boot," when the tap sole and long sole are worn through, a third sole—all solid Rubber—presents itself, and gives 100 per cent. additional wear, without increase of bulk or weight. These soles will outwear several pairs of common Rubber Boots.



Warranted Three Months,

and that there may be no question as to the time, the patent lining, as seen in cut, provides a space for every day, month and year, so that the retail dealer when making a sale, can punch out the date thereof and the Boots will in themselves bear permanent record of that date. The warrant in large circular. Every Boot bears the warrant in Rubber letters on the leg. Although seemingly high priced, yet more economical than a Boot of less cost, and with proper care will render good service from Fall until Spring.



The Poor Man's Boot.

FOR SALE BY

S. BLUMENTHAL,

1119 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.

FALL AND WINTER SEASON.

CHEAPEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN ALTOONA!

NEW AND COMPLETE LINE OF

MEN'S AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING,

AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

At Actual Rock Bottom Cash Prices!

Suits from $2.75 up; Overcoats from $2.50 up; Pants from 75 cents up; Dress Shirts from 75 cents up; and other wearing apparel and furnishing goods at prices equally cheap.

I don't advertise to sell goods 20 or 25 per cent. cheaper than other dealers, because that would be a falsehood, and people are not so ignorant now-a-days as to believe any such humbug; but I guarantee not to be undersold by any man in the business.

M. WOLF,

RAILROAD CLOTHING HOUSE,

1127 Eleventh Avenue, below Bowman & Morrow's, Altoona, Pa.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

COOKING & HEATING STOVES,

RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,

1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.

One Door West of Opera House.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

FURS! FURS! FURS!

The Highest Price in Cash or Trade

WILL BE PAID FOR

ALL KIND OF FURS!

AT THE EBENSBURG

HARDWARE & HOUSEFURNISHING STORE.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Sept. 26, 1879.-6m.

B. O. Oeschger,

FASHIONABLE CUTTER AND COSTUMER,

EBENSBURG, PA.

SHOP one door west of Huntley's store, where choice samples of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., from which selections can be made, will at all times be kept 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 work furnished fully as cheap as inferior clothing can be bought ready-made. A trial is earnestly solicited. B. O. OESCHGER.

Ebensburg, May 29, 1879.-tf.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of Alias Fend. Expon., issued out of the Orphans' Court and Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Saturday, November 15, 1879,* at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Isaac Lute and William Lute, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, Penn'a, adjoining lands of John Gardner, Adam Luther, Peter [illegible], and William Garman, containing 150 acres, more or less, about 50 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Wm. Lute. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. T. Backhouse and Sarah Ann, his wife, in right of said Sarah Ann.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds before the confirmation of the deed. JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 29, 1879.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county:

In the matter of the first and final account of John Lloyd, Assignee of Theodore and Ellen Baker. And now, 7th October, 1879, confirmed absolutely and E. G. Kerr, Esq., appointed Auditor to distribute. From the Record. By the Court.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., on *Tuesday, 25th November, 1879,* at 2 o'clock, P. M., to perform the duties of said appointment, when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper.

Oct. 24, 1879.-3t. E. G. KERR, Auditor.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that David M. Pringle, of Croyle township, and Agnes, his wife, have made an assignment of the estate and effects of the said David M. Pringle to the undersigned for the benefit of creditors. All persons indebted to the said David M. Pringle will therefore make payment to the undersigned without delay, and those having claims against him will present the same properly authenticated for settlement.

HENRY WALTERS,
Assignee of David M. Pringle.

Oct. 24.-6t.

Iron City College

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Exclusively devoted to the practical education of young and middle aged men for active business life. School always in session. Students can enter at any time. Send for circular.

[8-26-6m.] J. C. SMITH, A. M., Principal.

Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvellous cures it has produced during the last half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to realize the happiest results that can be desired. In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. All who have tried it acknowledge its superiority; and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections. CHERRY PECTORAL always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.

As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health.

This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cures it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

PREPARED BY

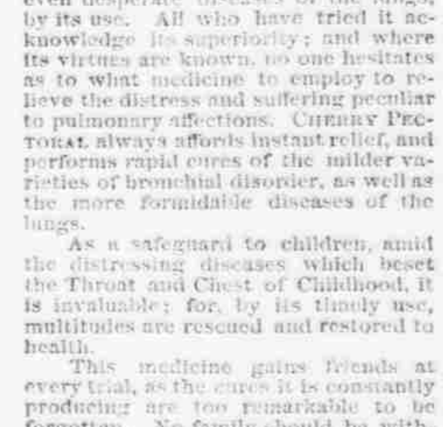
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED



STOMACH

BITTERS

Let your first attack of indigestion be the last. Rouse the dormant energies of the stomach with the Bitters. The tone thus imparted will remain. This is a fact established by thousands of witnesses, whose testimony is simply a statement of their own experiences. These allied with general debility of every phase will find this medicine an unfailing agent in building up and renewing their strength.

For sale by all Druggists and respectable Dealers generally. [10-47.-1y.]

SELLERS'

COUGH

SYRUP!

40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy now in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint, constipation, sick headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

October 24, 1879.-1y.

VALUABLE TRUTHS.

If you are suffering from poor health, or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, for

Hop Bitters will Cure You.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties; or a mother, worn out with care and work, or if you are simply ailing; if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why,

Hop Bitters will Restore You.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties; or a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work,

Hop Bitters will Strengthen You.

If you are young, and suffering from any indiscretion, or are growing too fast, as is often the case,

Hop Bitters will Relieve You.

If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating without intoxicating,

Hop Bitters is What You Need.

If you are old, and your pulse is feeble, your nerves unsteady, and your faculties waning,

Hop Bitters will give you New Life and Vigor.

HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.

One Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. It is perfect.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

Above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N. Y.

A Lecture

TO YOUNG MEN.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 Cents.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, rings, instruments, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

Sent free, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box 4586.

October 17, 1879.-6m.

THE LOST CHILD.

He had looked for him all day—all night. It was dawn again, and he must go home without him—without his little child—his treasure—his most precious thing on earth. He must go home and tell its mother that the boy was not found. He would never be found now, the man felt sure of this.

All his life he had dreaded this—all the little life of that baby boy. He had been like a man who wandered amongst thieves with a diamond in his possession in full sight of all eyes. It seemed to him that some one must rob him of it. All the old stories of gypsies who stole children had troubled him sorely; and his heart had ached over the pitiful tale of the little chimney sweeper who, more than a hundred years ago, while plying his trade, came down the chimney of the nursery from which he had been stolen when a tinier fellow still, and recognizing it and his mother, was restored to love and home at least.

Often in the night had the thought so overcome him that he had stolen from his bed in the darkness to feel the little head of his sleeping boy on the pillow of his crib. Even his wife, the child's mother, who had loved him so, would have laughed at his fancies. So he kept them to himself. Only once—once he was forced to tell her. That was when he tattooed the child's foot.

Right on the instep he had marked it with a little blue W. It was painful—every prick hurt him worse than it did the boy. And the mother, coming home, had been angry and grieved, and then he told her

"If the child were stolen we should know him, though his face were altered—though he forgot his name and us.—That is why I did it."

And she had said: "People have children enough of their own. Children are only valuable to their parents. You are so romantic—so foolish."

Now it had come. The foolish fear was realized. Lost or stolen, the boy was gone, and that tattoo mark was the only thing comforted him. Alive or dead, they should know him, now or after long years, for those marks were indelible, and no one else would mark his foot with a tiny W and the tinier cross that followed.

Alive or dead! Could the boy be dead? He cast up his hands in his agony and uttered a cry that rang through the sleeping street. People turned in their beds, and said to themselves that there must be a fight or that some drunken man was making night hideous. Some early risers ended their sleep then and there, for no one knew why the man cried out, or who he was, or where he went, save the solitary policeman, who gave him a grave salute as he passed.

Neither asked the other, "Have you found the child?" They knew the question was useless.

But at home, when the lights had burned all night, the mother, who paced to and fro, asked it, though she knew the answer would be "No."

"You have not searched everywhere," she said. "You have forgotten some place—some one's house where he may have gone. Go out again—go. I will go also. You told me you would bring him back, or I would not have been left at home. Go!"

The man turned on his very threshold.

"I thought he might be here," he said, "and I wanted to tell you—the tattoo mark—we shall be sure—"

Then he fell on his face. For twenty-four hours he had not tasted food, but only his faintness told him that he was hungry.

Then the mother remembered that she was also a wife. The wretched people ate and drank—stones and sea water, for aught they knew; but they looked for their child in every direction. The river was dragged, and the hospital even the prisons, searched.

They spent their small means in advertising. They posted notices of their loss on the walls. All in vain.

After others knew that they had followed a forlorn hope, they still pursued it as earnestly as ever. And so weeks rolled by, the months faded, the years followed. Theirs was a hard case. If death had taken the boy it would have been easier to bear; but they did not believe him dead; where was he? In whose hands? Had he mourned for them and for home? Had he been ill-used—beaten? They knew nothing, and the suspense wore their lives away. It was an old story to others very soon; it was always terribly new to them. At any moment it seemed to them that the door might open and their child enter, and the patter of little feet upon the stones set their sad hearts beating wildly. This when ten years had passed, and the child of four would have been a child no longer, but a youth taller, doubtless than his mother.

No other children came to these people and they were very miserable. The man seemed crushed—he had neither ambition nor energy. The woman went about her daily toil in a dull, listless manner. Their hair grew gray, and their brows wrinkled, very early.—Friends were pitiful; but grief does not invite—it rather repels.

At last they seemed to stand alone in the world; old acquaintances and relatives were gone, or had forgotten them. They made no new ones. Poor, lonely, sad, they clung to each other, and shared each other's sorrows and trials.—There was no joy to share. This child would have been 18 years old—was, if he lived—when what is called a piece of good luck happened to them. A far away relative died and left them a little fortune. He had not taken much notice of them during life, but he had given them a thought on his dying-bed. They were comparatively rich. When they knew it the same thought came to each other at once. The woman uttered it first.

"Martin," said she, "perhaps we can find our boy, after all. When once we have the money we will advertise him all over the length and breadth of the land. He may not remember, but the blessed mark you put upon his foot, that he will know of. He will come to us—I feel sure of it—at last, Martin, at last."

"Yes, it may be so, Agnes," the man said. "It may be so; the time has been long, the days woeful, but we may be happy, after all that has gone. Agnes, I believe it will be so."

They kissed each other, and made ready for the journey which they must take to enter upon their inheritance. And they traveled together over the rough road with eyes that grew brighter for this small speck of hope in their hearts. Through all the proceedings that followed, this grew and grew; and when, at last, they found themselves undisputed owners of a pretty house and money enough to live on in comfort, they began to feel sure that their boy would yet share it with them.

The first evening in their new house was almost happy.

"Agnes, we must put this cash away in a bank to-morrow," said the husband, counting over a roll of notes. "It is not safe to keep it here, and we must be careful; we have that to do which makes us economical."

"Yes, Martin," said his wife, as she held the light for him and he locked the small, old-fashioned safe. "You see, when the boy comes to us we will want to do all we can for him, and home must be a pretty place. We can live on almost nothing until he does come."

Afterward, in the dark, their heads close together on the pillow, the elderly couple talked on, dreaming like children.

"Martin," said Agnes, "when he does come, our poor boy, perhaps he will be rough and not well mannered, he has not had us to teach him; we must be very lenient."

"Yes, yes," said Martin; "but the boy will improve. Young as he is, he can go to college yet."

"Away from us!" said the mother.

"No, no, he shall come home every day," said the father. "Will he be tall, I wonder? We are usually tall, but your people are shorter."

"Something may have happened to hurt his looks," said the mother, "but we would only love him the better for it if it is so. However he comes, we will be so good, so good to him. He will come, will come, will he not, Martin? He could not be dead, after all."

"No, no, I feel sure that he will come. I've known all the while that he was not dead," said Martin. "I'll advertise all over the United States—all over Europe. If that fails, even in India, in some way. You see, he may have been carried to some foreign country. Men who know all languages that are spoken shall see that my advertisement is put into each one. Yes, we shall have him back."

"Hark," said Agnes; "what is that?"

They listened. A low, grating sound at the door below, regular, and carefully subdued—a click—a crack.

"Some one is trying to break in," said Martin.

Agnes hid her face in the pillows. They were alone in a lonely house on a lonely road. They had several thousand dollars in their possession. Martin was not a powerful man, and though he had a pistol, there might be two or three against one, and then there was little hope for him.

He arose and took his weapon in his hand, and felt about in the dark for matches. And Agnes heard a creaking of the flooring and the sound of muffled footsteps, and also sprang to the floor.

"They are at the safe below!" cried Martin. "Agnes, the money—the money for our boy! Oh! if my life is lost for its sake, I cannot lose that. I cannot—I cannot."

"Martin! Martin! Stay—do not go. What can you do, one man alone?" screamed Agnes.

But he was gone; she was alone in the darkness. It was all over in a moment. There were shots, oaths—a fall—silence. She crept down stairs, trembling so that she could scarcely stand. Leaning against the safe was her husband, blood upon his sleeve; on the floor lay a man in a crape mask, stiffened in death.

"Martin!" sobbed the woman.—"Martin!"

"I have killed him!" cried the man. "Fasten the door—put up the great bar. Had I not forgotten that they could not have entered. Oh, it is terrible, but I could not lose every chance of my boy. They fired at me, I at them. I wounded both. This one is dying. I am a little hurt—not much—and the money is safe—untouched. Oh, to think I should have killed a man!—I!"

"Martin, he may not be dead," said the woman. "He is young. I hope he is not dead. Perhaps he has a mother somewhere. Let me bind up your hand. Then we will try to restore him. Dear Martin, even if it is so, who can blame you! Poor, poor boy!"

She bound up the graze on her husband's hand. Then they lifted the young man's body to the soft rug, and undid the mask. A face was revealed, young and handsome and pallid as marble.

"Oh, it is terrible!" said the wife. "No older than our poor boy. Oh, Martin, he is dead, I fear. I will loosen his necktie. You take off his shoes and rub his feet. Oh, morning is so far away! This is such a lonely place. Martin, what is it?"

She stared at her husband in horror. His face was as the face of death. He sat ghastly and terrible to look upon, holding in his hand one of the feet that he had undressed.

"Dead!" he said, wildly, "Dead! and I shot him—I!"

"Martin!" shrieked the wife. She laid the dead man's head down on the rug and crept up to her husband.—"God will forgive you," she said; and then her eyes, dilating themselves upon the point at which her husband stared.

It was the foot of the young burglar. The left shoe was off—the stocking also. The high white instep was uncovered, and on it she saw the little tattooed W with a tiny cross beside it. It was her son who lay there.

"Martin!" she screamed again, "Martin, remember what I told you.—He had not us to teach him what was right—remember."

But Martin only moaned.

"He is dead, and I killed him!"

He felt blindly for his pistol. "Forgive me, Agnes, for I cannot live," he said; but at that moment the woman, with her hand upon the breast of the prostrate man, screamed out:

"His heart beats—Martin—he lives!"

The next day a strange story flew about the neighborhood. The child those two strange people had lost years ago had returned to them. That very night burglars had entered the house and wounded him. His life was in danger. The doctor had been there all the morning, but the mother had no fears.

"God had sent him back, and he lives!"

It is never too late for repentance, and the love of those poor parents was very strong. Strange as the beginning was, the end was peace, and the household, so strangely reunited, was a happy one at last.

A BOLD, bad burglar, says a western journal, recently broke into the house of an editor in the watches of the night. The editor awakened and questioned the intruder: "What do you want here? What look you for?" Said the burglar, gruffly: "Money." "Hold on a minute," quoth the editor, "and I will help you. I've been looking myself for ten years; but perhaps the two of us may have better luck."

A TERRIBLE STORY.

Another terrible narrative of the atrocities perpetrated by the Russian police authorities, under cover of the "state of siege" has, says the London *Telegraph,* just reached us from Geneva, where a journal is published in the Russian language called the *Obschtchoje Djelo* and edited by Michael Dragomanow, an ex-Professor of the Kiew University. This paper, although inscribed in the Russian Index Expurgatorius, finds its way across the frontier, in spite of that circumstance, with the utmost regularity. In its issue of the 24th ult., it prints a lengthy statement made by Olimpiada Kaffero, formerly a provincial school-mistress in Russia, detailing the manner of her treatment at the hands of the "Third Section."

Early in the year 1877, Mlle Kaffero opened a school in the district of Wyschnyi Wolotschok, belonging to the Twer Government, and taught the peasant children without exacting any school fees from their parents. On the 16th of last July she was arrested without any previous warning and thrown into prison. Her narrative from this date may best be recounted in her own words. She writes as follows:

After I had lain for a few days in the jail of Wyschnyi Wolotschok, the Governor of Twer, Sorrow, entered my cell one morning and acquainted me with the cause of my arrest and imprisonment. According to his statement my offences consisted in having imparted instruction to peasant children, which is only permitted to male teachers, and in having, 15 years ago, been seen in a boat with several students. For having committed these crimes it was the intention of the authorities to send me across the frontier. From Wyschnyi Wolotschok I was conveyed to St. Petersburg, where I remained for a whole week in jail; thence was transported by rail, with 50 other prisoners, to Wilna. From the Wilna railway station we were all marched late at night to the prison, where, admission being refused to us on account of the lateness of the hour, were compelled to stand all night long in an open court yard under incessant torrents of rain. Next day we were led into a totally dark corridor and subjected to an examination of our clothes and persons. The women, of whom I was one, were searched and stripped by gendarmes, who committed the vilest atrocities upon us. When any one of us ventured to protest against their abominable outrages she was struck and kicked with such brutal violence that blood followed the blows and kicks. This so called "visitation" of the women lasted several hours, amid the laughter and mockery of the soldiers.

I fell into a deep swoon under their atrocious cruelties, and when I came to my senses I found myself lying on the stone floor, between two fallen women, imprisoned for theft, who were doing their best to revive and comfort me in my affliction. Shortly afterward we were handcuffed and carried off to Kowno. At the expiration of a horrible week we were again handcuffed and marched off from Kowno on foot. A three days' march in frightfully bad weather brought us to Mariampol. My feet were covered with wounds, my shoes full of blood. During the journey I had repeatedly complained of my sufferings to our escort, and piteously begged to be allowed to rest, as I could go no farther. Their only answer was, "Then we must drive you on——!" At Mariampol I was taken to the stall or master, as I could hardly stand, that he might decide whether I should proceed on foot or be sent on by rail. I showed him my bleeding feet, and implored his mercy. All he said was: "You have managed to walk for three days and you will have to hold out for the fourth." On the fourth day we reached Wolkowyski, more dead than alive, whence we were to be conveyed across the frontier into Prussia.

Meanwhile they locked us up in a guard-house, men and women all in one room. There was neither bench nor stool—no, not even a wisp of straw to lie down upon. We had to stretch ourselves out altogether, as best we might, on the damp and filthy clay floor. The stench and vermin was intolerable, quite beyond description. During the night they turned in among us all the prostitutes picked up by the police in the public streets, as well as drunkards, thieves, and a stark-naked madman. Some of the prisoners at once commenced worrying and irritating this unfortunate lunatic, who began to foam at the mouth and struck out in every direction, knocking us about with the most savage fury. From this den of inconceivable horror I contrived to get a letter conveyed to Gen. Granke, who promptly sent an order to the Prison Inspector that I was to be forthwith transported to the Prussian frontier. At Eydtkuhnen I was handed over to the Prussian police, who at once set me at liberty. I traveled straight to Paris, and then to Geneva, where I slowly recovered my health and now write this miserable story.

THE FINEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD.—A Washington letter says:

Colonel Casey, superintendent of public buildings and grounds, has submitted his annual report on the completion of the east wing of the new State, War and Navy departments, which has been assigned to the Secretary of the Navy, and temporarily, in part, to the Secretary of War. The south wing, which was completed several years ago, is occupied by the Department of State, and the north wing, now being constructed, and west wing, a work of the future, will be assigned to the Department of War. Work on the east wing, during the year, has been chiefly that of finishing and decorating the corridors and rooms. This entire wing, in decorative art, has been made to conform to the completed southern wing, occupied by the Department of State. The departments of the chief officers of war and navy departments are finished to distemper in the Germanized Egyptian style. The woodwork throughout is mahogany and walnut. The floors of the corridors are of black and white marble. The stairways of cut granite, having railings of exquisitely designed balusters in bronze, with a heavy rail of polished mahogany. This wing contains about 150 rooms. When completed it will consist of three harmonious buildings united by connecting wings, and together forming in design and execution the finest edifice of the kind in the world. The style is Roman doric, and combines the massive proportions of ancient with the elegance of modern architecture. The dimensions from north to south, including pavilion projections, are 567 feet, and from east to west 342 feet. The greatest height from the terrace level over all is 128 feet. The sub-basement and basement are all of Maine, and the superstructure of Virginia granite. The entire building will contain about 500 rooms, and will cost about $10,000,000. This immense structure, when completed and equipped as contemplated, will eclipse everything yet attempted by the government in the way of public buildings. The excavation for the north wing has been completed, and the sub-basement walls will be set before the close of work for the season. Colonel Casey estimates the cost of this wing at $2,200,000.

HOW SHE GOT THE DROP ON HIM.—The Bangor (Me.) *Commercial* tells this story:

A very singular affair has just occurred in this city. A sewing-machine agent by the name of Pendleton thought he would test the affection of his wife. He accordingly went to the upper story of his residence and opened the window. He then tied a stout rope around his body under his arms, fastened one end to something in the room and stepped out of the window. He then made a noise which attracted his wife's attention.—She came and beheld the perilous predicament which he was placed in. She felt the need of doing something at once to save her husband. In her excitement she seized a knife and cut the rope. The result was that he was precipitated some twenty feet to the ground beneath. Strange as it may appear he escaped serious injury, but it will probably be some time before he attempts a similar exploit.

HOW LISTZ BECAME A HUSBAND.

The following story of the marriage of Listz, the pianist, is, if true, certainly very remarkable and romantic. It is as follows:

Listz was at Prague in the autumn of 1846. The day after his arrival a stranger called upon him and representing himself as a brother artist in distress, having expended all his means in an unsuccessful lawsuit, and solicited aid to enable him to return to Nuremburg, his place of residence. Listz gave him a hearty reception, and opened his desk to get some money, but found he possessed only three ducats.

"You see," said the generous artist, "that I am poor as yourself. However, I have credit, and can coin more with my piano; I have here a miniature given me by the Emperor of Austria; the painting is of little value, but the diamonds are fine; take it, sell the diamonds, and keep the money."

The stranger refused the rich gift, but Listz compelled him to take it, and he carried it to a jeweler, who, supposing from his miserable appearance that he had stolen it, had him arrested and thrown into prison. The stranger sent for his generous benefactor, who immediately called upon the jeweler, and told him that the man was innocent; that he had given him the diamonds.

"But who are you?" said the jeweler.

"My name is Listz," he replied.

"I know of no financier of that name," said the jeweler.

"Very possible," replied Listz.

"But do you know that these diamonds are worth six thousands florins?"

"So much the better for him to whom I gave them."

"But you must be very rich to make such presents."

"My sole fortune consists of three ducats," replied Listz.

"Then you are a fool," said the jeweler.

"No;" said Listz. "I have only to move the ends of my fingers to get as much money as I want."

"Then you are a sorcerer," said the jeweler.

"I will show you the kind of sorcery that I employ," said Listz.

Seeing a piano in the back parlor of the jeweler's shop, the eccentric artist sat down to it, and began to improvise a ravishing air. A beautiful young lady made her appearance, and at the close of the performance exclaimed, "Bravo, Listz!"

"You know him, then?" said the jeweler to his daughter.

"I have never seen him before," she said; "but there is no one in the world but Listz who could produce such sounds from the piano."

The jeweler was satisfied, the stranger was released and relieved, and the report of Listz being in the city flew, and he was waited upon and feted by the nobles, who besought him to give a concert in their city. The jeweler, seeing the homage that was paid to the man of genius, was ambitious of forming an alliance with him, and said to him:

"How do you find my daughter?"

"Adorable," was the reply.

"What do you think of marriage?" continued the jeweler.

"Well enough to try it," said Listz.

"What do you say to a dowry of three millions of francs?" he was next asked.

"I will accept of it," was the reply, "and thank you, too."

"Well, my daughter likes you, and you like her," said the jeweler; "the dowry is ready. Will you be my son-in-law?"

"Gladly," replied Listz, and the marriage was celebrated the week following.

A MARVELOUS STORY.

Following is an extract from a letter written from Matamoras, Mexico, by Charles S. Williams, formerly of Peoria, Ill., to William F. Hubbard, of Quincy, Ill.:

You have doubtless heard accounts of the discoveries of gold in fabulous quantities in the Sierra Mojadas. The accounts cannot be exaggerated, since the imagination cannot conceive of such a vast quantity of gold and silver hoarded by nature in one rugged mountain range. The tallest stories would not be fabulous in this case. I have been there, and I know whereof I affirm. You know I have been something of a traveler; that I have seen the mines of California, Australia and among the Ural Mountains—for, during my wanderings, I corresponded with you; but nowhere on this planet have I ever seen the same richness in mines—the same mounted tons of gold. The very mountains, lofty and rugged as they are, seem to be built of gold. Untold millions of the yellow ores and dust are in sight; how much there may be hidden in the heart of those mountains only He who created all wealth can tell.

If I had not been there, and one had attempted to tell only one-half of the truth in regard to those golden mountains, though he had been my nearest kinsman, or most trusted friend, I would not have accepted his story as truth. I shall not ask you to believe me when I say that there are, in these wild, almost inaccessible mountains, great hills of gold, miles in length, hundreds of feet in height, and hundreds of yards in width. And yet it is the literal truth. And not far away from the golden hills there is a mountain of silver ore, richer than any ores of Leadville, Virginia City, or any other bonanza mines yet discovered. This silver mountain throws in the shade the far-famed hill of Santa Eulalia, in Chihuahua, from which $200,000,000 in silver has been taken. I know you will think I tell incredible stories. I have not told half the truth.

But why are not these mines worked—developed at once? They are in Mexico—and nothing is done in a hurry, except changing the government. In the next place, territorial jurisdiction is claimed by the three States of Coahuila, San Luis Potosi, and Chihuahua. The mines are undoubtedly clearly in the State of San Luis Potosi; but the conflicting claims must be settled, as each has a military force in the neighborhood, and suppresses all attempts to carry on mining operations. Then the title is in doubt. Up till within a week before my departure from San Felipe, the nearest pueblo to the mining region, it was supposed that the Mojadas were a part of the public domain. But interested parties made the discovery that the identical tract upon which the richest discoveries have been made was long ago granted away, in the usual Mexican style of liberality, to the extent of six Spanish leagues square.

There was much excitement in San Luis Potosi and Saltillo over the announcement that the great mines were private property, and, the strangest part of all, the property of an American by birth, if living, and his heirs if dead.

"TOBACKO."—The following is from the "blue laws" of Connecticut, which went into operation in 1650:

"Forasmuch as it is observed that many abuses are crept in, and committed by frequent taking of tobacko.

"It is ordered by the court that no person under the age of 21 years, nor any other that has not already accustomed himself to the use thereof, shall take any tobacko until he has brought a certificate under the hands of some who approved for knowledge and skill in physick, that it is useful for him, and also that he had received a license from the courte for the same; and for the regulating of those who, either by theire former taking it, have theire own apprehensions made it necessary for them, or upon due advice are persuaded to the use thereof.

"It is ordered, That no man within this colonye, after the publication thereof, shall take any tabacko publiquely in the streets, highways, or upon training days in any open places, under penalty of sixpence for each offence against this order, in any of the particulars thereof, to bee paid without gainsaying upon conviction, by the testimony of one witness, that is without just exception before any one magistrate. And the constables in the several towns are required to make presentment to each particular courte of such as they do understand, and can evict to the transgression of this order."

"MARTHA," said a new-made granger to his wife, "we'll have lots of pumpkins next year. I planted about forty; had to dig awful big holes to put 'em in, though."—*Chicago Post.*