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

To persons residing outside the county fifteen cents additional per year will be charged to cover postage.

In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own 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.

Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you 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, JANUARY 9, 1880. NUMBER 49.

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:

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

C HEAP! C heapest!

GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS,
&c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of various styles and patterns;
Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovels, Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;
Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,
Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of
Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloth,
PAPER and OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING and SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; GROUND ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; CELLAR AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice
GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get is not worth buying, and what I have for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS quality, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
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TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.
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Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1879.-1y.*

FITS CURED Promptly and Permanently. I send a bottle of my celebrated remedy, with a valuable treatise on this disease, free to all sufferers who send me their P. O. and Express address. Dr. H. C. ROOT, No. 183 Pearl St., New York.

MONEY MAKING WAYS OF WALL ST. A Manual for Investors.—Shows how Jay Gould, Vanderbilt and other millionaires make money in Wall St. Copy sent free, with official report of the market. Address T. POTTER WRIGHT & Co., 35 Wall Street, New York.

40 Elegant Chromo Cards, with name, post-paid, 10 cents. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

SECRET How to become Rich and Watch sent free. U.S. Agency, Mt. Winans, Md.

$777 a Year and expenses to Ag'nts. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

YOUNG AMERICA
STILL LEADS THE VAN!

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,
BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE
Young America Clothing House
Is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

READ THE NEW PRICE LIST
—OF—
Fall and Winter Goods
—AT THE—
BIG "BOSS" CLOTHING HOUSE
OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA!

WE SNATCHED THESE
GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW
that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.
THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!
THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!
A TERRIBLE PANIC FROM THE VERY START!
Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

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

A Man's Good Working Suit for (that others sell for $9.50)	$ 7.25	A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for (that others sell for $15.00)	$10.00
A Man's Good Warm Suit for (that others sell for $6.00)	4.00	A Man's Good Warm Coat for (that others sell for $2.25)	1.50
A Man's Good Warm Suit for (that others sell for $7.00)	5.00	A Man's Good Working Pants for (that others sell for $1.00)	75c.
A Man's Good Business Suit for (that others sell for $9.00)	7.60	A Man's Good Dress Shirt for (that others sell for 75c.)	50c.
A Man's Extra Good Business Suits for (that others sell for $11.50)	9.00	A Man's Good Hat for (that others sell for 75c.)	38c.
A Man's Good Dress Suit for (that others sell for $15.00)	12.00	A Boy's Good Hat for (that others sell for 40c.)	25c.
A Man's Extra Good Dress Suit for (that others sell for $22.00)	18.00	A Child's Suit, from 5 to 9 years, (the child, not the suit,) for (that others sell for $3.25)	2.25
A Man's Good Overcoat for (that others sell for $3.50)	2.50	A Boy's Good Suit, from 9 to 12 years, (the boy, not the suit,) for (that others sell for $4.50)	3.00
A Man's Good Overcoat for (that others sell for $7.50)	5.00	A Man's Suit of Underclothing for (that others sell for 75c.)	40c.
A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for (that others sell for $11.50)	8.00		

DON'T INVEST YOUR MONEY IN CLOTHING
Before you examine the above priced Goods at the
Young America Clothing House,
Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,
ALTOONA, PA.
Sept. 26, 1879.-7m.

PIANOS and ORGANS!
THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST HOUSE IN PENN'A.
Having recently accepted the General Agency for Central Pennsylvania (in addition to our old territory), with headquarters and
LARGE STORE ROOM AT 1404 ELEVENTH AVE. ALTOONA,
IN CHARGE OF MR. GEORGE W. GOOD,
And being desirous of extending our already immense sales of the most celebrated and most desirable
PIANOS AND ORGANS
Ever introduced to a music-loving public, we respectfully invite all who are desirous of purchasing a
First-Class Instrument
OF EITHER KIND TO GIVE US A CALL.
WE SELL NO PIANO OR ORGAN
THAT WE CANNOT FULLY WARRANT, AND BEING THE
Largest Dealers in the State
OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.
Our House was established in 1831 in Pittsburgh, where we will continue at No. 79 Fifth Avenue.
Instruments Sold on Small Monthly Payments.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

PIANOS { Haines Brothers. WEBER. NEWTON & CO. }
ORGANS { PALACE. STERLING. Mason & Hamlin. }

GEO. W. GOOD,
1404 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.
MELLOR & HENRICKS,
79 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
[5-27.] [3m.]

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.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

A Large and Elegant Stock of
MILLINERY GOODS
—AND—
NOTIONS OF ALL KIND,
Just received and opened for the inspection of the
Ladies of Ebensburg and Vicinity,
AT MISS M. E. DAVIS'
EMPORIUM OF FASHION,
In E. J. Humphrey's Building,
JULIAN STREET, EBENSBURG.
The ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine goods and prices, which cannot be excelled for beauty, variety and cheapness. [11-7,-2m.*]

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [12-5,'79.-1y.*]

THE WORLD for 1880.

DEMOCRATS everywhere should inform themselves carefully alike of the action of their party throughout the country and of the movements of their Republican opponents. A failure to do this in 1876 contributed greatly to the loss by the Democracy of the fruits of the victory fairly won at the polls.

The year 1880 promises to be one of the most interesting and important years of this crowded and eventful century. It will witness a Presidential election which may result in reestablishing the Government of this country on the principles of its constitutional founders, or in permanently changing the relation of the States to the Federal power. No intelligent man can regard such an election with indifference. THE WORLD, as the only daily English newspaper published in the city of New York which upholds the doctrines of constitutional Democracy, will steadily represent the Democratic party in this great canvass. It will do this in no spirit of servile partisanship, but temperately and firmly. As a newspaper THE WORLD, being the organ of no man, no clique and no interest, will present the fullest and the fairest picture it can make of each day's passing history in the city, the State, the country and the world. It will aim hereafter, as heretofore, at accuracy first of all things in all that it publishes. No man, however humble, shall ever be permitted to truly complain that he has been unjustly dealt with in the columns of THE WORLD. No interest, however powerful, shall ever be permitted truly to boast that it can silence the fair criticism of THE WORLD.

During the past year THE WORLD has seen its daily circulation trebled and its weekly circulation pushed far beyond that of any other weekly newspaper in the country. The great increase has been won, as THE WORLD believes, by truthfulness, enterprise, ceaseless activity in collecting news and unfaltering loyalty to itself and to its readers in dealing with the questions of the day. It is our hope and it will be our endeavor that THE WORLD'S record for 1880 may be written in the approbation and the support of many thousands more of new readers in all parts of this Indissoluble Union of Indestructible States.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged, and are as follows:

Daily and Sundays, one year, $10; six months, $5.50; three months, $2.75.

Daily, without Sundays, one year, $8; six months, $4.25; three months, $2.25; less than three months, $1 a month.

THE SUNDAY WORLD, one year, $2.

THE MONDAY WORLD, containing the Book Reviews and "College Chronicles," one year, $1.50.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY WORLD (Tuesdays and Fridays)—Two Dollars a year. To Club Agents—An extra copy for club of ten; the Daily for club of twenty-five.

THE WEEKLY WORLD (Wednesdays)—One Dollar a year. To Club Agents—An extra copy for club of ten, the Semi-Weekly for club of twenty, the Daily for club of fifty.

Specimen number sent free on application.

Terms—Cash, invariably in advance.

Send post-office money order, bank draft or registered letter. Bills at risk of the sender.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

Subscribers who send $1 for a year's subscription before December 28 will receive THE WEEKLY WORLD from the date of their subscription

TO MARCH 5, 1881.

This will include the Presidential campaign and the inauguration of the next President.

Old subscribers who send $1 before December 28, for a renewal of their subscription for 1880, will receive THE WEEKLY WORLD to March 5, 1881, without missing a number.

THIS OFFER WILL BE WITHDRAWN DECEMBER 29. Take advantage of it at once. Subscribe at once. Renew at once. [12-19.-6t.]

M. F. M'DONALD. - - M. J. PFOFF.
M'DONALD & CO.'S
PRICE LIST!
LORETTO, PA.
NO BOGUS OR HUMBUG ADVERTISING!
EVERY ARTICLE SOLD AT PRICE QUOTED.

GROCERIES.
SUGARS, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents per lb.; TEAS, 25, 50 and 75 cents per lb.; GREEN COFFEE, 16, 17 and 20 cents per lb.; ROASTED COFFEE, 12½, 17, 20 and 22 cents per lb.; ESSENCE COFFEE, two boxes for 5c.; BLUEING, two boxes for 5c.; BAKING SODA, two papers for 5 cts., or one pound for 8 cts.; MOLASSES, 50 cts. per gallon; GOOD SYRUP, 50 cts. per gallon.

DRY GOODS.
CALICOES, 5, 6 and 7 cents per yard; MUSLINS, 5, 6, 7 and 8 cents per yard; GINGHAMS, 8 and 10 cts. per yard; LADIES' DRESS GOODS, 8, 12½, 15 and 20 cents per yard; CANTON FLANNELS, 8, 10 and 12½ cents per yard; PLAIN FLANNELS, 15, 20, 25 and 30 cents per yard; PLAID FLANNELS, 20, 34 and 48 cts. per yard; KENTUCKY JEANS, 12½, 18, 25 and 30 cts. per yard; CASSIMERES, 50c., 75c. and $1.00 per y'd; WATERPROOFS (all colors), 50, 75 and 90 cents per yard; VELVETEENS, all colors, 50 to 75 cents per yard; BLANKETS, $2.25 per pair.

NOTIONS.
SPOOL COTTON, 1, 3 and 5 cents per spool; COLLARETTES, 1, 3 and 5 cents each; CORSETS, 25, 50 and 75 cents each; LADIES' HOSE, 10, 15 and 20 cts. per pair; LADIES' GLOVES, 15, 20 and 25 cents per pair; LADIES' CLOAKS, $3.00 and up.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
INFANTS' SHOES, 15, 25 and 35 cts. per pair; CHILDREN'S SHOES, 50c., 75c. and $1.00 per pair; MISSES' SHOES, 75c., $1.00 and $1.25 per pair; LADIES' BUTTONED SHOES, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00 per pair; LADIES' LACED SHOES, 85c., $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50 per pair; BOYS' BOOTS, $1.00, $1.25, $1.75 and $2.00 per pair; MEN'S BOOTS, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50, $2.75 and $3.00 per pair.

CLOTHING.
BOYS' FULL SUITS, $3.50 and up; MEN'S FULL SUITS, $5.00 and up; MEN'S OVERCOATS, $3.00 and up.

The above is only a partial list of our goods.

We also keep constantly on hand HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, FLOUR, MEAT, FISH, SALT, &c., &c., all of which we are selling at prices that no dealer in the county can compete with.

Our Motto is "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

We have no trickery prices, and hence not only scorn to ask $5.00 for an article that is worth only $3.00, but in order to protect our customers still further we pledge ourselves to take back and return the money for all goods not cut from the piece, provided they fail to give satisfaction in either quality or price and are returned within a reasonable time—say ten days. Our desire is to do a fair and honorable business, avoid all sharp practices in dealing, and guarantee perfect satisfaction in every instance.

McDONALD & CO.
LORETTO, Dec. 12, 1879.-tf.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, and to us directed, we will offer at public sale, on the premises in Cambria township, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880,
AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

All that PIECE or PARCEL of LAND situate in the township of Cambria, in the county of Cambria, aforesaid, bounded and and described as follows: Beginning at a cucumber at the north-west corner of a tract of land surveyed on a warrant in the name of Wm. Woods; thence by land formerly of John O. Jones, south 176 perches, to a post; thence by part of the same tract, late the property of Ebenezer Williams, east 107 perches, to a sugar; thence by part of the same tract, now the property of John M. Williams, north 176 perches, to a post by a run; thence west 107 perches to the place of beginning—containing **117 Acres and 102 Perches**, strict measure, having thereon erected a good two story DWELLING HOUSE, a large FRAME BARN, and other outbuildings. There is also a good Orchard on the premises, a Well of pure water at the door, and an excellent Spring of never-failing water convenient to the house. This farm is a very desirable one, and is not more than a mile and a half from Ebensburg.

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

THERESA A. NOEL,
THOMAS HOOVER,
Administrators of Andrew Weible, dec'd.
Cambria Twp., Dec. 19, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of John Buck, Administrator, &c., of Peter Bertram, deceased, as shown by his first and partial account, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on Monday, *January 12th, 1880, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon*, when and where they must attend, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 19, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of Sylvester Byrne, Executor of the last will and testament of James Byrne, deceased, as shown by his third partial account, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, *on Tuesday, January 13th, 1880, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon*, when and where they must attend, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 19, 1879.-3t.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.) Centre street. [1-21.'76.-tf.]

THE MARRIAGE OF SANTA CLAUS.

Once Santa Claus sobered and said with a sigh,
While a tear added lustre to each twinkling eye,
"Oh! I'm getting so lonely and weary of life,
I need a companion, or, better, a wife;
But where could I find one to share my joy,
And love, as I love, every girl and each boy."
He thought and he pondered, this jolly recluse,
Then he shouted, "I have it; 'tis Old Mother Goose."
He was off in a jiffy, he whistled, his sled
O'er the snow like the flight of a sky rocket sped,
And his reindeer snorted, with heads high and haughty,
And trotted along at the rate of two-forty.
So he found the old lady, of course, very soon.
She had just returned from a trip to the moon,
And was fixing her cap, slightly mussed by the ride,
While the cobwebs were thick in the broom by her side.
She was old, she was weazened, she had a great nose,
Yet her eyes were as bright as the plumage of crows,
And her voice, though 'twas cracked, had a ring very sweet.
And her dress, though 'twas queer, was most awfully neat.
And Santa Claus blushed as he said, "How de do?"
The dame courtesyed low, and replied, "Sir to you,"
"Will you have me?" he prays; "my darling confess."
She hesitates, murmers and then whispers, "Yes."
"But my children!" she cries, with the usual pause.
"Why, children, I love 'em," said bluff Santa Claus.
"Bring 'em out—where are they; I want 'em!" cries he.
So forth troop they all in a great company.
First comes a fair maiden, and know her we should
By the wolf and her granny—'tis Red Riding Hood;
While after them, fearfully blowing his horn,
Is Little Boy Blue on his way from the corn;
And the notes of the music he sweetly doth play
Brings the piper's son Tom from the hills far away.
And then with a jump and a roll down the hill
With pails and with water bounce poor Jack and Jill.
Their crowns were both broken and help they implore
From Old Mother Hubbard and Margery Daw,
As well as a nameless man, tattered and torn,
Who is kissing and kissing a maiden forlorn.
And forth from her garden, in a way quite contrary,
With fruits and with flowers, comes sweet Mistress Mary;
Then Simon the simple returns from the fair,
With the pie-man, most cautious in selling his ware;
While dragging their tails behind flock in the sheep
Of the wandering shepherdess, Little Bo Peep.
A very old woman lugs up a great shoe,
And out jump her children, a boisterous crew;
Some sing and some dance, and some of them play
"The Mulberry Bush" and "Rain, rain, go away."
But one little boy slinks off in the corner
And munches a pie—'tis greedy Jack Horner;
While poor Tommy Tucker expects some in vain
And bewails his fate with Tom Grace who's in pain.
But music has charms and they list to the song
Of that jolly musician the young Richard Long.
Then Old King Cole and his fiddlers three
Bring up the rear of this vast company;
"They are just what I want," shouts old Santa Claus.
Mother Goose and her children ring out their applause.
"Now all jump aboard—our new home we'll explore;
On my sled there has ever been room for one more."
With shouts and with laughter they tumbled within
And wrapped buffalo robes close beneath every chin;
The reindeer they galloped, the moon shone out bright
As they hurried along in its soft silver light,
And the fat, jolly driver chuckled often in glee
At the sight of his wife and his vast family,
And the songs of the children rang out in the air
As they journeyed along disregarding all care,
Till they reached the great palace and thro' it to roam,
And forever be happy within their new home.

—*Albany Argus, Christmas Day.*

MR. PARSON'S WILL.

It was my first visit to London since I had taken up my abode and entered on the practice of my profession as solicitor at Southampton.

In London I had a very dear friend, my old college mate, George Dickson; and as he was the only person I knew in the great metropolis, of course I lost no time in looking him up.

Three years had passed since our last meeting, but ten could have scarcely produced a change more marked than had taken place in the appearance and manner of my friend.

Our first greeting and friendly inquiries over, I longed, yet forbore, to ask the cause of my friend's melancholy.—I felt sure, in due time, of being made the confidant of the secret, provided no motive of delicacy prompted its concealment.

That evening, in the room at the hotel, George told me his story. He had formed an attachment for a young lady, whose graces of mind and person he portrayed with all the fervor of a lover's eloquence. She had returned his affection, but her father had opposed his suit, having set his heart on the marriage of his daughter to a nephew of his.

This nephew was a young surgeon, of profligate character, my friend assured me—but that may have been prejudice—who had long, but unsuccessfully, wooed his cousin, to whom his offers were as repugnant as to her father they were acceptable.

Some months since, Mr. Parsons, the young lady's father, had gone into Hampshire on business, accompanied by his nephew. At Southampton he was seized with a sudden illness, which terminated fatally in three days.

On the day preceding his death he had executed a will (which had since been duly proved by the depositions of the attesting witness), containing a request that his daughter, to whom he had left the whole of his estate, should accept the hand of his nephew in marriage, coupled with the provision that in case the latter offered, and she refused within a specified time to enter into the proposed union, the whole estate devised for the daughter should be forfeited to the nephew.

To sacrifice her fortune to her heart's choice would not have caused Julia Parsons a moment's hesitation; and nothing could have more delighted George Dickson than so fair an opportunity of showing how superior his devotion was to all thought of personal advantage. But her father's dying request, in Julia's eyes, was sacred. It had surprised and startled her, it is true, as in their conferences on the subject he had never gone beyond the most kindly remonstrances, and had never hinted at anything like coercion.

Young Parsons, the nephew, had not the magnanimity to forego his ungenerous advantage. He might have been content with his cousin's fortune alone, but his right to that depended on his offer and her rejection of an alliance which she felt in conscience bound to accept. This brief season of grace which she had been compelled to beg even with tears had already nearly passed, and a few more days would witness the condemnation of two lives to hopeless misery.

At the conclusion of my friend's narrative, in which, for reasons that may hereafter be developed, I felt a peculiar interest, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to a place of amusement to which I had previously procured tickets.

When we reached the theatre the performance had already begun, but we succeeded in finding seats which commanded a fine view both of the stage and the audience.

In a few moments George touched me on the elbow.

"Observe the gentleman nearly opposite, in the front row, seated next to the column, leaning his arm on his cane," he whispered.

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a face whose striking resemblance to one I had seen before caused me to start with surprise.

"Who is it?"

"Ethridge Parsons," was the reply.

"The nephew of whom you spoke!"

"Does he resemble his uncle?" I was on the point of inquiring, but just then the stranger drew the glove from his right hand and I saw that the first joint of the middle finger was missing, a circumstance which, for sufficient reasons, absorbed my attention.

"Do you know the exact date of Mr. Parson's death?" I asked, when we had gained the street at the close of the performance.

"Yes," said George. "It was the twenty-third of December. His daughter received a telegram from her cousin announcing the fact the same day.—But why do you ask?"

"I have reasons which may or may not prove good ones," I returned, and stating that I had business engagements for the whole next day, I parted with my friend, promising to meet him on the following evening.

Next afternoon found me at the house of Mr. Parsons, the nephew.

"Mr. Parsons, I presume?" were the words with which I accosted the gentleman I had seen at the the theatre.

"Yes, sir."

"You may not remember me, Mr. Parsons, but I believe that we have met before."

"I beg your pardon, sir, for not recollecting the occasion."

"You were in Southampton last year, were you not?"

"I was," he replied, with some embarrassment.

"I am the solicitor on whom you called to make a draft of a will."

He turned pale, but made no reply.

"I saw a record of that will at the Doctors' Commons, this morning," I resumed, "and—"

"You speak of my uncle's will," he hastily interrupted

"And yet," I continued, "you said it was yours when you applied to have it written. You represented yourself desirous of executing such a document, preparatory to embarking on a perilous voyage. The paper was drawn in accordance with your instructions, leaving the date to be filled in at the date of signing. Your locks were gray then, and you certainly looked old enough to have a marriageable daughter; but your disguise was not perfect." And I pointed to the mutilated finger.

"What do you mean?" he shouted in a defiant tone.

"Simply that your uncle's signature to that will is a forgery!" I answered, rising and confronting him. "He died on the twenty-third of December.—Your own telegram to that effect is in existence. It was the day before Christmas that you called on me to prepare the document now on record as his will. The inference is plain; you undertook to manufacture this spurious testament after your uncle's death, and, wishing to clothe your villiany in legal form, you procured from me the required draft. You, or some one at your instigation, simulated the signature of the deceased. The witnesses, who have since perjured themselves in their depositions, were procured in some manner best known to yourself—"

"Enough, sir," he ejaculated, placing his back against the door; "you have shown yourself to be in the possession of secrets the custody of which proves dangerous."

"I am not unprepared for your threats," I replied. "In the first place, I did not come here unarmed; in the next, I have prepared a full written statement of the facts to which I have alluded, with information, besides, of my present visit to yourself. This paper will be delivered to the friend to whom it is directed, unless within an hour I reclaim it from the messenger, who has been instructed to retain it for that length of time."

His face grew livid. His frame quivered with mingled fear and rage, and his eye gleamed like that of a wild beast at bay.

"What is your purpose?" said he, in a voice hoarse with suppressed passion.

"To keep your secret while you live, on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you write instantly to Julia Parsons, renouncing all pretentions to her hand and absolutely withdrawing your proposal of marriage."

After a moment's pause he penned a brief note which he submitted to my inspection; it was quite satisfactory.

"Be so good as to sign and address it," I said.

He did so.

"I will see that it is delivered," I said, taking it up, and bowing myself out.

When I met George Dickson that evening, his old college look had come back. He had great news to tell me.—The next thing was to take me to see Julia; and it is needful to say what a happy evening we spent together, and that a happy marriage followed not long after.

Ethridge Parsons, I have just learned, emigrated to Australia on board of the "London," and went down in that ill-fated ship.

BLESSED be the man who knows how to caper and enjoy nonsense; woe to the man that parted early with his boyhood, and blessed be the man that carries his boyhood down latest into life.

A GHOST STORY.

WHAT THE TOUCH OF A SPIRIT HAND DID TO A WOMAN'S WRIST.

A London paper tells the following weird story:

John, the Earl of Tyrone, and Nicola Hamilton, afterwards wife of Sir Tristram Beresford, were born in Ireland in the reign of Charles II. They were trusted to the care of the same person, by whom they were educated in the principles of Deism. Their guardian dying when they were still young, they fell into indifferent hands. The persons on whom the care of them now devolved appear to have used every possible endeavor to eradicate the erroneous principles which they had imbibed and to persuade them to embrace revealed religion in some form or other. But these endeavors were all in vain. The arguments of their friends were insufficient to convince, though they served to stagger their former faith, or rather their former scepticism. But, though they were now separated from each other, their friendship remained unalterable, and they continued to regard each other with a sincere and fraternal, or rather cousinly, affection. After some years had elapsed, and they were both grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other that whichever should die first would (if permitted) appear to the other, in order to declare to him or her what religion was most acceptable to the Supreme Being. Nicola was shortly after married to Sir Tristram Beresford, but no condition could alter their friendship, and the families frequently visited each other. During a visit to the lady's brother-in-law at Gill Hall, near Dromore, in the year 1693, Sir Tristram remarked when his lady came down to breakfast that her complexion was unusually pale, and her countenance bore evident marks of terror and confusion. He inquired anxiously about her health, but she assured him that she was perfectly well. He repeated his inquiries, and begged to know if anything had disordered her. She replied, "No, no; I am as well as usual." "You have hurt your wrist; have you sprained it?" asked he, observing a black ribbon bound around it. She replied that she had not, but added, "Let me conjure you, my dear Tristram, never more to inquire the cause of my wearing this ribbon; you will never see me henceforth without it. If it concerned you as a husband to know the reason I would not for a moment conceal it. I never in my life denied you a request; but of this I must entreat you to forgive my refusal, and never more to urge me further on the subject." "Very well, my lady," said he, smiling; "since you so earnestly desire me I will inquire no further."

The conversation here ended. Lady Beresford inquired eagerly if the post was come in. She was told it had not arrived. In a few moments she again rang the bell, and repeated her inquiries, "Is not the post yet come in?" She was again answered that it was not. "Do you expect letters?" asked Sir Tristram, "that you are so anxious about the arrival of the post?" "I do," she answered. "I expect to hear Lord Tyrone is dead; he died last Saturday at 4 o'clock." "I never in my life," said Sir Tristram, "believed you to be superstitious; but you must have had an idle dream which has thus alarmed you." At this moment a servant opened the door and delivered a letter sealed with black wax. "It is as I expected—he is dead." Sir Tristram opened the letter. It was from Lord Tyrone's steward, and contained the melancholy news that his master had died on the preceding Saturday (October 14, 1693,) at the hour which Lady Beresford had specified.

After a period of some months Lady Beresford had a son, whose birth Sir Tristram survived little more than seven years, dying in 1701, and after his death his lady seldom went from home; in fact she visited no family but that of a gentleman in the neighborhood, named Gorges. With them she frequently passed a few hours. The rest of her time was entirely devoted to solitude, and she appeared determined forever to banish all other society. The family consisted of himself, his wife and one son, who was about her own age. To this son (who became Lieutenant-General Gorges, of Kilbrew), after a few years, she married, notwithstanding the disparity of a connection so unequal in most respects. The event justified the expectation of every one. Lady Beresford was treated by her husband with contempt and even with cruelty; while at the same time his whole conduct showed him to be the most abandoned libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of virtue and humanity. To this her second husband Lady Beresford brought two daughters, after which, in consequence of the prodigacy of his conduct, she insisted on a separation. They parted for several years, when so great was the contrition which he expressed for his former behavior, that, overcome by his persuasions and promises, she was induced to pardon and once more reside with him, and some time after she became the mother of another son. The very day and month after the birth of her child being the anniversary of her own birthday, she sent for her daughter, Lady Riverston, and a few other friends, to request them to spend the day with her. "For," said she, "I am forty-eight to-day." "No," answered the clergyman, "you are mistaken; your mother and I have had many disputes concerning your age. So, happening to go into the parish church where you were baptized, I was resolved to put an end to my doubts by searching the register, and I find that you are but forty-seven this day." "You have signed my death warrant!" replied she; "I have not much longer to live; I must, therefore entreat you to leave immediately, as I have something of importance to settle before I die!" When the clergyman had left Lady Beresford, she sent to put off her company, and at the same time to request Lady Betty Cobbs and her son, of whom Sir Tristram was the father, and who was then about twelve years of age, to come to her apartment immediately. Upon their arrival she desired her attendants to quit the room. "I have something of importance to communicate to you both," she said, "before I die, for my end is not far distant. You, Betty Cobbs, are no stranger to the friendship that always subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself. We were educated under the same roof in the principles of Deism, when the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell endeavored to persuade us to embrace revealed religion; their arguments, though they failed to convince us, were powerful enough to stagger our faith, and to leave us wavering between two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty we made a solemn promise to each other that whichever should die first, would, if permitted by the Almighty, appear to the other to declare what religion was most acceptable to Him. Accordingly one night when Sir Tristram and I were in bed, I waked and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting by my bedside. I screamed out and endeavored to awake Sir Tristram. 'For heaven's sake, Lord Tyrone,' said I, 'by what means and for what purpose came you here at this time of night?' 'Have you forgotten our promise, then?' said he. 'I died last Saturday at 4 o'clock, and am permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you to assure you that revealed religion is the true and the only one by which you can be saved. I am further permitted to inform you that you are now with child of a son, which it is decreed shall grow up and marry my niece. Not many years after the child's birth Sir Tristram will die, and you, his widow, will be married again to a man by whose ill-treatment your life will be rendered miserable. You will bring him two daughters and afterwards a son; you will die in child-bed of that son on completing your forty-seventh year.' 'Just heavens!' exclaimed I, 'and cannot I prevent this?' 'Undoubtedly,' said he, 'you can; you are a free agent, and may prevent it by resisting every temptation to a second marriage. More I am not permitted to say. But if, after these warnings, you persist in your infidelity, you will be miserable indeed.' 'May I ask,' said I, 'if you are happy?' 'Had I been otherwise,' said he, 'I should not have been permitted to appear to you thus.' 'I may, therefore, infer that you are happy?' He smiled. 'But how,' said I, 'when to-morrow morning comes, shall I be convinced that your appearance thus to me has been real, and not the mere phantom of my own imagination?' 'Will not the news of my death be sufficient to convince you?' said he. 'No,' said I; 'I might have had such a dream, and that dream accordingly come to pass. I wish to have some strong proof of its reality.' 'You shall,' said he; then he waved his hand, and the bed curtains, which were of crimson velvet, were instantly drawn up through a large iron hook, by which the tester of the bed, which was of an oval form, was suspended. 'In that,' said he, 'you cannot be mistaken, for no mortal arm could have performed it.' 'True,' said I; 'but as we sleep we are often possessed of greater strength than when awake—asleep I might have done it, and shall still doubt.' He then said, 'You have a pocket-book here, in which I will write; you know my handwriting?' I replied 'Yes.' He then wrote with a pencil on one side of the leave. 'Still,' said I, 'I may doubt it; though waking I could not imitate your handwriting, asleep I might.' 'You are hard of belief,' said he. 'I must not touch you; it would injure you irreparably. It is not for spirits to touch mortal's flesh.' 'I do not regard,' said I, 'a slight blemish.' 'You are a woman of courage,' said he, 'so hold out your hand.' I did so, and he struck my wrist; his hand was as cold as marble. In a moment the sinews shrunk up—every nerve withered. 'Now,' said he, 'while you live let no mortal eye see that wrist.' It would be sacrilege.' He stopped; I turned to him again, but he was gone. I felt chilled with horror. I endeavored to awake Sir Tristram, but in vain; all my efforts were ineffectual, and in this state of agitation and horror I lay for some time, when, a shower of tears coming to my relief, I dropped asleep. In the morning, Sir Tristram rose and dressed himself as usual without noticing the state in which the curtains remained. When I awoke I found Sir Tristram had gone down stairs. I arose, and having put on my clothes, went into the gallery adjoining our apartment, and took from thence a long broom with which I pulled down, though not without a great effort, the curtains, as I imagined their extraordinary condition would occasion many inquiries, which I wished to avoid. I then went to my bureau, locked up my pocket-book, and took out a piece of black ribbon, which I bound round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind had left an impression on my countenance too visible not to be remarked by Sir Tristram; he instantly observed my confusion and asked the cause. I assured him that I was quite well, but informed him that Lord Tyrone was now no more, for that he had died the preceding Saturday at the hour of 4; at the same time I entreated him to drop all inquiries concerning the black ribbon. He desisted ever after from further questions on the subject. You, my son, as had been foretold, I afterwards brought into the world, and a little more than four years after your birth, your ever-lamented father expired in my arms. Alas! I have this day heard from indisputable authority that I have lain under a mistake hitherto with regard to my age, and that I am but forty-seven to-day. Of the near approach of my death, therefore, I have not the least doubt, but I do not dread its arrival, armed with the sacred principles of Christianity. I can meet the king of terrors without dismay, and without a tear bid adieu to the regions of mortality forever! When I am dead I wish that you, Lady Riverston, would unbind my wrist and let my son with yourself behold it."

Lady Beresford here ceased for some time. An hour passed and all was silent in her room. In about half an hour more a bell rang violently. They flew to the apartment, but before they reached the door they heard the servants exclaim: "Oh, she is dead, my mistress is dead!" Lady Riverston then desired the servants to quit the room. She approached the bed with Lady Beresford's son. They knelt down by the side of the corpse, and Lady Riverston then lifted up her hand, unbound the ribbon, and found her wrist exactly in the state which lady Beresford had described, its sinews shrunk up and every nerve withered.

Lady Beresford's son, Sir Marcus Beresford, as had been predicted, on growing up to manhood, married Lord Tyrone's daughter and heiress Lady Katharine Le Poer. In due course of time he was created Earl of Tyrone, and his son was afterwards created Marquis of Waterford. The pocket-book and ribbon worn by the unhappy Lady Beresford were long in the possession of Lady Betty Cobbe, by whom the above story was constantly related, and who, together with the other members of the Beresford family, now the representatives of the Earls of Tyrone, will be ready ever to attest its facts. Lady Elizabeth Cobbe, it may be added, was the youngest daughter of Marquis, Earl of Tyrone, and sister of the first Marquis; she married in 1751, Thomas Cobbe, Esq., of Newbridge, county Dublin, and died at an advanced age at Bath in 1806.

There was formerly an oil painting of the heroine of this story in Tyrone House, at Dublin, representing her with a black ribbon bound round the wrist, but this was lost in the transmission of the contents of that mansion to Curraghmore, Lord Waterford's seat, in the south of Ireland. It may be added that the lady was not, as generally stated, a cousin of her husband, but the younger daughter of Hugh, Lord Glerawley; that she was born in 1666, and married Sir Tristram in 1687. It was at the house of her sister, who had married Sir J. Magill, now the seat by inheritance of the Earl of Clanwilliam, that the mysterious circumstance above related is said to have occurred, and the very room in which the appearance took place is still shown to visitors. Dr. King, the Archbishop of Dublin, who was her most intimate personal friend, had the lady buried in the Earl of Cork's tomb, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, where she still lies.

MORE LIVES THAN A CAT.—The Duluth *Tribune-Herald* relates the following strange story on the authority of Mr. Federhausen, one of the proprietors of a copper mine at Little Bay:

A wooden house was built on sloping ground, and "shored," so that there was a vacant space beneath the floor. Before this space was boarded in a pig crept in, coiled itself in a quantity of shavings and fell asleep. The office was not immediately occupied and the noise made by the pig when it discovered its dilemma was not heard. Like a true philosopher, the pig accommodated itself to its circumstances. It wrapped itself in the shavings, turned its back on the cold world and went to sleep for the winter. This was on the 23d of November, 1878. The pig was remarkably plump and a credit to its owner, who sincerely mourned his loss about Christmas time. The pig found a vitalium in its fat that kept up animal heat and sustained life. The office was occupied, but the tramp of feet did not disturb the sleeper.

For four months the pig slept as sound as Pharaoh in a sarcophagus. With the genial warmth of April his vitalities returned. Its fat was exhausted. It rubbed its eyes, turned over and commenced to grunt. The occupants of the office were mystified. The animal grunted with a gusto, and began to knock for release. A board or two was removed and the pig was brought to light. Its appearance was most pathetic. The ribs on each side seemed to have met. The hams had vanished and only the hip joints stood up, gaunt and angular. The vertebræ could be counted, and the ears drooped from the large skull. The eyes looked out of deep, bony sockets with a profoundly melancholy expression, as though their owner had been in the other world, and had there especially hard times. For a time no one recognized the pig, but at length the woman who owned it declared, with tears in her eyes, that she knew it by a peculiar turn to its tail. It had a singularly graceful curl in this appendage—the only æsthetic point about it—and this had survived the destruction of all tissues. The poor woman's joy over the recovery of her lost pet was quite touching. The news spread rapidly. The miners gathered from all quarters to view the wonderful pig who had lived for 142 days without food or drink.

Presents flowed in. Delicacies unheard of in the dietary of pighood were liberally supplied. Warm compound of oatmeal and biscuits, flavored with delicious scraps and titbits from kindly housewifes, soon began to tell on the pig's condition and swell out its lean flanks. Its story went the round of the mines and everywhere awoke sympathy and enthusiasm. It is now as plump as ever, and the curl in its tail is even more strongly pronounced than before.

SALT WATER will prevent the hair from falling out; but to prevent its being pulled out, go home early.