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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it. If stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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

HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—

VERY CHEAP

Overcoats for Old Men!
Overcoats for Young Men!
Overcoats for Boys!
Overcoats for Everybody!

LATEST STYLE OVERCOATS,
NOBBY OVERCOATS,
Heavy OVERCOATS,
WARM OVERCOATS,
BLUE, BLACK, BROWN AND DRAB OVERCOATS,
Dress and Working Overcoats,
ALL SIZES, STYLES AND QUALITIES OF OVERCOATS,
AT THE CHEAP CASH STORE OF
V. S. Barker & Brother,
Who have now in stock the finest and largest line of OVERCOATS ever seen in Ebensburg, and which they are offering at
PRICES CHEAPER THAN EVER!
Now is therefore the acceptable time to buy, as clothing of all kind will be much higher in price next year. We also have a full line of
WEARING APPAREL FOR MEN AND BOYS,
and as we buy largely and carry a complete and elegant stock, we are enabled to sell fully as cheap if not cheaper than clothing dealers in more pretentious towns. When you need an overcoat or any other article of clothing, don't fail, therefore, to call and examine the immense stock at
BARKERS' CHEAP STORE,
Where money can be saved six days out of seven in the purchase of
Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes,
HATS, CAPS, CARPETS, GROCERIES, NOTIONS, ETC.
V. S. BARKER & BRO.
Ebensburg, Dec. 12, 1879.

THE LATEST NEWS AND BEST!
FALL AND WINTER GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!
Which so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS
AT PRICES SO LOW
THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.
Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c.
Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS, GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock
BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,
which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the
BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED
☞ A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional warerooom, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and bargain seekers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stock for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful of future ones I remain as ever.
N. J. FREIDHOFF.
High Street, Ebensburg, Oct 3, 1879.

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 $12 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.
☞ Don't advertise to sell goods 20 or 25 per cent. cheaper than other dealers, because that would be foolhardy, and people are not so ignorant now-a-days as to believe any such humbug; but I guarantee out to be undersold by any man in the business.
M. WOLF,
RAILROAD CLOTHING HOUSE,
1127 Eleventh Avenue, below Bowman & Morrow's, Altoona, Pa.

Wells, Richardson & Co's
PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR
Gives Butter the gilt-edged color the year round. The largest Butter Buyers recommend its use. Dairymen of Dairyman say IT IS PERFECT. Used by all the best Creameries. Awarded the Highest Diploma at N. Y. Dairy Fair. Ask your druggist or merchant for it, or write to ask what it is, what it costs, who uses it, where to get it.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

Y Y OO U UNN N GGG A MM MM EEEEE RRRR II CC A
Y Y O O U UNN N G G AA M M M M E R R H H C C AA
Y Y O OU UN N NG AA M M M M E R R H H C AA
YY O OU UN N NG AAA M MM M EEE RRRR HHC AAA
Y O O U UN N N G A A M M E R R H H C A A
Y O O U U N N N G G G A A M M E R R H H C C A A
Y OO UU N NN GGG A A M M EEEEE R R H H CC A A

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 $5.50.	$ 7.25	A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for that others sell for $25.00.	$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 21.00.	75c.
A Man's Good Business Suit for that others sell for $9.00.	7.00	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 $13.50.	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.

SIX CORD
ENDORSED BY OVER THIRTY SEWING MACHINE EXHIBITORS AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE,
Paris, 1878
AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, 1876,
As being "Very STRONG, SMOOTH, and EXCELLENT THREAD."
TRY IT S.F.T. ESTABLISHED 1854.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY BY USING
SEMPLE'S SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON
MANUFACTURED AT MOUNT HOLLY, N.J.
STUART & BRO (LIMITED) AGENTS, NEW YORK
MEDALS AWARDED PARIS, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK & BOSTON.
TRY IT SEMPLE'S SOFT FINISH

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
—ALWAYS HAVE THE—
Largest and Cheapest Stock of
Dry and Dress Goods,
NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

GEO. W. YEAGER,
—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—
HEATING and COOKING STOVES
—AND MANUFACTURER OF—
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE.
1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.
☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

A GOOD PLAN. Anybody can learn to make money rapidly operating in Stocks by the "Two Unerring Rules for Success," in Stocks, Lawrence & Co.'s new circular. The combination method, which this firm has been adopting, enables people with large or small means to make as successful, market people with large or small means to reap all the benefits of great capital and best skill. Thousands of orders in various sums are pooled in one vast amount and operated as a unity, thus enabling each shareholder all the advantages of the largest operator. Immense profits are divided monthly. Any amount from $25 to $5,000 or more can be used successfully. N. Y. Daily Graphic, September 26, 1878, says:—"By the combination system $10 would make $3, or per cent.; $100 make $30, or 3 per cent.; $10 makes $1,000, or 10 per cent. on the stock, during the month, according to the market." Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 29:—"The combination method of operating stocks is the most successful ever adopted." New York Independent, September 11:—"The combination system is founded upon correct business principles, and no person need be without an income while it is kept working by Messrs. Lawrence & Co." Brooklyn Journal, April 29:—"Our editor made a net profit of $1,257 from one of Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s combinations." New circular (mailed free) explains everything. Stocks and Bonds wanted. Government Bonds supplied.
LAWRENCE & CO., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y.

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

LITTLE BUILDER TRADE MARK M. J. D.
SMOKE THE
Little Builder Cigar,
One Hundred for $2.00;
GATLING GUN.....$2.00;
HUMPTY DUMPTY, 2.25;
Other Brands from $2.50 up:
Delivered to any address in the U. S., post-paid, on receipt of price.
M. J. DOUGHERTY,
12-12 Sole Man'f'r, 434 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.
Estate of TIMOTHY LUMADUE, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Timothy Lumadue, late of Reade township, Cambria county, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
HARRIET LUMADUE, Administratrix.
Reade Twp., Jan. 9, 1880.-6t.-$.

BE HAPPY AS YOU CAN.

This life is not all sunshine,
Nor is it yet all showers,
But storms and calms alternate,
As thorns among the flowers,
And while we seek the roses,
The thorns full oft we scan,
Still let us, though they wound us,
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses
As well as joys to share,
And griefs and disappointments
Which you and I must bear.
Yet, If Misfortune's lava
Entombs Hope's dearest plan,
Let us, with what is left us,
Be happy as we can.

The sun of our enjoyment
Is made of little things,
And oft the broadest rivers
Are formed from smallest springs,
By treasuring small waters
The rivers reach their span;
So we increase our pleasures
Enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts
Through which our feet must go,
But there are pleasant oases
Where pleasant palm-trees grow.
And if we may not follow
The path our hearts would plan,
Let us make all around us
As happy as we can.

Perchance we may not climb with
Ambition to its goal,
Still let us answer "Present,"
When duty calls the roll!
And whatever our appointment,
Be nothing less than Man,
And cheerful in submission,
Be happy as we can.

A BRAVE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

HOW EARL NITHISDALE ESCAPED FROM THE GALLOWS.

Among the Jacobites who joined in the first Stuart rising, in 1715, was the Earl of Nithisdale, and the sudden failure of the revolt consigned him to the Tower. Every effort to avert the doom of death had failed; but in his countess he had a friend whom no defeat could dishearten.

With that self-reliance so peculiar to her, she resolved on a step which seemed as rash and imprudent at first sight as it afterward proved the contrary.—Having observed pretty closely the character of Mrs. Mills, of whom she had hired lodgings in Drury Lane, London, she sent for her to her apartment, and informed her that, all hope of pardon now being lost, she had determined on a scheme to effect Lord Nithisdale's escape.

"This," she said, "is the last night before his execution;" and then passionately appealed to her feelings to assist her in the attempt she meditated, by accompanying her at once to the Tower, in order that Lord Nithisdale might escape in one of her dresses, for which scheme she had arranged every detail.

A coach was called, and they, with a Mrs. Morgan, started for the Tower, Lady Nithisdale talking all the way, for fear they should have time for reflection, and change their minds. As they drove along, she explained the details of her scheme—namely, that Mrs. Morgan was to wear over her own clothes a dress of Mrs. Mills (who was a large woman), for Lord Nithisdale to put on, with other disguise, and so pass the wardens.

"On our arrival," says Lady Nithisdale, "I first brought in Mrs. Morgan, calling her a friend of my lord's, come to take leave of him. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off the dress of Mrs. Mills, which she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase, and, in going, I begged her to send my maid to dress me, as I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had her handkerchief to her face, as was natural for a person going to take the last leave of a friend before his execution, and I had desired her to do this that my lord might go out in the same manner.

"I had got an artificial head-dress of the same colored hair as her's, and rouged his face and cheeks, to conceal his beard, which he had not time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The guards, whom my liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly out with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as usual, as they were persuaded from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her hood and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand and led her out by my lord's chamber; and in passing through the next room, in which were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said: 'My dear Mrs. Catharine, go in all haste and send me my waiting-maid; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is. I am to present my petition tonight, and if I let slip the opportunity, I am undone, for to-morrow is too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes.'

"When I had seen her safe out, I returned to my lord and finished him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying, as she came in, that my lord might better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so, as he had on the same dress that she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord, I perceived it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us, so I resolved to get off. I went out leading him by the hand, while he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone, bewailing bitterly the negligence of my maid Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then I said: 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you—you know my lodging; and if you ever made dispatch in your life do it at present. I am almost distracted with this disappointment.'

"The guards opened the door, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible dispatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk, but I continued to press him to make all the dispatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I consided him.

"They went home together, and having found a place of security, brought Lord Nithisdale to it. In the meantime, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs and go back to my lord's room in the same feigned anxiety of being too late, so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathize in my distress. When I was in the room I talked as if he had been really present. I answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it, and walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I bade my lord formal farewell for the night and added that, if the Tower was then open, I would return that night, but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance, and I flattered myself I should bring more favorable news.

"I then went out; and, as I passed, told the servant that he need not carry the candles to his master until my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first."

The Earl was led to a garret in an obscure part of London, and after a time sheltered at the Venetian Ambassador's, till an opportunity offered to reach Dover in that envoy's carriage.

The Countess, after boldly proceeding to Scotland to secure some valuable papers, returned to London, defying all efforts to arrest her, and at last joined her husband at Rome, where both died some years after.

A GOOD DEED WELL DONE.

Conductor W——, of the Little Miami Railroad, is one of those dashing, generous fellows, to whom railroad life is just suited. He likes the daily mixings with the throng, the constant changing faces, and delights to read the countenances as they pass. If there is anything peculiar in a passenger on his train, W. will penetrate it, and no one is more ready, if occasion require, to render a sympathizing word or a helping hand.

A few days ago a female, about sixteen years of age, got aboard of his train going East, at a village a few miles north of Cincinnati. He approached her to collect fare.

"How far are you going?" he asked.

"To New York," was the reply.

"I take you only as far as Columbus. The fare is three dollars to that point."

The girl opened her pocketbook and took out two bank notes—a three and a one. The conductor observed that it was all the money in the pocket-book and as she reached him the three, he asked—

"Is that all the money you have.

"Yes sir," was the reply.

"How do you expect to go to New York then?" he asked.

"I will travel until they put me off. Then I will go to work and earn money to carry me further."

"Indeed," remarked the conductor, now deeply interested in the girl. And may I ask what is taking you to New York?"

"It is my home, sir. A year ago I was persuaded to come West, being assured that working girls were better paid here than there. I came out to L—— and was engaged in the family of Mr. R——. I lived with them a few months, when they went out West. I then engaged with a farmer, but was taken down with chills and fever, from which I have not recovered. I have worked hard for one year, and these four dollars constitute all my savings. I am sick and am going home. Probably I can get work as I go along my way."

This story was told so candidly that the conductor, who had watched the narrator closely, could not doubt its truth.

"If this is the case, I cannot take your money," he said.

"Indeed, sir, it is true."

"Then take your money back," was his answer, and he passed along.

Through with his collection, he related the circumstances to a couple of gentlemen passengers, and proposed to head a subscription list if they would go through the train and take up a collection for the girl. The gentlemen readily agreed to this, and in a few minutes had the pleasure of handing the girl some seventeen dollars, enough to pay her way to New York. She knew nothing of the movement until she received the money, when her grateful feelings gave vent to copious tears. No one doubted her honesty.

But W. was not satisfied. Before she left the train he gave her a memorandum setting forth the route she should take, and a card which he requested her to use instead of tickets. On the card was written the following:

TO MY BROTHER CONDUCTORS:—I have passed this worthy young lady on my train to Columbus. A collection was taken up for her, and seventeen dollars placed in her hands by the passengers. For God's sake, don't take one cent.

Conductor W——, Miami Railroad,

thus, no doubt, enabled her to reach home safely and with money in her purse.

GETTING MARRIED.—In marrying, make your own match. Do not marry any one to get rid of him, or to save him, or to oblige him. The man who would go to destruction without you, would quite likely go with you, and perhaps drag you along. Do not marry in haste, lest you repent at leisure. Do not marry for a home and a living, when by burning up your corsets and taking care of your health you can be strong enough to earn your own living. Do not let aunts, fathers, or mothers sell you for money or position into bondage, tears, and life-long misery, which you alone must endure. Do not place yourself habitually in the company of any suitor till you have decided the question of marriage; human wills are weak, and people often become bewildered, and do not know their error till it is too late. Get away from their influence, settle your head and make up your mind alone. A promise may be made in an hour of half-delirious ecstasy, which must be redeemed through years of sorrow, toil and pain. Do not trust your happiness in the keeping of one who has no heart, no head, no health. Beware of insane blood. Do not rush thoughtlessly, hastily, into wedded life, contrary to the counsel of your best friends. Love can wait; that which cannot wait is something of a very different character.

A SAD misfortune lately befell a New Orleans judge. It was related of him that as he was riding in the cars, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady at his side, he imagined that he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered "yes." "Why do you wear a veil?" "Lest I attract gentlemen." "It is the providence of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of law. "Not when they are married." "But I am not." "Indeed!" "Oh, no; I'm a bachelor." The lady quietly raised her veil, disclosing to the astonishing magistrate the face of his mother-in-law.

WHAT roof keeps out the wet? The roof of the mouth.

A MEXICAN WAR ROMANCE.

Mr. J. M. Halsett, of Pike county, says the Little Rock (Ark.) *Gazette* gives us the facts of a very interesting "Auld Lang Syne" affair, with a sentimental terminus of recent date.

Just about the time that war was declared with Mexico, a young man named Henry Lauring and a young neighboring lady, Miss Vena Waldron, became engaged. When the trumpet of war sounded young Lauring, conceiving it to be a duty he owed to his country, bade his affianced good-bye and became a soldier. They were devoted to each other, and when the young man left the lady vowed that she would never marry if he did not return.

After the fall of the city of Mexico, a man named Ralph Mitchell approached Lauring and stated that he had left Pike county subsequent to Lauring's departure, and that Miss Waldron had died a few days before his departure.—The young soldier was desperate, and when the troops "came marching home with glad and gallant tread," he was not with them. Having, in a moment, been transformed from an ardent soldier to a reckless man, he left the army, and, embarking, went to Cuba. From there he went to Spain, to England, to Austria, to Prussia, and to France. When the late Franco-Prussian war broke out he entered the French ranks, and at Metz was almost fatally wounded.—When he recovered the war was over, and remaining in France until the Russian war with Turkey, he repaired to Russia and joined the army, though an old man. With a detachment of troops, while attempting to cross the Danube, he was shot through the lungs. For a long time he languished in a hospital, and finally recovered.

After the Mexican war, and when Ralph Mitchell returned to Pike county, he called on Miss Waldron and sympathetically told her that her lover, Lauring, was dead; that he strayed from the camp one night and was killed by a band of scouts. The girl fell speechless to the floor. When she regained consciousness—when the rush of recollection forced its way over indistinct memory, a high fever sprang up, and for months she tossed on a bed, caring nothing for her surroundings, and dreading recovery worse than death.—After a long illness she recovered.—Mitchell, who was very attentive to her in her sickness, called frequently in health. One night while the moon was shining, while the pale moon shone on the face of a paler girl, Mitchell told her of his devotion.

"We have known each other from childhood," he said; "we have lived as neighbors. You know me, my father and mother. I love you with a depth only known to a burning soul. Will you be my wife?"

"Mr. Mitchell," the girl replied, "I respect you highly; but I am engaged to another."

"But he is dead."

"The engagement is not. It will be consummated in heaven."

"Is there no appeal from your decision?"

"None."

"Then I will tantalize you the more. Lauring is not dead. My love for you caused me to deceive him. I told him you were dead, and with a yell of despair he left the army. I did this thro' love."

Another long illness followed this.—When a strong constitution again came to the rescue of a life, Mitchell had married a neighboring girl.

Years went on, as years inevitably do. The girl's father and mother sank beneath the clay. The girl lived with her brother. The girl's brother's children grew up and married—not the girl, for she was advanced in years. In a small house they lived. There were vines in the yard, and among them the once beautiful woman sat and mused. Summer and Winter came and went.—The poor, lonely woman had read every book in the neighborhood. The birds sang, and the rabbit sprang from his damp snow-sprinkled bed. But old songs and old memories still swept the harp strings of a heart once young and still ardent.

One evening last week Miss Waldron sat among the vines in the yard. Her brother was gone to the mill. An old man with long beard and with tottering walk stopped at the gate and asked if Mr. Waldron lived there. Miss Waldron invited him in. He approached, and when he had reached the vine-covered porch, sank down on a chair, the one Miss Waldron had vacated, and buried his face in his wrinkled hands.

"Old gentleman," Miss Waldron said, "can I do anything for you? You look so weary."

"That voice!" the man exclaimed.—"Vena, don't you know me? Henry has——"

A shriek and the old man stopped and lifted the form of an old woman from the floor.

When the brother had returned, and when the moon had risen, a couple of old lovers walked out into the beautiful polished peace of night. The party walked along the road, each hand clasped within the other. Opening a gate they turned into an inclosure.—They stopped at a mound.

"Bend over, Henry, and see if you can read the inscription."

Henry leaned over and straightening up, said:

"It is the grave of Ralph Mitchell."

Then, in the moonlight; then, while the soft air fanned them, Henry and Vena clasped hands across the almost time-leveled mound, and said:

"Great God, we forgive the man who destroyed so many years of happiness."

In a little log church not far away, a pleased minister pronounced Henry and Vena man and wife. Nature says their lives will not continue but a few years longer; true sentiment says the few years will be happy ones.

RULES FOR ACQUIRING WEALTH.—Be honest. If Satan tempts you to defraud your neighbor, it is only that he may rob your ill-gotten goods in the end.

Be temperate. Liquor has made more paupers than all other vices combined.

Be industrious. Indolence, debt and disease are brothers.

Let your word be your bond. Good credit is a fortune to begin with.

Limit your expenses by necessity and comfort, leaving a good balance for margin saved.

Invest your funds carefully and intelligently. Beware of the brilliant bubbles that are blown up to tempt ingenuous speculators.

Give your personal attention to your business. To do this, keep your brain and body healthful.

A FARMER'S crib is an gnawful place for rats.

FICKLE LOVERS.

A SHORT DISSERTATION ON BREACH OF PROMISE SUITS.

Having claimed for girls a wide latitude in withdrawing from engagements too hastily contracted with men toward whom they discover that they entertain no affection, I may be supposed to excuse breaches of promise on the male side. I do not, however, for I think that a young man should know his own mind, and he cannot plead, like a girl, that he was ignorant of the world and plighted his troth without exactly being aware of what responsibilities he incurred. A young man would not set up a horse and gig without counting the cost, so he has no business to think of matrimony without calculating its expenses and obligations. In love he is the attacking party; the proposal comes from him, and if the girl accepts she does so on the tacit understanding that he has considered the question of ways and means. If, by and by, she ascertains that he is not in a position to marry with comfort, she may, I take it, retract her promise with perfect propriety. Chivalrousness is nothing but the moral rectitude which prompts an honorable man never to let a woman suffer damage through his fault if he can possibly help it, and he can always help it to some extent. I knew a young fellow of 18 who was inveigled into a promise to marry his tutor's daughter, aged 30. He backed out of it, the damsel brought an action, and, being good-looking, obtained £500 damages. There is another case of an Oxford undergraduate, the younger son of a peer, who fell in love with his lodging-house keeper's daughter, the young lady who brought him up his coffee and toast of a morning, and was induced to sign a promise of marriage with his blood, which he did, being tipsy, and having punctured his arm with a needle for the purpose. This affair never went into Court, for the lad's father preferred to compromise by a payment of £1,000. In both these cases a whipping all round—for the maidens as well as the young men—would have been the most equitable form of settlement. Juries, who are generally foolish, show themselves chiefly so in awarding damages for breach of promises. They start from the assumption that a man who breaks a promise deserves to be fined something, and if the plaintiff be pretty, they gallantly assess damages which they consider may be worth her acceptance. I admit the expediency of a fine, but I think it should be inflicted by a judge, and not by a jury. Naturally, there are cases in which compensation is necessary to cover serious losses which the plaintiff has incurred. The other day a Parisian actress brought an action for damages against a young man who, on the faith of his promise to marry her, had induced her to throw up a lucrative theatrical engagement, to sell her townhouse at a loss, and to purchase an estate in the country. As French law does not recognize promises to marry, the plaintiff was non-suited, which was assuredly a hardship. It is undeniable that the women who suffer most in feelings and pocket from blighted matrimonial hopes, are generally the most backward in seeking legal redress. And this should make one look with some suspicion upon breach-of-promise suits. I confess that I do not like to see a brazen-faced woman sitting stolidly in Court while a talkative barrister tries to excite the compassion of the jury by expatiating on the agonies of her heart. An elderly widow in the same case is even less interesting. Not long ago a Westcountry jury awarded £50 to an old lady of sixty for the loss she was supposed to have suffered in not marrying a swain of seventy-four. There was no pretense or sentiment in the matter. The old man was well off, and the old lady had set her cap at his money bags, not at him. It is a pity that those who differ as to the propriety of abolishing breach-of-promise suits should not at least agree to draw the line somewhere as regards the age when a woman might be disqualified from becoming a plaintiff. Supposing this line were drawn at fifty-five.

There are cases of breach-of-promise whereof the rights and wrongs would puzzle any casuist. Take this instance: A young man falls in love with a girl, who, by dint of great self-command, succeeds in concealing from him that she has a very ugly temper and no heart at all. He proposes and is accepted; but, after he has been engaged some months, an accident discloses to him the true character of his intended.—What is he to do? He knows that if he marries he shall be thoroughly wretched, and his wife, too; the prospect before them is in fact one of continual bickerings, ending possibly in the divorce Court. I would advise no man to risk this kind of thing, which runs counter to the primary aim of marriage—"an institution for mutual help and comfort." At the same time if a round payment in money would compensate the bad-tempered young lady for her disappointment, I think the man is bound to make it.—He should, indeed, esteem himself happy to hobble out of his scrape with honor at any price. Our last case shall be that of a man who ascertains that his betrothed has some dismal secret in her own past life. His action must then be influenced by the circumstances which have put him in possession of this evil report. If he has heard it from third parties, his intended bride has obviously been guilty of deceit which augurs ill for her delicacy of feeling; but if she has made him the confession with her own lips—trembling and crying in her shame and anxiety—why should not a man in love condone a fault which has been repented of, and which, but for his pardon, may entail humiliation and despair all through a lifetime? It may be said that the moral to all this is that men should not contract engagements without full inquiries, and nothing can be truer; but passion always acts hastily, and philosophy must find remedies for inconsiderate action, as well as suggest maxims for preventing them.

TRANSPARENT CHEST.—Take one pound of flour, one pound of butter, the yelk of one egg; wash the butter dry and then melt it in a vessel, set in another vessel of boiling water, stirring gently all the while to prevent boiling. Take off the salty scum from the top, and when almost cold beat up the butter little by little with the egg, which should be previously whipped light. When all is thoroughly mixed work in the flour, roll it out twice, sprinkling lightly with flour in folding it up; let it stand folded five minutes in a cold place and cut out for tartlets or tarts; it a tartlet-cutter should be used, let it be dry and floured before using it, to prevent the paste from sticking. Bake before filling the tartlets which are for immediate use, and brush over with beaten egg while hot. The paste which is for short should be kept in a cool place.

Two heads are better than one—ten barrel.