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

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068
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Cambria Freeman.

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VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1880. NUMBER 14.

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OF THE WAR.
ADVANCE and RETREAT:
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By General J. B. HOOD,
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PUBLISHED FOR
THE HOOD ORPHAN MEMORIAL FUND
—BY—
General G. T. Beauregard,
NEW ORLEANS, 1880.

The entire proceeds arising from the sale of this volume belong to The Hood Orphan Memorial Fund, which is invested in United States Registered Bonds for the nurture, care, support and education of the children left destitute by their parents who died in the land bereavement are still fresh in the public mind.

THE BOOK IS AN ELEGANT OCTAVO, CONTAINING 430 PAGES, WITH A FINE PHOTOGRAPH LIKENESS OF GEN. HOOD, FOUR LARGE MAPS OF BATTLE FIELDS, AND A HANDSOME, GRAY ENGLISH CLOTH BINDING.

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ON BEHALF OF THE HOOD MEMORIAL FUND,
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MUTUAL PROTECTION
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J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.
Carrolltown, March 19, 1880.-tf.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. Davis's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily; and collections especially. [30-14.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1-21,'78.-tf.]

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PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $123,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
Good FARM Properties
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
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Ebensburg, Jan. 31 1879 -1y.

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.
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12-12 Sole Man'f'r, 434 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

WE have still on hand a small assortment of LADIES' COATS, which we are offering at greatly reduced prices, in order to close out our stock before Spring. Call early and get a bargain, as they will not last long at the prices we are asking for them.
V. S. BARKER & BRO.

WE have already ordered our Boots and Shoes for the coming season, which will arrive during February and March, and in order to make room for our new stock, will offer the large assortment now on hand (notwithstanding the advance in such goods) at prices we defy any one to compete with. V. S. BARKER & BRO.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.,) Centre street. [1-21,'78.-tf.]

WE have a large stock of LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES, which we will sell at very low prices between now and the 1st of April next. V. S. BARKER & BRO.

Mc. CREEDY'S CORN SOLVENT.
No Cure, No Pay. For sale by Druggists and Shoe Dealers. CAIN BROS., Pittsburg, Pa., Gen'l Ag'ts.

HEAP!
HEAPEST!
GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware.
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Stoves, Tinware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse Shoes and Nails, Carriage Trimmings, Leather, Belting, Saws, Files, Rasps, Hammers, Trowels, Plows, Points, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Hoes, Rakes, Mowing Machines, Lawn Mowers, Reapers, Threshers and Fanners.
COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of various styles and patterns;
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of every description and of best quality;
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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 Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;
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Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
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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 at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS IN 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, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that there is never any pay 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.

IN FULL BLAST.
The EBENSBURG WOOLEN MILL.
Country Work of all kind Solicited.

THE undersigned desire to invite the attention of the public to the fact that they have purchased the Ebensburg Woolen Mill, which they are now and will continue to run to its full capacity. All kinds of work, such as dyeing, spinning, carding, and the manufacture of blankets, flannels, cassimeres, yarns etc., attended to promptly and at moderate prices.

Having had an experience of thirty years in the business, the senior member of the firm flatters himself that entire satisfaction will be rendered to all who favor them with their patronage.

☞Goods of our manufacture, warranted to be the very best, will be exchanged for wool and fair compensation allowed.
JOHN LUDWIG & SONS.
Ebensburg, April 9, 1880.-tf.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Peter Gorman, for use of Hopkins & Irvin, vs. John Ripps and U. Lloyd. No. 18, March Term, 1880. Venl. Fx.

And now, April 5th, 1880, on motion of Alvin Evans, Esq., A. V. Barker appointed Auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff realized from the sale of the defendant's real estate.
From the Record. Certified 7th April, 1880.
[L. S.] C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.

Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, Pa., on *Tuesday, May 4th, 1880*, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when and where all parties interested are required to present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 14, 1880.-3t.

NOTICE.—In the matter of the appointment of Joseph McDonald, Auditor to report distribution of the balance as shown by the account of F. A. Shoemaker, Assignee of D. Brookbank. The appointment continued, the Auditor to report at next Term. By the Court, March 8, 1880.

The Auditor above named will sit for the purpose of his appointment, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, the 6th day of May next*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.
JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1880.-3t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of MICHAEL BRAWLEY, dec'd.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Michael Brawley, late of Portage township, having been issued to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all parties indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, while those having claims against the same are requested to present them, duly proboted for settlement.
JOHN BRAWLEY, } Executors.
THOMAS J. BRAWLEY, }
Portage Twp., April 2, 1880.-6t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.
Estate of EMANUEL DISHART, dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of Emanuel Dishart, late of Carroll township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement.
APOLLONIA DISHART, } Adm'rs.
ANDREW H. DISHART, }
Carroll Twp., April 2, 1880.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of DANIEL RAGER, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Dan'l Rager, late of Jackson township, deceased, having been granted 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.
ALBERT DEVLIN, Administrator.
Jackson Twp., March 26, 1880.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of HUGH McCORMICK, dec'd.
Letters testamentary upon the estate of Hugh McCormick, late of Gallitzin township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present the same properly authenticated for settlement.
JAMES ROLAND, Executor.
April 9, 1880.-6t.

CARD.—The undersigned offers himself as a candidate for the office of Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the coming Democratic county convention, and, if nominated and elected, pledges himself to perform the duties of the position honestly and to the best of his ability.
C. A. LANGBEIN.
St. Lawrence, March 19, 1880.-tc.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.—The undersigned offers himself as a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of Cambria county, subject to Democratic rules, and if nominated and elected feels competent to discharge the duties of the position intelligently and satisfactorily.
H. A. SHOEMAKER.
Ebensburg, March 26, 1880.-t.c.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the Legislature, subject to the rules of the Democratic county convention.
T. S. FLEMING.
Gallitzin, March 19, 1880.-t.c.*

FOR SALE.—A tip-top heavy one-horse or light two-horse PEDDLING WAGON. Apply to GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, Feb. 18, 1880.-tf.

MOTHER'S WAY.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Off within our little cottage
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall—
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it holds a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our father's bounty
With the needy day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long;
When our burdens look too heavy
And we deem the right all wrong;
Then we gain anew fresh courage,
And we rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely—
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of our day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

THE CHILD WITNESS.

The Arnolds lived in the old brown house which you may yet notice at the right of the road just as you enter the village of L——, Pennsylvania, from the south. The house stands back about ten rods from the road, among peach and apple trees, and the little path running up from the gate is bordered with pinks and moss.

I should not speak so confidently; it is five years since I saw the village or the house, and perhaps the awful tragedy enacted under the moss-covered roof one night may have kept the house tenantless, and allowed time to tumble it down.

One day, in answer to a telegram sent from the nearest railway station to L——, a matter of a dozen miles, I rode into the quaint old village on the top of the stage, and at once reported myself to the town authorities. Every inhabitant of the village, even to the ragged mehin sitting on the tavern porch, carried a grave face and talked in whispers. Had I not known a double murder had been committed the night before, I could have read some news almost as bad by glancing at the faces of the towns-people.

While I was eating my supper at the only hotel the town clerk and the president of the village sat opposite and told me the story. It seems that Arnold, who was nearly sixty years old, had two sons in another part of the State, and, wishing to divide up his property before his death, had, a few days before the murder, disposed of a farm and some manufacturing interests in Pittsburgh, realizing several thousand dollars in cash. He intended visiting the sons and dividing the money between them, but had placed it in the village bank until he should be ready to go. Mrs. Arnold was old and gray-headed, and the couple would have been all alone had it not been for little Jack, as he was called, a child four years of age. The child had been abandoned by a woman passing through the village, and the Arnolds had taken it for company; in fact had made provision to adopt it.

The night before, at 9 o'clock, a citizen had seen Arnold at his gate smoking a pipe. No one heard any alarm from the house during the night, but about sunrise little Jack crept down into the village, his night-gown red with blood, and told the first one he met, "Somebody has hit grandpa and grandma on the head with an axe."

There was an investigation and the aged couple were found at their house dead and terribly mutilated. The old man's head was nearly split in two, and Mrs. Arnold had a horrible wound in the temple, which had caused death almost instantly. The child was not in the least injured, but seemed to have been badly frightened.

This was the gist of the story I got while eating, but I found that none of the sensational points had been overdrawn when I reached the house. The corpses had been the subject of inquest and had been washed and placed in coffins, but the rooms had not been disturbed. A constable had been present all the time to see that any clue which might have been left of the murderer should not be erased by careless hands or feet.

The room where the tragedy occurred was a double bedroom on the ground floor. It contained two beds, one of which was occupied by the old man and little Jack. The murderer had come in at the back door, bringing along the axe from the woodpile. He had passed into the bedroom, lighted a candle which stood on the stand, and had been some time in the room before using the weapon. I knew this because the top drawer of the old bureau was pulled out, its contents tumbled over, and there were no bloody finger marks on anything. The three other drawers were daubed with blood, showing that he had searched these after the murder.

Something had aroused the old man from his sleep. He had started to get out of bed when struck by the axe. The old lady had heard the noise when the cruel implement descended on her head, the positions in which the bodies were found bearing out my theory. The night had been chilly and little Jack probably snuggled down under the quilts, and had thus escaped harm, though, as afterward shown, he had been a silent witness of part of the proceedings.

The murderer had made a thorough search of the house, taking his time about it. He had first felt under the old man's pillow after money, and then under Mrs. Arnold's, daubing his fingers with blood, and leaving his marks on the pillows. I counted five different places where he had rested his left hand on the pillows while searching with his right, and in every case there were only four dabs or spots. There should have been five. He would not put four fingers down and hold up his thumb. No; the thumb on the left hand was missing—cut off at least at the first joint.

This was a clue, and my subsequent investigations proved that I was correct in believing so. There was another thing. The man had torn up the carpet of the bedroom in several places; had got out the bible and looked between its covers; had taken down and searched the clothing in the closet; and had been so cool and thorough in his search that I knew he was no ordinary offender. A common thief would have fled after committing murder or at most stopped only long enough to search the bureau. Whoever the man was he had not secured a dollar in money. He had, however, taken away an old-fashioned gold watch belonging to Arnold, which was out of repair, and here was something which, if found, might prove a good clue.

I did not expect to get much out of the boy, owing to his youth. Taking him on my knee, I made his acquaintance, gave him some pennies, and then asked him what he saw.

"You see," began the child, very gravely, "I heard grandpa talking and getting up, and then I saw a big robber jump up and hit him with the axe. Then grandpa fell down, and the big man went over and struck grandma. Then he looked in the bureau, on the bed, in grandpa's box, in the closet, and then went off, and then I went to sleep."

I dreaded to ask him how the man looked, for much depended on his answer. But he was ready with his reply, and all my cross-questioning could not alter his statement.

"Big man—red collar (necktie) on—great big breast pin—red whiskers like Mr. Johnson there—shiny ring on his finger—one eye most shut up."

I tried to make little Jack believe that the murderer had black hair, and was a little man, but he stuck to his story. Then one of the constables talked to him about something else for ten minutes, and then questioned him as to the appearance of the man; but the story was the same as he told me at first. Several of us wrote it down, and I charged the child to remember it.

I was convinced that the murderer was a stranger in that part of the country. No one had seen him come or go; no one knew the hour of his arrival or departure, and he had left no clue behind—nothing but my theory that the thumb was missing from the left hand. I rode out to the toll-gates, but he had not been seen to pass. I questioned the stage drivers, but they could give no satisfaction. I went to the railroad station, but no one could remember having remarked the presence of a stranger on that night. The murderer had arrived and departed like a bird.

I was considerably discouraged in not striking his trail, but I was determined to pursue the case until there was no longer any hope, or until I had found the criminal. Visiting Pittsburgh and Harrisburg I laid my plans to trap him if he tried to dispose of the watch. I wrote letters to various officials, and then I could do no more. For six months I had the case uppermost in my mind, while transacting other detective business, but I had failed to find the least clue. Then one day I got a trace.

I was riding on the cars of the Pennsylvania Central railroad, when I observed an old lady shaking a gold watch in her hand and then holding it to her ear to see if it would run. Crossing over to her, I asked to look at the watch and she handed it over with the remark:

"It isn't much good, but I don't know as it ought to be. My husband only paid $10 for it."

I found out that her name was Allen; that she lived within a dozen miles of where the Arnolds had been murdered; that on the morning after the murder, as near as she could remember, her husband had purchased the watch of a traveler on the highway, who was looking for work and out of money. She remembered that the man was a large man, had red hair and full beard of the same color, but could not say thats he had observed anything suspicious in his actions.

I found by questioning that the stranger had continued on the road to the west, and that if he kept on he must have struck the railroad after an hour's traveling. I was convinced that this was the murderer, and that he had made a long journey on the highway in order to baffle pursuit and hide his trail.

But it was little comfort to know it, as so many months had passed that the man might now be in Europe or under ground. I took the lady's address, allowed her to retain the watch I knew had belonged to the Arnolds, and again I lost the case for several months. I wrote over fifty letters, traveled three or four thousand miles on the lookout for a big man, and nothing came of it. But one day when approaching the village of Newfield, New York, by stage, two suspicious-looking chaps got into the vehicle, and they were my only company. I knew them to be "flash" as soon as I saw their faces, and their talk went to prove it. I pretended to be very deaf as soon as they got in, not replying to any of their questions. I assumed the tone of voice generally used by the deaf, held my hand to my ear, and moved over and expressed my regrets if I had offended them, saying that I could not even hear the rumble of the coach.

"Good!" exclaimed one of the men, as I sat down at the other end of the vehicle. "Now you can go on with your yarn."

Before proceeding the other one called me an old fool, a thief, a robber and various other things, closely watching my countenance to see if I could hear his words.

"The old smooth-bore is as deaf as a stone," he remarked, having satisfied himself as to my deafness, and then he went on with a narrative which had been interrupted.

I soon ascertained that they were on their way to Penfield, to rob a merchant. They had everything arranged to commit the crime the next night, and the one who "put up" the plan gave all the details as to how the robbery was to be committed, where they would "run" to, and gave a guess as to each one's share.

"What about Luke?" inquired the other, after the plot had been fully discussed.

"Oh, Luke will be there on time," replied the man. "He has kept devilish shady since that business at L——, but now wants to make a haul and dig out for the far West. You needn't fret—we can depend upon him."

Before we got into the village the men tried me again, but I could not hear except when they shouted in my ear, and they were sure that the conversation had been strictly private. While they put up at the hotel, I went to the house of a deputy sheriff, intending to remain concealed all the next day. I had, of course, to state my business to the officer, as I must have his aid, and he, the simpleton that he was, related the whole story to his wife after they had retired.—Thus it naturally came about that next day, while I was laying shady, but planning how to capture the burglars, the woman was retailing my plans to the neighborhood. When night came there were six of us ready to pounce upon the criminals, but there were no criminals to be found. The fellows had got wind of the affair and were off, and I had lost the second only reliable clue to the Arnold murderer which I had ever been able to find. Some time after this, while in the city of Rochester, I caught sight of a hand resting on the window sill of a horse car—a large red hand. The hand was nothing strange, but the thumb was missing.

I did not wait an instant to think. I leaped from the car, entered the other, and there sat my friends of the stage-coach on either side of the owner of the hand—"a big man with red hair and whiskers." They all jumped up as I entered, but I hung fast to Luke and soon had the bracelets on him, allowing the others to get away. He had no idea who I was, and I took care not to hint at the charge against him until I had him back at L——.

My arrival created much excitement, as pursuit of the murderer had, from the first, been deemed hopeless. Many contended that I had not secured the right man, and Luke professed never to have been in that part of the State before. The child was several miles away from the village, but I sent for him. It had been a year since the murder. Little Jack had almost forgotten the circumstance, and of course the murderer had changed some. But I had strong hopes that the child would be able to identify the man, and I was not disappointed.

Waiting until evening, I conducted Jack into a room where Luke and a dozen citizens were sitting. The little fellow had no knowledge of what we intended, and for some time did not see the murderer. When he did, he uttered a loud shriek, ran to me and exclaimed:

"There's the big man who hit grandpa and grandma!"

Luke braved it out to the last; even when the purchaser of the watch testified to his identity he kept a bold face, and went to some pains to attempt to prove an alibi; but when convicted, mainly on the testimony of little Jack, who shivered and trembled at the sight of the man, the prisoner knew he was done for, and cried out in anger:

"Well, I am the man! I saw the boy's eyes looking at me after I had finished the old 'uns, but I had done enough, and could not kill him, curse the brat! I now regret nothing except that I did not split his head open!"

And standing on the gallows, about to be launched into eternity, the man used his last moment to curse the child-witness who had convicted him of the awful crime.

A HINDOO HERCULES.

THE WONDERFUL ATHLETIC FEATS OF BABAJEE TULSIRAM.

An entertainment of a novel character was given on March 6th at the house of Mr. Morarjee Goculdas at Bombay, who invited a large number of guests to witness some extraordinary feats of strength on the part of the celebrated Deccan athlete, Babajee Tulsiram. The company, which included many of the leading inhabitants of the city, sat in a semicircle, at either point of which were placed several pretty little native boys arranged in brilliant and costly apparel. The picturesque dresses of the native ladies who were present, the white robes of the Parsee gentlemen and the gay colors of Hindoo attire had a remarkably fine effect when seen in conjunction with the beautiful surroundings.

After some preliminaries in the way of handing round for inspection the materials with which he intended to perform, and having satisfied the company that there was no deception, the athlete, a tall, soldierly man, some twenty-seven years of age, and with a magnificent development of muscle, proceeded to crush a number of cowries between the palm of his hands. He completely ground them to powder in this manner, uttering during the process sharp, shrill cries, which were probably intended to express the magnitude of his exertions. Then the performer placed a cocoanut upon the head of a boy, and, with what appeared to be a fearful blow, broke the nut in pieces and scattered the milk in all directions, without strange to say, hurting the boy in any way. The next feat was breaking a stout coil rope by simply pulling it. One of the most extraordinary parts of the performance was the following: The athlete placed a belt leaf between two of his fingers and then, by pressing the fingers together, cut the leaf so as to throw the upper part several feet high. But the most startling feat was the breaking of a stone laid on his chest. The man lay down at full length on some chairs, and a huge stone, weighing four Bengal mauds, was placed on his chest, which was simply covered by a thin tunic. Two men then struck the stone some tremendous blows with heavy hammers, and after one or two attempts, the block rolled of the man's chest in two pieces. He next made several attempts to break a coconut with a handkerchief. His mode of procedure in this case case was to roll the handkerchief tightly in the shape of a ball, and then to throw the ball upon the nut. Pulling a piece of sugar-cane into two exactly at the joint, and bending a thick iron plate, were among the other feats performed.

The company then went out on the balcony, where the athlete cut a sugar-cane so as to throw up a piece thereof 150 feet high. It was done thus: A man held out a scimitar with the edge downwards, and Babajee struck the cane upwards against the edge of the sword, the piece thus cut off flying a great distance into the air. This brought the performance to a close, and the performer was then presented with a handsome shawl.

GEORGE ABRAHAMS was extravagantly fond of cold cabbage, and one day seeing that quite a dishful was left after dinner asked his wife to save it for his salad at night.

About midnight George came home laboring under a stress of heavy weather. Feeling hungry and thinking of his favorite cabbage, he asked where it was.

His wife replied, "In the pantry on the second shelf."

Down he went, found the cabbage, got out the oil, mustard and vinegar, cut up the cabbage, dressed it to the Queen's taste and ate it all.

In the morning his wife noticed the plate of cabbage where she had placed it the day before, and turning to her "Dear George" innocently asked why he did not eat the cabbage.

"I did," he said.

"How did you like it?"

"Oh, not very well, it was tough and stringy."

"But here is the cabbage now, where did you find any more?"

"Why, on the second shelf, where you told me."

A quick look at the shelf by the wife and then a cry of agony.

"Why, George, you have eaten $20 worth of lace collars and cuffs that I had put in starch; stringy cabbage, indeed!"

FOUND BY DREAMS.

John Callaghan was a well-to-do farmer, residing in the County Cork. He was a sober, steady man, and had never been known to be behindhand in paying his rent. Though his farm was not very large, still, by good management, he was able to support his family comfortably out of it. There came one summer, however, that the weather was so bad that nearly all poor John's crops failed, so that when rent-day came he had no money to meet it. There was only one thing to be done under the circumstances—he must sell some of his stock. He regretted much being obliged to do this; but he had no other alternative, if he wished to retain his farm, for the agent was a very hard man, and would soon turn him out if he did not pay punctually. So the next fair day John took two of his best cows and some fat hogs to sell at the fair. He spent all day there trying to get a good price for them, and at last he succeeded in doing so. He was very tired on his return, and looking so ill that his wife remarked it to him. Assuring her that it was nothing but over-fatigue, and that he would be all right in the morning, he told her he had sold the cattle very well, having got fifty pounds for them, which was enough for the half year's rent, and something over. He went to bed immediately after his supper, and soon fell asleep. Next morning, however, his wife wondered why he did not answer her when she spoke to him. At first she thought he was in a faint, and sent at once for a doctor, who pronounced him dead. It was supposed that the anxious state of his mind, and the over-fatigue he had gone through, had hastened his death, his heart having been affected for some time past.

Poor Mrs. Callaghan got such a shock by this sad occurrence that at first she did not think of looking for the money her husband said he had got at the fair; but as the rent was due, and accounts came in for the funeral, she went to the place where her husband usually kept his money. Her search was fruitless; no money was there. She looked in the pockets of the clothes he had worn, and in every press and drawer in his room. It was all in vain. The fifty pounds could not be found anywhere. Could he have lost it on his way home? Or had he been robbed? Perhaps so. He certainly said he had got the money; but she had not seen him with it. It may have been only promised to him by the parties he sold to; but that was not likely. The poor woman was in a bad way, and spent all her time in searching for the missing money, and could think of nothing else. In a few days the agent was to call for the rent; and if she could not pay, she and her helpless little ones would have to leave their dearly beloved home, and either beg or starve. Such was the state of things when the very night before the expected agent's visit, Mrs. Callaghan dreamed that her husband came to her, and told her that she would find the fifty pounds pinned to the paper behind the looking-glass over the chimney-piece in the bedroom. He put it there for safety, he said, fearing the house might be robbed, as it was known he brought the money home with him, and he thought it would be safest there. The moment Mrs. Callaghan woke she went over to the place mentioned by her husband in her dream, and found the bank notes in the exact position he had described.

A young lady had a present of a very valuable watch. One day, however, it suddenly stopped, and not wishing to meddle with it herself, she took it to a watchmaker to have it repaired. In a few days she called for it, but it was not done; so she said she would come again in a day or two. That night she dreamed that the watchmaker's shop would be burned next evening; so early next morning she asked her sister to call for the watch, and not leave the shop without getting it. Her sister said she was sure it would not be ready. "No matter," she said; "get it for me as it is, done or not. Don't come back without it, for the shop will be burned this evening; I saw it all in a dream last night."

Immediately after breakfast her sister went for the watch, but was told that it was not yet mended.

"How long will it take to do it?" she asked.

"About an hour," the man answered.

"Very well, then," she said, "I will wait for it."

So she sat down, and waited patiently until it was repaired, for her sister was in a most excited state of mind about it, and would have been greatly annoyed had she returned without it.

That evening at seven o'clock the house took fire, and the flames spread so rapidly that it was impossible to save anything; and had the watch been left there, it would have been destroyed.

A friend who lived in the country had for some time past been missing things. That there was a thief in the house could not be doubted, but who it was it was impossible to find out. Bread, meat, butter, bottles of wine, etc., all disappeared in the most unaccountable manner, and always in the night. That none of the servants left the house at night was an ascertained fact, and it was equally certain that no one entered from without. How, then, were the articles conveyed away? And by whom? These were questions which puzzled Mrs. M——, and caused her a good deal of anxiety. At length she dreamed one night that she was standing in the garden, and looking toward the house she saw in the moonlight a man's figure glide up the avenue and stand under the window of one of the servants' room. Presently the window was softly opened, and a basket well filled with provisions was let down by a rope. The person below untied the basket, and quickly disappeared among the surrounding trees. The rope was then drawn up and the window very gently closed. On awaking next morning, Mrs. M—— told her husband of her strange dream. It made such an impression on her that at length she persuaded her husband to watch in the garden that night. So, accordingly, he and one of his sons stationed themselves in a little summerhouse in the garden, which commanded a view of the window in question. I may as well mention that neither of them had the least faith in any kind of dreams or visions. What, then, was their astonishment when they beheld the very figure described by Mrs. M—— glide softly up the avenue, and stand under the window, which was opened and the basket let down, all exactly as she had told them! Before, however, the man had time to make off, they rushed out and seized him. He was brought into the house, and the police sent for. They immediately recognized him as a very bad character—returned convict. The wretched woman who was his partner in guilt was his mother. They were both tried at the next assizes, and punished as they deserved.

A FORGOTTEN ASPECT OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

One of the great evils of our dealing with Ireland is that we have persisted in governing her according to English prejudices and ideas. Not thus have we dealt with India, or French Canada, or even the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands. The land tenure of Ireland was altogether different from that of England. The land belonged to the sept, not to the chief, nor to any of his vassals. This was forgotten or ignored when the lands of chiefs were declared forfeited and granted to fresh land