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

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068
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

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☞ Look at your paper before you stop it, if you do not want it. 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 XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1880. NUMBER 15.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.50
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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

STATEMENT OF THE RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES of the Borough of Wilmore from 11th April, 1879, to 16th April, 1880:

JOHN MILLER, Treasurer, Dr.

To balance in hands of the Treasurer at last settlement.....$18.33
" amt rec'd since last settlement.... 42.95—$101.80

Cr.

By amt paid out as per vouchers.....$49.84
" 5 per cent. on $894.....4.24— 54.08

Balance in hands of Treasurer.....$ 47.81

Condition of Wilmore Bor., April 16, 1880.

Bonds issued on Duplicate for 1878..$ 6.18
" " on Duplicate for 1879.... 51.68
Due judgments on Docket Jos. Miller, Esq. 22.11
Balance in hands of Treasurer..... 47.81
$128.78

Condition of Wilmore Bor., same date.

Bonds issued, issued prior to last set. $85.00
Bonds issued since last settlement..... 17.58—$102.58
Excess of resources over liabilities.....$ 6.20

We hereby certify that we have examined the accounts of the Borough of Wilmore and find the above statement to be correct.

BERNARD MCCOLGAN,
JOHN ASHE, } Auditors.
S. T. EVANS,

Wilmore, April 20, 1880—2t.

STATEMENT OF THE RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP for year ending 12th of April, 1880:

SAM'L C. ADAMS, Supervisor, Dr.

To amt of Road Duplicate.....$319.48
" order on County Treasurer, 107.12
" orders on Township Supervisors, 19.21—$446.11

Cr.

By amt paid out on roads.....$290.21
" orders paid..... 16.88
" services rendered..... 37.25
" mileage..... 3.50
" commissions..... 18.74—$366.11

PETER RUSS, Supervisor, Dr.

To amt of Road Duplicate.....$271.71
" orders in Township Supervisors, 35.30—$307.01

Cr.

By amt paid out on roads.....$229.73
" mileage rendered..... 36.50
" commissions..... 7.78—$ 307.01

Amount of outstanding orders.....$ 67.97

We the undersigned Auditors of Blacklick township, do hereby certify that we have examined the accounts of the township Supervisors, and find them correct.

JOHN SLOGOMICK, } Auditors.
THOS. E. DAVIS,

Blacklick Twp., April 20, 1880—2t.

STATEMENT OF THE RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF GALLITZIN BOROUGH for the year ending April 12, 1880:

GEORGE GIBBONS, Collector, Dr.

To amount received at last settlement..$ 8.00
" amount received since settlement..... 222.13—$230.13

Cr.

By amount paid out..... $225.09
" commissions and paid to Com'rs 4.18—$230.13

F. J. CONROY, Treasurer, Dr.

To balance in hands at last settlement..$ 23.95
" received by S. A. Cleaver, Bor'h 65.00
" amount received from Collector.. 225.28—$314.23

Cr.

By amount of orders paid..... 291.53
" balance in treasury..... $ 22.70

We the undersigned Auditors, have examined the accounts of the Collector and Treasurer, and find that they are as above stated.

M. F. KELLY,
JAMES EAGAN, } Auditors.
T. A. MYERS,

Gallitzin, April 20, 1880—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Peter Gerlach et al. vs. Jacob Morkorn et al. No. 18, John Term, 1880. No. 10, March Term, 1880. C. P. Cambria.

And now, April 6th, 1880, on motion of Alvin V. Barker appointed Auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff to the parties entitled to the defendant's real estate.

To Michael Gallagher, Esq., Sheriff, Greeting:

Whereas, Peter Gerlach et al. vs. Jacob Morkorn et al. C. P. Cambria, Prothonotary, No. 18, John Term, 1880, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, when and where all parties interested are required to present their claims, or be debarred from sharing in the said fund.

A. V. BARKER, Auditor.

Ebensburg, April 16, 1880—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.—In the matter of the second and final account of Thomas Eyer, Assignee of Joseph Eyer.

And now, 8th March, 1880, Chas. L. Dick appointed Auditor to distribute. By the Court.

To all parties for the purpose of above appointment, I will meet at the Sheriff's office, in the Borough of Ebensburg, on Monday, May 10th, 1880, at 2 o'clock p. m., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

CHAS. L. DICK, Auditor.

April 9, 1880—2t.

NOTICE.—In the matter of the application of Jas. S. Donald, Auditor to make distribution of the balance as shown by the final account of C. A. Schoemaker, Assignee of D. Brocker, in the hands of the Sheriff, to and among the creditors of said Brocker. By the Court, March 8, 1880.

To all parties concerned will all for the purpose aforesaid, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Monday, the 10th day of May, 1880, at 1 o'clock p. m., when and where parties interested may attend if they see proper.

JOSEPH MCDONALD, Auditor.

Ebensburg, April 16, 1880—3t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Estate of MICHAEL BRAWLEY, dec'd, late of Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa. Letters testamentary on the estate of Michael Brawley, late of Summerhill township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them for settlement.

MRS. BRAWLEY,
THOMAS BRAWLEY, } Executors.

Summerhill, April 2, 1880—6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Estate of PATRICK O'HARA, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Daniel O'Hanlon, late of Cambria township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

SUSAN O'HARA, Executrix.
MICHAEL O'HARA, Executor.

Cambria Twp., April 16, 1880—6t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Estate of EVASKUS DISHART, dec'd. Letters of Administration on the estate of Evaskus Dishart, late of Carroll township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MALCOLM A. DISHART,
ANDREW R. DISHART, } Adm'rs.

Carroll, April 2, 1880—6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of HUGH MCCOMBER, dec'd. Letters testamentary upon the estate of Hugh McComber, late of Munster township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES BOLAND, Executor.

Munster, April 16, 1880—6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of DANIEL RAINEY, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of Dan'l Rainey, 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.

SIMON DEVLIN, Administrator.

Jackson Twp., March 26, 1880—6t.

CAMBRIA.—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, will endeavor to perform the duties of the office faithfully and to the best of his ability.

C. A. LANGHEIN.

Ebensburg, March 19, 1880—6t.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.—The undersigned offers himself as a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of Cambria county, subject to the decision of the Democratic rules, and if nominated and elected will endeavor to discharge the duties of the office faithfully and satisfactorily.

H. A. SCHOEMAKER.

Ebensburg, March 26, 1880—4t.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the Legislature, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.

T. S. FLEMING.

Carrolltown, March 19, 1880—4t.*

$10 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. [19-5.'79-1y.*]

DO YOU WANT A GOLD WATCH? We offer the BEST GOLD WATCH for a small price ever offered. Send for our Circular. $75 to $200 Gold Watches. $5 to $15 Silver Watches. JAS. MCCABE & CO., Chestnut & Fifth Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

"DON'T YOU DO IT!"

Don't part with your money until you know the truth. Interested parties are spreading the reports that MR. JOHN WANAMAKER is not interested in the old and famous OAK HALL Clothing business and does not personally direct its affairs.

Nothing could be more Untrue!

Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER has precisely the same relations to Oak Hall as in the past.

WANAMAKER & BROWN is what it has been ever since Mr. Brown died, 12 years ago.

Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER personally watches over the faithful preparation of the stock of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, and the conducting of the store. Nothing is allowed to pass his eye that is not straightforward and true to the interest of those who have patronized the house for 19 years and depend on its reliability.

From all appearances the year 1880 is to be the largest in sales ever known.

The READYMADE Department is Better Stocked!
The BOYS' Department is Better Stocked!!
The CUSTOM Department is Better Stocked!!!
The SHIRT Department is Better Stocked!!!!

All this will be apparent on FIRST SIGHT! Please call whenever you can and look through this BEEHIVE of a Building, so busy with its Hundreds of Workpeople and Customers. Do not forget that Clothing of the W. & B. make will stand better service than any other that can be got and that it does not cost any more (if as much) as other makes.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL, SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS,
THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.
PHILADELPHIA.

JUST REMOVED
TO THE LARGE AND ELEGANT
STORE ROOM
IN C. JAGGARD'S NEW BRICK BLOCK,
1306 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
Between 13th and 14th Streets,
2 DOORS ABOVE EBERT'S MUSIC STORE, ALTOONA, PA.
WHERE HE IS NOW OPENING A SPLENDID LINE OF
CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, TRUNKS, &c.,
Which he guarantees to sell at the Lowest Prices known to the Retail Trade.

Being now in possession of the largest and handsomest Clothing Store in the City of Altoona, which will henceforth be known as the

KEYSTONE CLOTHING HALL!

And having filled it to repletion with new and seasonable goods, I have no hesitation in saying to my friends in Cambria county and elsewhere that when they visit Altoona it will be worth their while to give me a call, whether they wish to purchase or not, as I and my efficient salesmen will not only take pleasure in showing them around our handsome new store room and quoting the prices of our elegant stock of goods, but will also be gratified to furnish anything in our line at the lowest possible figures.

☞ Thanking my many friends for their liberal patronage in the past, and hoping by honest and liberal dealing to merit a continuance of the same in the future, I remain,

Respectfully, &c.,

CHARLES SIMON,
ALTOONA, PA.

[3-19.'79-1y.]

WE HAVE JUST OPENED A
NEW MILLINERY
And Fancy Goods Store
AT 281 MAIN ST., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

And respectfully invite the Ladies of Cambria and adjoining counties to give us a call, as we intend at all times to keep a full line of

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS,
Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Ribbons,
BLACK CRAPES, SILKS, Silk Velvets, Ornaments,
All kinds of Hair Goods, &c., &c.,
Of the LATEST DESIGNS and BEST TEXTURES, which we will sell at prices that cannot fail to benefit all who favor us with their custom. Also,

Rustic and Polished FRAMES of all sizes.

☞ New Goods of the latest styles and at popular prices will be received every day, and a first-class Milliner and Saleslady will be in constant attendance to wait on customers. A cordial invitation is extended to all the ladies of the land.

CORN & CO.'S BRANCH STORE,
No. 281 Main Street, Johnstown.

NOTE.—The above relates only to our Branch Store in Johnstown, but it should not be forgotten by those who do their shopping in Altoona that our old-established Store is at 1307 Eleventh Avenue, where we keep a large and varied stock consisting of DRY GOODS, CARPETS, FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c., &c., which we sell at prices that cannot be surpassed for cheapness. [April 19, 1880.—1t.]

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S
PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR
Gives Butter the gilt-edged color the year round. The largest Butter Dealers recommend its use. Thousands of Dairymen say IT IS PERFECT. Used by all the best creameries. Awarded the highest National Prizes 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, etc., etc., etc. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY W. R. CAMERON.

As we grow old, our yesterdays
Seem very dim and distant;
We grope, as those in darken'd ways,
Through all that is existent;
Yet far-off days shine bright and clear
With suns that long have faded,
And faces dead seem strangely near
To those that life has shaded.

As we grow old our tears are few
For friends most lately taken,
But tall—as falls the summer dew
From roses lightly shaken—
When some chance word or idle strain,
The chords of memory sweeping,
Unlock the flood-gates of our pain
For those who taught us weeping.

As we grow old our smiles are rare
To those who greet us daily,
Or, if some living faces wear
The looks that beamed so gaily
From eyes long closed—and we should smile
In answer to their wooing—
'Tis but the past that shines the while,
Our power to smile renewing.

As we grow old our dreams at night
Are never of the morrow;
They come with vanished pleasure bright,
Or dark with olden sorrow;
And when we wake the names we say
Are not of any mortals,
But of those in some long dead day
Passed through life's sunset's portals.

AN UNEXPECTED CLUE.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

As the Rev. John Craig was returning home to Weston-Super-Mare, in the west of England, on the night of September 12, 1831, he was accosted by a young man in the garb of a sailor, who asked the time. It was nine o'clock, and there was sufficient light to enable the clergyman to take a good look at the sailor. He was above the medium height, with a smooth face, dark curly hair, and a small scar above the left eyebrow. He carried a thick stick in his right hand with a dog's head on the top. The clergyman rode on, and the sailor pursued his course in the same direction.

Soon after daylight on the morning of Sept. 13th, James Buller, a wealthy resident of Weston, was found murdered in his bed room. He was a widower with one daughter, Emily, aged eighteen, a very lovely girl. Mr. Buller's skull had been fractured with some blunt instrument. The desk in his room was rifled and some three thousand pounds sterling were missing.

A search of the premises disclosed the fact that some person had entered by a small balcony from the garden. There were marks of footsteps beneath and soil was on the balcony. Among the bushes in the garden was found a stick with a dog's head for a handle, which was covered with blood and hair. The fact came to Mr. Craig, who testified that he had met the young sailor the night before and that he carried a stick precisely similar to the one found. There was no doubt that the fatal wound had been inflicted with the stick, for the hair on the top of it corresponded with that of the murdered man.

Constables were sent off in pursuit of the supposed murderer. He was traced to Bristol; but there the officers lost sight of him. Several ships had sailed early that morning, but whether the young man had left on any of them could not be ascertained.

Those were not the days of steamboats and telegraphs, and all the authorities could do was to wait patiently and see what would turn up.

By the death of her father Emily Buller had become heiress to his estate, and as the will specified that in case he died she should come into possession of the property at the age of eighteen, was virtually mistress of a splendid domain. She received several offers of marriage, but rejected them all, and kept within her own dwelling.

Soon strange things were whispered around, and at length it was openly said that the young lady at the Oaks, as the dwelling was called, would become a mother. This event did actually happen in June, 1832, much to the surprise and consternation of all respectable people in the neighborhood. Immediately after the child's birth she had him christened Charles Ransom, and announced that she had been secretly married to the father, who bore the same name. Who he was or anything about him she refused to tell.

One month later, that is in July, 1832, a person was arrested in Bristol answering to the description of the young sailor who was supposed to be the murderer of Mr. Buller. The Dover Castle, a West Indian trader, had just arrived in port, and he was captured as he put his foot ashore. Investigation showed that the Dover Castle sailed from Bristol on the morning of Sept. 31, 1831, the day after the murder of Mr. Buller.

The young man, who gave his name as Samuel Carter, expressed surprise when told he was arrested for murder, but when informed that Mr. Buller was the victim he sank to the earth. He solemnly averred his innocence, but admitted that he had in his keeping on the day of the murder a stick with a dog's head handle, and said that he had lost it, he didn't know where.

When confronted with Mr. Craig the latter instantly identified him as the sailor who had met him near Weston on the night of the crime and asked him the time. There was the same smooth face, the dark, curly hair, and the scar over the left eye.

It was proved that he had left the Dover Castle with the stick in his possession the afternoon preceding the murder, and that he did not return until four o'clock the next morning, his excuse being that he wanted to spend the last night at home with his relatives. It was also shown that his shoes were dusty, as though he had been walking along a country road.

Carter persisted in his denial of all knowledge of the murder, but was convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

What had become of the money taken on the night of the murder was not disclosed on the trial.

The very day on which Carter was sentenced the Sheriff of Gloucester received a letter from the manager of a bank in Exeter, Devonshire, saying that just about the time when Mr. Buller was murdered a man who gave the name of Crafts deposited £3,000 in the bank, saying that he was going to start business in Exeter as a saddler, and his father had advanced him the money. As it was not usual for a stranger to deposit so large a sum in notes, the manager examined the notes carefully. He found that they had been counted and arranged £100 at a time, and between each lot a small piece of paper was placed right in the centre. On one of these scraps there was writing, and with a care peculiar to the manager he had placed the scrap in a small drawer with other like odds and ends. Having need to go the drawer a few days after, he saw the slip of paper and the name "Buller" written out in a bold hand attracted his attention. He had just read an account of the trial which was in progress in Gloucester, and the singular facts he was narrating struck him as important.

They were deemed so important by the Sheriff that, instead of ordering the execution of Carter to proceed within five days, the Court deferred it for thirty, in order that inquiry might be made.

Crafts, it was found, had really opened a saddlery in a back street in Exeter. His place was watched, and several suspicious looking personages were seen to go in and out. The scrap of paper was identified as part of a letter written by a lawyer in Bristol to Mr. Buller.

On October 27th, 1832, the detective, who had been summoned from London to investigate the Crafts matter, called at his saddlery store disguised as a farmer. He inquired the price of certain harness, and bought a pair of hames. Back of the store was a room with a door, the upper part of which was of stained glass.

While the supposed farmer was counting out the money from a leathern purse, another man entered the store. He was short and thick set, and looked like a wagoner. Over his shoulders was some harness, which he threw on the counter.

"Mister," he said to the saddler, "have you any objections to my looking at that collar right back of you?"

"None whatever," said Crafts. "Come round and examine it."

The last comer walked round the counter and appeared to be examining the collar. Crafts was counting the money just laid out by the farmer.

In an instant the man back of him pinioned Crafts, and at the same moment the farmer in front thrust a pistol into his face.

"Utter a cry, or move, or give the least signal, and I'll blow your brains out," said the farmer.

The man in the rear drew Crafts' hands behind him and manacled him. The farmer still pointed the pistol at his head.

"Make all sure," he said, and the wagoner dexterously slipped a gag into Crafts' mouth and tied it behind.

"Now march," said the farmer, "and see you don't make too much noise."

The farmer pointed to the door. The wagoner turned his prisoner toward it and the farmer moved along with the pistol still ready for use. The farmer opened the door, and the next moment the saddler was in the clutches of two men outside, who placed him in a coach and drove off. Another coach was standing by.

"Now, then," said the farmer, and he and the wagoner re-entered the shop. Then the farmer knocked loudly on the counter.—Presently the door in the rear was opened, and another man came out.

"Come, man," said the farmer, "we'll steal all your money out of the till if you don't look out."

The new comer descended the few steps to the shop, and looked around as though surprised at Crafts' absence.

"Let me look at those stirrups," the farmer said, and while he was examining them his companion asked to look at the collar behind the man. Permission was given, and in a few moments the second man was in the same position as Crafts had been in a few minutes before. Manacled, gagged and threatened with instant death if he resisted or gave an alarm, he was led out, placed in the charge of two men and driven off in a cab.

"Now," said the farmer, "we can go right for the other fellow."

The two men entered the store and walked to the rear. Each carried a pistol ready cocked. The farmer brought his body to bear with full force against the door and burst it in.

A man sprang from a couch at the far end of a long, badly-lighted room, and made a rush for three pistols which lay on the table.

"Hold!" said the farmer; "move but another foot and I'll shoot you like a dog."

The man, nothing daunted, seized the nearest pistol. The farmer and his companion fired simultaneously, and the man fell with his arm broken. Then the two officers, for such they were, seized and bound him, and he was removed as the two others had been.

The detectives had ascertained that these three men were notorious thieves, burglars and murderers, who had taken every precaution to prevent capture. In a series of years they had operated in the midland counties and escaped arrest. A former associate had informed the authorities that they had resolved to kill any officer who attempted to take them, and for that purpose wore concealed weapons, and kept them close at hand. The London detective had vowed he would capture them without their having a chance to injure him, and he had devised the plan which had proved so successful.

But the most important fact was that these three men were proven to be the perpetrators of the murder of Mr. Buller. In their possession were found documents missing from Mr. Buller's desk on the night of the murder, and moreover Crafts was easily identified as the man who deposited the three thousand pounds with the slip of paper bearing Mr. Buller's name.

They were tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged, and the sentence was duly executed.

Now comes the explanation of young Carter's connection with this strange history.

Miss Emily Buller had been at school at Bristol, where she lived with an aunt. There she made the acquaintance of one Charles Ransom, a handsome youth a few years older than herself. They were secretly married and immediately separated. Soon after this Ransom quarreled with his stepfather and went to sea. After an absence of over a year he returned, and found means of seeing his wife. The very last night of his stay on shore he went to Weston, and was secretly admitted by her at the very window by which the burglars and murderers subsequently entered.

Leaning against the window, he left his stick, intending to recover it on his quitting the premises. On his leaving his wife, soon after two o'clock on the morning of September 13, 1831, he missed the stick, and could not imagine where it had gone. He returned to Bristol, went on board his ship, and sailed, utterly ignorant of what had happened at the Oaks while he was under its roof.

His wife had promised to write, but he received no letter, greatly to his astonishment. She, in her turn, was horror-stricken at her husband's supposed crime, for she believed that by some strange and inexplicable change, Ransom had suddenly become a murderer and a thief, and had quitted the country never to return; thereupon she never wrote to him, for how could she hold intercourse with the man who had slain her father, although he was her husband? Ransom had shipped under the name of Carter, and she hoped and prayed his whereabouts would never be discovered.

It is needless to say that the young couple were happily re-united.

JURIES AND JUDGES.—The following curious facts are mentioned in a recent lecture by Chief Justice Horton, of Kansas, before the Atchison Institute:

Four hundred years ago, at least, the present jury system was adopted. An old tract says the jury of twelve was adopted because the prophets were twelve, the apostles numbered twelve, there were twelve Jewish judges, twelve pillars of the temple, twelve patriarchs, twelve tribes of Israel, twelve stones in Aaron's breast-plate, twelve gates of Jerusalem, twelve months of the year, and twelve signs in the zodiac. In all times the number twelve has been regarded as an important number. In early ages the oath of twelve persons was necessary to convict.

When juries were first established, the judge took the jurors about with him in a cart until they agreed. If they didn't agree, they were fined and imprisoned. William Penn was once prosecuted in London for street preaching. The jury was locked up without meat, drink or fire to find a verdict. They declared Penn not guilty, and the judge sentenced each of them to pay a fine. Juries are not now compelled to agree.

An Ohio judge was a fatalist, and used to determine perplexing cases by chance. An Indiana judge once had a number of cases to pass upon, and he gave decision turn about for plaintiff and defendant, declaring afterward that they were the best decisions he ever made, as every one of them was sustained by the supreme court. General Bela M. Hughes told an anecdote of David R. Atchison, who was a senator from Missouri and Vice President of the United States. He was a district judge in Missouri before he was a senator, and was holding a term of court in a frontier county. The lawyer for the plaintiff quoted Blackstone. The opposing counsel, in reply, said he was astonished that his learned brother should quote from an English law-book, written by an English nobleman, in an American court of justice—a book written by a man who had kissed the bloody hand of George III. At the close of his speech Judge Atchison declared that he was surprised at such a proceeding in his court. He gave judgment for the defendant and declared that if the attorney for the plaintiff ever again read in his hearing a book written by a red-coated Tory he would fine him for contempt.

OUR VERBS.—"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, Mr. Dubois, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still; you mix them up so with prepositions."

"I am sorry you find them so troublesome," was all I could say.

"I saw your friend Mrs. Murkeson just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down housekeeping; am I right there?"

"Break up housekeeping, she must have said."

"Oh! yes, I remember; break up housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes! And, indeed, since the small-pox has broken up in our city—"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No, she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly, it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No, the engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off?"

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard of that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow; a breaker, I think."

"A broker, and a very fine young fellow. Good-day."

So much for the verb "to break."

STANDING THE TEST.—The following is a good one in the way of a religious test—good because it is true. A minister not long since held protracted meetings not far from Port Austin and Bad Axe, Mich. One day one of his converts, while driving his oxen with a heavy load behind them over the bad roads between the above named places, accidentally looked back and discovered his pastor covertly following behind. The convert could not imagine the cause of such strange conduct, but thought he would keep an eye on his movements. For two or three miles the man of holy orders hung on the rear of the slowly moving oxen. Now crouching behind stumps, now moving like a phantom through the skirting forest, occasionally spurring like a quarter-horse across some open space to gain the cover of some friendly fence to keep the field side like a stray dog, again dodging through thickets, diving through cat-tails, crawling behind logs, bounding over pools of water—the pastoral legs seemed equal to any emergency. All the while the pursuer kept ever near, ever eager, ever listening, finally straightening up and calling the brother driving the team by name: "Brother ——, I have followed you two miles to find out whether you would swear at them oxen. I am satisfied the Lord has filled you with the genuine article. Bless the Lord! Another soul saved! Amen! Good morning! And the good man walked contentedly back. The man with the oxen drove slowly on, studying on the mysterious ways of Providence and wondering how it would have been with his soul if he had not seen his watchful pastor all the time.

A YOUNG LADY was sitting with a gallant young captain in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece. In an adjoining room, with door open, were the rest of the company. Said the little niece in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me, too." Evidently something had happened. "You should say twice, Ethel, dear; two is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder.

WAS IT A NIGHTMARE?

A young English lady, who is said to possess remarkable intelligence and hereditary acumen, relates in *Notes and Queries* the following strange personal experience in an old Yorkshire mansion:

"What I am going to relate," she says, "happened to myself while staying with some North-country cousins, last July, at their home in Yorkshire. I had spent a few days there in the summer of the previous year, but without then hearing or seeing anything out of the common. On my second visit, arriving early in the afternoon, I went out boating with some of the family, spent a very jolly evening, and finally went to bed a little tired with the day's work, but not the least nervous. I slept soundly until between three and four, just when the day was beginning to break. I had been awake for a short time, when suddenly the door of my bedroom opened and shut again rather quickly. I fancied it might be one of the servants, and called out, 'Come in.' After a short time the door opened again, but no one came in—at least, no one that I could see. Almost at the same time that the door opened for the second time, I was a little startled by the rustling of some curtains belonging to a hanging wardrobe, which stood by the side of the bed; the rustling continued, and I was seized with a most uncomfortable feeling, not exactly of fright, but a strange, unearthly sensation that I was not alone. I had that feeling for some minutes, when I saw at the foot of the bed a child, about seven or nine years old. The child seemed as if it were on the bed, and came gliding toward me as I lay. It was the figure of a little girl in her night dress—a little girl with dark hair and a very white face. I tried to speak to her, but could not. She came slowly on up to the top of the bed, and I then saw her face clearly. She seemed in great trouble; her hands were clasped, and her eyes were turned up with a look of entreaty—an almost agonized look. Then, slowly unclasping her hands, she touched me on the shoulder. The hand felt icy cold, and while I strove to speak she was gone. I felt more frightened after the child was gone than before, and began to be very anxious for the time when the servant would make her appearance. Whether I slept again or not I hardly know. But by the time the servant did come, I had almost persuaded myself that the whole affair was nothing but a very vivid nightmare. However, when I came down to breakfast, there were many remarks made about my not looking well; it was observed that I was pale. In answer I told my cousins that I had a most vivid nightmare, and I remarked, if I was a believer in ghosts, I should imagine I had seen one. Nothing more was said at the time upon this subject, except that my host, who was a doctor, observed that I had better not sleep in the room again, at any rate not alone.

"So the following night one of my cousins slept in the same room with me. Neither of us saw or heard anything out of the way during that night or the early morning. That being the case, I persuaded myself that what I had seen had been only imagination, and, much against everybody's expressed wish, I insisted the next night on sleeping in the room again, and alone. Accordingly, having retired again to the same room, I was kneeling down at the bedside to say my prayers, when exactly the same dread as before came over me. The curtains of the wardrobe swayed about, and I had the same sensation as previously that I was not alone. I felt too frightened to stir, when, luckily for me, one of my cousins came in for something which she had left. On looking at me she exclaimed: 'Have you seen anything?' I said 'No,' but told her how I felt; and, without much persuasion being necessary, I left the room with her, and never returned to it. When my host learned what had happened (as she did immediately) she told me that I must not sleep in that room again, as the nightmare had made such an impression on me I should imagine, she said, all sorts of things, and make myself quite ill. I went to another room and during the rest of my visit—a week—I was not troubled by any reappearance of the little girl.

"On leaving, my cousin, the oldest daughter of the doctor, went on a visit with me to the house of an uncle of mine in the same county. We staid there for about a fortnight, and during that time the 'little girl' was alluded to only as my 'nightmare.'

"To this I afterward found there was a little reticence, for, just before leaving my uncle's, my cousin said to me: 'I must tell you something I have been longing to tell you ever since I left home. But my father desired me not to tell you, as, not being very strong, you might be too frightened. Your nightmare was not nightmare at all, but the apparition of a little girl.' She then went on to tell me that this 'little girl' had been seen three times before, by three different members of the family, but as this was some nine or ten years since, they had almost ceased to think anything about it until I related my experiences on the morning after the first night of my second visit.

"My cousin further went on to tell me that her younger sister whilst in bed had one morning, about daybreak, to her great surprise, seen a little girl with dark hair, standing with her back to her, looking out of the window. She took this figure for her little sister and spoke to it. The child not replying or moving from her position, she called out to it, 'It's no use standing like that; I know you; you can't play tricks with me.' On looking round, however, she saw her little sister, the one she thought she was addressing, and who was sleeping with her, had not moved from the bed. Almost at the same time the child passed from the window into the room of her (my cousin's) sister A——, and the latter, as she afterward declared, distinctly saw the figure of a child with dark hair standing by the side of a table in her room. She spoke to it, and it instantly disappeared. The 'little girl' was subsequently again seen, for the last time before I saw it, by my cousin's father, Dr. H——. It was in the early daylight of a summer's morning, and he was going up stairs to his room, having just returned from a professional visit. On this occasion he saw the same child (he noticed its dark hair) running up the stairs immediately before him, until it reached his room and entered it. When he got into the room it was gone.

"Thus the apparition had been seen three times by the family, and once by me. I am the only one, however, that has seen its face. It has also never been seen twice in the same room by any one else."

A NARROW escape—A fire ladder.

BLIND METCALFE, THE ENGINEER.

One of the most extraordinary instances of victory over adverse circumstances is found in the career of John Metcalfe, of Knaresborough, the well known engineer and road maker. He was fully deprived of sight by small-pox when only six years old. As a rule, the loss of sight shatters the whole framework of the mind and body, and the child grows up selfish and moody, becoming day by day more silent, reserved, nervous and discontented. The very reverse of this was the case with little John Metcalfe; no boy ever entered into the sports of boyhood with a keener relish than he; he was a proficient climber and birds' nester; he knew how to ride and manage a horse; and enjoyed a good gallop; he knew how to swim, and on one occasion saved the lives of three of his companions, and on another the life of a man after whom he had dived to the bottom of the river Nidd four times. Nor was he less apt at indoor than outdoor amusements; he could play the violin with considerable skill, and amuse himself in such a variety of ways that time never hung heavily upon his hands. As he grew up he devoted himself to useful pursuits, made a little money and was rich enough to buy a horse of his own, on which he constantly followed the hounds, and was as bold and daring a rider as any in the field. He even entered for a race and won it, to the chagrin of many who had laid long odds against him.

Among the feats which proved his courage and sagacity was a walk from London to Harrowgate, a distance of two hundred miles, on an unknown road; and what is more extraordinary, and would be incredible but for the good authority on which the story is told, he accomplished the distance in the same time it took a Colonel Lindell to perform the journey by coach. It should be mentioned that the roads were in a terrible state of dilapidation, rendering coach traveling slow and very hazardous work. During this journey with his mind undisturbed by objects which distract or engage the thoughts of seeing men, Metcalfe considered the state of the roads, revolving in his mind whether something might not be done to improve them. Each fresh episode in the journey, each new difficulty—as such as deep marshy places impossible for carriages to pass, rivers without any bridges across them, steep declivities with ruts in them sufficient to try the springs of the strongest vehicles—impressed the thought more and more strongly on his mind; and although when he returned home the time had not yet come for the idea to be fully developed, it was destined at a later period to bear fruit. In the meantime he employed himself in a variety of ways in order to procure a livelihood, and amongst other things played the violin at dances and public assemblies, kept a vehicle for hire, then started in business as a fish salesman, enlisted and gained many volunteer recruits, afterwards dealt in hosiery, then in horses, and finally became a carrier between Knaresborough and York, starting the first stage wagon on that road.—*Heroes of Britain.*

BOB BURDETT'S MUSHERY.—Mrs. L. M. X. Bloomington, writes: "When is the best time to make verbena beds?"

Well, we suppose after the verbenas are up. That's the time other beds are made, after the people are out of them.

Mrs. Mulhooly, of Elyria, Ohio, says: "I have a very small garden, only about fifteen feet square. What can I plant in it to the best advantage?"

Rag weed. Its a dead sure cure, and you won't have to break your back keeping the other weeds out of it.

John Staby writes from Lancaster, Ohio: "What is the best thing to raise hens on?"

In confidence, John, in strict confidence, a pine board, with the edge heated hot. Its the best thing to raise hens on you ever tried. Cut the board about the length of the roost you are going to raise the hens from, press the warm edge up against their feet, and there you have 'em. Don't give it away.

Marcus Wachenheimer, a commercial traveler from Dunkirk, wants to know: "Can a railroad conductor put me off the train because he can't change the bill with which I offer to pay my fare?"

He can, Marcus, most assuredly he can. If he carries the bre