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
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" " " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " " if not p'd within year. 2.25

To persons residing outside the county 50 cents additional per year will be charged to cover postage.

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Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you intend to stop 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, MAY 21, 1880. NUMBER 18.

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:

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

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THE VENDERS OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries and Brewers' Materials will take notice that they have been assessed and appraised by the undersigned Appraiser, for the year 1880, as follows:

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Catherine Dowling	50.00	Robert Sagerson	50.00
Neil McAnany	50.00	John Honan	50.00
Joseph Fieldhouse	50.00		

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Summitville Borough.

C. Reich			50.50

Tunnelhill Township.

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Margaret Holly	50.00	John H. Clark	50.50
C. Robenstein	50.00		

Wilmore Borough.

George Wendroth			50.00

Yoder Township.

Jacob Ream			50.50

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H. Blum	20.00		

Chest Township.

George Crook			20.00

Gallitzin Borough.

Andrew Geagler			20.00

Johnstown Borough.

Elizabeth Kohler	20.00	Jacob Fend	20.00
Charles Wehn	20.50		

Wilmore Borough.

John Schroth	20.00	P. F. Kirby	20.00

Washington Township.

George J. Schwalerer			20.00

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Class.		License.
9	F. & C. Eger, Carrolltown	15.00
9	H. Blum, "	15.00
9	Anuken, Baur, & Geagler, Gallitzin Bor.	15.00
9	Geo. J. Schwalerer, Washington Twp.	15.00
9	Jacob Gainer, Cambria Borough	15.00
9	John Emerling, Johnstown Borough	15.00
8	Lambert & Kress, Conemaugh Borough	25.00
9	Lawrence Kast, Conemaugh Township	15.00

BILLIARD TABLES.

D. W. Tyler, Washington Twp., 4 tables			8.00
C. R. Myers, Ebensburg, 2 tables			40.00

TEN-PIN ALLEYS.

D. W. Tyler, Washington Twp., 2 alleys			8.00

TAKE NOTICE, all who are concerned in this appraisement, that an appeal will be held at the Commissioners Office, Ebensburg, on the **First day of June, 1880**, where you may attend if you think proper. FRANK W. OURLEY,
May 7, 1880—4t. Appraiser.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP ROAD DEPARTMENT for the year ending April 12, 1880:

CHRIST. ROHRER, Supervisor, Dr.

To am't of Duplicate	$408 79	
" " 4 from Portage twp.	104 48	
" " " Cambria county	100 00	
" order to balance	36 69—	$650 14
Cr.		
By orders released	$ 51 82	
" am't returned to Commissioners	20 22	
" Auditors' exonerations	2 62	
" 75 days' services as Supervisor	75 00	
" time to Ebensburg	1 84	
" amount worked on Duplicate	311 72	
" cash paid for lumber, etc.	28 05	
" " " " work	52 04	
" per centage on $148 95, at 5 p. ct.	7 45	
" " " " $80 00, at 3 per ct.	2 40	
" order of Com'rs to P. Pritch	100 00—	650 14

JOHN EAGER, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate	$682 61	
" order to balance	1 36	
Cr.		
By 84 days' services as Supervisor	$ 84 00	
" private " " work	23	
" cash paid for work	151 24	
" am't work by taxables	292 80	
" orders redeemed	52 33	
" exonerations	12 19	
" per cent. on $146 09 at 5 per cent.	4 39	
" " $343 32 at 5 per cent.	17 17	
" horse and wagon hire	60.50—	$683 57

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding orders (estimated) $250.00

We, the undersigned Auditors of Washington township, do certify that we have examined the above accounts, and find them correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

WM. BROWN, Jr.
C. A. MCGONIGLE,
JAMES NOON.
} Auditors.

Lilly's, Pa., May 7, 1880.—7-3t.

EXECUTOR'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
AT EAST CONEMAUGH.

IN EXECUTOR OF THE LAST WILL AND testament of ELIZABETH CONFER, late of East Conemaugh, Cambria county, deceased, will expose at public vendue or outcry, on the premises, on

Saturday, the 29th Day of May, 1880,

at 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate of which the said Elizabeth Confer, died seized, viz:

No. 1.

A lot fronting 28 feet on Railroad street, adjoining the Confer House on the west and an alley on the east, and running back 198 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a DOUBLE TWO-STORY PLANK HOUSE and a PLANK STABLE.

No. 2.

A Lot fronting 69 feet on Railroad street, and running back the same width 198 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a large TWO-STORY FRAME BUILDING, containing 14 rooms and known as the Confer House.

No. 3.

One lot adjoining and to the west of said Confer House, fronting 35 feet on Railroad street and running back along an alley 198 feet to an alley.

No. 4.

One Lot fronting 66 feet on Chestnut street and running back 198 feet to an alley.

TERMS OF SALE.—One third to be paid on the execution of the deed, and the balance in two equal annual payments, to be secured by the bond and mortgage or judgment note of the purchaser, as the Executor may elect, and to bear interest from date.

Executor of Elizabeth Confer, dec'd.

TRIAL LIST.—Causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, for the county of Cambria, commencing on *Monday, June 7, 1880*:

FIRST WEEK.

Cambria County vs. Trenkle; McEwen vs. Long.

SECOND WEEK.

Francis Cooper vs. Lewis A. Craver et al., *feigned issue*; David Brendlinger vs. Pringle, *feigned issue*; James Henry vs. Henry's Executors, *feigned issue*; The Peoples' Fire Insurance Company of Pennsylvania vs. John Quirk, *feigned issue*; Same vs. Evangelical Lutheran Church of Johnstown; Same vs. John Rantz; Same vs. J. M. & J. Brown; Same vs. Lewis Pitt; Same vs. James Adams; Same vs. Same; S. E. Burns vs. Burkers et al; Flattery vs. Flattery; Hosler vs. Riblett; Douglass, for use, vs. McKenzie; Union Horse Insurance Company vs. Burk; Same vs. Wagner; Same vs. Yahner; Same vs. Maloy; Same vs. Buck; Same vs. Burgoon; Same vs. Ivory; Same vs. Kreiter; Bradley's Executrix vs. Riegan; Burns vs. Burns' Executors; Kearney vs. A. Leiden et al.; John Neff vs. Cambria Farmers' Union Association and Fire Insurance Company of Cambria and Somerset counties; Rex vs. Bager; McJoseph's Executor's vs. Boyle's Executors; McLane vs. Johnston; Leidal vs. Stutzelberger et al. vs. Smith et al.; Eakins vs. McCartney; Plummer vs. Plummer; Patterson vs. Patterson; Langhein & Thomas vs. Maynard & Co.; Krise et al. vs. Burk et al.; Roland vs. Smith; Administrator of Roland; Bishop vs. Shindle; Crook vs. Newhouse.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, May 3, 1880.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of DANIEL O'HARA, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Daniel O'Hara, late of Munster township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township. All persons indebted to said estate will please make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly prototed for settlement.

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

Munster Twp., April 16, 1880—6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of DAVID BENDER, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of David Bender, late of Washington 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.

JOHN BENDER, Administrator.

Washington Twp., April 30, 1880—6t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MARY ANN LUTHER, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of Mary Ann Luther, late of Carroll 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.

D. A. LUTHER, Administrator.

Carroll Twp., May 14, 1880—6t.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
AND DEALERS IN
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.

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

J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.,
DEALERS IN
Dry Goods,
Fancy Goods,
CLOTHING,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES, &c.,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

NEW GOODS RECEIV'D WEEKLY
AND ALWAYS SOLD AT THE
VERY LOWEST PRICES.

CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE when Goods are not desired.
J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.
Carrolltown, March 19 1880.-tf.

B. J. LYNCH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE!
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
MATTRESSES, &c.,
1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
Between 16th and 17th Sts.,
Altoona Penn'a.

Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give me a call before buying elsewhere, as I am confident that I can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. B. J. LYNCH.
Altoona, April 16, 1880.-tf.

H. H. HENCH,
DEALER IN STRICTLY PURE
WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL,
MIXED PAINTS Ready for Use,
VARNISH, SP. TURPENTINE, CALCIMINE,
PUTTY, WHITE GLUE,
Varnish and Paint Brushes,
AND A FULL LINE OF
FINE COLORS GROUND IN OIL,
Cheaper than anywhere else in the city.
HENCH, THE PAINTER,
13th Avenue and 16th Street,
ALTOONA, PA. [6m.]

AGENTS WANTED to Sell the NEW BOOK,
FARMING FOR PROFIT
TELLS HOW TO
Cultivate all the Farm Crops in the Best Manner; Breed, Feed and Care for Stock; Grow Fruit; Manage Farm Business; Make Happy Homes, and
MAKE MONEY ON THE FARM.
Every Farmer should have a copy. 860 Pages. 140 Illustrations. Send for circulars to
J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED.
OUTFIT FREE PAYING EMPLOYMENT
For Young Men, Ladies, Teachers, and others in every county. $20 to $75 per month. Send for circular and outfit.
P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 1000 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED By an old established House, some honest, intelligent Men to Canvass in the country and villages in their vicinity. An EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY. Something unheard of before, so far as we know. A good chance for teachers, Young Men, Farmers' and Mechanics' Sons to get into a light, agreeable, paying business, with no risks and with good prospects ahead. Answer soon, stating age, former occupation and references. Address P. O. Lock Box 53, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS Send for Circulars and proof of $150 a month made selling our New Books, Golden Thoughts on Mother, Home and Heaven, in prose and poetry by 300 best authors. Elegantly illustrated. Pleases everybody. $2.75. Also 5,000 Curiosities of the Bible, $1.75. A single Canvasser has actually sold over 7,000 Copies. Moody's Authorized Sermons, $2.00. Mailed on receipt of price. E. B. TREAT, PUBLISHER, 805 Broadway, New York.

MASON AND HAMLIN ORGANS Rent paid two-and-a-quarter years buys one. Best Cabinet or Parlor Organs in the World, winners of highest distinction at every world's fair for thirteen years. Prices $51, $57, $66, $84, $108 to $500 and upward. Also for easy payments, $5 a month or $6.38 a quarter and upward. Catalogues free. MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont St., Boston; 46 East 14th St., (Union Square), New York; 250 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MARK KIRLAHAN, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Mark Kirlahan, late of Clearfield township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township. All persons indebted to said estate will please make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly probated, for settlement.

JOSEPH BERINGER, Executor.

Clearfield Twp., May 14, 1880.-6t.*

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY R. C. M'STAY.

Thy will be done—O Lord teach me!
To ever meekly bow to Thee!
Saying these sacred words of Thine,
Thy will, O God, be done, not mine!
What e'er, O Lord, my cross may be!
Still to Thy Throne, I'll send to Thee
These words as from the heart they come,
Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done!

O may this pray'r unceasing be
The one to guide and strengthen me;
In ev'ry grief, in every care,
Forever will this be my pray'r,
Thy will be done—O Lord, how sweet!
To lay our suff'rings at Thy feet,
And pray to Thee, "O Holy One!"
Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done!

O Lord, bend Thou my spirit down!
I long but for the Robe, the Crown!
O grant, my God, this boon to me,
And wing my soul to Heaven and Thee!
Safe in that blest abode of peace,
All care, all anguish, soon will cease;
O Lord! O God! for *this* I pine!
Thy will, O Lord, be done, not mine!

A MODERN PASTORAL.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

I watch them stand, a pensive pair,
Beside the sedgy pond;
The youth is tall, the maiden fair,
And both of them are fond.
But, though they talk, as people may,
Of topics far and near,
This is not what he wants to say,
Nor what she fain would hear.

There's nothing in the maiden's eyes
To make a man despond,
Yet words upon the lips that rise
Will never go beyond,
And when he talks of cheapened hay,
Or coal extremely dear,
That is not what he wants to say,
Nor what she fain would hear.

They're turning back—for Hesper blinks
Above them in the blue,
And "Now or never," Damon thinks,
"Her father's door's in view."
He takes her hand—he has his way,
He cries "I love you, dear!"
Ah, that is what he meant to say,
And what she longed to hear!

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

I am no politician. I am a provision dealer—a wholesale provision dealer—doing business in New York city. Having commenced my veritable history with the above assertion, it is necessary that I inform the reader how it was that I was a member of the New York delegation to the Democratic convention held in Baltimore some years ago.

One evening in the latter part of May I was seated with my wife in our pretty house on Eighth street, enjoying a fragrant cup of tea—for if there is one thing I am a good judge of it is tea. My wife had been shopping, and while I was sipping my Hyson flavored with orange, she was showing me her purchases. She was expatiating on a "love of a bonnet," when we were both startled by a violent ring at the bell, and in a minute or two afterward a servant entered, informing me that Mr. Lawrence Ardew wished to see me immediately. As Ardew was a particular friend of mine I forthwith ordered him to be admitted.

"Gunby," said Ardew, as soon as he had paid his respects to my wife—I should have told you before that my name is Jonathan Gunby—"Gunby, I want you to do me a great favor."

"What is it, my dear fellow?" I replied. I could afford to be affectionate, for I knew that Ardew was too rich to want money.

"You know I am a politician?" said Ardew.

"I know you are," I returned, "and not much good has it done you. To my certain knowledge you have not received a cent's benefit from it; on the other hand you have spent a good many hundred dollars."

"Just wait till —— is elected President, and then you will see; but that is not the question. I am a delegate to the Baltimore convention, and I want you to act as my substitute."

"What!" I cried, jumping up from my chair in excitement. "I, Jonathan Gunby, wholesale provision merchant, act as a member of a political convention. Never, my dear friend, never!"

"But you must. I will pay all expenses and the trip will do you good. I have noticed that you seem to be thinner than you used to be; a change is the very thing for you. The fact is I have an important lawsuit going on and it is utterly impossible that I can leave New York. You must do this favor for me, my dear Gunby."

"But, Ardew, I never attended a political meeting in my life," I replied, somewhat softened by the fact that all my expenses would be paid. "I should make a blockhead of myself, for I know nothing of the rules and regulations of such assemblies."

"You don't want to know anything; all that you have to do is to vote through thick and thin for ——."

"But I don't like the man."

"You have nothing to do with that. I do like him, and you will be voting for me."

"You are right—I forgot that."

"Jonathan shall not go to that awful rowdy city, Baltimore," said my wife. "He will be killed by the 'Plug Uglies,' 'Blood Tubs' or 'Black Snakes.' It is not safe to walk the streets there. I'll never consent to his going."

"You need have no fear on that head, madam," said Ardew; "they have got a new police there, and Baltimore is one of the quietest cities in the Union."

I need not detail any more of the conversation; suffice it to say that Ardew persuaded me to act in his place, and the hint of a handsome present from the monumental city so mollified my wife that she gave her consent.

On the appointed day, provided with the necessary vouchers, I started on my journey, having first faithfully promised my wife that I would not venture in the streets of Baltimore after dark. I shall not detail the particulars of my journey. Were I to do so I might describe how crowded we were; how we were annoyed by a squealing infant that it was utterly impossible to silence; how we were delayed in the crossing of the Susquehanna by some accident to the ferryboat; how I tried to read but could not on account of the perfect Babel around me; how I tried to make fun of the boys who sold apples, and had the laugh turned against me by those youthful venders of that wholesome fruit. All this and a great deal more I might tell, but as every traveler goes through the same experience it would only be repeating an old story.

We reached Baltimore at last, and I was immediately driven to Barnum's hotel. I had some difficulty in making my way to the clerk's counter, the hall was so crowded with people.

"All full, sir," said the gentlemanly clerk, as I pulled the book toward me to enter my name. There was no help for it. I went round to the Gilmore house and received the same reply. It was the same with the Eutaw, and the Howard house and half a dozen other hotels. It was getting dark, and I began to think I should have to sleep in the hack all night.

"Try Old Town, Bill," said a friend to the hackman, who saw my dilemma.

"There are only third and fourth rate inns, there," said the driver, "and perhaps the gentleman would not like to lodge there for a night?"

"Anywhere that I can get a bed, my good fellow," I returned. "It is no use being particular at such a time as this."

The horses' heads were turned round and we proceeded down Baltimore street over a bridge which spanned a muddy stream of water called Jones' Falls, I believe. We then plunged into a mass of intricate narrow streets, and at last stopped before the door of a very ordinary-looking tavern.

It bore a nondescript-looking sign, which I was told represented a Golden Angel, by which name the tavern was known.

I entered and made my stereotyped inquiry—whether I could have a bed there for the night. The landlord, a thick, burly-looking man, with a gleam of latent humor in his face, shook his head, and repeated the hateful words: "All full."

I turned to go away, but was recalled by the voice of the host.

"Would you mind sharing a bed with another party?" said he.

"If there is no help for it I suppose I must," I replied, "although to tell the truth it is by no means agreeable to me," and I inwardly heaped denunciations on Ardew's head for persuading me to be his substitute.

"Your bedfellow is a quiet fellow when he is asleep, although I must say he is violent when annoyed. He sleeps very soundly, and all you have to do is to be careful not to wake him. He has been in bed some time."

I must make a humiliating confession to the reader: I am not a brave man. I have often tried to persuade myself that I am, but truth compels me to state that a greater coward does not exist than myself. The landlord's description of my bedfellow was anything but assuring, and I was on the point of declining when the proprietor of the Golden Angel, no doubt reading what was transpiring in my mind, exclaimed:

"You are not afraid, are you?"

"Afraid! I should think not, indeed," I replied, for I was too much of a coward to brave being thought one. "I accept your offer of half a bed. Bring me some brandy and water and a cigar."

I sat down at one of the little tables in the bar-room, and puffing away at my cigar I tried to persuade myself that I was very jolly. It was a miserable attempt, however. I had previously supped at a restaurant in a more modern part of the city. After my cigar was finished I asked to be shown to my chamber. The landlord took upon himself the task of being my conductor, and I followed him up a narrow, rickety staircase. We kept on ascending until we reached the top of the house, when he entered a moderately-sized room, but cleaner than I had expected to find it. The ceiling was very low, and inclined in front to the slope of the roof. The apartment contained but one bed, which was placed against the wall near the door. At the opposite end of the chamber was a table, placed between two windows which looked upon the roof.

The landlord placed the lamp upon the table, and then I noticed that he shielded the light with his hand as he passed near the bed.

"Be sure and don't take the light near him," whispered the proprietor of the Golden Angel; "nothing wakes him sooner than that. You see I don't know how he might like my putting another man with him; and he is a very ugly customer when he's riled, I can tell you."

"I shall be careful," I replied.

"That's right! Good night," he whispered and left the room.

He had no sooner gone than I cautiously sat down, taking care not to make the least noise. I then calmly surveyed my position. It was certainly not a very enviable one. According to the landlord's account my companion for the night was anything but an amiable character. If I should chance to awaken him I knew not what might occur. He might assault me dangerously before I could enter into any explanation. I half resolved to pass the night in the chair, and not retire to bed at all. But it was one of the old-fashioned, high-back chairs, and made such an uncomfortable seat that I soon tired out. I then ventured to glance around the room. My eyes naturally fell on the bed. There was one thing that consoled me; my companion appeared to be in a deep sleep, for he did not even move. I could see the ridge made by his feet at the end of the bed and that was all. I also noticed that the bed was a very large one. The man who had possession of it lay near the wall, and there was plenty of space between him and the outside for me to lie without touching him. I screwed my courage up and began to undress—but I suddenly remembered the landlord's words, that the stranger was an "ugly customer when he was riled," which made me desist. The thought struck me that I might manage to lie on the floor, but a moment's examination settled the question in the negative, for the floor was entirely bare, and the air blew very cold through the wide chinks in the planking. I cast my eyes to the ceiling, and noticed for the first time that a heavy beam studded with numerous hooks ran through the apartment; but as I was not a bird and could not perch there, this discovery was of little use to me.

Half an hour passed away in this state of indecision. I stole cautiously to one of the windows, and gazed on the beautiful city bathed in the light of a full moon.

How quiet and calm everything looked. But the air felt fresh and cold, and I closed the window and resumed my seat in the chair. I then found myself wondering what avocation my friend in bed followed. I suddenly cast my eyes on a heap of clothes which lay on a trunk, covered over with a handkerchief, no doubt belonging to the sleeper. My curiosity got the better of my politeness, and before I scarcely knew what I was about I found myself examining his apparel. The handkerchief which covered them was a coarse cotton one, and his clothes of coarse homespun, and were such as are usually worn by drovers. My companion, then, was evidently a drover—a rough class of men, who usually stand upon very little ceremony.

Partly undressed as I was, I began to feel very cold—but before venturing into bed I determined to try an experiment to see if the drover slept soundly or not. I had taken the precaution to leave the bed room door open so that I could make a run out if necessary. I fixed my eyes on the bed as I let my boot fall. The drover was evidently a sound sleeper, for although the noise made was considerable he did not make the slightest motion. This decided me, and I hastily finished undressing and crept into bed.

Of course, I was careful not to touch my companion. I do not know how long I lay awake, but the novelty of the situation drove sleep from my eyes for some time. By degrees, however, the strangeness of my position wore off. I felt reassured by my bedfellow's sound sleep, and the gentle murmuring of the breeze outside caused me to follow his example.

I have no idea how long I slept before I commenced to dream. I suddenly, however, thought that my companion woke up and sat upright in bed; that he glared around him and at last his eyes fell on me. He uttered a terrible cry and threw himself upon me. In spite of my natural cowardice, I saw if I did not struggle I should be killed. I thought I seized him by the throat, and tightening my grasp, I saw him getting black in the face. His hands fell powerless by his side, a smothering groan escaped him, but still I pressed his throat tighter, tighter—his face grew blacker and blacker.

In agony of fear I awoke, and what was my horror and dismay to find that my hand was really pressing my companion's throat. He did not move nor stir and his body felt as cold as ice.

"Great God!" I exclaimed aloud. "Can he be dead?"

I jumped out of bed. Morning had dawned although the sun had not yet risen. I rushed to the window and pulled back the curtain. I then ran to the bed again and looked at my companion. My worst fears were realized. He was dead, black in the face—strangled in my sleep.

I shall not attempt to describe my sensation at this horrid spectacle. My body was bathed in a cold perspiration, my hands trembled, and for a few moments I believe I was bereft of my senses. I recovered by degrees—but it was only to realize in a more acute degree the horrors of my situation. There lay my victim, and I was a murderer! My trial, conviction and the hideous gallows all passed in rapid review before me. Who would believe me? I sat down, buried my face in my hands, and sobbed like a child. My wife, my own comfortable home—should I ever see them again?

What was to be done? Should I arouse the house and make a clean breast of it? But what could I say?—tell them I had killed a man in my sleep? Not a soul would believe the story. Could I effect my escape? Impossible; the crime would be discovered before I could leave the city, and I should be arrested; then the law would take its course and I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead.

Hanged by the neck? Yes, that would be my fate. As this terrible thought crossed my mind I cast my eyes around the chamber, and they fell upon the beam with the hooks in it. From thence they wandered to the handkerchief covering the dead man's clothes.

A means of safety suggested itself to my mind. Suppose I could make it appear that the man had committed suicide. Yes, that was my only chance, and I determined to put it into execution.

I took the dead man's hankerchief and advanced to the corpse with a great deal of repugnance, but with more courage than I could have anticipated. My own fearful situation no doubt animated me to an extent that I should never otherwise have dreamed of. I made a noose in the handkerchief and slipped it over the dead man's neck. I then lifted the body out of bed, and standing on a chair fastened the other end of the handkerchief to a hook in the beam. I now let the body go, and it swung in space.

I jumped into bed and shut my eyes to close the horrid sight from my gaze. I determined to wait there until somebody should come into the room, and then pretend that I knew nothing at all about it, but that the man must have got up in the night and hanged himself.

I lay quaking and trembling for over an hour. It grew broad daylight. I felt the sun shining directly on the bed, but I dared not open my eyes for fear that I should encounter the dangling corpse. Suddenly I heard the step of two men on the stairs. They appeared to be carrying something heavy between them. The long anticipated moment was approaching. In a few seconds more they would discover the body. My life depended in a great degree upon their opinions. If they were deceived by my ruse, others might be.

The door opened, and two men entered the chamber, placing something heavy on the floor.

"Well, I'm blessed if the man hasn't hanged himself again," exclaimed a voice which I knew to be the landlord's.

"By golly! that's true," said the other man. "No, I see how it is; the stranger found out the trick you played on him, and not liking the idea of sleeping with a corpse, he tucked him up there to get him out of the way."

"You're right," replied the landlord; "well, he's a cool 'un, anyhow, and would you believe it, last night I thought he was a coward!—that only shows how easy it is to be mistaken in people. And now he sleeps as soundly as a church; let's be careful not to wake him."

I breathed freely, for I immediately understood the whole matter. The landlord had put me to sleep with a dead man. I heard them take down the body and put it into a coffin—for it was what they had brought with them. They carried it away and I was left to myself. With my mind thus relieved I fell asleep, and enjoyed two hours' delicious slumber. I then got up, dressed myself and proceeded down stairs.

"Good morning," said I to the landlord, who was behind the the bar.

"Good morning, sir," he replied, sheepishly; "I hope you slept well."

"Splendidly," I returned; "my bedfellow gave me trouble at first, but I soon got rid of him."

"I know you did," returned mine host, with a knowing wink. "Well, I must say, you are the coolest chap I ever saw."

Not another word passed between us with reference to the affair. And I afterward learned from the conversation of the people while I was at breakfast that my companion for the night was a drover, who, having made a ruinous speculation in cattle, had committed suicide by hanging himself in the chamber the night before.

I left the Golden Angel that morning, having obtained quarters at Barnum's hotel. I went to the convention, voted six hundred times for ——, and returned home, having given full satisfaction to Mr. Ardew.

I told my adventure to my friends—not as I have told it to you, dear reader, but with the same construction that the landlord of the Golden Angel put upon it. Everybody thought that I had displayed extraordinary coolness and intrepidity. There is one thing, however, to which I have fully made up my mind, and that is, I will never attend another political convention as long as I live, nor sleep with a corpse if I can avoid it.

EXTRAORDINARY DREAMS.

A certain lawyer was seriously perplexed with a complicated law case. In the night his wife saw him get up, walk to a writing-table, compose an elaborate "opinion," place it carefully in a drawer, and return to bed. Next morning he remembered nothing of his dream, and could not believe it till his wife gave him ocular demonstration of the fact by pointing out the drawer where the "opinion" lay complete.

Students and poets are often indebted to dreams for their brightest ideas, and the marvelous composition of the fragment "Kubla Khan," by Coleridge, will occur to every reader. He says he had fallen asleep in his chair while reading in "Purchas' Pilgrimage" of a palace built by Khan Kubla, and remained asleep about three hours, during which time he "could not have composed less than two or three hundred lines." The image rose before him as things, and with them the corresponding expressions, "without any sensation or consciousness of effort." When he awoke he instantly sat down to commit his composition to paper, but was called away by a person on business; and when