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?

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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

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

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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.

STILL LATER AND BETTER!

NEW SPRING GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW
THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, and Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,
which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the
BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞ A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional wareroom, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and bargain seekers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful for many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

DON'T, GENTLEMEN, DON'T
BUY A STITCH OF
WEARING APPAREL!
OR A SINGLE ARTICLE OF
CENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!
UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE IMMENSE STOCK OF
WARM-WEATHER CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.
JUST RECEIVED AT THE
Young America Clothing House,
Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,
ALTOONA, PA.,

THE PROPRIETORS OF WHICH MAKE IT THEIR CONSTANT AIM TO
KEEP A STOCK AND SELL AT PRICES
WHICH FEW CAN EQUAL AND NONE CAN EXCEL.

Therefore we repeat it: Don't invest one cent in SPRING or SUMMER CLOTHING, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c., until you have seen what they can do for you at the

Young America Clothing House,
[4-23.] Cor. 11th Avenue and 11th Street, Altoona, Pa. [11-tf.]

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

CORN & CO.
HAVE DECIDED TO SELL THEIR ENTIRE
STOCK OF SUMMER GOODS

At LOWER PRICES than articles of the kind have ever been offered at, as will be seen by the following quotations at cash figures:

Ladies' Untrimmed Hats	25c. up.	Gents' Shirts from	25c. up.
Children's Hats	25c. "	" White Shirts from	50c. "
Sailor Hats	25c. "	" Straw Hats from	10c. "
Ladies' Trimmed Hats	75c. "	" Neckties from	5c. "
Ladies' Sun Bonnets	25c. "	Boys' Hats from	25c. "
Fents Hats	5c. "	" Suspenders from	10c. "
Children's Lace Caps	50c. "	Men's Suspenders from	25c. "
Linen Ulsters	$1.25 "	" Overalls from	25c. "
Flowers, Ribbons, Ties, Collars, Laces, Embroideries, Silks, Satins and various other Notions too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold at an equal reduction in prices.		" Working Pants from	$1.00 "
		" Socks from	5c. "
		" Collars from	5c. "
		" Cuffs from	5c. "

Men's Wool Hats, 50c. up; Men's Fur Hats, $1.00 up; Men's Caps, 25c. up.

Also, a Full Line of Men's Rubber Goods,

Consisting of Coats, Pants and Vests, together with a large and varied stock of other goods for ladies and gents, on all of which prices have been greatly reduced—so much so, indeed, that we will sell some articles at and below cost in order to make room for other goods we are daily receiving.

☞ Thankful for past favors and hoping to be found worthy of a continuance and increase of the same in the future, we remain,

Respectfully, Yours,
CORN & CO.,
281 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

Note.—The above refers especially to our Branch Store in Johnstown, but it should be remembered 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. [July 9, 1880.-tf.]

STILL HOLDING THE FORT!

THE NEW STORE BUILDING OF
S. TEITELBAUM, Carrolltown, Pa.,
HAS JUST BEEN OPENED WITH A SPLENDID STOCK OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

S. TEITELBAUM.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1880.-tf.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES,

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of the wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use nature's remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist, Price, $1. (Will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Props. Burlington, Vt.

Are sold by all Hardware and Harness Dealers. There is no one owning a horse or mule but what will find in this line of goods, something of great value, and especially adapted to their wants. COVERT M'F'G CO., West Troy, N. Y., Sole Manufacturers.

HOW TO GET almost Everything.

Do you know how to get in the easiest way and to best advantage what you want for dress and house-furnishing?

First, how: Write for a catalogue; see what you can learn from it about the things you want. If samples can be useful to you, ask for them and state your wants so plainly that exactly the right samples can be sent.

Second, where: The place where goods are kept in the greatest variety; where they are sold for what they really are in respect to quality; where prices are lowest; where most care is taken to serve customers acceptably; and where you have the right to return whatever is not satisfactory.

There—no matter where you are—if you make your wants known and avail yourself of your privileges, you will get the best things in the best way, promptly and without trouble or risk; sometimes by mail, sometimes by express, almost always at less cost for carriage than the money you save in the price.

John Wanamaker,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market and Juniper.

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

HOW TO GET Clothing under Price.

If we could sell a little more of this and a little less of that, we could make things come out even—the last man that came in would carry off the last suit; but we can't. Out of every stock there are a great many sizes left when some are gone. The best we can do with these incomplete assortments is to mark them low enough to set a great many people looking among them for bargains.

This we do every day at this time of year; and just now we have enough of such to stock a little store.

Besides, odd parts of suits get left—coats, vests and trousers. We have a room in which there is nothing else. There is in that room cheaper clothing than you have any notion of. We call it the Bargain-Room.

These marked-down suits and garments are of all sorts; they may be among the best in the store.

We force a continual clearance of such articles as would only embarrass us; and keep our stocks always fresh and full.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Oak Hall, Sixth and Market,
Philadelphia.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MICHAEL EXNER, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of Michael Exner, late of Chest 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 G. GILL, Administrator.
Chest Twp., June 25, 1880.-6t.

STRAY STEER.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, in Gallitzin township, Cameron county, and was enclosed by me on the 26th of June, a three-year-old dark brindle steer, without any marks. The owner is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; failing in which, he will be disposed of as the law directs.
July 9, 1880.-6t.* MOS. JOHN CASSIDY.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections especially. [10-14.-tf.]

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

REVISED FROM A SANITARY POINT OF VIEW.

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained;
The malarious farm, the wet, fungus grown wildwood,
The chills then contracted that since have remained:
The scum-covered duck pond, the pig-stye close by it,
The ditch where the sour-smelling house-drainage fell;
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barn-yard nigh it,—
But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mold-crusted bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind,
Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted
In the water of wells by analysis find.
The rotting wood-fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algæ, the frog of unusual size,
The water—impure as the verses of Byron—
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it—
I considered that water uncommonly clear,
And often at noon when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy!
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell,
Then soon, with its nitrates and nitrites, and slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh! had I but realized, in time to avoid them,
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught,
I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed them
With potass permanganate ere I had quaffed;
Or perchance I'd have boiled it and afterward strained it
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined,
Or after distilling, condensed and regained it,
In potable form, with its filth left behind.

How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink!
But since I've become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science, I shudder to think.
And now far removed from the scenes I'm describing,
The story for warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing,
And I gag at the thought of that horrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown bucket,
In fact, the slop-bucket, that hung in the well.

—*J. G. Bayles in the Sanitarian.*

A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY KILE DALLAS.

In the town of Lynn every man is a shoemaker. That is not quite an exact statement but it is so nearly the truth that I will let it stand. Certainly, in almost all the little houses somebody is at work either binding shoes, hammering soles, making heels or stitching uppers. And among them, many years ago, none could have been found more busy and more contented than a quiet, red-haired Scotchman, called Sandy McPherson. He lived alone, being either a bachelor or a widower—probably the first—in a little two-roomed house on wheels, and whenever the owner of the ground on which he had established his residence asked awkward questions or demanded rent, he simply wheeled his mansion away. Thus he spent next to nothing, and though he did not make much money, saved the best part of what he made.

He had lived several years in his quiet way when one day there appeared in the village a tall, serious gentleman in a black coat, who inquiring diligently for Mr. Alexander McPherson, soon discovered the object of his search in simple Sandy McPherson, hammering away at his bench, and thus addressed him:

"Sir, I am one of the firm of Dunn & Derry, lawyers, and I bring you the sad news that your uncle, Mr. Donald McPherson, has departed this life."

Sandy laid down his lap-stone, shook his head, and gravely remarked:

"I never thought Uncle Donald was a long-lived man." And thinking his duty done, set to work again. But once more the lawyer spoke:

"And it is also my pleasant duty, Mr. McPherson, to inform you that your uncle Donald has left you a legacy amounting to five thousand dollars, which, after the necessary formalities, our firm will take pleasure in paying into your hands."

Sandy put down his work again, looked at the lawyer, and after a pause, remarked:

"It was weel meant of Uncle Donald, and you mean weel to me in telling me of it, but it will be aye dreadful trouble spending sic a sum."

The lawyer laughed; he thought his client intended a joke, but Sandy was in sober earnest. Having received the necessary instructions he shut up his little house, fastened the doors and shutters well, stored it with an old farmer just out of town, and went to get his money. For three years no one in Lynn saw or heard anything of him, but at the end of that time Mr. Gage, the farmer with whom Sandy had left his house, was surprised by his re-appearance in a good suit of clothes, with a very red face and a very portly person to claim his house again.

"I'm glad to get back," he said. "I've had hard work to spend my hive thousand dollars, and I could na do it without eating and drinking more than was aye gude for me; but I've lived through it, and maybe I'm no the worse for a bit o' holiday.

And once more the door of the little wheeled house stood open, and Sandy McPherson worked beside it from dawn until sunset.

Two years passed. At the end of that time the village gossips once more saw the tall, spare form of the member of Dunn & Derry in the streets of the little town. This time he made no inquiries, but walked to the door of Sandy's house and knocked.

"Come in," cried the shoemaker, and in walked the lawyer.

"Oh! and it is you, Mr. Dunn?" cried Sandy, "Sit ye doon, mon; and what new news hae ye for me?"

"Much the same as before, Mr. McPherson," replied the lawyer. "Your Uncle Duncan has left this world for a better."

"Oh, aye, I saw the old man was failing," said Sandy.

"His property," continued the lawyer, "has been equally divided amongst his four nephews; and your share, my dear sir, I am happy to tell you, amounts to two thousand pounds, or if you like the sound better, ten thousand dollars."

"That's twice as much as Uncle Donald left me," sighed Sandy. "'Twill be hard work spending it. The five thousand nearly killed me, but a' is as God will, if it's come on me. I'll be with you to-morrow morning, sir. Sooner begun, sooner done."

Again the little house was stored away behind the barn of Mr. Gage's farm; but this time the farmer having died in Sandy's absence the bargain was made with the Widow Gage, a comely woman of forty, who gave Sandy some good advice on the subject of his fortune, which he received in silence. Away he went, and for three years Lynn saw him no more; but when another year was on its way the wonder-stricken inhabitants saw Sandy again at his bench. But Sandy was an altered man. He had grown fat, his eyes were red and watery, his nose the shape of an onion, he had symptoms of the gout, and as he worked he made his plaint to any one who would listen to him.

"Ah! you may laugh—none of you have tried it; spending ten thousand dollars in three years is hard work for any man. And I made a mistake. I begun wi' whisky.—When I took to port wine I got on faster. It's a fine wine, the port wine, ou, aye, but you can hae too much of it. It's put me almost past the work."

However, five years of oatmeal porridge, bacon and weak tea, with hard work, reduced Sandy to his former condition of skin and bone. His health was good, his eye clear, and he was more contented than ever, until one day through the streets of Lynn walked once more the tall, grave, serious gentleman from the firm of Dunn & Derry.

This time Lynn was actually excited, and as the lawyer entered the door Sandy turned upon him a face longer and more solemn than he had ever shown before, and cried out:

"Mr. Dunn again! Weel out with it, mon! Bad news, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lawyer. "Your Aunt Jean is dead. She departed this life very suddenly. It was a shock to all the family."

"Aye; I thought Aunt Jean would live to be a hundred," said Sandy.

"So did she; but she had made her will notwithstanding, and as you were her favorite nephew she has left every farthing to you. Sir, I congratulate you."

"Don't do that, mon," said Sandy. "You mean weel, but it's adding insult to injury. Let me know the worst. She must hae been an unco rich woman—my Aunt Jean."

"You are now possessed of more than fifty thousand dollars," replied the lawyer. "Indeed, coolly as you take it, I should like to stand in your shoes, Mr. McPherson."

"Ah, weel," replied Sandy, "you may call it cool, but I feel pretty warm. How is a man ever to spend feefty thousand dollars?"

The lawyer departed, laughing. In an hour Sandy stood in Mrs. Gage's dooryard.

"I'm in trouble again, Mrs. Gage," said he. "My Aunt Jean is dead. Oh, no, 'tisn't that; we must all die some day, but she's left me her money, and I've feefty thousand dollars to spend."

"I wish I had," said the farmer's widow, whose hair was gradually growing gray under the weight of a thousand dollar mortgage. "It's flying in the face of Providence to talk that way of a fine fortune."

"But how is a mon to spend it?" continued Sandy. "I couldn't get through the ten thousand wi'out makin' a beast of myself, and feefty thousand at my age will be the end of me. What's a single mon like me to do wi' it all?"

"Oh! there are plenty of ways, Mr. McPherson," said the farmer's widow. "You could be benevolent."

"I'll never give good money to beggars; let them work for their bread," said Sandy.—"Ah! you dinna know, Mrs. Gage. A mon can eat but five meals the day if he does his best, and to be aye drinking is all that is left."

"Dear, dear! what a pity it is you haven't a good, sensible wife to show you how to use your money," said Mrs. Gage. "You'd find no trouble then."

"But, you see, I'm a bachelor," said Sandy.

"You needn't remain one," replied Mrs. Gage.

"And who would I marry?" asked Sandy.

"It's not for *me* to say," replied Mrs. Gage. "Some sensible, middle-aged woman, Mr. McPherson."

"I wonder would you have me?" asked Sandy. "You're a very sensible woman, Mrs. Gage, and it strikes me I couldn't do better; but I hope you'll drink your share."

Mrs. Gage held her peace, and Lynn was surprised by a wedding the next week. The mortgage was paid off; the boys were sent to college; the farm prospered. Mrs. McPherson and Sandy appeared each Sunday at church in black silk and broadcloth, and Sandy still made shoes in the little house now wheeled permanently to the kitchen door, up to the last account received of him. As for his money, he seems to forget that a married man is any more comfortable than a bachelor, and adds: "I didn't know it until the wife told me," which is regarded as one of Mr. McPherson's jokes, though it is strictly true.

NO GRAMMAR FOR HIM.—"I have been sendin' my darter Nancy to skool, and last Friday I went over to the skool to see how she was gettin' along, and I seed things I didn't like by no means. The skoolmaster was larnin' her things entirely out of the line of eddycation, and as I think improper. I set awhile in the skool house and heard one class say their lesson. The lesson that Nancy said was nuthin' but the foolishest kind of talk; the rediclist words she said was 'I love.' I looked at her for bein' so improper, but she went right on and sed, 'thou loves' and 'he loves.' And I reckon you never heard such a rigmarole in your life—love, love, love, and nothin' but love. Sez I, 'Who do you love, Nancy?' The skoolmaster said he would explain after Nancy had finished the lesson. This sorter pacified me, and Nancy went on with her awful love talk. It got wus and wus every word. She said, 'I might or would love.' I stopped her again and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The skoolmaster tried to interfere, but I would not let him say a word. He sed I was a fool, and I knockt him down and made him holler in short order. I talkt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show him to learn my darter grammar. I got the nabers together, and we sent him off in a hurry, and I recken thar'l be no more grammar teachin' in these parts soon."

A CONSUMPTIVE-LOOKING MAN, lame and feeble and carrying a pint bottle full of something, halted a pedestrian and said: "I found this bottle on the corner back there and I wish you'd tell me what's in it." The other took it, removed the cork and snuffed in a full breath. The next instant he staggered against a wall, clawing the air and choking and gasping, and it was a full minute before he blurted out: "Why, you infernal idiot, that's hartshorn." "Well, I'm perfectly willing to take your word for it without extra insults," observed the invalid in an injured voice, and he took his bottle and walked off like a man who had been abused without the least excuse.

A DIFFICULT thing to get on tick this weather—Asleep.

A FAITHFUL SENTRY.

THE GOOSE THAT IN TURN SAVED ITS PRESERVER'S LIFE.

An interesting relic is preserved in a glass case in the Coldstream Guards' orderly-room at Whitehall. It consists of the head and neck of a goose, around which is a golden collar with the inscription: "Jacob—Second Battalion Coldstream Guards." Beneath it are the words, "Died on Duty."

In 1838 a rebellion broke out in our Canadian possessions, and two battalions of the Guards were sent thither to assist in quelling it, the battalion already mentioned being one of them. Both corps occupied the citadel of Quebec, and in their turn supplied the guards which were ordered to be mounted in different parts of the town and neighborhood. Near one of these guards was a farm yard which had suffered much from the ravages of foxes—animals that were at that period a great pest to the colonists; and as the farm in question had been suspected of being the meeting place of the rebels, a chain of sentries was placed around it. One day the sentry whose duty it was to watch the entrance to the farm had his attention attracted by an unusual noise, and on looking towards the spot whence it proceeded he beheld a fine goose fleeing toward him closely pursued by a fox. His first impulse was to have a shot at the latter; but this would have alarmed the guard, and brought condign punishment on himself for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator of the scene, while every step brought the reynard nearer to his prey. In the height of its despair the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier, in its frantic effort to reach the refuge which the sentry-box could afford; and at the same moment the wily fox made a desperate grab at the goose, but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth the ready bayonet of the sentinel had passed through his body. The poor goose, by way of showing its gratitude towards its preserver, rubbed its head against his legs, and made other equally curious demonstrations of joy; nor could it ever be prevailed on to quit the post, but walked up and down, day after day, with each successive sentry that was placed there, until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was brought away with it, as a regimental pet, to England.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the story is that the goose in turn actually saved the life of its preserver. Whether the former knew that the sentry was the same man or not must of course forever remain a problem; but it so happened that he was on that particular post about two months afterward, when a desperate attempt was made to surprise and kill the unwary sentinel. It was winter time, and although it was a bright moonlight night, the moon was hidden ever and anon by the scudding clouds which seemed to presage an approaching storm. In these moments of darkness a sharp observer might have noticed the shadows of several men who, unobserved by the somewhat drowsy sentinel, were endeavoring stealthily to approach the post where he stood. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, a strange rustling sound, and bringing his musket to his shoulder, he shouted loudly, "Who goes there?" Not a sound save the echo of his own voice in the distance, and the sighing of the winter wind among the branches of the trees which stood in the deserted farm-yard, responded to the challenge.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the soldier marched up and down his lonely beat followed by the devoted goose, until, deeming his alarm unwarranted, he again "stood at ease" before the sentry-box. This was the enemy's opportunity, and the rebels were not long in endeavoring to profit by it. Closer and closer they stole up toward the post, the thick snow which lay on the ground completely deadening the sounds of their footsteps. But just as two of their number, one on each side of the sentry-box, were preparing with uplifted knife to spring upon the unsuspecting man, the bird made a grand effort, rose suddenly on its wings, and swept round the sentry-box with tremendous force, flapping its wings right in the faces of the would-be assassins. They were astounded and rushed blindly forward, but the sentry, fully aroused to his danger, bayoneted one and shot the other as he was running away. Meanwhile, the other conspirators approached to the assistance of their colleagues; but the bird repeated its tactics, and enabled the sentry to keep them at bay until the guard—whom the firing of his gun had alarmed—came upon the scene and made them fly for their lives.

When this incident became known, poor old Jacob was the hero of the garrison; and the officers subscribed for and purchased the golden collar which the bird afterward wore until the day of his death.

On the arrival of the regiment in London the bird resumed its old duties with the sentinels posted at the barrack gates, and it was exceedingly amusing to watch its movements as it walked proudly up and down with the sentry, or stood to "attention" beside the box when the latter was saluting a passing officer or guard. The feathered hero was well fed and cared for, and a circular bath filled with water was always at his disposal. Children were its especial favorites, as they used to bring the creature lots of food; but Jacob would never tolerate any liberties except when, in military parlance, he was "standing easy." For many years Jacob seemed to bear a charmed life; but he was at length run over by a van. Every effort which kindness and skill could suggest was made to save this extraordinary bird; but it was of no avail, and he died like a true English soldier, at the post of duty, after a "sentry-go" of not less than twelve years.—*Chambers' Journal.*

"NO, SAMUEL," calmly replied Mrs. Bartlett, in answer to his furious and sarcastic questions, "no. It isn't because there's no gray cloth in Burlington that I patched your summer trousers with seal-brown basket-cloth, but I'm going to break you of your leaferish habit of going in your shirt-sleeves during business hours or I'll make you the laughing stock of the town." And when Mrs. Livermore makes up her list of "superfluous women" she leaves Mrs. Bartlett out every time.

SAYS the *Hawkeye* solemnly: "Yes, daughter, you should go somewhere this summer. You cannot stay at home during the warm weather and live. To be sure your mother, who hasn't been out of town since she was married, can stand it, but then she is old-fashioned and don't know any better, and, besides, she has fun enough doing the washing and ironing. By all means go. Get a linen duster and basket and go at once."

EVEN-TIDE—An artistically arranged bow.

The Blue and the Gray for Hancock.

From the flowery groves of the Southland
And the fields of cotton and cane,
To the wonderful lakes of the Northland
And the pine-clad hills of Maine,

Brave men are dwelling by thousands,
Who once were so hot to slay,
When some wore the blue of the Union,
And others Confederate gray.

The passions of war have subsided,
Its hatreds have gone with the past,
And now, like an army of brothers,
They all come together at last,

They follow a man who in battle
Was bravest among the brave,
And who, when the fighting was ended,
Was the first to console and save.

With him are his war-tried soldiers,
And those that he faced in the fray;
The men who wore blue are for Hancock,
With those who have worn the gray.

For peace and a perfect union,
For brotherhood over the land,
They are forming shoulder to shoulder,
And are marching hand in hand.

Now, "Down with all thoughts of disunion!"
Say those who have worn the gray,
"Away with all sectional feeling!"
The blue-coated veterans say.

They rally for peace and for union,
And who shall dare say them nay?
They rally in blue for Hancock,
For Hancock they rally in gray.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

A REMARKABLE CASE.

New York City is at this time excited by a very strange case, and one that brings sad trouble to a well known wealthy family.—The father is well known on Wall street, and is a fine, portly-looking man. The mother, an elegant, refined woman, has not lost all traces of the beauty that made her a belle thirty years ago, but can still boast a pair of handsome black eyes, dark wavy hair, almost untouched by silver, and a stately figure.

The daughter, Juliet, seems to have inherited her loveliness for while no actual resemblance in features exists, the same great black eyes the rippling tresses and fine figure are noticed.

About a year ago, she was wedded to one of the leading young men of Brooklyn, and the match was universally pronounced an admirable one. The marriage came off with great *eclat*. Then came the farewell, the tour to Europe, and finally the return to the beautifully-appointed home in Brooklyn, where, surrounded by all that taste and wealth can command, the young couple began life in earnest. The first and supremely happy year of their married life had almost passed away, when on one bright day there was ushered into the world a tiny stranger.

The pride of a young father was forgotten for a time in the anxious husband, but when a feeble wail reminded him of his new relationship, he delightedly asked to see his child. The family physician, notwithstanding the fact that his patient was doing favorably, looked unusually grave, and replied that the little one was better left undisturbed for a few days, and must especially be kept from a bright light, as its eyes seemed delicate; so a peep at the little one as it lay shrouded in flannel in a very dark room was all that the father gained, and when the impatient young mother begged that the curtains be withdrawn that she might see her baby, the same admonition was given, the doctor also insisting that it would be best for the child to have a foster mother.

But one person beside the discreet nurse and physician had seen the child—that was Juliet's mother—and when she gazed upon it her face turned white and cold as marble, for she saw an infant with a dark skin, thick full lips, and a head covered with genuine wool. In short, a child with unmistakable African blood in its veins.

Dumb with a horror, the lady left the house with the physician, and when they reached her own she implored him to explain this phenomenon. "Madame," said the doctor, sternly, "there is no 'phenomenon,' but two explanations, either of which may fit this case. The first is too painful and horrible to mention; the second is that your daughter's or your own blood is of mixed purity, and that in this unfortunate child the characteristics of the race of its grandfather or grandmother are repeated—a fact that medical lore proves no uncommon thing either in mental, moral or physical attributes."

The lady wrung her hands in despair, exclaiming: "I will tell you all, for something must be done, and I do not know which way to turn. Listen! About sixteen years ago my husband and I were traveling through the South on an extended tour for my health. During my brief stay in Atlanta I noticed a remarkably pretty mulatto woman, who waited on me at the hotel. She looked very ill, and, in fact was in quick consumption, which, being the disease that threatened me, roused my sympathies. I gave her some medicines and little comforts, but the poor thing seemed almost distracted at the thought of dying and leaving her child, a little girl of two years, which she brought to show me. Its father was evidently a white man, and the child bore no traces of negro blood, but was as fair and lovely as any I have ever seen among ourselves. Sorry for both, I promised the mother to take her child North with me, bring it up well and have her taught to support herself. Matters were arranged with little difficulty, and on our return to New York we took the child with us. On account of her great dark eyes I called her Juliet. As she grew older her beauty, her lovable character and her affection for us won upon my heart. Gradually the prejudices of race faded away, and at last, as Heaven had denied me any children of my own, we concluded to bring her up as our child. No one, from her appearance, would have suspected her descent, which ceased to trouble me until the time of her engagement. The young people were so deeply in love with each other and so happy that I had not the courage to tell the truth which I never dreamed could be found out. Now I see my terrible mistake. What shall I do?"

"Tell the husband all," was the physician's advice, "and let him decide whether or not his wife shall learn the reason of this misfortune or be led to look upon it as an affliction that might have taken the shape of any other deformity."

The lady acted upon the advice, and a bitter scene followed between herself and her son-in-law, who was almost beside himself with rage and grief.

The unfortunate young wife has not yet been told the whole truth, the child having been taken into the country, where it is cared for by kind, respectable people, and as yet no other steps have been taken, though it is understood that the lawyers advise a separation, so the end of the cruel story cannot be told at present.

A DOLEFUL sound—Long Island Sound.

CREDIT MOBILIER—WHAT WAS IT?

In 1862, the year that Garfield was first elected to Congress, that body incorporated a company to build a Pacific Railroad, with a capital stock of $100,000,000; gave it the right of way through the public domain, with all the necessary grounds for buildings, workshops, side-tracks etc., and alternate sections of land for ten miles on each side of the roads and issued to it United States bonds at the rate of $16,000 per mile for 150 miles, $48,000 per mile for 300 miles, and $32,000 per mile for 850 miles, which bonds were declared to be first mortgages on the road. In addition, various branches were projected which added further millions of money and further millions of acres of land. In 1864, after Garfield had taken his seat in Congress, another act was passed which doubled the land grants and relinquished the preference of the Government bonds as the first mortgages by allowing the company to issue its own bonds as such mortgages. The passage of this act was stoutly resisted by such men as E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, and as stoutly supported by such men as James A. Garfield, Oakes Ames, John B. Alley, and others, who afterwards figured in the Credit Mobilier operations. Here was Garfield's first participation in the business. The nature of the scheme was fully exposed by Mr. Washburne. We quote his words in the *Congressional Globe*:

"Who are the men who are here to lobby this bill through? Have the men of high character and of national reputation whose names were at an earlier period connected with this enterprise been here, animated by a commendable public spirit, by motives of patriotism, to ask us to pass this bill? I have not heard of such men being here for that purpose; but, on the other hand, the work of 'putting the bill through' has gone into the hands of such men as Samuel Hallett and George F. Train, *par nobile fratrum.* * * * * Sir, on my responsibility as a Representative I pronounce this as a monstrous and flagrant attempt to overreach the government and the people that can be found in all the legislative annals of the country.—When we look at the original law with all its liberal and just provisions, when we look at the company organization under it and see how far it has failed to meet its proper obligations, and consider the extraordinary amendments here proposed, are we not filled with astonishment at what is demanded of us as the guardians of the people's rights? Indeed, may we not exclaim:

"'Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?'"

"I warn the true friends of the road, I warn Congress and the people of what will be the result."

But the jobbers had Congress fixed and the bill passed—passed the House, June 24, 1864—Garfield, Ames & Co. voting for it. Having thus put the government and the corporation in a position to be plucked, the jobbers next turned their attention to the means with which to do the plucking. It was necessary for them to organize a ring. For this purpose the charter of a corporation granted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1859 and called the "Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency" was purchased and an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature procured changing its name to "Credit Mobilier of America." All the large and controlling stockholders in the Union Pacific were stockholders in the Credit Mobilier, and the object and use of the latter were to enable these stockholders to contract with themselves for the construction of the road at enormous prices and so enrich themselves at the cost of the government and railroad corporation. Precisely as if William H. Vanderbilt and his associates in the direction of the Central Railroad should organize another corporation and by contracting one with the other, rob the Central of all its value. The conspirators in the Credit Mobilier scheme made the contract with themselves and got along very well until 1867, when they had a portion of the road constructed and in operation, and being unrestricted were charging enormous rates for passenger and freight transportation. They had nothing further to ask of Congress. What they wanted was to be let alone. Their railroad stock was of no account, but the value of the stock of their Credit Mobilier machine which was robbing the nation was enormous. But Mr. Washburne did not propose to let them alone.—And accordingly, in December, 1867, he introduced in the House a provision restricting the charges for passengers and freight to no more than double the charges on the lines of railroad between the Mississippi and Atlantic coast.

"I shall," he said, "continue to press this matter upon Congress while I have a seat here. This company, whose road the government is building by its enormous subsidies of $95,000,000 and some 40,000,000 acres of land, the company getting the road without the expenditure of a single dollar of its own money, is charging ten cents a mile for every passenger, and on freight one cent per mile for every hundred pounds, more enormous charges than have ever been known in any country."

Garfield, Dawes, of Massachusetts, and others opposed Mr. Washburne, who characterized them as "parties to the monopoly." It was here, at this point, that Oakes Ames began to place Credit Mobilier stock among members of Congress, "where," to use the words of his letter produced in the Poland Report, "it will do the most good"—not to procure favorable legislation, for all was had that was wanted, but to prevent unfavorable legislation and to prevent threatened investigation. To quote the report of the Poland Committee in their conclusions after investigation in 1873:

"In relation to the purpose and motives of Mr. Ames in contracting to let members of Congress have Credit Mobilier stock at par, which he and all other owners of it considered worth at least double that sum, the committee upon the evidence taken by them and submitted to the House, cannot entertain a doubt. When he said he did not suppose the Union Pacific Company would ask or need further legislation, he stated what he believed to be true. But he feared the interests of the road might suffer by adverse legislation, and what he desired to accomplish was to en