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

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,063
AND STILL A MOVING. MATCH IT?

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☞ Try for your paper before you stop it, if you want it. None but sneaksaws do oth. Don't be a sneaksaw—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, AUGUST 20, 1880. NUMBER 30.

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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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cheapest!

GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS
PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
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Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloth,
CLOTH WINDOW SHADING
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GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
which we offer at the lowest cash prices. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't find out is not worth buying, and what I offer for sale is always the best of its kind. Prices will always be found as low as the lowest, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
☞ During my nearly twenty years' experience in business in this place, I have always endeavored to keep on hand the very best in the market, and have received a liberal share of your patronage for the same, and I am pleased to state that the best is always appreciated, and that it pays better to buy a single article of good quality than to buy a dozen of inferior quality because the price is low, as it is unfortunate fact that such goods are always dearest in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 16, 1880.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS

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Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—DEALERS IN—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
SHEET METALS,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
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PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
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JOHNSTOWN, PA.

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—MANUFACTURERS OF—
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—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.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency!
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
and other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1880.-tf.*

R. L. Johnston, M. J. Buck,
F. A. Shoemaker, A. W. Buck.
JOHNSTON, SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, Pa.
MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier
Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-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.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $123,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
Good FARM PROPERTES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1880.-1y.

FREIDHOFF'S BLOCK,
HIGH STREET.
CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
EBENSBURG, PA.,
HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

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,
[5-7.] ALTOONA, PA. [6m.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [11-21-'78.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [9-27-'79.]

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York.

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.

FRUIT CANS!
FRUIT CANS!
I am now prepared to furnish all who want to buy with good,
FIRST CLASS FRUIT CANS,
—MADE OF THE—
VERY BEST QUALITY CHARCOAL TIN.
☞ Don't be humbugged with cheap pretentious articles when by paying a little more you can get good home-made cans worth double the money. Persons selling the cheap cans, the same as are sold at other places for 60 cents per dozen, can get them from me for 35 cents per dozen.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, July 18, 1880.-3m.

NOTICE.—The first and final account of H. J. Rodgers, Assignee of Samuel Wall, in trust for the benefit of creditors, has been filed in the Prothonotary's office of Cambria county and will be presented for the action of the Court on Monday, the 4th day of September, 1880.
C. E. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, July 23, 1880.-2t.

HANCOCK CAMPAIGN SONG.

AIR—*Sherman's March to the Sea.*

Oh, tell the welcome, joyful news
O'er all our glorious land,
Hancock is the chosen chief
To lead our valiant band,
And we'll sound the bugle call,
And rally round our flag
As we are marching to victory.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll ring our song of glee,
Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll march to victory;
And we'll sound the chorus from the mountain to the sea
As we are marching to victory.

At our country's call to war,
Our chief unsheathed his sword,
And he led the boys in blue
With brave and cheering word,
And we'll sing the praises now,
Of his brave, noble deeds,
As we are marching to victory.—Cho.

And on many a bloody field,
Our hero's stalwart form
Led his army brave and true,
Through fierce battle storm.
And with Hancock at the front,
Not one heart knew a fear
As they were marching to victory.—Cho.

And when Pennsylvania's heart
Stood still in deadly fear;
When at Gettysburg the flood
Of rain was so near,
'Twas our own son's stalwart breast
That stemmed the torrent wild
As he was marching to victory.—Cho.

When the night of War was past,
And Peace's bright dawn had come,
When our Soldier Chief was sent
To rule the Southern home;
Then he proved in Peace as great
As he had been in War,
When he was marching to victory.—Cho.

Then our hero, just and true,
Proclaimed that Law was king;
That in Peace the soldier's sword
Should not oppression bring,
And all honor to our chief,
For these grand words of truth,
As we are marching to victory.—Cho.

And the people's gift we'll give,
With ballots at the tree,
And our leader brave and true
Our President shall be,
And we'll sound the chorus
From the mountain to the sea,
As we are marching to victory.—Cho.

THE MISSING MAN.

THE STORY OF A FACT.

She was a curious sort of a woman; I could never quite make her out. Evidently she had "a past" but she would not tell me much about it, until a mere accident opened it all up. I will not stop to relate how I knew her, but come to the point at once.

Her husband must have been a man of good family, but an utter scamp, gambler, spendthrift and drunkard; all his own people turned their backs on him. Dropping lower and lower, he reached a very low ebb indeed, at last, and she had a bad time of it with him. They had been living somewhere in Yorkshire, he racing, betting—Heaven knows what. The Doncaster meeting was coming round, and he found the region getting too hot for him, so he made a bolt of it and came to London, bringing her with him (they had no children); came, as I understood, with a couple of portmanteaus and under an assumed name—of course she never told me his real one. He took a small, old-fashioned furnished cottage for three months; a dilapidated place somewhere near Kilburn, quite on the outskirts, and where the new neighborhood, which has now sprung up, was only then first beginning to be thought of.

They had been in this precious abode but three days, when what happened, happened. They were without a servant—in the house alone, in fact, the wife becoming the drudge meanwhile. A high wall surrounded the garden in which the cottage stood, it having been a neat little box in its day, quite in the country. An old and now almost disused road ran along one side of this which had a door to it amongst some thick trees. Well, it was early in September, the weather was close and sultry, and on the third evening as it was getting dark she strolled out and sat down on a bench under these trees near the door, leaving him sulkily smoking in the house.

"Sad and miserable, indeed, I was as I sat there," went on my friend, "thinking, thinking, thinking, in the silent gloaming. Everything was still as death in that dreary neighborhood, so that when the sound of a footstep coming slowly along the road by the side of the wall caught my ear, I almost started; but when I heard the footstep suddenly totter, then stop close to the door, and some one stagger against it, I rose from sheer nervousness. When to this sound succeeded a long-drawn gasp and moan, and then a heavy thud, as of the person falling to the ground, with an instinctive pity I flew to the door, and, drawing back the bolt, gently opened it. There, on the step, lay, as well as I could see by the twilight, a young, well-dressed man. He made an effort to rise when he saw me, partly regained his feet, caught at the door-post, staggered and fell headlong into our garden. All this was but the work of a moment, and now, thoroughly alarmed and hardly knowing what I did, I closed the door and rushed into the house. My husband met me on the threshold.

"'What now? What's all that scrimmage about?' he said.

"Timidly I told him.

"'You fool, are we not hard up enough already, but you must be playing the Good Samaritan, and let the man in! Do you want to turn the place into an hospital?—He's drunk, no doubt.'

"With this he reached the spot where the unfortunate man lay face downwards upon the edge of the soft, unmown lawn. Gently turning him over, my husband went on.

"'Why, he's dying, if not dead; we must fetch a doctor. A pretty mess you have got us into, but we must go through it honestly, or else who knows what we may be charged with—murder, perhaps! Be off and get a doctor; there's a red lamp at the second turning to the left down this road.'

"I flew to do his bidding, terrified by his words, which I saw had some reason in them, and had nearly reached the house, when he called out:

"'Here, go out this way, by this door here, into the road; it's nearer.'

"I returned, and was about to open the garden door, close to which he was still bending over the body, when I saw he was examining the contents of a large portemonnaie, which he had taken from the pocket of the prostrate, unconscious man. It seemed to be full of notes and gold. I hesitated, but fearing to remonstrate, was drawing back the bolt, when he whispered:

"'Stop—wait a minute. Did any one see you let him in?'

"'No one; there is not a creature about, and the road is not overlooked,' I answered.

"'No, nor this corner of the garden where we are—no, it's too much shut in by trees and its getting too dark.'

"Whilst speaking, he was looking around to assure himself that he was unobserved, and, seeming satisfied, began to further examine the contents of the young man's pockets and to transfer the portemonnaie, a letter or two, a handsome gold watch and chain and a scarf-pin, to his own.

"'What are you doing?' I timidly asked.

"'Mind your own business,' he said; 'do as I tell you and hold your tongue. I'll go for the doctor myself; but first of all we must get him into the house. Here, catch hold of his feet.'

"Then, without listening to my protests, my husband raised in his arms the slim, helpless form of the young man, and, with my assistance, carried him along the path, under the shadow of the high wall and trees, into the house and laid him on a sofa in the little breakfast-parlor.

"'Light a candle and pull down the blind, get some water and brandy, he is not quite dead,' said my husband, whilst examining the dead man's pocket-handkerchief. 'No initials. Nothing to identify him by. Good! Now I will go for the doctor; you stay with him. Put a little more brandy to his lips from time to time, loosen his necktie—so, and now, mind, when I return with the doctor, if there have been any signs of consciousness, or if the poor fellow speaks at all, keep it to yourself; don't say a word, you can tell me when the doctor is gone. The man is not dead, but he will die, I think, and if he does die without speaking—well, we shall lose nothing for our hospitality; it's worth risking. Mind, now, what I tell you,' he added, with a fierce look at me; 'if you don't I'll be the death of you.'

"Then he went out through the front door and gate, ostentatiously in a hurry, and I heard him running down the silent road. I turned to my patient and found him still breathing, but quite unconscious.

"Terrified and bewildered I hardly know how long it was before I heard hurrying footsteps again on the road; and presently, having let himself in by the latch-key, my husband appeared with a stranger, the doctor, a seedy, needy-looking man.

"Rapidly examining the patient, he said, with his finger on the pulse:

"'About twenty minutes since he was seized, eh? H'm, your younger brother, you say?'

"'Yes,' answered my husband, promptly, with a significant look at me as I started at his reply.

"The doctor had his ear on the man's chest, whilst my husband continued with assumed emotion:

"'My youngest, my favorite brother, dear sir, pray tell me—Ah! I fear by your face, but say, is there no hope?'

"The doctor shook his head.

"'Oh, will he die?'

"The doctor bowed his head, and my husband buried his face in his hands for a moment.

"I was aghast, perplexed beyond measure, and was about to speak, when another fierce look checked me.

"When the doctor had moistened the patient's lips once more with brandy, he said, with professional gravity:

"'It is my painful duty to tell you that you must prepare for the worst.'

"'Ah, I feared so!' said my husband. 'My poor brother was supposed to have disease of the heart; it was the opinion expressed by a physician two years ago.'

"'This is not the heart,' said the doctor, feeling the pulse again. 'This is cerebral hemorrhage—apoplexy, in fact. He is all but gone, nothing can be done.'

"Then there was a slight convulsion, and the doctor continued:

"'I fear I can be of no further use professionally; but can I help you to do what is necessary now, or do you know any——'

"'No, we know no one in this neighborhood, we are strangers here,' interrupted my husband. 'We are from Cornwall, and are come to live in London, and have only been in the house three days. My dear brother came to stay with us yesterday. He has been out all day. The moment he came in he fainted, and then—and then I ran for you. Will there be any need for an inquest?'

"'Indeed,' said the doctor, 'I'm afraid there will.'

"'Oh, how very distressing!' went on my husband. 'Can we not be spared this pain?'

"The other paused, and then said, slowly, with a peculiar expression on his face:

"'Well, surely, surely, with what you tell me, and with what I have seen of the case, I might perhaps certify, and so spare you the distress of an inquiry.'

"'Thank you, thank you a thousand times,' said my husband earnestly, as I saw him press a couple of the sovereigns he had lately taken from the dead man's pocket into the doctor's hand.

"'Very well, then,' answered that functionary; 'I will manage it, and do all that is necessary. I will send some ore immediately. Good night.'

"When he was gone I summoned up courage to ask the meaning of what I had heard.

"'What are your intentions? Pray tell me,' I said.

"'You always were an idiot,' he answered, 'but I will try and make you understand for once in a way. Any woman who was not a fool, and had been a loving wife and alive to her husband's welfare, could have seen with half an eye what my game is. It's a very simple one, and mind you do not spoil it, or it will be the worse for you; and that you may have no excuse for doing so I'll tell you plainly what it is. There was something like six hundred pounds sterling in notes and gold in that poor fellow's pocket-book. There is nothing to show who he was to anybody but me, who luckily can keep a secret, so I shall not tell you his name; besides it does not signify. Not a soul but our two selves knows now he came onto my premises; he can never be traced there. I pass him off as my brother and bury him accordingly. No one hereabouts knows who we are, so who is to say he is not my brother? Had not good luck brought him up to our hospitable gate at the critical moment, and had you not been the far-seeing woman you are, and not let him in, why he would have fallen down dead in the public highway and his property have been at the mercy of the first person who found him. They might have been honest or not. He would have been taken to the hospital, and, of course, his friends would have been duly informed of the sad loss they had sustained. Now, as it is, they will be spared this sorrow, because they will never know what has become of him. He will be only one more victim added to the list of mysterious disappearances.'

"'Well, but,' I broke in, 'his friends will make inquiries after him. He may be traced to our gate, and we will be called upon to explain.'

"'We may be,' continued my husband, 'but it's sufficiently unlikely. It will be a cursed piece of ill-luck if he is. Who is to trace him into this God-abandoned region? Under all the circumstances and by your own showing it is most improbable—nay, it is impossible.'

"'Yes,' I again interposed; 'but he will be advertised for and described.'

"'Very likely,' he went on, 'but the doctor and the undertaker are the only two people besides ourselves who will have seen him, and they will have nothing to identify him by even if they ever know or hear about the disappearance. They will never recognize in my dear brother, John Smith, who died of apoplexy here in my house, right under the very eye of the doctor, the forlorn man by the name of —— (but I will keep that to myself), "who was last seen," etc., etc., as the advertisement will run. No; the man not know the name. It will convey nothing to their minds; how should it? For remember the moment you so judiciously let him in and closed our garden gate upon him, the lost man had ceased to be. From that moment he became my brother John; the real man was gone as clean out of existence, had as clean parted with his identity, as if he had never been! By Heavens! it's a stroke of genius on my part. I never guessed I was half so clever a fellow,' added my husband, triumphantly.

"'But,' cried I, once more, 'this is a very dreadful, a very dangerous game, as you call it, to play. It is absolutely theft, and worse than——'

"'If you cannot use better language,' he said, 'hold your tongue; don't insult me. I tell you the money might as well have fallen into my hands as into those of the first policeman or post-boy who might have found him. I want it badly enough, and if you don't betray our secret there is very little risk of my right to it being disputed.'

"'But,' I said, 'the watch, the rings, as well as the money—they may lead to your discovery?'

"'Not at all,' he answered, 'if they are carefully converted, and I will manage that. The notes are the only difficulty; but I can get over that, too. If I go straight to the Bank of England to-morrow morning, directly it is opened, and change them into gold, I shall be there long before their loss is known, or, consequently, their numbers stopped. The young fellow perhaps will not be missed for a week; he comes a long way from here; I have seen enough to tell me that. We do not know what his habits were; we do not even know that any one was aware he had the money about him. No; the more I think of it the safer the whole game looks. You have only to keep your own and my counsel for a few months, and our fortunes are retrieved and we have nothing to fear. Ah, that's the undertaker, no doubt. You get out of the way; leave it all to me.'

"There was a ring at the bell here, which he went to answer.

"Ah, that was a dreadful night, and during the few days following I was nearly beside myself with terror. Of course the house was closed, as became the occasion. The funeral—a very quiet one—took place in due course at Kensal Green Cemetery, my husband following as chief mourner in the coach, accompanied by the doctor.

"No remarks, no suspicion attended so commonplace a circumstance, and when the ground had closed over the unfortunate unknown man, and when a week later a modest tombstone recorded the decease of the imaginary 'John Smith, aged twenty-three,' all trace of the dreadful fraud, save that which is printed indelibly in my mind, was gone."

Her husband utterly deserted her in less than six months afterwards, and she was left—well, what does that matter. To this day she knows nothing of who or what the unlucky young fellow was, where he came from, or whether he was ever inquired after; but though when she told me her story seven years had passed since the evening she let him in at the garden door, and he fell all but dead at her feet, she very naturally felt—and no doubt still does feel—extremely uncomfortable when any chance reference is made to a missing man.—*All the Year Round.*

THE HICKORY POLE.

HOW IT BECAME THE SYMBOL OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

In a speech at Lehigh, Pa., Benjamin Whitman, esq., gave the following account of the manner in which the hickory pole became the symbol of the Democratic cause:

"In the summer of 1813, while the second war with Great Britain was in progress, the Creek Indians, occupying a portion of Alabama, incited by English whes, broke out into insurrection against the United States and committed numerous outrages upon the people of that section. Their avowed object was extermination and independence. An expedition composed mainly of Tennessee volunteers was sent against them, under the command of Andrew Jackson. His men were enlisted for brief periods, and he was incessantly hampered by the threats of mutiny and by the delay of his supplies. By almost incredible bravery, by rare skill, and by an alacrity movement that has few parallels, Jackson pursued the savage enemy into the centre of their country, attacked their armed bands wherever he could find them, captured their strongholds, killed off many hundreds of their warriors and before the close of a year obliged them to sue in the abjectness of utter despair for immediate peace. The energy and endurance displayed by Jackson contrasted so strangely with his slender frame that the soldiers could only account for them by supposing that he must be made of hickory, and the title of 'Old Hickory' given to him in that campaign, adhered to the new old chieftain until the end of his life.

"From this soubriquet, proudly accepted by his admirers as the fittest expression of his firmness of character, came the idea of planting hickory poles by the Democratic party in their political contests. The hickory was first raised as a symbol of the Democracy in Tennessee, during the campaign of 1824, when Jackson made his run against Adams, Clay and Crawford for the Presidency. By the ensuing contest, which ended in his election, the sentiment had become national, and every party, town, village and cross-roads had its hickory pole, in almost every case floating a flag inscribed with the names of the candidate and some appropriate motto. From that day to this the hickory has been the popular Democratic tree, as the game-cock has been the chosen representative of the party among the birds of the land. Nothing could better represent the firmness, the strength, the compactness, the indestructibility, the capacity to give and take hard knocks of the Democratic party than the solid-fibred hickory. Let it continue, then, as the fit and proper symbol of our cause. Let hickory poles be elevated by every roadside and at every place where people congregate, to remind the generation of to-day of the brilliant memories of the past, and to speak to the world of the endurance of the principles which gave our country its foothold among the nations."

THE average life of a house fly is twenty days—Too long.

"PUT HANCOCK IN COMMAND."

A. W. WORDEN.

Our broken lines, with battle torn,
And faces grimmed with powder,
Closed up their gap and onward borne
Toward cannon booming louder,
With sad dismay saw borne away,
Their general, all gory.
Then asked in dread, with leaders dead,
Who next will lead to glory?
"Put Hancock in command, put Hancock in command;
With one more round we'll hold the ground,
With Hancock in command."

"But who is Hancock?" comrades cry,
And draw their waistbelts tighter,
Then wave their ragged flags on high
And ask if he's a fighter.
With stately tread among the dead
On war-horse stepping proudly,
His blue eye shines along the lines:
The veterans clamor loudly:
"Put Hancock in command, put Hancock in command;
We'll stand at bay, we'll win the day,
With Hancock in command."

With such a leader in their front,
The boys ne'er dream of yielding,
His breast receives the battle brunt,
His arm his bright sword wielding.
The leaden hail his lines assail,
He sinks beneath a valley,
But fainting yells the victory tells,
Reclaimers would be folly.
With Hancock in command, with Hancock in command;
He is not dead, but lifts his head,
To give a last command.

For years, with broken party lines,
The country's banner trailing,
But now we hope before we shines,
Our victor leader hailing.
With peace restored, we sheathe the sword,
But honor still our leader;
Let hand join hand, God bless our land,
The ship of state, God speed her.
With Hancock in command, with Hancock in command;
A man of might in peace or fight,
Put Hancock in command.

MR. WEED'S SNAKE STORY.

NOT ONE OF THE MODERN TRUTHFUL KIND, BUT A SHOCKING INVENTION.

Thurlow Weed told a Sun reporter the other day that a bogus snake story, about a black snake milking a cow regularly, which he published in the Rochester *Telegraph* more half a century ago, has reappeared and gone the rounds of the press every ten or fifteen years since. He said "there was a curious dog story in the paper about that time—1825 or '26. It was this:

"'There was a farmer living in the township of Henrietta, Monroe county, who had moved there from Vermont, taking with him a favorite dog. For four or five years the farmer and his wife, after his work was done in the fall, made an annual visit to Vermont in his light wagon (this was before the days of railroads), and took the dog with them. The sixth year the farmer died. The dog waited till it was time for the farmer to make his visit, and then starting off alone, made his appearance in Vermont, where he remained and refused to return.'

"The story was extensively copied in the newspapers, and my friend and I, talking it over in the office, resolved to invent a snake story, and try how big a story people would swallow. The outcome of our deliberations was this:

"'A farmer in the town of Parma, Monroe county, had several cows in his wood lot and he discovered that one of them was falling in her milk. He was surprised, for she had every outward indication of giving plenty of milk; but when she was brought home in the evening to be milked she had no milk of any consequence. It finally excited so much attention that they had a boy set to watch the cows. Half an hour or so before the usual time for the cows to be driven in for milking, this particular cow left the others and went off in the bushes. The boy followed her. She seemed to be in search of something. At last, to the boy's astonishment, a snake crawled up to the cow and caught hold of her teat. She stood patiently until the snake had satisfied itself and glided away, when she rejoined the other cows. The boy ran home and told his story. They changed her pasture after that and she gave as much milk as anybody's cow.'

"There was another curious story started, but it only lasted a few years. I didn't originate that myself; it was done by a wag who used to come into my office about that time. He brought in a paragraph stating that some fishermen at the mouth of the creek emptying into Lake Ontario had found a black bottle on the beach. It was sealed up, but on opening it there was found a written account of a naval engagement on Lake Ontario in 1770 between French and British vessels. It purported to have been thrown overboard when one of the vessels was sinking. The story was generally copied by the press, and I had so many letters about it that it finally became embarrassing. I remember that among them were letters from the historical society of Philadelphia and the historical society of Quebec. At length a letter came from the historical society of Paris asking for fuller information; and I had the mortification of having to state that it was a hoax, which wasn't very pleasant."

Mr. Weed talked pleasantly about the polished impertinence of old stories, and of fugitive poetry in the newspapers, until another reminiscence occurred to him.

"I remember feeling very bad," he said, "over one illusion of my own that was destroyed somewhat rudely. I had published with great satisfaction an article which I had copied, giving a description of our Saviour, alleged to have been written by a Roman governor to a Roman emperor. It was just such a description as you would imagine of the Saviour's physique and appearance, even to his voice, and was altogether a most charming picture. I published it a number of times during fifty years, generally about Christmas as the most appropriate occasion. Five or six years ago, not having seen it for several years, I wrote a little account of it in the Tribune, and directly there came evidence that it was a fraud. I didn't believe it at first, so strong had been my belief in its genuineness, but finally I was overwhelmed by the proofs, and had to give it up. It was written by a monk in the seventh or eighth century."

More conversation ensued about Mr. Weed's newspaper experience since 1817, when he first published a paper, until he brought up another reminiscence.

"I was traveling in the stage," he said, "through a place known as the Indian Fields, about eighteen miles from Utica. In those days there were always idle Indians lying around the taverns. While we got out for a few minutes, I had a conversation with a squaw, which I printed afterwards, and which was widely copied.

"The squaw had her pappoose strapped upon her back, as is usual with them. I said to her, looking at the child, 'Is that your pappoose?' She said, 'Yes.' 'Why,' I replied, 'that is a white child.' 'No,' she retorted, gravely, 'it half Indian, half missionary.'"

MONROE PUBLIC SCHOOL STORIES.

"Do you want some items about snakes?" asked an aged intellectual-looking gentleman of the Brooklyn *Eagle's* city editor the other day.

"If they are fresh and true," responded the city editor.

"Exactly," replied the farmer. "These items are both. Nobody knows 'em but me. I got a farm down on the island a piece, and there's a lot o' snakes on it. Near the house is a pond six feet deep. A week ago my little girl jumped into the pond and would have drowned if it hadn't been for a snake. The snake seen her and went for her and brought her ashore. The particular point about this item is the way he did it.

"It was a black snake, about thirty feet long, and he just coiled the middle of himself around her neck so she couldn't swallow any water, and swum ashore with his head and tail. Is that a good item?"

"First class."

"You can spread it out, you know. After they got ashore the girl patted the snake on the head, and it went off pleased as Punch. Ever since then he comes to the house regular at meal time, and she feeds him on pie. He likes pie. Think you can make anything out of that item?"

"Certainly. Know any more?"

"Yes. I got a baby six months old. He's a boy. We generally sit him on the grass of a morning, and he hollers like a bull all day; at least he used to, but he don't any more. One morning we noticed he wasn't hollering, and wondered what was up. When we looked, there was a rattlesnake coiled up in front of him scanning his features. The boy was grinning and the snake was grinning. Bimeby the snake turned his tail to the baby, and backed his rattle into the baby's fist."

"What did the baby do?"

"Why he just rattled that tail so you could hear it three-quarters of a mile. Every morning we found the snake there, until one day a bigger snake came, and the baby played with his rattle just the same till the other snake came back. He looked thin, and I reckon he had been sick and sent the other to take his place. Will that do for an item?"

"Immensely," replied the city editor.

"You can fill in about the confidence of childhood and all that, and you might say something about the blue-eyed cherub. His name is Isaac. Put that in to please the old woman."

"I'll do it. Any more snake items?"

"Lemme see. You've often heard of hoop snakes?"

"Yes, frequently."

"Just so. Not long ago we heard a fearful row in our cellar one night. It sounded like a rock-blast, and then there was a bliss and things were quiet. When I looked in the morning the cider barrel had busted. But we didn't lose much cider."

"How did you save it?"

"It seems that the staves had busted out, but before they could get away four hoop snakes coiled around the barrel and tightened it up and held it together until we drew the cider off in bottles. That's the way we found 'em, and we've kept 'em around the house ever since. We're training 'em for shawl-straps now. Does that strike you favorably for an item?"

"Enormously," responded the city editor.

"You can fix it up so as to show how quick they was to get there before the staves were blown off. You can work in the details."

"Of course. I'll attend to all that. Do you think of any more?"

"Ain't you got enough? Lemme think. Oh, yes. One Saturday me and my wife was going to church and she dropped her garter somewhere. She told me about it, and I noticed a little striped snake running alongside and listening to her. Bimeby he made a spring and just wound himself around her stocking, or tried to, but he didn't fetch it."

"Why not?"

"He wasn't quite long enough. He jumped down and shook his head and started off. We hadn't got more'n a quarter of a mile when we saw him coming out of the woods just ahead of us. He was awful hot and tired, and he had another snake with him twice as big as he was. They looked at my wife a minute and said something to each other, and then the big snake went right to the place where the garter belonged. He wrapped right around it, put his tail in his mouth and went to sleep. We got him yet. We use him to hold the stovepipe together when we put the stove up. Is that any news as an item?"

"Certainly," said the city editor.

"You can say something about the first snake's eye for distances, and his individuality, when he found he wouldn't go round. You know how to do that better than me."

"I'll give all the credit he deserves. Can you tell us any more?"

"I don't call any to mind just at present. My wife knows a lot of snake items, but I forget 'em. By the way, though, I have a regular living curiosity down on my place. One day my oldest boy was sitting on the back stoop doing his sums, and he couldn't get 'em right. He felt something against his face and there was a little snake coiled up on his shoulder and looking at the slate. In four minutes he had done all them sums. We've tamed him so he keeps all our accounts, and he is the lightningest cuss at figures you ever seen. He'll run up a column eight feet long in three seconds. I wouldn't take a reaper for him."

"What kind of a snake is he?" inquired the city editor, curiously.

"The neighbors call him an adder."

"Oh, yes! yes!" said the city editor, a little disconcerted. "I've heard of the species. When did all these things happen?"

"Along in the fore part of the spring, but I didn't say anything about 'em, 'cause it wasn't the season for snake items. This is about the time for that sort of thing, isn't it?"

"Yes," chipped in the exchange editor, "You couldn't have picked out a better time for snake stories."

HE WASN'T MEAN.—M