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Look for your paper before you stop it, if you prefer. None but scalawags do otherwise, 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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ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

MAY BROTHERS

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

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.

278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

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B. J. LYNCH,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

HOME AND CITY MADE

FURNITURE!

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,

TABLES, CHAIRS,

Mattresses, &c.

505 ELEVENTH AVENUE,

Between 16th and 17th Sts.,

Altoona, Penn'a.

I am made to Cambria county and all others who may find it to their interest to call and examine my stock of FURNITURE, &c., at prices as low as competition will allow, respectfully invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, as I am confident I can suit every taste in quality and price. Goods warranted as represented. Yours respectfully, H. J. LYNCH.

Altoona, April 16, 1880-yl.

H. H. HENCH,

DEALER IN SPECIALTIES FOR

WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL,

MIXED PAINTS Ready for Use,

TURPENTINE, TURPENTINE, CALCIMINE,

PUTTY, WHITE GLUE,

Varnish and Paint Brushes,

AND A FULL LINE OF

MIXED COLORS GROUND IN OIL,

Cheaper than any where else in the city.

HENCH, THE PAINTER,

13th Avenue and 16th Street,

ALTOONA, PA. [ap.1

McNEVIN & YEAGER,

MANUFACTURERS OF—

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,

AND DEALERS IN—

COOKING & HEATING STOVES,

RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,

Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.

One Door West of Opera House.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

STOVES FOR COAL STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Altoona, Oct. 16, 1879-tf.

FRUIT CANS!

FRUIT CANS!

We are prepared to furnish all who want to buy with good

FIRST CLASS FRUIT CANS,

TAKE OF US—

OUR BEST QUALITY CHARCOAL TIN.

We have not been disappointed with cheap penitentia articles which by paying a little more you can have the same with double the money. In ordering the above cans, the same as are advertised, please remit for 50 cents per dozen, and we will send you a sample can free.

Ebensburg, July 16, 1880.-3m. GEO. HUNTLEY.

CIDER MILLS.

I HAVE THE AGENCY FOR THE

Best Cider Mill

IN THE COUNTRY,

and persons wishing to purchase one this Fall will do well to consult their interests by calling at my office, examining samples on exhibition, and learning my

ORDER EARLY IN THE SEASON,

as I may not be able to delay in supplying all in future as I have in the past. Office in Cyder Mill.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Aug. 6, 1880.-3m.

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

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

And Still Another Big Boo m

THIS TIME, HOWEVER,

THE BOOM INCLINES DOWNWARD

INSTEAD OF UPWARD!

Special LOW PRICES

TO SUIT THE TIMES!

No use talking about it, we have the goods and must get rid of them, even though we should lose money in the operation. That means that we have an overstock of

Ladies' Fine Shoes and Gaiters,

Men's Heavy Shoes,

AND MISS'S', YOUTHS', CHILDR'N'S AND INFANTS' SHOS,

all styles, sizes and qualities, and that we must close out the entire assortment before the our new stock arrives, which will be about the 1st of September. Hence we have determined for the NEXT FORTY DAYS to offer

Shoes at Greatly Reduced Prices!

Our prices now are acknowledged to be much lower than anywhere else, so that the special prices we offer to buyers at this time affords everybody a chance to get

BETTER BARGAINS IN SHOES

than ever before dreamed of in their philosophy. It will pay you, then, to buy your shoes now, even if you do not wear them for the next six months, as it is a fact of which all should be aware that boots and shoes will be higher next winter than they are now; therefore our loss will be your gain. The only purpose we have in reducing prices beyond all precedent is to

MAKE ROOM FOR OUR NEW STOCK,

which has already been ordered. So if you are open for a bargain now is the time and our store the place to get more and better goods for your money than will probably ever again have a chance to enjoy. We also have some bargains in

DRY GOODS, REMNANTS OF CALICO,

SHORT PIECES OF DRESS GOODS,

&c., &c., which we must and will sell regardless of what they cost us. In addition to all these extraordinary bargains and many more in other departments, we have the largest, most select and certainly the finest and best assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing!

in Ebensburg, and are prepared at all times to furnish either full or partial suits of wearing apparel for men or boys at lower prices than goods of like quality can be purchased at any other establishment. More than that, we have special bargains in seasonable clothing just now for everybody who wants to dress well at a very small outlay.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND LEARN OUR PRICES!

AND YOU WILL FIND TRAT WE MEAN EXACTLY WHAT WE SAY.

V. S. Barker & Brother,

EBENSBURG, PA.

NOW the LOUD WELKIN RINGS

WITH THE NEWS THAT IT BRINGS

OF SOME VERY GOOD THINGS

FOR THE FOLKS OF CHEST SPRINGS.

In other words, and to be more explicit, there is great rejoicing among the people of Northeastern Cambria at the opening in Chest Springs, at what is known as the "Old Pump Corner," or Douglass Property, of a

New Store by S. B. Corn & Co.,

Which every farmer and resident in the neighborhood should patronize, as the proprietors are determined to sell at the lowest Altoona prices for either cash or country produce. They will keep a

GOOD STOCK OF VARIOUS KIND OF GOODS

For ladies, gents and children, and can obtain from their store in Altoona at short notice any style or quality of Dress Goods, Silks, Satins, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., that may be desired. One Room has been fitted up and filled exclusively with

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS and other Furnishing Goods

For men and boys, while the other Room is devoted to

LADIES' GOODS OF ALL KIND,

Embracing everything in the Millinery and Fancy Goods line, such as Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats for ladies and children, Ribbons, Ruches, Notions, &c., &c.

A CORDIAL INVITATION TO CALL

is hereby extended to young and old, rich and poor, grave and gay, all of whom will be accommodated with the best bargains ever offered in Northern Cambria, no matter whether they bring the cash or come prepared to exchange wool, hides, chickens, butter, eggs, or other desirable produce, at the highest market rates, for first-class merchandise at the lowest Altoona city prices.

REMEMBER THE NAME AND PLACE:

CORN & CO.'S BRANCH STORE,

Chest Springs, Cambria Co., Pa

S. B. CORN & CO., Proprietors. - - S. M. DOUGLASS, Salesman.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

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 its 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., Prop's, Burlington, Vt.

THE CIRCUS PARADE.

The circus! The circus! The throb of the drums,
And the blare of the horns as the band-wagon comes,
And the clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street!

In the circus parade there is glory clear down
From the first spangled horse to the mule of the clown;
And the gleam and the glitter and glamour and glare
Of the days of enchantment are glimmering there!

For here are the banners of silvery old
Caressing the wind with their fringes of gold,
And their high-lifted standards with spear-tips aglow,
And the helmeted knights that go riding below.

Here's the chariot wrought of that marvelous shell
The sea gave to Neptune, first wishing it well
With its fabulous waters of gold till it gleams
Like the galleon rare of an Argonaut's dreams.

And the elephant, too, with his undulent stride,
That rocks the high throne of a king in his pride,
That in jungles of India shook from his flanks
The tiger that leaped from the Jujubee banks.

Here's the long, ever changing, mysterious line
Of cages with hints of their glory divine,
From the little barred windows, cut high in the rear,
Where the close-hidden animals' noses appear.

Here's the pyramid car, with the splendor and flash,
And the goddess above, in a fluttering sash
And a pen-wiper dress; Oh, the rarest of sights
Is this Queen in the Air in cerulean tights!

Then the far away clash of the cymbals, and then
The swoon of the tune ere it wakens again,
And the capering tones of the gallant cornet,
That go dancing away in mad minuet.

AN INDIAN FEMALE CRUSOE.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO LIVED EIGHTEEN YEARS ALONE ON AN ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC.

Mr. George Nidever, of Santa Barbara, California, has given a complete account of his discovery of a lone Indian woman on San Nicholas Island, in the Pacific Ocean, in 1853. He was hunting and saw signs of a human inhabitant. He saw a footprint made during the previous rainy season, sunken deeply in the now dry, hard ground, and, from the size, judged it to be that of a woman. Also three small circular enclosures about 200 yards from the beach, and about a mile apart. They were about six feet in diameter, made of brush, the walls five feet high, with a small opening on one side. Near these openings were sticks of driftwood stuck in the ground in the form of a tripod, supporting dried seal blubber. These enclosures appeared to be simply wind breaks affording no protection from the rain. The investigation was pursued no further, as an approaching storm compelled them to leave. A third voyage by Mr. N. and six others, four of whom were Indians from Santa Barbara Mission, was made to the island in July, 1853; and, although otter-hunting was the main object of the visit, the Indian woman was not forgotten. They landed on the northeast side of the island early in the day, and having selected their camping site, all but the cook started for the head of the island.

Fresh footprints were observed leading from the beach to the ridge, or higher elevation, but were soon lost in moss-covered ground, which ended the search for the day. The following day they were more successful. One of the party, Mr. Deitman, discovered the object of their search at a distance, and cautiously approaching in an opposite direction from the balance of the party, got quite close to her without being observed. She was in one of her pens, or wind-breaks, clothed in a garment made of the skins of the shag, without sleeves, low-necked, and, as observed when standing, extending almost to the ankles. She was sitting cross-legged, skinning seal blubber with a rude knife made of a piece of hoop-iron driven into a piece of wood. There was no covering on her head excepting a thick mass of matted hair of a yellowish-brown color, due to its exposure to the sun and air. The hair was short, looking as though the free ends had rotted off. She would occasionally raise her hand, shade her eyes, and look toward the beach, where she evidently saw those from whom Mr. Deitman had recently separated. There were two or three of the wild dogs around the enclosure, which began to growl as Mr. Deitman approached, but ran off at the bidding of their mistress. The balance of the party were signalled, in order that she might be captured if she attempted to escape. To the surprise of all, she made no attempt to escape, but greeted each one as he approached with a bow and a smile, and chattered all the while in a dialect which none of them understood, although the Indians accompanying Mr. Nidever were acquainted with several Indian dialects. She was talking apparently to herself from the time Mr. Deitman approached within hearing until she was made aware of his presence.

Within the enclosure a fire was smouldering, and a large ash-pile outside showed that to have been her abiding-place for some time. She was very hospitable—preparing a meal from her limited store of roots before named, and serving the party with a grace and bearing that surprised them all. The expression of her face was pleasing, and her features were regular. Her complexion was much fairer and her form more symmetrical than that of the Indian women on the mainland, and she is believed to have belonged to a different and superior race, which opinion is strengthened by the fact that Monsieur Leon de Cessac, a Frenchman, now engaged in collecting archæological and other specimens of bygone years on the Pacific coast of North and South America for a Paris museum, has found many things on the Island San Nicholas similar to those previously collected in Oregon, Washington Territory, and further north, and unlike anything found either on the mainland or the other islands. Also the skulls and other bones of the human skeletons found there are unlike those found in other sections of Southern California. Near her enclosure were several stakes, between which was stretched a rope made of the seal's sinews, supporting seal and elephant blubber. Farther on were three huts made of whales' ribs, covered with brush, but giving no evidence of having been lately occupied. By signs and other means of communication she was made aware that they wanted her to accompany them, and without any apparent hesitation she made ready to follow. She filled a basket—such as were common among the Indians of this coast for packing on their fishing tackle, and other articles—and taking it on one arm, and a fire brand in the other hand, she followed the company.

In their course to where the schooner lay at anchor, they found a beautiful spring of water issuing from the bank above the beach, under a shelving rock. The cracks or fissures in this rock were stuck full of bones, and there were other evidences of an encampment of the lone inhabitant of the island. These bones were used for nourishment, obtained by sucking; they had been dried and resucked many times, showing that, occasionally, she was put upon short rations; but at the time of her discovery, she appeared to have an abundance, such as it was. She retained all her teeth, but they were worn low—supposed to be due to the chewing of tough and solid articles of food. Her age appeared to be about fifty years. Farther on was another spring, near the beach, under the bank. Here she indicated a desire to bathe, and was permitted to do so by the balance of the party retiring out of sight. After her bath she joined the others and went direct to the shore boat, and thence to the schooner. She was prevailed upon to abandon her fire brand and seal blubber before leaving the beach. Going aboard the vessel, she went directly to the stove to warm herself, indicating that she knew its use. She ate heartily of the food of the crew, appeared to enjoy it, and it agreed with her. Mr. Deitman made her a skirt of ticking, with which, and a sailor's cotton shirt and a black necktie, her attire was complete. She assisted in making her dress, but could not see to thread her needle. Her sewing was quite rude. She appeared much pleased with her new apparel. The following day she went ashore with the men, who made a separate shelter for her, which she occupied about a month—the time was spent on the island otter hunting. She was quite industrious, carrying wood and water without its being required of her. She appeared contented and happy, frequently singing and chatting to herself. The men could not understand what she said, nor she they; but Mr. N. said it was truly wonderful how she could converse with them by signs. She occupied a portion of her time making water vessels of grass and asphaltum—a substance plentiful on the islands and shore of the mainland. The grass was plaited into a shape resembling a demijohn, but wider at the top, and lined with asphaltum. She would put in several small pieces of the last-mentioned substance, then drop on them small pebbles or stones about the size of hulled walnuts, heated sufficiently to melt the asphaltum, and grasping the neck with both hands, the lower end being on the ground, would give it a rapid rotary motion for several minutes and then empty the stones on the ground.

The vessels had a continuous coating on the inside, and are reported to have been water-tight, the lining even resisting the heat of the sun when covered with water. She had both stone and earthen vessels in which to boil water and cook if desired. To procure seal blubber, she could kill the seals with a club when on land sunning themselves, or snare them with her sinew ropes. She obtained fire by rubbing two dry sticks together. One of them, partly flat, had a groove along its entire length; the other was pointed and fitted into the groove, in which it was rubbed rapidly backward and forward until it burned.

As she was about to land at Santa Barbara an ox team passed, which so delighted her that she talked, laughed, danced, and gesticulated; and before that excitement ended a man on horseback approached, which gave her even more pleasure than the ox team. At first it was supposed that she thought the man and horse constituted one animal; but if so, the mistake was soon corrected, for, on landing, she went up to the horse and carefully examined it. The examination gave her additional pleasure. She would turn to her late companions and laughingly request them to look at the beast. She straddled the thumb of the left hand by the index and middle fingers of the right, and moved them to represent the horse and rider as they passed along the beach. She was taken to the house of Mr. Nidever, where she became the centre of attraction. The Mission Fathers took a great interest in her—sending to Los Angelos and other places, hoping to find some one who understood her dialect, but failed. Even the Pepimaros Indians, who were said to have had an acquaintance with the Indians on the island, could not understand her. The family of Mr. N. became very much attached to her, and although the captain of the brig Fremont, offered largely for the privilege of taking her to San Francisco and placing her on exhibition, it was refused. Also an offer of $1,000 from another party for a like purpose was refused. Many people called on her and she received them kindly; but the afternoon was her favorite time for receiving calls, when she would put on her shagskin dress and entertain her callers with a song and a dance. She cared nothing for money—giving it to the children when given to her. She did not wish to sleep in a bed, and when in bed did not desire bed covering, but was careful not to expose her person. Her manners were not rude, and in many things she was more refined than many who enjoy civilized privileges; yet in many things she was very much like a child. She wanted everything which she saw that appeared pleasant to the eye, or seemed good to the taste; and if fruit was withheld from her she would plead for it in such a childlike manner that it was hard to refuse her. When found she was in excellent physical condition, strong and active; but the eating of fruit and vegetables brought on a summer complaint in about three weeks after she landed; and that, in connection with an injury to the spine, received by falling from a porch, terminated her life four weeks later, or seven weeks from the time she landed. During her sickness she reluctantly permitted her kind hostess to dress her in flannel underclothes, and took her bed under proper covering, but positively refused to return to her former plain diet, as was proposed by some of those who called to see her. Her dress of shagskins, basket, and trinkets were given to Father Gonzales, of the Mission, who, it is said, sent them to Rome.

RUSSIAN RAILWAYS.—In Russia the railways are so many separate thread lines, no network being formed. Thus two lines are instanced which run parallel to each other for nearly five hundred miles and have no connection. The result is that to get from one town to another almost in the same latitude a long journey north has to made and then a return to the south, the two sides of the triangle between Tzaritsyn, on the Volga, and Kharkoff, via Orel, measuring some seven hundred and fifty miles, while as the crow flies the distance between the two towns is not more than three hundred and seventy-five miles.

THE HIDEOUS FACE OF WAR.

SOME INSTANCES OF THE DEADLY WORK DONE IN BATTLE.

In the excitement of battle the fall of a comrade is scarcely heeded, and half a company might be wiped out and the other half fight on without the knowledge of it. It is only after the loud-mouthed cannon and the murderous musketry have ceased their work that the hideous face of war shows itself to make men shudder and turn away. Soldiers who have not gone over a battlefield or been one of a burial party have missed half the grimness and awfulness of war.

After Gettysburg, one of the Union burial parties buried eigthy Federal soldiers in one trench. They were all from a New York regiment, and all seemingly fell dead at one volley. They were almost in line, taking up but little more room than live men. All were shot above the hips, and not one of them had lived ten minutes after being hit. Here lay what was then a full company of men, wiped out by one single volley as they advanced to the charge. Some had their muskets so tightly grasped that it took the full strength of a man to wrest them away. Others died with arms outstretched, and others yet had their hands clasped over their heads, and a never-to-be-forgotten expression on their white faces.

At Fair Oaks, the Third Michigan had its first real baptism of fire. The boys had been held back on other occasions, and now when given opportunity they went for the enemy posted in the edge of the woods on the double-quick, and with yells and cheers. A part of the regiment had to swing across a glade, and while so doing lost fifty or sixty men in the space of sixty seconds. One company lost twenty men who went down together in one spot and scarcely moved a limb after falling. Details of five men were made from each company to advance as sharpshooters, and of these fifty men who plunged into the woods as a skirmish line only six came out alive, and every one of these was wounded from one to three times.

At Cold Harbor a shell exploded in an Ohio regiment advancing against a battery, and sixteen men were wiped out in an instant. Of these, nine were blown to fragments and the others horribly mutilated. The battery was firing thirty or forty shells per minute and this was the work of a single one. One discharge of grape in this same fight killed fourteen men in a Michigan regiment, and a New York regiment which went in with 765 men in line came out with only 360. On one acre of ground the burial party found over 700 dead men. In a bit of woods where the battle lines had clashed, more than 2,000 dead were found in a space no wider than a square in a city and no more than three times as long.

At the battle of Savage Station, during McClellan's change of base, a solid shot fired from a Federal field-piece into the head of an infantry column marching by fours, killed twenty-one men and a horse before its progress was checked. The first ten men were reduced to bloody pulp, and the others crushed and bruised to death. At this same battle a Confederate shell exploded under a Federal gun and killed four artillerymen, dismounted the gun, wounded two men, and the butt of it flew off at a tangent and killed a second lieutenant of infantry who was eighty rods away.

At Fredericksburg, as the Union infantry marched in solid masses up the valley beyond the town, the Confederates opened fire from behind a stone wall. The fighting along the line was over in ten minutes, and 5,000 rebels lay dead within reach of each other. In many cases three or four men had fallen across each other. A shell from a gun on the hill exploded in the midst of some New Hampshire troops and killed a sergeant, a corporal and twelve privates and wounded six others. Before the Union troops crossed the river, and while shelling the town, a shell struck a house and exploded in a room where there were five soldiers and a citizen. All were blown to pieces, and three citizens in a room directly overhead were also killed.

Perhaps the most destructive work made by a shell among troops occurred a few miles below Vicksburg. A Federal gunboat was fired upon by light artillery from the bank, posted in plain view. There were two six-pounders working close together, and each had fired a shot when the gunboat opened with a sixty-four pounder. The shell struck between the guns and exploded. The guns were thrown high in the air and came down a wreck. The eighteen men around them were killed outright, and fifteen others who had been lying under cover rushed up just as the caisson exploded. Of the fifteen eleven were killed outright, three wounded, and one escaped unhurt, but so dazed that he sat down and waited to be captured by a boat which pulled ashore. Two of the wounded died the next day, leaving only two men alive of the thirty-three who had composed the battalion. Nothing was left of the gun-carriages but splinters, and the guns themselves were terribly battered. The only remains of the caisson that could be found was the hub of one wheel filled with broken spokes.—Most of the dead had been blown to fragments, and the bushes were covered with shreds of flesh. When the caisson exploded the head of one of the victims was blown high in the air, and fell into the water within a few yards of the gunboat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BRADY'S LEAP.—About the year 1780, a party of whites, under Captain Samuel Brady, pursued a marauding party of Indians to their village on the Cuyahoga, in Summit county; but, being surprised and put to flight by the enemy, by some means Brady became separated from his party, and was in turn pursued by the whole band of savages. Approaching the rocky chasms of the Cuyahoga river, and realizing that his life depended on the leap, he concentrated his whole strength, and cleared the chasm by a single leap. At the point where the leap was made the shelving rocks overhung the river, and made the width of the channel twenty-one or twenty-two feet. Struck dumb with amazement, it was some time before the pursuers collected though enough to fire upon him, and then strike for the ford, some distance below.—Wounded, and profusely bleeding, Brady ran to the lake which bears his name, and eluded his enemies by secreting himself in the waters of the lake. Chagrined at the escape of their expected captive, the Indians returned to the scene of the leap, and after consultation decided that the "pale-face" was no man but a turkey, and that he flew across the stream. As a record of this decision a rude representation of a turkey's foot was carved on the rock from which the leap was made. In 1836 the stone bearing this inscription was quarried, but a block containing the figure was preserved, and removed to Pittsburgh.—*American Antiquarian.*

TURN THE TABLE.

A favorite excuse for worthlessness and intemperance with some men is that their tea is cold, or their coffee unsettled, or their houses uncomfortable when they come home. And their wives are accused, furthermore, of refusing to recognize in the stammering tongue of the husband the voice which once upon a time promised to love, comfort, honor and keep in sickness and in health. The farther grief is charged that she, the said wife, is unwilling to take at second hand, on the husband's breath, the potations in which he has indulged. And it is, moreover, placed against her in the bill of indictment that she is vexed and annoyed that the children see with troubled wonder that their father, whom they are charged to honor, is a very dishonorable specimen. From these and other causes his home, poor fellow, is uncomfortable, and he is, therefore, justified in finding comfort elsewhere. The most audacious utterance of maudlin drinkers is that their wives are to blame for their drunken and thriftless lives. Homilies are written for the women, to teach them that they are accountable for all their husbands' faults, vices and shortcomings.

The women have "heard many such things," and their patience is exhausted. They cannot openly complain, or usually do not; and the tender hypocrisy with which they cover their husbands' faults, so far as they can, is something wonderful. Some bloated inebriate recently, in "taking the pledge," professed himself willing to swear that "bad temper inside of the house drives the husband to get drunk outside." No doubt, the craven fellow was willing to swear to anything which would shift the miserable responsibility from his own shoulders.—Furthermore, he was ready to "stake his life" on the conclusion that "if there was more affection there would be less rum." The stake is not much—but, if it were reversed, and the proposition put thus, "if there were less rum there would be more affection," the wager would be won and the stake worth saving.

The thinking portion of humanity, male and female, put very little value in this unmanly plea of drunken men against suffering women. Admit its validity as an excuse, and it will excuse too much, or would excuse too much if women were not too conscientious or too wise to make use of it. If an uncomfortable home excuses drunkenness in men, why not in women, too? The wearisome, constant care of the mother of a family is a round of which men, even the best and most considerate have no adequate conception. The only stimulus which she requires to sustain her under it is affection, and her reward is in her conscience. But let her give way with the weak impatience of many husbands, or, worse still, let her give way to drink because she is worried, and what then would become of the household? Unhappily there are some instances in which some women show themselves no better than many men, and, because their home is uncomfortable, make it more so. How is *their* apology received? An old proverb speaks the world's judgment: "There is nothing worse than a drunken man, except a drunken woman." Nobody apologizes for her. Nobody pleads that if she had a better husband she would be a better wife. Rather, it is claimed, the worse a man is, the better his wife should be; and certainly it would seem that there are wives who think so. The worthy women who are coupled to unworthy husbands form a class of martyrs, to which society and humanity owe more than the world is aware of; and the self-denying mothers and sisters who keep tottering men upon their feet, do good by stealth, and never find it fame. They shun publicity which would give them honor at the price of disgrace to their kindred, and they live on in the harmless delusion that they are concealing what everybody knows as well as they, but which nobody can feel as they feel.—*Ledger.*

A STRANGE DREAM.—Nine years ago William Carter, of Canisteo, dreamed that he was out with a party hunting for game and that he struck into a little ravine where some pheasants flew up. In his hurry to get a shot at them he became entangled in the bushes and thorns, which scratched his face and hands terribly. After getting through the bushes he came to a white stone, which was full of marks, and after a time he discovered in his dream a fifty barrel flowing oil well. The second night the dream was repeated, and on the third night he dreamed the same thing. Yet, not being a believer in dreams, he said nothing about it except to a few friends. The oil theory was not booming as it is now. Three years after this strange dream he was out hunting with a party on Bennett's creek, four or five miles south of Canisteo. All at once he came upon some bushes, and in his hurry scratched his hands and face considerably. The game was gone in an instant, but after getting through the bushes he saw the white stone he had seen three years before, and told his friends there was oil there, and that it would some time be revealed. Mr. Carter went to the Western Territories and was absent some time, but could not forget the dream. He afterward returned and has been engaged with his father and brothers in the foundry and machine shop in Canisteo. Two years ago, when the men from Bradford came to drill an oil well here, the first place located was within fifty rods of the spot described in the dream, but through some flaw in the lease they gave up the site and came near the village and drilled the well our readers have heard so much about. On Monday last several shareholders with officers of the new company went to Bennett's creek to locate the new well, and nearly all gave in a favorable opinion of a location which proves to be within fifty yards of the white stone. Mr. Carter was not in the party, but he is the man who has the contract for drilling the well.—*Elmira Gazette.*

TOOK HIS WORD FOR IT.—A consumptive looking man, lame and feeble, and carrying a pint bottle full of something, halted a pedestrian on Bates street the other day 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 took 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.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Duty of Voters to Themselves,

The ballot-box is a test of the character of a people. The virtue of the voters is made known at the polls quite as plainly and completely as is that of the candidate. Indeed, the ballot-box is a better measure of the character of the voters than of the character of the men for whom the votes are given; and in a Republic like this it is the voters who are on trial at the polls, and whether their thoughts and ideas are high or low is of more consequence than the mental or moral qualities of any man in the Republic, though that man be a candidate for the Presidency. Suffrage, therefore, is the barometer that indicates the public virtue of the voters, not that of the candidates. A great American said of a dead man and an idol: "The honors we grant mark how high we stand, and they educate the future. The men we honor, and the maxims we lay down in measuring our favorites, show the level and morals of the time. The character of the State is shown by the character of those it crowns." This is not a new thought. Twenty-two hundred years ago it was uttered in the most cultivated city history has known, but a city whose culture could not save it from the fatal effects of the lapse of public virtue. A great Greek, the most eloquent of Greeks save one, laid down the doctrine which twenty-two centuries of history have not altered, but have only confirmed:—

"Most of all, fellow-citizens, if your sons ask whose example they shall imitate, what will you say? For you well know it is not music, nor the gymnasium, nor the schools that mold young men; it is much more the public proclamations, the public example. If you take one whose public character is loose, who is lax as to public morals, and crown him in the theatre, every boy who looks on is corrupted. When a bad man suffers his deserts, the people learn. On the contrary, when a man votes against what is noble and just and then comes home to teach his son, the boy will very properly say: Your lesson is an impertinence and a fraud. Beware, therefore, Arthenians, remembering posterity will rejudge your judgment, and that the character of a city is determined by the character of the men it crowns."

The voters of the United States in some sense are about to "crown" a man. They are about to place the peaceful laurels of a Republic on his brow. They are presently to unfold to the world their own character by the character of the man on whom they are to bestow the highest honors this Republican Government knows. There are many thousands of young men who are on the border land of suffrage; there are boys who have voted but once or twice; boys who have never voted in a Presidential election; boys who will vote for the first time in this election; boys who are almost on the edge of the right to vote in this election, whose years are insufficient, but who are, nevertheless, thoughtful boys. The Presidential election is to all of these impressible and ingenious youths an education in public morality, for one of the lessons of the hour is one of public virtue. We will not say that the men whose heads time has silvered have become insensible to the claims of public morals, for we have already urged that the election is the measure of the public virtue of all voters, and we insist that the voting places are the confessionals of the voters, young or old.

We do not charge that the offences which General Garfield has committed against public virtue are the highest crimes known to the law; but is the indorsement of these offences by millions of voters a harmless thing? That plain people are sensitive on these questions is evident in the fact that Garfield's majority in his own district was reduced from 11,000 to 3,000, and has never been quite regained. In the face of the great prize of the Presidency, when public virtue should be more tenaciously remembered, should it be most easily forgotten? The country has lost little money by the loose public morals of General Garfield, and Garfield has gained little; but is this man's example in public virtue a lesson which the State, a great country, can commend to her sons, scaling that commendation by a majority in millions of votes? His connection with what is known as the "salary grab" did not inflict irreparable pecuniary loss upon the country or give great gain to him; but in disgrace he hastened to flee from the wrath of his constituents, though the act that kindled that wrath had not troubled his conscience. He only received $1,000 of stock, par value, in the Credit Mobilier Company, without investing a penny. The dividends on this stock amounted in a few months to only $1,529, and $329 could not possibly make Garfield a rich man; but the offence against public morality can not justly be measured by the profit accruing from it. Oakes Ames, for giving this stock to Garfield and others, was driven in disgrace from the House of Representatives to the grave, in obedience to the sentiment in favor of public virtue. Is it a fit education to the future of this Republic to make a partner of Oakes Ames President of the United States? When Garfield sold his official influence for $5,000 in the matter of a pavement contract, he did not much enrich himself, and he may, therefore, be yet a poor man; but is that an example to be held up as a model when a great peril of the Republic is the laxity of public virtue? Voting men, it must be remembered, are giving themselves certificates of character when they vote, and holding up examples for the future. They are judging themselves and forming the character of their children. Beside this, the fate of any candidate is of little consequence.

If we pass from the candidate to the question of party, are the methods by which the Republican managers took the current Presidency lessons we wish to teach our children and our children's children? Has any thing more demoralizing happened in the history of American politics? The Presidency was taken by taking the vote of Louisiana, and the takers confessed that they were thieves by giving the Governorship of Louisiana to Nicholls. All the world knows that the same votes could not have elected Hayes and Nicholls. This was trampling sacred suffrage under foot. Is this a thing to teach rising generations? Is this a thing which fair-minded, self-respectful men with high-erected thoughts are anxious to endorse? The people of this Republic are about to vote for themselves and their posterity. They will be morally measured by the men and the things they endorse. Whom and what shall the State honor?—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

"LENNY, you're a pig," said a father to his little five-year-old boy. Now do you know what a pig is, Lenny? "Yes sir, pig's a hog's little boy."