THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you do not mean to pay, stop it at once. Don't be a sculawag—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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and a thousand and one other useful and needful articles in fact, anything I haven't got or can't procure you at a price well worth buying, and what I have in stock may always be relied on as represented in every respect, while they will invariably be
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GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

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SPAVIN CURE.
The most successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW:

From Rev. P. N. CRANCER,
Presiding Elder of the St. Albans' District.
ST. ALBANS, VT., Jan. 20, 1880.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: In reply to your letter I will say that my experience with Kendall's Spavin Cure has been very satisfactory indeed. Three or four years ago I procured a bottle from your agent and with it cured a horse of lameness caused by spavin. Last season my horse became very lame and I turned him out for a few weeks, when he became better, but when I put him on the road he grew worse, when I discovered that a ringbone was forming. I procured a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and with less than a bottle cured him so that he is not lame, neither can the bunch be found.
Respectfully yours, P. N. CRANCER.

PERSEVERANCE WILL TELL
STOVBRTON, MASS., March 16, 1880.
B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: In justice to you and myself I think I ought to let you know that I have removed two bone spavins with Kendall's Spavin Cure—one very large one; don't know how long the spavin had been there. I have owned the horse eight months. It took me four months to take the large off and two for the small one. I have used ten bottles. The horse is entirely well, not at all stiff, and no bunch to be seen or felt. This is a wonderful medicine. It is a new thing here, but if it does for all what it has done for me its sale will be very great.
Respectfully yours, CHAS. E. PARKER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.
ASHLAND, Schuylkill Co., Pa., June 3, 1880.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: A case of spavin that came under my observation was entirely cured by one bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and the horse sold afterwards for two hundred dollars.
Yours truly, CHAS. H. BARNARD, "The" Druggist.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—In the year 1875 I treated with Kendall's Spavin Cure a bone spavin of several months' growth, nearly half as large as a hen's egg, and completely stopped the lameness and removed the enlargement. I have worked the horse ever since very hard, and he never has been lame, nor could I ever see any difference in the size of the hock joints since I treated him with Kendall's Spavin Cure. R. A. GAINES.
Enosburgh Falls, Vt., Feb. 25, 1879.
Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 25th day of February, A. D. 1879.
JOHN G. JENNE, Justice of the Peace.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
ON HUMAN FLESH.
PATTEN'S MILLS, Washington Co., N. Y., February 21, 1880.
B. J. KENDALL, M. D.—Dear Sir: The particular case on which I used your "Spavin Cure" was a malignant ankle sprain of sixteen months' standing. I had tried many things, but in vain. Your "Spavin Cure" put the foot to the ground again, and, for the first time since hurt, in a natural position. For a family liniment it excels anything we have ever used. Yours truly,
REV. M. P. HILL,
Pastor M. E. Church, Patten's Mill, N. Y.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is sure in its effects and mild in its action, as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargement, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, rheumatism in man, or for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, being as mild in its action as it is certain in its effects. Send address for illustrated circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy for man as well as beast has ever to our knowledge met with such unqualified success.

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Being in possession of a large number of excellent testimonials, I subjoin a few:

I have been using your Cattle Powder for horses, cows, chickens and pigs, and find it a FIRST-CLASS thing.—GEORGE BOBY, Germantown, Pa.

I have used two packs of your Cattle Powder on my cow and chickens. THE COW GAVE NEARLY TWICE THE QUANTITY OF MILK she did before. My chickens were dying, but were CURED IMMEDIATELY after I had used the powder.
Yours, truly, JONAS PASOUN, Dallas, N. C.

I have used your Cattle Powder and must say it is the best for horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Tried it on poultry for many complaints, with SUCCESS IN EVERY CASE.—JON. WEAVER, Berrysville, Pa.

Last summer you sent me a package of your powder which I gave to my poultry, and have not had one droopy turkey or chicken since.—MRS. WM. KNAPP, Orange, N. Y.

Send me a pack or two of your Cattle Powder. The pack I got from you last winter CURED THE CHICKEN CHOLERA. I gave some of it to a neighbor and it cured his chickens.—JOHN WILLIAMS, Spruce Vale, Ohio.

Address, for a pamphlet, F. A. MILLER, 251 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

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or DYSPEPSIA MIXTURE, a vegetable compound whose virtues have stood the test of 40 years, is infallible in the cure of Dyspepsia, General Debility, Chronic Weakness of Lungs, Spleen and Kidneys, Short Breath, Heartburn, St. Vitus' Dance, pains in the Stomach, Back and Chest. Particularly adapted to all Female Diseases, no matter what the age of the patient may be. Price, 75 cts. Sold by Druggists. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

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Cures Catarrh, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption, as well as Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Womb Disease, Sexual Weakness and Nervous Exhaustion. No patent medicine scheme; but remedies prescribed to suit each case.
☞ Address H. LANDIS, M. D., Reading, Pa. Write your full name, P. O., State and Co., in plain hand.

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
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BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, Pa.

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PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
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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.

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IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.
IT IS AN HONEST LIST.
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The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States range from $2 to $80. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is $625. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $2,980.14. The list includes 952 newspapers, of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
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A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

The surging sea of human life forever onward rolls;
Bearing to the eternal shore each day its freight of souls.
But though our bark sails bravely on, pale death sits at the prow,
And few shall know we ever lived a hundred years from now.

O, mighty human brotherhood, why fiercely war and strive,
While God's great world has ample room for everything alive.
Broad fields uncultured and unclaimed are waiting for the plow
Of progress that shall make them bloom a hundred years from now.

Why should we toil so earnestly in life's short, narrow span,
On golden stairs to climb so high above our brother man.
Why blindly on an earthly shrine our souls in homage bow,
Our gods will rust, ourselves be dust a hundred years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause? Why dread so much its blame?
A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame.
The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes with shame the brow
Will be a long-forgotten dream a hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time, like breakers on thy shore,
They rush upon thy rocks of doom, are seen and seen no more.
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's radiant brow
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years from now.

O, Thou before whose sleepless eyes the past and future stand
An open page, like babes we cling to thy protecting hand.
Change, sorrow, death are naught to us if we may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of thy throne a hundred years from now.

SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR.

I am a railroad engineer. Away along in '57, during the great panic, I was running on the F. & C. railroad. The railroad companies were going under in all directions. Every day we heard of new failures, and quite often in a quarter where we least expected it. Our road was generally looked upon as one of the most substantial in the nation; nobody seemed to have any fears that it would fail to survive the general smash-up; but yet I did not fully share in the general confidence. Wages were cut down, arrearages collected, and a great many other matters seemed to indicate that the road had got into rather deeper water than was agreeable ad round. Among other things, the master mechanic had told me in the spring that the company had ordered four first-quality Taunton engines for the fall passenger business. The road was put in the very best condition and other preparations were made to cut down the time and put the trains through quicker than was ever known before, when the new engines should come. Well, there was but one of the engines came.

I said there was but one engine came; but she was, in my opinion, altogether the best ever turned out at the Taunton works; and that is saying as much as can be said in praise of any engine. She was put in my charge immediately, with the understanding that she was mine.

It was Saturday when she came out of the shop, and I was to take a special train up to Y——. The train was to carry up the President and several officers of the road, to meet some officers of another road, which crossed ours there, and arrange some important business with them.

I had no trouble in making my forty miles an hour in going out. The engine handled herself most beautifully. We were just holding up at Y——, when Aldrich, the Treasurer, who had come out on the platform to put on the brake, slipped and fell. As we were still under good headway, he was much injured and was carried off to the hotel insensible.

According to the President's direction I had switched off my train, turned my engine, and stood ready to start back to C—— at a moment's notice.

Aldrich's presence was of so much importance that the business of the road could not be transacted without him; so, all those I had brought out, except the President and Aldrich, went back to C —— on the 3 o'clock express train. This was the last regular express train which was to pass over the road until the next Monday.

Early in the evening I left the machine in charge of my fireman and went over to an eating-house to see if I could not spend the time more pleasantly than on my engine. The hours dragged themselves away slowly. I was playing a game of dominoes with the station-agent when in came Roberts, the President, in a great state of excitement.

"Harry," said he to me, "I want you to put me down in C—— at 12 o'clock."

As it was nearly 11 o'clock then, and the distance was seventy-five miles, I thought he was joking at first; but, when we got outside the door, he caught me by the arm and hurried me along so fast that I saw he was in earnest.

"Harry," said he, "if you don't set me down in C—— by 12 o'clock I am a ruined man, and this road is a ruined road. Aldrich is dead; but he told me, before he died, that he had embezzled from time to time $500,000 of our money, and his clerk is to start with it on the 12 o'clock boat from C—— for Canada. If we don't have that money on Monday morning, to make some payments with, the road goes into other hands; and if you put me down in C—— at the right time, so that I save the money, you shall have $5,000. Understand it, Harry. Five thousand dollars!"

Of course I understood it. I saw now the reason why the wages had been cut down; I felt that I would save the road if I lived, and told Roberts so.

"See that you do it, Harry!" he replied as he climbed up on the steps of the coach, which was coupled to my engine.

I sprang up into the footboard, got up on the switch-tender to help my fireman, opened the throttle, and just as she commenced moving looked at my watch—it was just 11 o'clock, so that I had one hour to make my seventy-five miles in.

From Y—— to C—— there were few curves on the road; but there were several heavy grades. I was perfectly acquainted with every rod of it, so that I knew exactly what I had to encounter, and when I saw how the engine moved I felt very little fear for the result.

The road for the first few miles was an air line, and so smooth that my engine flew along with scarcely a perceptible jar. I was so busy posting myself up as to the amount of wood and water aboard, etc., that we danced by the first station almost before I was aware of it, having been five minutes out, and having five miles accomplished.

"You are losing time!" yelled a voice from the coach. I looked around, and there stood Roberts with his watch in his hand.

I knew very well that we would have to increase our speed by some means if we carried out our plans of reaching C—— by midnight, and looked anxiously around to see what I could do to accomplish that purpose. She was blowing off steam fiercely at 110 pounds; so I turned down the valve to 200 for I knew we should need it all to make some of the heavy grades which lay between us and C——.

It was three miles to the next station.—With the exception of a few curves, the track was as good as the last. As we darted around what commonly seemed to be a rather long curve, at the station, but which was, at our high speed, short enough, I looked at my watch, and we had done it in two minutes and a half.

"Gaining," I shouted back to Roberts, who was yet standing on the platform of the coach.

"Look out for the heavy grades," he replied, and went inside the coach.

The next six miles rose gradually from a level the first, to ten and a half feet the last, which lay between us and the next station. My fireman kept her full, and now she began to get hot. The furnace door was red, and the steam raised continually, so that she kept her speed and passed the station like a streak of lightning in five minutes.

Now came nine miles like the last, over which she kept pace with her time and passed the station in seven and a half minutes.

Here, for ten miles, we had a twenty-foot grade to encounter; but the worst of it all was, at this place we would be obliged to stop for wood. I was just going to speak to Roberts when I looked around and saw him filling the tender from the coach with wood, which had been placed there before starting, while he was gone after me.

I believe we would have made this ten miles with the same speed as before, but, through the carelessness of the fireman, the fountain valve on the left-hand side of the engine got opened, and the water rose in the boiler so fast as to run the steam down to 100 pounds before I discovered where the difficulty was.

At first Roberts didn't appear to notice the decrease of speed, and kept at work at the wood as if for dear life. But presently he shouted: "Harry, we are stopping!" and then, coming over to where I was, he said: "Why, here we have been ten minutes on the last ten miles, and I believe we will come to a dead stand if something is not done. The speed is continually slacking. What is the matter?"

I explained the cause. He was apparently satisfied with my explanation, and, after having tied down the safety-valve, he climbed back over the tender, exhorting me to "put her through, for God's sake, or we are all beggars together!"

Just then we passed the next station, having taken nine minutes for eight miles. We were now more than half over the road, but we had lost nearly ten minutes' time, and had left twenty-seven minutes to do thirty-four miles in.

I had shut the water off from both my pumps a little distance back, when I discovered what was the matter, and she was now making steam finely down a slight grade. From less than 100, with which we started over that ten-mile stretch, she had 200 before we finished it; and, as the gauge indicated no higher than that, and the valve was tied down, I could not tell how much over 200 pounds she carried, but she certainly carried none less the rest of the journey. And well might she carry such an enormous head of steam, for, after passing over that ten miles in eight minutes, there lay ten miles of five feet up-grade, and fourteen miles of twenty-feet-to-the-mile depression between us and C——, and it was now thirteen minutes to 12 o'clock.

Now the engine was hot in earnest. The furnace door, smoke arch and chimney all were red; while she seemed to fly onward as if the very Evil One himself operated her machinery.

Six minutes carried us over that ten miles; and we darted by the last station that had lain between us and C——. Now we had fourteen miles to go and my time showed fifty-three minutes after 11 o'clock.

"If I live," said I to myself, "I will make it." And we plunged down that twenty-foot grade with all steam on. Persons who saw the train on that wild run said it was so soon after they heard the first sound of approach, when the strange object, which looked as if it was a flame of fire darted by, and then the sound of the traveling died away in the distance, that they could hardly convince themselves they had really seen anything. It seemed more like a creature of a wild dream than a sober reality.

And now let me tell you that no engine ever beat the time we made on those fourteen miles. Those great wheels seven feet in diameter, spun around so swift that you could not begin to count the revolutions. The engine barely seemed to touch the track as she flew along; and, although the track was as true as it was possible for it to be, she swayed fearfully, and sometimes made such prodigious jolts that it required considerable skill for one to keep his feet. No engine could hold together if crowded to a greater speed.

Well, just as I came to a standstill in the depot at C—— the big clock boomed out 12, and the steamboat was getting her steam on. Roberts got on board in time and nothing to spare. But he saved the money. He found it hid away in some old boxes as Aldrich had directed him.

A SKEPTIC who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by the apparently contradictory passages of the bible, asked how it could be that we were in the Spirit and the Spirit in us, received the reply: "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. Its like dat poker. I puts it in de fire, till it gets red hot. Now, de poker's in de fire, an' de fire's in de poker." A profound theologian could not have made a better reply.

A BACKWOODS preacher once elucidated as follows in connection with the parable of the virgins: "In ancient times, my beloved hearers, it was the custom, after a couple had been married, for ten virgins to go out with lighted lamps and meet 'em on the way home, five of these virgins being males and five females."

A SOUTH HILL debating club is wrestling with, "Can a community exist without women?" We think it might exist for a while, but then it wouldn't know what was going on.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE SECRETS OF A KENTUCKY CAVE.

The reading public will doubtless remember the hanging of Richard Shuck in 1877 in Owen county, Ky., for the murder of one Parrish, his father-in-law. This hanging was witnessed by seven thousand people, and was attended by many dramatic and unusual circumstances. All of the leading daily paper of Louisville and Cincinnati published graphic and extended accounts of it, and the Northern press congratulated Kentucky on having within her borders twelve fearless jurymen who were not ashamed to do their duty. Shuck protested his innocence of the crime on the scaffold, but left a written confession partially exculpating himself and implicating five other men in a series of robberies and murders without a parallel in the annals of crime. Three of these five men were brothers, and the other two were father and son. Their names were Goodrich and Simmons. Old Jim Simmons, the patriarch and chief of this tribe of cut-throats, was a very remarkable, although an illiterate man, and possessed unbounded influence over the minds of his associates. Jack, his son, was, if the statements of Shuck are true, the most inhuman wretch who ever escaped the gallows. He was the principal or accomplice in seven murders, and was concerned in numerous robberies and moonshine whisky affairs. He lived several years in western Missouri, and while there was accused of being a member of Jesse James's gang of assassins and bank robbers. The three Goodrich brothers were farmers living near the Kentucky river, and were considered hard characters by their neighbors and acquaintances.

Four of these individuals were arrested and lodged in Newcastle jail, but Jack Simmons, the worst of the lot, escaped, and, notwithstanding large rewards were offered for his apprehension, dead or alive, managed to elude the vigilance of his pursuers. Seventy-five men surrounded the woods in which he was believed to be concealed. He was seen once and six shots were fired at him. One of the shots appeared to take effect, but he contrived to escape. Nothing more was ever heard about him, and he was supposed to have fled to Texas or the Black Hills.

"King Jim," as the papers dubbed him and his pals were tried by Judge Smith, of Henry county, and held over without bail to await the action of the criminal court. A short time after the trial a mob of masked men, forty or fifty in number, rode into Newcastle at midnight, surrounded the jail, compelled the jailor to give up the keys, unlocked the door, took the prisoners from the building, marched them to a stone bridge near town and hung them from the parapets—an awful but doubtless fitting end to such wretches. Many a belated traveler wandering at night through the dark and gloomy ravines that border on the Kentucky river, had met a more horrible death at their hands. No man's life was safe if he ventured in "King Jim's" dominions with a roll of money in his pocket, or a gold watch on his person. This account of Shuck and his associates is essential as an introduction to the remainder of this narrative.

On the 17th of last month John Barnett and Andrew Hawkins, two reliable gentlemen, living near Lockport, had occasion to look for some missing cattle that had wandered from their pastures. After a search of several hours the cattle were found browsing on the rich blue grass that grows luxuriantly at the foot of the "Crow's Nest," the fanciful name given by the natives to a high and rocky hill in the neighborhood of Lockport. After resting for some time, Mr. Barnett's attention was called to an opening in the side of the hill that resembled the mouth of a cave. Surprised that he had failed to notice this on other occasions, he saw at the foot of the elevation a thick cedar tree, or, rather, bush, that for many years had grown on a projecting ledge of rock immediately in front of this hole, thereby effectually concealing it from the view of the passer-by. In the storm of the preceding night this bush had been uprooted by the wind and had rolled to the bottom, thus revealing the existence of the opening.

After a brief consultation the two men decided to climb up and ascertain if the hole was nearly a cave. They quickly made the ascent, and as Mr. Hawkins happened to have some candles among the goods that he had purchased in Lockport that morning, they resolved to explore the aperture if it proved to be a cavern. When they arrived at the hole it appeared to be the mouth of an underground passage of considerable extent. They boldly ventured in, and after crawling along for twenty or twenty-five feet they suddenly found themselves in an apartment about twenty feet square. It had the appearance of a square room, and was tolerably well lighted from an aperture in the side or roof.

After looking around they were amazed to find conclusive evidence going to show that it had at one time been inhabited by human beings. In one corner they found a rude bench roughly made of stone, and on a nail driven in the rock they saw hanging an old worn suit of jeans clothes, mildewed and rotten from long disuse and exposure to the damp air of the cave. In another corner they found a pallet of straw, and on this bed they were horrified to behold a ghastly skeleton. The flesh had left the bones, and the hair had almost disappeared from the head. At the foot of the bed they noticed a tin box.—Hastily getting possession of this box they rapidly made their way to the upper air, and in an hour were in Lockport engaged in narrating to a gaping crowd of rustics their wonderful adventure in the bowels of the earth.

The tin box was opened, and its contents exposed to the eager gaze of the crowd. It contained two gold watches, a full set of counterfeiter's plates and tools, a package of counterfeit notes, a package of bonds, supposed to be stolen from a bank at Sedalia, Mo., and a large revolver with the name of Jack Simmons roughly carved on the handle. All doubts of the identity of the mysterious skeleton were removed, and the notorious robber, counterfeiter and murderer, Jack Simmons, was, without doubt, the man who perished miserably in that lone cavern in the Kentucky river hills.

A few days ago the remains were removed from the cave and given to Dr. Long, at Bethlehem, who now has them in his possession. The doctor ascertained from an examination that a ball had pierced the right lung, and had beyond question caused the man's death a short time after the wound was inflicted. It is believed that Simmons received this fatal shot from the sheriff's posse, who, in attempting to arrest him, fired at him six times, and he had just strength enough to get to this rendezvous of his gang. His fearful death in this out-of-the-way place was a fitting termination to such a life as his.

The contents of the box found near his remains are exposed to public view in the office of the county clerk, and people from all parts of the county have examined them.

ALL ABOUT A SANDWICH.

The time for getting to the Michigan Central depot at Chicago was so limited that no regularly prepared supper could be secured, and so it was necessary to take a sandwich at the Central depot. There has been great improvements made in the sandwiches furnished in Chicago in the last ten years. In 1870 it was customary to encase the sandwiches in pressed sole leather. The leather was prepared by a process only known to a Prussian, and the bread and ham were put in by hydraulic pressure, and the hole soldered up. About four years ago the Prussian who had the secret, said something unkind to a pitcher of a base-ball club, and the pitcher took up one of the sandwiches and pitched it curved at the Prussian's eye. His funeral was quite largely attended, considering that he was a man who was retiring, and who made few acquaintances. But the secret of making the soles and uppers of railroad sandwiches died with him. It was about this time that corrugated iron shutters were invented, and that material was at once utilized to make lids of sandwiches while the under jaw of the appetite destroying substance was made of common building paper, the whole varnished with neat's foot oil, and kiln dried in a lime kiln. Our object in eating one of the sandwiches was to transfer, if possible, the headache to the stomach, on the principle that the quack doctor cured a patient of paralysis by throwing him into a fit, claiming that he was not much on paralysis, but he was awful on fits. The entrance of the pieces of sandwich into the stomach—that is, the small pieces that we were able to blast off with the imperfect appliances at hand in the tool box of a wrecking car—was signalled by the worst upheaving that has been witnessed in this country since 1860. The stomach, liver, lungs, spleen and other insides got up an indignation meeting, with the stomach in the chair.

In calling the meeting to order the stomach said unaccustomed as it was to public speaking, it felt as though the occasion demanded a protest, and that in no uncertain tone, against the habit the boss had of slinging anything into his stomach that came in his way, without stopping to consider the effect on the internals. The chair remarked that it had heretofore had a good many pretty hard doses to take, notably, army bacon, and later some black bread that the boss had shoved in while hunting out in Minnesota, in 1867, and again last year when a pan full of beans from Bill Wad's Wolf river boom boarding house was sent down without any introduction, the stomach said it had felt like throwing up the "sponge," and drawing out of the game, but it had thought better of it, and had gone on trying to digest things till now. But this last outrage, this Chicago sandwich, was too much. "See here," says the stomach, holding up a piece of the iron lid of the sandwich, so the liver could see it, "what kind of a junk shop does he take this place for?" The liver got the floor and suggested that the stomach was making a terrible fuss about a little thing, and told the stomach it had evidently forgotten the good things that had been sent down from above in times gone by. "You seem to forget," says the liver, becoming warmed up, "the banquets the boss never fails to attend, the nice dinners he sometimes gets at home, and the wild canvas-back duck he sends down when he goes to Lake Koshkonong, as well as the Lake House dinners that occasionally surprise us. I move that the stomach be reprimanded for kicking and trying to get up a muss, and that this meeting adjourn and we all go about our business." The stomach tried to get in a word edgewise, but it was no use, and the thing was about to break up in a row, when we went to sleep.

A LOVER'S REVENGE.—When James Lick was a young man he f