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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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Don't ask for a stop paper before you stop it, if you want your paper to follow you until you order it to stop. Scalawags do otherwise, but they are a small class—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, NOVEMBER 26, 1880. NUMBER 44.

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

The most successful Remedy ever discovered; no humbug 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. 29, 1880.

B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: In reply to your inquiry I will say that my experience with Kendall's Spavin Cure has been very satisfactory. Indeed, I have used it on my own horses quite extensively for several years 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 to work he grew worse, when I discovered that he had bone spavin. I procured a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and with less than a bottle my horse was sound. I think it is my duty to say that no is not lame, neither can the bone spavin appear.

Respectfully yours, P. N. CRANCER.

PERSEVERANCE WILL TELL

STOCKBRIDGE, Mass., March 15, 1880.

B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: In justice to you myself I think I ought to let you know that I discovered two bone spavins with Kendall's Spavin Cure, one very large one; don't know how long spavin had been there. I have owned the horse 12 months. It took me four months to get the spavin lame, but it took but one bottle to take the lameness out, and I have had no lameness. The cause is entirely well, not a sign of spavin can be seen or felt. This is a new thing here, but does its all what it has done for me it sells itself readily.

Respectfully yours, CHAS. E. PARKER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

LEWISTOWN, Mifflin Co., Pa., June 3, 1880.

B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: A case of bone spavin under my observation was entirely cured by a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and the horse sold afterwards for two hundred dollars.

Yours truly, CHAS. H. BANNARD, "The" Druggist.

STATEMENT MADE UNDER OATH.

STATE OF OHIO, CONCORD, — In the year 1879 I used Kendall's Spavin Cure on a bone spavin on my mare, which grew to a size nearly half as large as the hock and completely stopped the lameness caused by the enlargement. I have worked the mare some every year and by never has been lame since. I treated him with "Kendall's Spavin Cure." H. A. GRAVES.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 29th day of January, A. D. 1880. JOHN D. JENKS, 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 in which I used your "Spavin Cure" was a severe one of a kinsman who had suffered with it for many years. I had tried many things, but to no avail. Your "Cure" put the foot to the ground again, and I can truly say, in short, it is a marvel. For a family liniment it exceeds anything we have ever used. Yours truly, REV. M. F. BULL.

PATTEN'S MILLS, Washington Co., N. Y., Feb. 21, 1880.

This is to certify that I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for a bone spavin on my horse, and it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated nerve to remove any bony growth or other enlargement, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, ringbone, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, rheumatism in man. For any purpose for which a liniment is used it is the best I ever used. It is now known to be the best liniment we have ever used, being as mild in its action as lard, and as powerful in its effects. Send address for illustrated circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy for man as well as for beast, to our knowledge, ever met with such universal success.

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

I have been using your Cattle Powder for horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, and find it a FIRST-CLASS article. JOHN MOORE, 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. JONAS PARSONS, Dallas, N. C.

I have used your Cattle Powder and must say it is a blessing to horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Tried it on poultry for many complaints, with success. PETER GAST—Jos. WEAVER, Berryville, Pa.

Last summer you sent me a package of your powder. I have to my poultry, and have not had the cholera nor any of my chickens since.—Mrs. WM. PARK, Orange, N. Y.

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

Address, for a pamphlet, F. A. MILLER, 331 N. 2d St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

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of Catarrh, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption, as well as Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Women's Diseases, Sexual Weakness and Nervous Exhaustion. No patent medicines, but a medical remedy prescribed to suit each case. Address, H. LANDIS, M. D., Reading, Pa. Write for Pamphlet, P. O. State and City, to plain hand.

Dr. Ware's Pulmonalis

A household word with those who have used it. Warranted to work quickly and effectually in cases of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Pain in the Breast, Consumption, and Bleeding from the Lungs. Only 10 cents a bottle. Ask your druggist for it. Wholesale Depot, N. W. cor. 3rd and Spring Garden sts., Philad'a, Pa. [9-22,-97.-1y.]

JOHN MURPHY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in building recently occupied by Dr. A. M. Barker, High street, west of Julian, and nearly opposite the Mansion House. Night calls should be made at the office. [3-28,'79.-tf.]

Look! Look! See! See!

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A LARGE AND NOBBY LINE OF

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

Also, a Full Stock of

CHILDREN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

IN ENDLESS VARIETY. OUR LINE OF

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CANNOT BE BEATEN FOR QUALITY, MAKE-UP AND PRICE.

*We have also received a large and complete line of*

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!

Hats, Caps, Umbrellas,
Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.

—AT THE—

Young America Clothing House,

Corner 11th Avenue and 11th Street,
OPPOSITE THE OPERA HOUSE,
ALTOONA, PA.,

N. B.—Do not fail to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, as we are acknowledged to be the cheapest house in Blair county. [Sept. 24, 1880.-tf.]

HERE WE ARE!

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

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

AT PRICES SO LOW

*THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.*

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

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

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

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,

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BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

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

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

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And all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs by wearing the

IMPROVED EXCELSIOR KIDNEY PAD!

IT IS A MARVEL OF HEALING and RELIEF

*SIMPLE, SENSIBLE, DIRECT, PAINLESS, POWERFUL.*

IT CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. A REVELATION and REVOLUTION in Medicine. Absorption or direct application, as opposed to unsatisfactory internal medicines. Send for our treatise on Kidney troubles, sent free. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail, on receipt of price, $2.

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☞ This is the Original and Genuine KIDNEY PAD. Ask for it and take no other.

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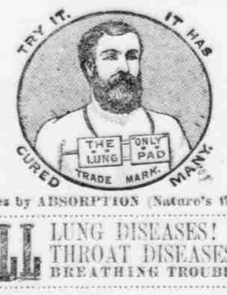


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YOU CAN BE RELIEVED AND CURED.

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☞ Send for Testimonials and our book, "Three Millions a Year," sent free. [10-29.-4m.]

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DETROIT, Mich.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

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Largest and Cheapest Stock of

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$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [12-5,'79.-1y.]

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

## THE MYSTERIOUS HAND.

It was in the year 1861, shortly after the commencement of hostilities between the north and the south, that I found myself a passenger from Gibraltar to Southampton, on one of the Peninsular and Oriental company's steamships. With the exception of a young English attache, a personal friend of mine, the passengers were composed of British officers, ordered home to join their regiments in anticipation of a war between Great Britain and the United States, growing out of what is called the "Trent" affair, two southern envoys—namely, Messrs. Slidell and Mason—en route for England and France, having been forcibly taken from the British steamer "Trent" by the commanding officer of an American man-of-war.

I am invariably sea-sick when on the ocean. On this occasion I was, as usual, confined to my stateroom, where I was visited by the young Englishman above referred to, who, after sympathizing with my affliction, very kindly said to me, "Be careful, my dear fellow, when you come out to the cabin. With the exception of ourselves, all the passengers are British officers ordered home to join their regiments. War between the United States and Great Britain, although not declared, is imminent, and 'our fellows' have got their fighting blood up, and you being the only American on board, they will naturally want to pitch into you, and will do so on the slightest provocation. So be careful, for heavens' sake."

I was too sea-sick to pay much attention to my friends' warning, feeling perfectly well convinced that no human "pitching in" could be much worse than the terrible pitching up and down of the ship, then laboring in the trough of a heavy sea. In fact, I very soon forgot all about it.

In a couple of days, however, I found myself seated at the dinner table, immediately opposite the Hon. Col. Annesley, of the Scots Fusiliers, his regiment being a portion of the household troops, then in London. After a formal introduction, the subject of the anticipated difficulty between the two nations was introduced by Col. Annesley by his asking me what I thought about the great insult Great Britian had received. I replied that I saw nothing that diplomacy between two kindred nations could not remedy. The colonel expressed surprise at my remark, adding that no nation like Great Britain could submit to such a slap in the face without drawing the sword. I smiled and said that a military man would naturally feel that the arbitrament of the sword was the proper method of disposing of such a difficulty, but that men of peace preferred to resort to every other remedy before that of blood-letting. By this time many of the officers had left their seats, and were eagerly listening to the conversation. Much to the horror of my young English friend, who in the kindness of his heart had taken a seat at my side, in order to shield me as much as possible from what might prove to be an outburst of indignation on the part of his countrymen, I then said:

"With all due respect for your sentiments, colonel, permit me to add that the views which I have expressed are sustained by the highest living English authority on international law—namely, your own Mr. Phillimore—who, in a communication to the London *Times* of a recent date, which I perused at Gibraltar just before coming on board, says, if my memory is not at fault, that the American naval commander was not only justified in taking from the 'Trent' Messrs. Slidell and Mason, but would have been justified in carrying the 'Trent' into the port of New York."

Several officers immediately jumped to their feet, exclaiming to Col. Annesley in tones which indicated their excited feelings:

"Present me! Present me!" After which a captain, whose name I have forgotten, but who must have stood over six feet in his stockings, said to me in a tone of sarcasm which he evidently took pains to suppress:

"I beg your pardon, but is it not possible that you have made a mistake in the paper to which you have referred? Instead of the London *Times*, which we certainly had an equal opportunity with yourself to peruse before sailing, have you not been giving us the benefit of some articles you have been reading in the New York *Times*?"

I told him that I thought not. I perceived, however, that, without an exception, these gentlemen evidently thought I had been making a fool of myself, and so bewildered is a person from the effects of sea-sickness that I began to fear I had, when Col. Annesley, as if to set the matter at rest, directed one of the junior officers to the captain's cabin and asked him if he had the latest London *Times* received at Gibraltar before sailing. Not a word was said until the young man made his appearance with the London *Times* in his hand. I was feeble and nervous, and my nervousness was augmented by my English friend at my side making a remark to me in the honesty of his feelings, in a low tone, not at all complimentary to my common sense or prudence. I felt as if I should have fainted with joy, as the subaltern, handing the paper to Col. Annesley, remarked in a suppressed tone, but sufficiently distinct for me to catch the words, "By Jove, he is right: there's Phillimore's opinion!"

Mr. Phillimore's communication was then read aloud, and the true character of a British gentleman was made conspicuous by the courtesy and kindness promptly displayed and extended toward me during the voyage to Southampton. There Col. Annesley called me to the side of the ship to witness the arrival of the Scots Fusiliers, who had just come down from London to embark for Canada on their warlike mission, and who, recognizing their colonel, as they were ascending the side of the transport, placed their forage caps on their rifles and cheered their commander, just as he said to me:

"Allow me to present you to my regiment, and at the same time to regretfully bid you farewell."

On leaving the steamship at Southampton, I discovered to my great regret that all the berths on Cunard steamers to sail for the next month had been taken up for British officers and their wives, and that my only chance to get to New York was to take passage on the German steamer Bremen, just arrived, which would sail in three days. On this vessel I secured passage for myself and family.

Sauntering back to my hotel, I espied a natty little craft in the dry dock, which, on inquiry, turned out to be the confederate cruiser Nashville, undergoing repairs. The officer of the deck, who appeared to be a stripling of 18 or 19 years of age, wearing a pea-jacket and cap ornamented with gold braid, was nervously pacing the deck. As I stood on the wharf, this youngster was joined by two others similarly uniformed. The impression they made upon my mind was that the Nashville was officered by young, enthusiastic and determined men.

I remained on the dock long enough to take a mental observation of her armament, which consisted, as nearly as I could judge, of a swivel bow-gun, probably a 20-pounder, and two others probably 10-pounders. I was about to leave for my hotel, when an officer, who subsequently proved to be the chief engineer, approached me, and in the frankest manner possible, said:

"You are an American, I perceive."

I replied affirmatively. He then invited me on board, which invitation I declined. He repeated the invitation, stating that the other officers would be glad to see an American. I begged to be excused, as I had some purchases to make, etc. He then told me that he and the second engineer were New Yorkers—that their families lived in the city of New York, and they wished me to take a couple of letters containing money to their wives. I told him the United States government had sent instructions to Europe, warning all Americans against being the bearers of letters from or to parties in arms against the government, and, trivial as the service might seem, I regretted exceedingly that I could not comply with his wish.

I parted with him, and was nearing my hotel, when I heard footsteps coming rapidly behind me. Turning around I discovered my new acquaintance, the engineer. He approached me, and, in an agitated voice, said:

"Do you purpose returning to New York on the Bremen?"

I told him I did.

"Have you paid your passage?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"I am sorry," he added, and was about leaving me, when he turned quickly, came up close to me, and in a low voice said, "Forfeit your passage money; do not go by the Bremen. We have an authenticated list of her cargo. She has on board 800 boxes of Prussian rifles for the Federal Government. In twenty-four hours we will be out of the dry dock. Two hours after the Bremen starts for New York we will be in pursuit. The Nashville is fast; we shall rapidly overhaul, burn and sink the Bremen. We shall bring back to Southampton all her passengers, but their baggage will be lost."

I thanked him for the information and we parted. I was plodding along, bewildered in a measure by my situation, and contrasting unfavorably to myself, my refusal to take charge of a letter to a poor woman in New York, who was, perhaps, suffering from want of the money it contained, with the anxiety her kind husband had displayed to save me from the horrors of perhaps a deadly conflict at sea. I had half a mind to go back to him and take his letter and its consequences, when I ran against Captain Wessels of the Bremen. I felt it my duty to communicate to him the information which had so strangely come to my knowledge. He was very much agitated.

"How long," said he, "will it take you to get your family down to the steamer?"

"Twenty minutes," I replied.

"I will give you half an hour. Forty minutes from this moment," (pulling out his watch,) "we shall be under way."

In twenty minutes my family and baggage were on board. In ten minutes more every passenger going by the Bremen was on her deck. The gang plank was hauled in, her fastenings cast off, the tinkle of a bell was heard, we backed out, from the deck another tinkle and we were under way. I looked at my watch. Forty-five minutes had elapsed since I had been conversing with the captain in front of the hotel. Fortunately the steamer's fires had not been put out from the time of her arrival, only a few hours before.

The Bremen was a staunch craft, and officered by hardy men of experience. As much steam as she could safely carry was given her, and we rapidly left behind us the shores of old England. That night Capt. Wessels told me that everything he possessed in this world was aboard the steamer; that he was largely interested in the safe delivery of the 800 boxes of arms; that the Nashville was very fast, and, in fair weather, could overhaul us with our 24 hours' start; that if she did he would fight her with steam as she came alongside, and would scald to death every human being on board if possible. Here I could not help but think we stood a chance of having a broil converted into a boil, with somebody cooked gratis. I should be telling an untruth if I stated that I relished the prospect.

For 48 hours we boomed along in splendid style, when a gale of wind sprang up, which, although favorable for us, nevertheless tried the metal fastenings and cordage of our gallant iron craft. In such a heavy sea the Nashville could not live, the captain said, which consoled us for the rolling and tossing, the loss of meals, and general discomfort of all around us. On the ninth day the captain, in honor of our escape from the Nashville, gave us a "jolly spread," with fine old Rhenish wine and other accompaniments. Songs were sung, and toasts were drunk in memory of "Faderland," "Our Fritz," etc., for, with the exception of two ladies, my family and myself, the passengers were all German students en route to join the Union army. On the tenth day, about noon, when on the banks of Newfoundland, there was a tremendous crash, which shook the vessel from stem to stern. Steam was let off rapidly; the vessel stopped. Orders were imperatively given in tones which seemed to combat with the elements, there was a running back and forth on deck overhead, a dragging of blocks and cordage, and rattling of chains. The vessel, having lost her momentum, began to roll and pitch and toss fearfully. The weather was bitterly cold, our sails frozen and unmanageable, our machinery disabled; we were at the mercy of the elements. The good ship Bremen gradually settled to her larboard side, the seas began to roll over us, the hatches were battened down, the deadlights secured; we were in utter darkness and inclosed in an iron prison. A feeble light was, after a time, swung in the cabin, but no preparation of food was thought of. The cook and waiters seemed to have stepped ashore. For hours no one came to communicate with us. At last a solitary waiter appeared, and placed some bread, cold meat and water on the table. We questioned him; he answered not, looked frightened and disappeared.—This state of things was kept up for 24 hours longer, when, finding things getting no worse, we began to think matters were more likely to improve.

About seven o'clock of the night of the eleventh day out, Captain Wessels, for the first time since the accident, entered the cabin and took his seat at the head of the table. He looked sad, gloomy and exhausted. Although he had been so long without food, I noticed he was not eating. Not a word was uttered by any of the passengers. I approached the captain, and, quietly seating myself at his right, said, in tones as firm as I could command:

"Well, captain, how does it look?"

He did not immediately reply or look at me. Thinking he had not heard me, I was about repeating the question, when he gently placed his hand on mine, and with an expression so sad, so mournful, that I shall never forget it, replied:

"I will tell you. No small boat can be launched, or can live, in such a sea as is now raging. Our machinery is disabled beyond repair. Our sails are frozen and unmanageable. We have sprung a leak on the larboard quarter. Our pumps are broken. The water is gaining on us with such rapidity that, if the wind does not shift before midnight, so as to throw us on our starboard, and thus enable us to pass a sail over the leak on the larboard, we will be at the bottom when that hour arrives. Now, go to work, cheer up your fellow-passengers, particularly the poor ladies and children. If we should never meet again, believe that I have done all in the power of a human being to save the ship and the precious lives intrusted to my care. May the great God have mercy on us all."

He then left the cabin and went on deck. The passengers had been attentively watching us. I turned to them, and although, as I was told afterward, my face was as pallid as that of a dead person, I exclaimed:

"Cheer up, cheer up: by midnight we shall be out of trouble."

German songs were then sung by the students, affording me an opportunity to quietly slip away to my state room, my family having preceded me. On entering my state room I locked the door, took out the key and placed it under the pillow on which the head of my darling boy was resting.

I awakened him and told him to rise and kneel with me. He did so. I said, "Now, my child, it is my duty to say to you that we are in great, very great peril. God alone can save us. Pray fervently to Him to save us—to spare all in this ship."

The child did so; we prayed together, and if prayers ever went up from the heart, those prayers did. A few moments afterwards the boy was fast asleep, and, strange as it may seem, a feeling of drowsiness gradually crept over me. I have heard it said that persons on the eve of execution have been known to sleep soundly. I think I can account for it. Hope and fear have given way to resignation—quiet submission to the will of Providence. Be that as it may, I soon fell asleep, and slept as soundly as I ever did in my life, until suddenly awakened by what appeared to be a heavy blow against the larboard quarter of the ship. In an instant I realized the situation. I thought my hour had come, and, with all my faculties alert, I calmly awaited the awful sensation of sinking to the bottom. Even in this terrible moment there was a consolation in knowing that all who were dear to me in this life would not be separated from me in death—that we would go down, down together. The vessel, however, gradually careened from the larboard to the starboard. Pulling and hauling, shouting and running, were heard overhead. It wanted half an hour to midnight. The wind, as by a miracle, had suddenly shifted from NNW. to NNE. God was in the elements. The mysterious hand was visible! We were saved!

In five days afterward we were at our dock in New York. With the exception of myself, who was in the consular service, the passengers were rigidly searched for letters, but none were found. Mr. Seward was informed by me of the locality of the Nashville and a man-of-war was promptly dispatched to look after her.—*The Californian.*

A FEW WORDS TO YOUNG WOMEN.—Don't marry a drunkard. Depend upon it if you can't keep him sober during those days of the average woman's strongest influence over wayward men, the season of courtship, the chances will be against success.—Some women have succeeded in this labor of love, but there are a thousand failures to one of success. It is a field of missionary labor that very few of the sex are entirely fitted to enter.

A man who gets drunk is necessarily a bad or foolish man when he is under the influence of liquor, and is very apt to soon become a bad man, whether drunk or sober.—The romantic idea that a woman who can reform a drunkard by marrying him is deserving of a crown of glory, is all the veriest bosh. They would be shocked by the suggestion that a man who marries a fallen woman and restores her to a life of virtue, would be deserving the praise of all mankind. The latter would be a much easier task, and more likely to succeed. The debasement in one case is generally incurable, and scorns the influence of kindness or affliction; while in the other, the opportunity to escape from a life of degradation would in most cases insure co-operation with the missionary in such a field.

The drunkard is generally addicted to a number of other vices, each one of which ought to be considered as repulsive as that of drinking. Still we find pure, virtuous, refined and delicate women risking their lives and happiness in the delusive hope of rescuing and restoring them. Instances of the terrible failure in this missionary field are to be found in every street and lane of a great city. Still the experiment is tried by new votaries, who foolishly think they can succeed where others fail. It is a terrible delusion. Love and devotion are powerless on a drunkard. Nothing but an iron will, and firmness that few women possess, can check the career of a man who has once taken hold of strong drink. He must become subject to her will, and be restrained from his evil course by a power stronger than love and kindness. There are enough men who become drunkards after marriage, for all reasonable purposes of experiment, without taking them fully trained in a career of vice and debauchery. Therefore, we say, "Girls, don't do it."

OUTWARD DEMEANOR.—Much of the happiness of life depends on our outward demeanor. We have all experienced the charm of gentle and courteous conduct; we have all been drawn irresistibly to those who are obliging, affable and sympathetic in their demeanor. The friendly grasp, the warm welcome, the cheery tone, the encouraging word, and the respectful manner bear no small share in creating the joy of life; while the austere tone, the stern rebuke, the sharp and acid remark, the cold and disrespectful air, the supercilious and scornful bearing are responsible for more of human distress, despair and woe, than their transient nature might seem to warrant.

## AN ARGUMENT FOR LIFE.

It was a sharp frosty moonlight night, but the fresh waters of Green River had not yet been chilled, and they flowed rapidly onward, with confused murmurings, as if impatient to become part of the great Ohio.

It was as late as ten o'clock when Robert Craig, a young lawyer, came upon a bridge that spanned a branch of the Green River, in Central Kentucky. He was afoot, and he walked with a very light step, because his heart was light. He had been successful in the most important suit he had ever been engaged in. He had pleaded his own case, and the court that had pronounced judgment in his favor was simply Miss Mary Lane, the handsomest girl in the neighborhood, and as good as she was beautiful. She had promised to be his wife.

But Robert Craig was destined to plead another case that very night, and before a less lenient court. He had no warning of this, however, when he stepped upon the bridge and walked out over the clear waters, muttering congratulations to himself.

"Yes, I'm the luckiest man living!" he soliloquized, as he reached the middle of the bridge.

The bridge was not a covered one and he stopped to lean over the railing at one side, and looked down into the sparkling waters that quivered in the bright moonlight.

"Yes, I'm the luckiest man living!" he repeated, quite aloud, after he had stood a full minute gazing upon the flowing river.

"Don't be too sure of that!" said a voice behind him.

Robert Craig turned with a start, and saw a tall man standing at the opposite side of the bridge, leveling a rifle upon him. He seemed very cool and deliberate in his manner, and he spoke in a tone that was hard and icy.

At the first glance, Robert Craig saw his danger, for he recognized in the intruder Ralph Moore, who, as he was well aware, regarded him with the bitterest hatred, for the reason that both had been suitors for the hand of Mary Lane, and Ralph had, of course, been rejected. He was noted as a man of desperate character—although belonging to a good family—and he was moreover known to be the best marksman in the community. Robert Craig thought of these facts, as he found himself standing there in the cold moonlight with that unerring rifle pointed at his breast.

He himself was unarmed: there was no hope for succor on that lonely bridge at that time of night; retreat was impossible as well as unmanly; resistance was equally out of the question. His enemy meant deliberately to take his life, and he had the power to do it. Robert Craig realized all this, and felt that certain death awaited him. The terrible exigency—the very hopelessness of the case made him calm.

"Ralph Moore," he said, in a voice that betrayed no emotion, "have you come here to waylay and murder me?"

"Robert Craig," replied Ralph, coldly, still keeping the deadly rifle at an aim, "did you suppose you could trample over me and live?"

His finger was on the trigger, and the fierce look on his face denoted that the life he held in his hands was not worth much now.

"But surely," said Robert Craig, "you are not wicked enough to commit such a crime as I see you contemplate? I am unarmed and at your mercy. While I do not like you, Ralph, I never though you capable of a cowardly act. It would be cowardly to shoot down an unarmed man, and you know it.—You are a good marksman, but I am willing to fight you fairly, if you think that a mortal enmity must necessarily exist between us."

"Bosh! Do you think I am a fool? Do you think I can be cajoled by your smooth talk? No, I've got you, Robert Craig, and you shall never live to enjoy your triumph over me. You are now within just five minutes of your death. I will grant you that time to pray—if you want to. Nothing can save you? There is not a soul within half a mile to hear you if you should yell. You'll be floating down the river miles below this before morning."

"But what do you say is being hanged for murder?"

"There is no witness near. It can never be proved against me."

Robert Craig was silent. His enemy, who plainly meant murder, stood like a statue, with the rifle still pointing at his head, and watching him like a cat. There was an expression of savage exultation in his face, plainly visible in the moonlight; and Robert Craig saw that it was idle to think of asking for mercy.

Various ideas went whirling through his brain. He thought of running away and trusting to flight, but he dismissed the thought, for he could not escape the unerring aim of the relentless man confronting him. He thought of rushing upon Ralph and engaging in a desperate struggle for the possession of the rifle, but he knew that it would be hopeless. He was twenty feet distant, and his enemy could shoot him down before he could reach him.

As if divining his very thoughts, Ralph said, with a demoniac laugh:

"Oh, there is no chance for you; run which way you will, I can bring you down before you can take three steps. Come, to prayer! You have only about three minutes and a half left!"

Robert Craig stood motionless, and with the same coolness he had displayed from the beginning, he said:

"Ralph Moore, I see that you are in earnest!"

"Certainly I am. Ha! ha! You know me well enough to know that I did not come here for nothing."

"Yet you will not kill me," said Robert Craig, in a quiet, firm tone. "I can bring an argument to bear that will prevent you."

"Pooh!" retorted Ralph, contemptuously. "I'd like to know what it is?"

"Well, I have a letter in my pocket here—"

"Stop!" exclaimed Ralph, fiercely. "Keep that hand away from your pocket. I understand your game—you have a pistol!"

"No; on my honor. If I had, you could shoot before I could use it. I think you are quick enough for that."

"I suppose I am."

"Well, will you allow me to take a letter from my pocket, or are you afraid?"

"Well, I don't think I am much afraid."

"Shall I take the letter from my pocket?"

"Yes, but no tricks; my eye is on you."

Robert Craig, with the calmness of a man merely transacting some ordinary business, drew a letter from his coat pocket, and began deliberately to write on one side of the envelope with a pencil.

"What are you doing?" demanded Ralph, eyeing him sharply.

"I am merely writing a secret here, which when you know what it is will induce you to change your mind."

"What is it? Why don't you tell it to me?"

"You will understand that when you hear me read it."

"Some trick; but remember I am watching you."

While Ralph Moore lost none of his fierceness, and did not waver in his murderous purpose, it was evident that his curiosity was aroused, and he watched the young lawyer closely as he wrote rapidly on the envelope by the light of the moon.

"Well, what strange things have you written?" he asked sneeringly, as Robert Craig finished.

"I'll read it to you," replied Robert Craig.

Then he held the envelope up, so that the moonlight fell upon it, and read as follows:

ON WILSON'S BRIDGE, GREEN RIVER,
Thursday night, between 10 and 11 o'clock,
December 21, 1870.

If I am found murdered, be it known that Ralph Moore, of Upland, is the murderer.—He stands before me while I write this, pointing a rifle at me, and declares that he will shoot me, because he is jealous of me. I am unarmed.

ROBERT CRAIG, Attorney-at-Law.

Ralph Moore uttered a disdainful laugh.

"Ha! ha! What good will that scribbling do you?" he said. "I can destroy it while you float down the river. You don't suppose I would go and deliver it to the authorities for you—even if it is your dying request—Ha! ha! ha!"

"You won't deliver it for me?" asked Robert Craig, calm as ever.

"Do you think I'm a fool: Come, your time's about up!"

"Won't you deliver this for me after I'm dead?"

"No; of course not."

"Then I know who will."

"Who?" asked Ralph, puzzled by this strange conduct.

"The river!" and Robert Craig sent the letter whirling from the bridge, and it floated away on the bosom of the rapid current.

"What does that mean?"

"It means, Mr. Ralph Moore, that you may now murder me just as soon as you please. I'm as well prepared to die as you are, and have fully made up my mind to die; but if I die you die too. The difference will be this: I die as a martyr, and the man who will be remembered in this community as honored and loved; while you go to the gallows, a criminal, a convict, covered with infamy, and are there strangled like a beast, and all who know you will, in years to come, only remember you and speak of you as the cowardly assassin who shot down an unarmed man. Now shoot, just as soon as you please, and that letter floating down the river will tell on you