Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - DEC. 24, 1880.

THE Orangemen of Portadown, Ireland, burned Mr. Parnell in effigy on last Saturday evening, but the probabilities are that Mr Parnell don't care an F—I—G if they did.

THE City of Mexico correspondent of the New York World, in speaking of the recent inauguration of General Gonzalez, the newly elected President of that Republic, says the event was especially notable in the history of the country, for the reason that it is the *second* case only in which the supreme power has been peaceably transferred from one ruler to another since Mexico established her independence under Iturbide, some sixty years ago.

Two hundred and fifty-four years ago Charles I. of England wrote to the Duke of Buckingham as follows: "I can say but litell yet, Ireland (Ireland) being the outlis egg we have yet sittan upon and having a thike shell, we have not yet hatched it." This prompts the Toronto *Globe* to remark that ever since King Charles wrote this letter, "England has been sitting upon that egg and has not yet hatched it." Mr. Gladstone is now in charge of the hen, and from present indications he will not be any more successful than his predecessors have been. The trouble, however, is and always has been more with the hen than with the egg.

DON CAMERON and his henchmen are getting in their work against Grow's Senatorial aspirations with the most satisfactory results. A meeting of the sixteen Republican members of the Senate and House of Representatives from Allegheny county was held in Pittsburg on last Tuesday night, and Cameron's candidate in that county, Harry W. Oliver, was unanimously endorsed. Oliver is a rich iron manufacturer, and about as fit for a Senator as he would be for a saint. But he swears by Cameron and if he is elected won't attempt to eclipse Don as an orator, and that is just the kind of a colleague Cameron wants. Gen. J. K. Moorhead, "Old Slackwater," the Allegheny county candidate of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, was completely submerged by Oliver's oratorial and resistless tide.

THE Chicago *Times*, a paper that scarcely ever says anything good of the Democratic party, publishes what it claims to be a carefully prepared summary of the popular vote cast at the late election for President, as follows:

Hancock	4,428,641
Garfield	4,422,128
Weaver	306,749
Dow	10,855

This gives Hancock a majority over Garfield of 6,513. A statement which we published two or three weeks ago from the Chicago *Tribune* made Garfield's majority over Hancock 2,407. Neither of these statements will likely prove to be correct when the exact vote is ascertained beyond any doubt or discrepancy, but both very nearly express the actual result, and show that the Democratic party, instead of being wiped out of existence as Republican editors are in the silly habit of declaring, is full of its ancient vigor—that it is a political power in the land and does not propose to die.

JUDAH STROBE, of this State, last week resigned his office as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Mr. Hayes in his haste nominated to the Senate William B. Woods to fill the vacancy. Woods is an Ohio man, and is now United States Circuit Judge for the Fifth Circuit, embracing Alabama and five other Southern States, having been appointed to the position by Grant in 1869. He went into the army from Newark, Ohio, and at the close of the war settled in Alabama, but appears now, according to Mr. Hayes, to be a resident of Georgia. Whether the Democratic majority in the Senate will confirm this nomination remains to be seen. If they do then Ohio will have three of the nine members of the Court—Chief Justice Waite, Swayne and Woods. Is there no Republican lawyer or Judge in Pennsylvania fit to take Strobe's place? Hayes by his action says there is not, and has thereby offered a deliberate insult to his party in this State. But, aside from this, is Woods the right sort of a man for so high a position, and if he is not, as all his antecedents go to show, will the Democrats in the Senate have the outrage to say so by rejecting his nomination? We will see.

IT is said that one feature of the Irish land League which Mr. Gladstone intends to lay before Parliament when it meets on next Thursday week, is a provision to furnish passage money to Irish families that are willing to emigrate. Could the English government, after centuries of misrule and oppression in Ireland, offer to the world a more humiliating or more criminal confession than this of the complete failure of her policy towards that unhappy country? Here is an Island called "the gem of the ocean," almost within sight of England, blessed with a fertile and productive soil, and with one of the best climates in the world, whose people, after having been robbed, oppressed and persecuted in every conceivable manner and form for more than three hundred years, are now to be told that if they will consent to expatriate themselves to a foreign shore, bidding an eternal farewell to their country and their homes, the money necessary for that purpose will be kindly furnished by the home government. Is it any wonder that the Irish babe drinks in with its mother's milk a feeling of hatred for England, which grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength until manhood is reached, when it ripens into bitter and undying revenge? Irishman are demanding, as they have a right to demand, the possession of the land of their birth, and will hardly now consent to an offer to help them to get to some other part of the world to die among strangers.

BEN BUTLER has been one of the best abused men in the country, but he has just done a thing which reflects infinite credit upon himself, and deserves the widest newspaper circulation. Some years ago, and while he was President of the Board of Managers of the Home for Disabled Soldiers, Horatio Ward, an American living in Europe, willed $125,000 in bonds for several of the States to the Soldiers' Homes. The will was contested, but Butler defended the case and won it. About the time the bonds were expected to arrive in this country he was compelled to be absent for several weeks from home, but he left instructions that the bonds should be deposited in a certain bank, which was done. When he returned the bank had failed, and the bonds were all lost. The loss of these bonds by the failure of the bank gave rise to the story afterwards that Butler was a defaulter as President of the Board in the amount mentioned. It seems that he never made any explanation of the matter, but on Wednesday night of last week, when the Board of Managers were in session at Willard's hotel, in Washington, Butler walked into the room and handed them his check for $122,000, being the principal and interest of the bequest, a considerable amount of the Ward bonds not being at par, and it required just that sum, $122,000, to pay their value. The failure of the bank would have probably released him from all liability to the Board, but, be that as it may, he choose to consider it as a debt against him and paid it, and for having done so deserves honorable mention.

THE editor of the Johnstown *Tribune* has an undoubted legal right to make Grant his idol and to offer up to him the pleasing incense of his flattery, but he must pardon Democrats if they refuse to imitate his example. Hence he ought not to permit his loyal soul to be worried because on Thursday of last week, when a motion was made in the lower branch of Congress to take a recess of ten minutes "to allow the members an opportunity of shaking hands with a man (Grant) as far above them (the Democrats) as a lion is above toads," a large number of the Democratic members, Gen. Coffroth among them, voted against it. Gen. Coffroth's "No" is said in the report of the proceedings, as published in the *Tribune* to have been specially emphatic, and we stand ready to maintain that in giving that vote Gen. Coffroth represented the precise views and feelings of the Democratic portion of his constituents.—There was a time between the close of the war and Grant's elevation to the Presidency in 1869, when Democrats were willing to pay all proper honor to him, but that time passed away when he made his record in administering the civil affairs of the government. Without entering into the details of his corrupt and scandalous administration, there are reasons of a very recent date why no Democrat can or ought to entertain any real respect for Grant. He is the first ex-President who forgot that he had ever occupied that high and responsible position, and assumed the undignified *role* of a stump speaker in a political campaign. In the recent Presidential contest he rendered himself notoriously conspicuous for the scurvy part he took in it, and forever forfeited the respect of every man from Maine to Oregon who has a drop of Democratic blood in his veins. His first appearance in the political prize ring was at Warren, Ohio, with Conkling and Logan, where he acted as chairman of a mass meeting. He next mounted the stump in Connecticut, and then in New Jersey, and finally in central and western New York. In all his harangues he repudiated everything he had said in his speeches in the West about the condition of affairs in the South, from which he had returned just before the meeting of the Chicago convention. He studiously attempted to array the North against the South by palpable misrepresentations of the policy and purposes of the Democratic party. But what was worse than all, he engaged in the meanest and lowest attacks upon Gen. Hancock, at one time relieving himself of his pent-up venom in an interview with a Chicago preacher and at another furnishing a campaign speaker with points on which to base an attack upon Hancock, who in everything that constitutes a man and a gentleman is his superior and beyond the reach of his malice. The Democrats in Congress remember these things in Grant's late exhibition of himself before the country and are not afraid to show their contempt for him. Republican Congressmen and Republican editors may fall down and worship him, but Democrats who have spirit enough in them to stand by the faith of their fathers and to resent a cowardly attack upon the fair name and reputation of their gallant standard-bearer in the late campaign, will give U. S. Grant a wide berth for all time to come.

THE latest, and certainly the most ludicrous, phase of Republican politics in this State is the effort of a delegation composed of eleven persons residing in Indiana, Armstrong and Westmoreland counties, to secure a position—either that of Secretary of the Navy or Secretary of War—in Garfield's cabinet for Harry White. "Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud, without special wonder?" And yet the Pittsburg *Dispatch* publishes a telegram from Indiana stating that the delegation referred to actually visited Mentor, the residence of Garfield, last week, and urged upon him the propriety of White's selection. Garfield is reported as saying to the deputation, in reply to their eulogium upon the Indiana county statesman, that he knew General White well and favorably, and that he expressed himself gratified that this (White's) neighbors had confidence in him." This was a neat piece of "darkasin," as Artemus Ward would say, on the part of Garfield, for White's neighbors, instead of having "confidence" in him, refused by a majority of 700 to return him to Congress at the late election, although they gave Garfield himself about twice that much of a majority over Hancock. In addition to this, Garfield stated that he did not think it would be prudent at this time to make any expression as to the matter of his choice for Cabinet officers. For Harry White to aspire to a Cabinet position at any time would require an amazing amount of cheek, but to do so just on the heels of his emphatic repudiation by the people of his Congressional district is an exhibition of stalwart impudence of which it was hardly supposed that even he was capable.

MR. TELLER, one of the United States Senators from Colorado, insists in a bill he has introduced into the Senate that ballots hereafter to be cast for Representatives in Congress shall be *four* inches broad and *eight* inches long, or about the dimensions of a common brick. If Teller's bill should happen to become a law, it will be necessary to increase immensely the capacity of the ballot-boxes, for nothing then less in size than an ordinary dry goods box would hold the election tickets. If such frauds on common sense as Teller could have their sweet will gratified, the right of this State as well as of every other State to provide for and regulate its own elections would be wiped out and absorbed by the general government, and the chances are that under Republican rule such a state of things will become an accomplished fact just as soon as the advocates of a strong government can bring it about.

THE following surprising statement appears in an editorial in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and of course refers to the recently elected Judge of the Supreme Court of this State: "It has been openly charged that Judge Green, who was appointed to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Bench, and was elected to the same position at the late election, knows how to work the sickness dodge successfully. It is alleged that the big suits of the petroleum producers against the Standard Oil Company, in which the officers of that concern were indicted for conspiracy to defraud the people of the State, were thrown out of Court because of the non-attendance of Judge Green, who was 'confined to his hotel on account of sickness.' Judge Green's great affliction was a carbuncle on the back of his neck, and suits involving millions of dollars in favor of the people of the State had to be withdrawn because it hadn't come to a head. The petroleum producers had been accumulating evidence against the Standard for years, and were supposed to have it 'dead to rights.' It will be seen, therefore, that the Standard Oil Company, with its profits of $1,000,000 a month, owes its existence to a carbuncle."

A BIG SUCCESS.—"My wife has been ailing a long time with dyspepsia and nervousness and was in bed two years with a complication of disorders; the physicians could not cure, when I was led by reading a circular to try Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Having been so often deceived by worthless mixtures, nothing but my wife's dangerous condition would have led us to make any more experiments. But it was a big success. Three bottles cured her, at a cost of a dollar and fifty cents, and she is now as strong as any woman, and regularly does her household duties.—R. D. Buffalo. See other column.

THE county commissioners of Allegheny county have the elections figured down so finely that they know within a few thousand dollars of the exact amount. The claims originally amounted to about four and a half millions. By exercising the greatest care the commissioners have succeeded in reducing the amount to about $2,000,000, for which bonds have been issued or are ready for issue. It is now proposed to present a bill before the Legislature early next month providing for the State to assume the payment of the bonds, the county asking no remuneration for settling the claims.

Forney on the High-Toned Republicans

WHO BOUGHT THEIR PURSES TO BUY THE PRESIDENCY FOR GARFIELD.

Last week's issue of Forney's *Progress* contains a scathing letter in the Colonel's best vein, addressed to A. T. Goshorn, of Cincinnati, who wrote Forney an impertinent letter stopping his paper, because of Forney's criticism on John Welsh, ex-Minister to England, for his (Welsh's) part in raising the great corruption fund, after the Maine election, to buy up States for Garfield. The annexed embodies the material points of the letter in question:

It is because Mr. Welsh is precisely what you say he is, because he is so good a man, because his life heretofore has been a model, because of the purity of that life, (virtues you claim for him, and I concede,) that a fatal force was given to his secret application for the money of the millionaire to buy a man into the Presidency as convicted by the Republican party of the United States of brazen corruption in the American Congress.

The purity of John Welsh's life made the impurity of that example more terrible. Until he signed the monstrous circular of the 19th of September, 1876, General Hancock was the foreordained President of the United States. Hancock's friends had just carried Maine, and Mr. Garfield himself, and the trained bands of his party—the officeholders and the reckless managers who had been getting rich for twenty years from the plunder of the people's Government—saw and trembled before that "handwriting on the wall." At this point John Welsh took the field against General Hancock. Up to the Maine election, in September, John Welsh stood aloof. The thrilling record of General Hancock, his splendid contradiction of all charges or suspicions against himself, the attractive incidents of his stainless life, and the graceful dignity with which he avoided all offensive advertisement of his person and his claims, had reached thousands of hearts, and there is no doubt that if these evangelizing influences had been permitted to control, Hancock would have been the choice of the American people.

At this moment John Welsh, of all men, the very man whose "purity of life" should have led him to yield to these appeals, made his appearance as the author of the extraordinary circular which I re-publish. Up to that time he had stood aloof. And when that paper appeared there was not a gentleman in Philadelphia, outside of the aspirants for office, who did not read this demand for a corruption fund with amazement. This shameless appeal came to me in the quiet of my office, and filled me with disgust and grief. I could not believe the circular was genuine, and it was only when I saw it in the *Inquirer* that I was convinced that the infamous paper was from the pen of John Welsh. I will not insult John Welsh by the intimation that he believes what he wrote and signed), but because he alleges such things against General Hancock, he did not hesitate to recommend the purchase of great States, and to take the lead in a crusade against the conscience of the Union, to put General Hancock who had to vote against General Hancock under the threat of being turned into the streets, or being made beggars and paupers.

Together with thousands of others, I denounce this most cruel, unprovoked and dangerous proceeding, and I am convinced that the American people will never forget the means by which, under the name of a man boasting of his "purity of life," a brave soldier has been deprived of his electoral majority.

Under the rule of the British House of Commons, the practice of a government to which John Welsh was the accredited American Minister, a member of Parliament, elected by the processes recommended by himself in regard to the choice of the President of the United States, would have been unseated almost without a vote; the very petition stating the fact that he had purchased the ballot would have left him without a case.

I am glad that you put no latch upon the honor to strike your name from my list of subscribers, because I should feel degraded in taking the money of a man who attempts surreptitiously to prescribe an independent American editor for denouncing practices which if done by an ordinary citizen would consign that citizen to deserved contempt and shame. JOHN W. FORNEY.

KILLING THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—It was killed when John Adams beat Jefferson in 1797.

It was killed in 1821, when Andrew Jackson was defeated by the coalition between the friends of John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay.

It was killed in 1840 by the "Hard Cider Campaign" of General Harrison.

It was killed by the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860.

It was killed by the re-election of Lincoln in 1864.

It was killed by the election of Grant in 1868.

It was killed "very dead" by the re-election of Grant in 1872.

It was killed by the "counting out" process in 1876.

It was killed by the "counting in" process in 1880.

It had a popular majority in the South, and with only a small fraction of a popular majority in the North and West in the election of 1880.

It numbers over three millions of voters in the North and West, and nearly a million in the South.

Its members cannot be bought or intimidated—their faith is founded upon the eternal principles of justice, liberty and equality.

Long live the Democratic party.—*Monmouth (N. J.) Democrat.*

MERCHANTS who suffer from Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, or Billiousness can be cured by using DR. MISTEACH'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Price 25 cents. [12;17.-1m.]

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A knife with 101 blades was lately sent to the Prince of Wales on his birthday.

—Eleven deer were recently killed in one day in the vicinity of Du Shore, Sullivan county.

—A parrot in the family of Mr. David Stubblebine, of Coventryville, Chester county, is 60 years old.

—John Hall, Esq., has been reappointed Marshal for the Western District of this State. Another good haul for John Hall.

—The house of Mrs. Araminta Mitchell at Newton, Pa., was burned Thursday night, and Mrs. Mitchell, aged eighty-three, perished in the flames.

—Most of the Irish news that reaches this country by cable comes through the N. Y. *Herald*, a paper devoted at this time to the landlord interest.

—James Peters, of Indianapolis, has brought suit for $10,000 against a former rival and his father-in-law, for alienating the affections of his wife.

—Mrs. Valentine, a white woman of Columbus, Ohio, not only married a negro, but deserted a white husband to do it, and has been arrested for bigamy.

—John Brown, of Brownsville, Md., is the oldest Postmaster in the country. His age is ninety, and he was appointed Postmaster by President Jackson in 1830.

—Solomn Bevliet, the young Somerset county girl who was alleged to have been badly treated by the owners of a circus company last summer, died the other day of diphtheria.

—A Cincinnati man turned his blind daughter into the street, though amply able to support her, because she refused to elope with the person the village people predicted, truly, he would be a thief in the course of construction at the Middletown car works five men were seriously injured and one man killed. The entire end of the building was torn out.

—A bean became lodged in the throat of Harry N. Endz, a boy, whose parents live near Pottstown, the other day, and, in spite of the efforts of physicians to remove it he died in great agony.

—The wife of D. C. Burks, of Decatur county, Iowa, recently gave birth to four children, two boys and two girls, weighing about two and one-half pounds each. All died inside of twenty-four hours.

—Charles Sickles accidentally poisoned his wife at Scranton on Saturday night by giving her carbolic acid instead of chlorate. She died in a few hours. Sickles has gone crazy on account of his fatal mistake.

—An honest old grocer of Detroit, not to be outdone by the rich men who are plunking down their thousands to the Grant fund, has offered to let the general have six cheese and cracker free lunches every week.

—Miss Smith, an English woman, was requested by the English authorities to leave Boulogne, in consequence of the very violent language in which she inveighed concerning the expulsion of the religious orders.

—Eight of the crew of the barque Nile, Captain Dixon, from Quebec for Cardiff, which capsized at sea, November 23d, were drowned, including the master and second mate. Two of the men died after being rescued.

—The police of Jackson, Mich., arrested five members of a family who had accumulated by theft two big wagon loads of articles, ranging in size from a cotton tidy to a cabinet organ. The latter had been stolen from a church.

—John J. Ryan, of Monessen, who has had charge of the eight-mile level of the Schuylkill Canal during the last ten years, has walked 40,000 miles, or over 75 twice around the earth. He has not missed a single day during the ten years.

—An express train from Washington on the P. R. R., two hours late, on Tuesday morning ran into a number of passengers at Bristol, Pa., who were about to enter a train from Philadelphia, and fatally injured three and probably four of them.

—A man about 25 years of age, named Richard Bell, was found dead, hanging by the neck, in a cellar at Sharon, Pa., on Saturday morning. He killed a man a few years ago, and it is thought remorse forced him to take his own life.

—Levi Calkins started to take a second wife at Yonker's, Wis., before his first wife had been dead a month. He could induce no clergyman or justice to perform the ceremony, and so he did it himself, reading the service in the presence of witnesses.

—Timothy Deasy, who was a leading spirit in the Fenian movement of 1867, has just died at Lawrence, Mass. His rescue from the hands of the British authorities in Manchester, England, in that year, caused great excitement, both in Great Britain and America.

—A band of spiritualists is digging for gold two miles south of Canton, N. Y., under the inspiration and direction of a Rochester medium. The land claims to have found many articles of curiosity, including Masonic emblems and a bird engraved on finely-cut stone.

—The Port Gibson (Miss.) *Reveille* says: Some weeks ago Mr. J. N. Brashear brought us the cob of an ear of corn gathered on his place, which was in every particular the shape of a human hand, the thumb and fingers in perfect shape and each of them of proper length.

—John Chew and John Mead, two colored men, on coming from work Friday evening, crossed the railroad track at Fulton Station, Western Maryland Railroad, in Baltimore, when they were struck by a train and both instantly killed. The body of one of them was cut to pieces.

—Such stalwart journals as find a good to righteous platform in the reported sale the other day of several colored vagrants in Virginia should reflect that under Republican administration in North Carolina white paupers were wont to be knocked off at auction to negro bidders.

—Alfred Gusciussi, of Tylersport, Pa., had a frightful dream, the other night, and to escape some supposed peril he leaped from his bed through a third-story window, to the ground below. Odd as it may seem he landed in a flower-bed unhurt, but the shock of the fall caused him to awake.

—Advices to the Chicago *Times* from Minnesota portray, report the story of misery and suffering among the Connemara colonists, twenty-five miles from Morris, Minn. A correspondent says: "Never has there been seen in this country such squalid poverty, distress and suffering."

—A young girl left Dubuque for New Zealand over a year ago, on the summons of her sweetheart, who was to marry her on her arrival there. She has returned alone and unmarried. Finding the man evidently disappointed because she was not as handsome as when he had last seen her, she promptly released him.

—A woman at Lodi, Pa., deliberately starved herself to death. The process required six weeks of total abstinence from food, though she drank sparingly of water. She had long been eccentric, and the death of her mother deprived her reason. Thereupon she went to bed with the avowed intention of dying, and never ate again.

—"Burt" Buchanan, a Cleveland youth, and Mamie Davis, a beautiful school girl, also of that city, eloped, came to Pittsburgh and were married soon after their arrival. They then telegraphed the old folks for money to get home with. They were forgiven, but their parents are at a loss to know what to do with the child wife and boy husband.

—Harry Thompson went hunting near Cleveland, intending to return in time for his wedding, which was appointed for the same evening. He said that the diversion was necessary in order to steady his nerves, but it did not have that effect, for in climbing a fence the gun fell from his trembling hands and was discharged, killing him on the spot.

—Mrs. Charles H. Byer, wife of a farmer living ten miles from Bloomington, Ill., was a few days ago accidentally knocked into a well by a pet cow, which she was watering suddenly turning its head and striking her. The lady kept her head above the water for three hours until her situation was discovered and she was rescued, but she died from exhaustion and exposure.

—A national convention of colored men has been called, to be held in Washington on the day before the inauguration of Garfield. The colored men having got all their rights, now want some offices, and they will ask for a place in the Cabinet. If the offices are to be handed around to those who have done most for the party the colored people are certainly entitled to their pick.

—A mean fellow in Taunton, Massachusetts, whose aged mother has made over to him a large and well-stocked farm, under a promise that he would care for her during the time she lived, recently applied to the city authorities to extend aid to her as a pauper. The discreditable facts were ascertained, and he was given a very forcible reminder of the advisability of filial obedience.

—A Republican paper says: "The Democratic party is safe for years to come." During the times, with no prospect of ever catching up. That's what's the matter." To which the Harrisburg *Patriot* replies that it never will be "up" to DeGolyer pavement contracts, Credit Mobilier bribes, and like transactions which have placed the Republican party forty years ahead on the road to perdition.

—Early Thursday morning a grandson of Uri Burt killed Sarah Traver and himself in the presence of his wife. Burt and the woman went to his residence in North Albany, N. Y. His wife refused to admit them. Burt then burst open the door, and the two went to the kitchen. There he made the woman kneel, and shot her dead. He then killed himself. The woman begged him to spare her.

—Geo. Smith and Catharine Miller, convicted in Lycoming county of the murder of Andrew Miller last spring, have been relieved from January 6 to February 3, to enable the Board of Pardons to consider an application for executive clemency. Mrs. Miller had conspired with Smith to murder her husband, who was beaten to death and suspended from a beam in his barn to divert suspicion.

—Miss Alice May Freeman threw some red pepper in the eyes of a New York man named Howard S. Ingersoll, the other day, and then gave him several blood-drawing cuts across the face with a heavy whip, the lash of which was filled with twisted pins. He had enticed her into a house on previous day, and had surprised with her friends to make sport of him. A wedding party was gathered, a ceremony was performed by a pretended clergyman, and the victim did not know that he had been imposed upon until the time came to retire for the night. Then they undeceived him.

—Mr. D. Whiting of Riverside, Cal., has enclosed 1,500 acres of land with a stockade, and proposes importing one hundred pairs of ostriches from South Africa, worth from $200 to $300 a bird. Ostriches breed at four years of age, and will produce four breeds a year, each containing twenty chicks. At their months the feathers of a bird become worth $6, and as it grows older, attain a value of over $100. It is said that it costs no more to keep an ostrich than a sheep.

—Simon and Joseph Kilfire, father and son, of Canton, O., both desired to marry their housekeeper. The old man owned all the property, and the woman gave him the preference on that account, assuring Joseph that she would marry him as soon as she became a widow. But the son had a plan for getting her and the estate without delay. He poisoned his father, first trying to make people that the result was not fatal, and finally producing death with morphine.

—Maud Webb is one of the prettiest and wickedest girls in Cincinnati. She went to Bishop Elder, and in a broken voice told him that her dear mother—the only relative or friend she had in the world—was dead, and she had no money to pay for a decent burial. The Bishop gave her an order for a coffin, and a letter authorizing her to use his name in getting contributions for the other expenses. The document and her modest manner enabled her to open purses on every hand, and she got much money before her falsehood was exposed.

—It is said that several Scotch manufacturers of tweeds propose to transfer their establishments to this side of the Atlantic, locating at the South. In this way they expect to add to their profits the amount of duty now levied on their fabrics through the custom house, to secure a permanent home for foreign enterprise and capital should be entered upon on a scale of any considerable magnitude, it might be a good thing for American workingmen, even if not for the profitability that a corresponding volume of foreign labor would accompany it.

—Mrs. Ellen Moriarty died in New York on Wednesday of last week, aged 111 years, and her funeral took place on Friday from No. 1,324 Second avenue. Among the attendants were a son seventy-six years old, a daughter seventy-three years old, a grandchildren and great-grandchildren. One of her relatives said that Mrs. Moriarty's health had been perfect save that she was troubled with neuralgia occasionally during the last fifteen years of her life. A few months ago she showed an Irish jig step to the young people at a party.

—Shortly after midnight Miss Mary Shaffer was abducted from Woodcock, Crawford county, by an unknown man, who met her while going to school. She was taken to Lowell, Mass., where she lived for several years with a band of gypsies in the suburbs. She made her escape, and was happily restored to her family after a long series of perils. She remained in this country for two years, when she got married, and is now the mother of five children, living in Lowell. Last week she made her appearance at her old home, for the first time in nineteen years. She found that her parents had long since died, and the only relative living proved to be a sister to whom she was a stranger. She hundred dollars was her share in her father's property, which she received and departed for her home in Lowell.

—A five-story building, owned by George W. Tifft, on Perry street, Buffalo, and occupied by Billings Bros., as a paper manufactory, was burned on the night of Friday evening. About 120 men and boys were employed, all of whom were at work at the time. In less than twenty minutes the entire building was a mass of flames and the walls soon crumbled and fell, burying fifteen of the employes. The doors to the different rooms were hung to swing in and each had a heavy spring closing it, thereby retarding the egress of the occupants. The building was without fire escape of any kind. Terrified workmen took to the windows and many of them escaped with broken bones and crushed bodies. Those in the upper stories, unable to escape, remained for a moment at the windows and then sank back suffocated in the smoke and flames.

—The details of a terrible crime committed at Impelo, on the Mobile Railroad, were received in Memphis on Monday last. The facts are that two men called on Saturday evening at the house of Mr. Reding, both a young married man, and asked to stay all night. They were permitted to do so, occupying a bed in the room with Mr. Reding, his wife and child. About 10 o'clock the neighbors discovered the Reding cottage on fire. It was completely destroyed, and the charred remains of the parents and a young child—were found in the ruins. Search was made for the men. One of them was caught six miles away. He acknowledged that they had chloroformed the family, robbed the place, secured $27 in money, a watch, and some clothing. They then scattered cotton saturated with coal oil over the floor and set it on fire.

—Mrs. Timothy Keighron, the wife of a prominent resident of Petrolia, this State, had for years been afflicted with distressing convulsions. They were periodical in their appearance, attacking Mrs. Keighron regularly on the 4th, 10th, 16th and 20th of each month. They always seized her in the night, suddenly and without any warning symptoms. They were characterized by hours of writhing torture by the afflicted body. In July last Rev. Mr. McCarthy, of Parkerville, City, of whose church Mrs. Keighron is a member, received a package of mortar from Knock, Ireland. He gave a portion of it to Mrs. Keighron, with instructions to pulverize it and drink it in holy water. She did so. It is stated that from that time these has been no return of the fits. The family believe the cure to be permanent, and attribute it entirely to the miraculous powers of the mortar.

—The editor of the New York *Catholic Review* received a despatch on Tuesday from St. Paul, Minn., saying: "Reports of sufferings of Connemara settlers in Minnesota are false, and due to prejudice." It is almost needless to state that the reports of sufferings among the colonists were circulated for the purpose of preventing the Irish from crowding into western Minnesota. A recent issue of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, printed in St. Paul, has the following extract from a letter written by the Right Rev. Bishop of Graciopolis: "I again assert that there is no suffering among the Connemaras I consider them among the best provided for of any people in this colony. If my words are not believed, I challenge any disinterested party or parties to prove the contrary." The *Chronicle* characterizes the reports of suffering as "a base calumnious attempt to injure the Catholic colonization movement in Minnesota."

—The Chicago doctors are puzzled and interested by a peculiar case on the West Side. William Crawford, aged fourteen years, son of William Crawford, captain of a tug boat, has for two years been a sufferer from a swelling of the blood at times, and lately has had severe attacks which alarmed his parents. His infirmity comes on him usually after taking cold.—Great black patches appear on his body from which blood drops the size of a pinhead exude. The blood flows from his mouth, nose, eyes, scalp, hands, and comes from the bladder and kidneys. No pain accompanies these discharges, but they make his blood thin and weaken him. Sudden fright or excitement will temporarily check the flow. He is mentally bright and his father, mother, brothers and sisters are strong and healthy. The physicians have been taken an interest in his case propose sending him to Edinburgh and London for examination by the Academy of Surgeons.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND revives the drooping spirit; invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions; gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of beauty the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

SUFFERING IN KANSAS.—There has hardly been a single period of three years since the first settlement of Kansas that appeals have not been made to the charity of the country in behalf of its suffering people and, what with drought, grasshoppers, storms and other visitations it is not just to, it would appear that it is the most unpromising region in the West for immigrants to settle in. There are agents from Norton county, Kansas, now in St. Joseph soliciting aid for the people of that region, whose condition is represented as pitiable. They are destitute of the commonest necessaries of life, and without clothing as well as food. Their crops were entirely cut off by a drought last summer, and they have little to subsist on. Many of them are reduced to meal and water or parched corn. The Presiding Elder of the district in which Norton county is included states that he has traveled 500 miles in it without eating more vegetables than he could carry in his hand. On his third round he sat down to meals that consisted wholly of corn and water, and in some cases he found people living on cane seed. There are twenty counties in the region in much the same condition with Norton. The soil is good and yields well when the seasons are favorable, but last year was so rain, and this wheat crop, the chief dependence of the people, was a total failure, some whole counties not yielding fifty bushels. The farmers did not raise enough even for seed, and they will have to be supplied with seed next spring. Destitute as the people—a result of the wretched condition they are reduced to—and their sufferings appeal strongly to the charity and liberality of their brethren.—*St. Louis Republican.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY SACRIFICE, IF TRUE.—A special despatch to the New York *World* from Topeka, Kan., Dec. 17th, says: Fred Olds, who is serving a life-term in the Kansas State Prison, having pleaded guilty to the murder of D. W. Faris in his store at Topeka in March, 1874, has made public confession dated November 30, 1880, in which he imputes the crime to his father, who lately committed suicide in California, and claims that his plea of guilty was made as a voluntary sacrifice. The body of Faris was hacked to pieces and buried under a pile of potatoes in the cellar. Young Olds, who was only sixteen years old at the time, gives all the details of his movements on the day and night of the crime and claims that he could, had he chosen, have proved an alibi. When arrested, he says, he did not know of the arrest, but the conduct of the father both before and after the discovery convinced him that he had done it, and it was arranged between them that the boy should pretend to confess in order that the father might leave the country. The confession is intended for submission to the Governor with an appeal for pardon.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is the only Catarrh remedy of many I have tried which has acted as a cure. I have been troubled over fifteen years; my head has been most of the time stopped and very much inflamed. It has opened my nostrils and reduced the inflammation. My eyes are improving, so that I can stand strong light, which I have not been able to do for years. NATHANIEL FOSTER, with E. F. MOODY, Merchant, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

MY SON, aged nine years, was afflicted with Catarrh; the use of ELY'S CREAM BALM effected a complete cure. W. E. HUNMAN, Druggist, Elkton, Md.

ELY'S CREAM BALM sells better than any other preparation for Catarrh, and gives better satisfaction. B. ARMSTRONG, Druggist, Williamsport, Pa.

A BEAUTIFUL cottage home was built in Accomac county, Va., a few mornings ago. The sun rose behind a thick bank of fog, which soon grew thicker until it fairly hid the sun from above. In a single minute a wonderful transformation had taken place. Apparently not a quarter of a rood away lay the island of Chincoteague, with its hill, white tower, its dwellings, its trees, and shrubbery. A little boy was seen driving a flock of sheep along the seashore, and even a fish perch in the door of the lighthouse keeper's home fondling a doll. In another minute a second fog bank rose and shut out the vision. The island was distant thirty miles.

A LADY'S WISH.—"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, which makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. Try it for me as you observe." Read of it.—*Globe Bulletin.*

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