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VOLUME XV.

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...n," remarked ...s tail.—*Ed. L. Doctor,*" re... a dose of ...ERBY AND ...ent bottle ...uggists, ...ch for... ...gists, ...

EBE...

...—The irrepressible author of the celebrated Dr. Panthamus snake story has placed us under obligations for an invitation, very neatly written on blue-tinted paper, to attend the wedding of Judge Geo. W. Otto, President of the Tussey Mountain Coon Club, who is to take unto himself a wife this (Thursday) evening in the person of Sarah Selders. The ceremony is to be performed at the First Presbyterian church, Altoona, and is to be followed by a grand reception at the Johnston House, Williamsburg. The bride and groom, whose portraits occupy prominent positions on the invitation, look exceedingly blue, the likenesses being executed in blue ink, and have evidently seen many if not better days, the party of the first part being sixty years of age, while the lady in the case is probably not a thousand years younger than that. Still that is no reason why they may not be as happy in their new relations as they certainly Otto be if there is anything in a name. We can't attend the wedding feast, but the venerable pair have our blessing and benediction all the same.

...In accordance with the provisions of the ...ary laws of the State, our home company (Co. A, Fifth regiment, N. G. P.) drew ...year from the public treasury the sum ...o hundred dollars. This money has ...fore been divided amongst the members of the Company, but it is now proposed ...t it in the direction of the building ...mory—the express purpose for which ...shall appropriated by the State. The project ...yet assumed any definite shape, but ...tion looking toward the erection of ...ory building—one story to be used as ...The occasion and the other to do duty as a town ...est, well deserves many friends. Our present Court ...which has served as the place for ...ll public meetings during the last ...spectators here, will be torn down next Summer ...of a young and growing town, and the ...dictment for ...ars of the new Court House will ...en for miscellaneous purposes, ...the moment ...n be without a public hall. ...prisoner, and the decide to put up the proposed ...titude eagerly would likely desire to occupy ...present armory. This site ...pected advent, which, though, and a perpetual lease ...entered whose remarks Company, with certain ...ed universal attention be accorded without op... done as accurately as p...

A figure tall, lean, sinewy, ...killed by young Ash... an arrow; a brow ma... of this country about ...smooth as polished marble, ...the FREEMAN a ...purchased by the ...large blue veins, forked like ...G. Huntley a lynx, ...and now occu... serpent; eyes reddish yellow, ...ont window ...wrathful eagle's, as brilliant, ...ishment. It ...piercing; and finally a mouth sligh... ...ground ...breathed curses! He was habited in leath... ...went ...—ornamented after the fashion of Indian ...of ...costume, with beads of every color of the ...rainbow.

Elbowing his way proudly and slowly through the throng, and seemingly altogether unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon that needed explanation, the singular oeing advanced, and with the haughty air of a king taking his throne, seated himself within the bar, crowded as it was with Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves far superior to those old and famous masters. The contrast between the disdainful countenance and outlandish garb of the stranger excited especially the risibility of the lawyers, and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which soon grew louder and louder around the circle. They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains who had never before been seen in the halls of justice.

Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it. Turning his head gradually, that he might give each laugher a look of infinite scorn, he ejaculated the single word, "Savages!"

No pen can describe the unspeakable malice, the defiant force which he threw into that term; no language can express the infernal furore of his utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But it accented every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips, laying horrible emphasis on the "s" both at the beginning and end of the word. It was a mixed sound, intermediate betwixt the growl of a red tiger and a hiss of a rattlesnake—"Savages!" It neured everybody of the disposition to laugh.

The general gaze, however, was then diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who came in surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive even a cynic mad, for here was a style of beauty to bewilder the tamest imagination and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture enameled with fire and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the spell of an enchantment to be felt as well as seen. You might feel it in the flashes of her countenance, clear as sunlight, brilliant as the iris; in the classic contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut with an artist's chisel; in her hair of rich ringlets, flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in her eyes, blue as the heaven of southern summer, large, liquid, dreamy; in her motions, graceful, swimming like the gentle waftures of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in her figure, slight, ethereal—a sylph's or a seraph's, and more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so frank, so serene, so like starlight, and yet thrilling the soul as a shock of electricity.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calmly took her place before the bar of her judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the Court could scarcely repress from swelling into a deafening cheer. The murmur was followed by a loud, uncarthly groan from a solitary bosom, as of some one in mortal anguish. All eyes were centered on the stranger, and all were struck with surprise and wonder, for his features writhed as if in torture—torture that his rain of tears could not assuage. But what could be the cause of his sudden emotion? Could any connection exist between him and that fairy girl, more beautiful than a blossom of summer, and in countenance celestial as a star?

The Judge turned to the prisoner—"Emma Greenleaf, the Court has been informed that your counsel, Colonel Linton, is sick, and cannot attend. Have you employed any other?"

She answered in a voice sweet as the warble of a nightingale and clear as the song of a skylark: "My enemies have bribed all the lawyers, even my own, to be sick; but God will defend the innocent."

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the audience buzzed applause and the rest wept. On the instant, however, the leather-robed stranger, whose aspect had previously created so much merriment, approached the prisoner and whispered something in his ear. She bounded several inches from the floor, uttered a wild shriek, then stood pale and trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from the grave. All now could perceive that there must be some mysterious connection between the two, and the scene assumed the profound interest of a genuine romance. The stranger addressed the Court in accents as sonorous as the tone of an organ.

"May it please your honor, I will defend the legal rights of the lady."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished judge; "are you a licensed attorney?"

"The question is immaterial and irrelevant," replied the stranger, with a sneer, "as your statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" asked the judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was her answer, as a long-drawn sigh escaped that seemed to rend her very heart-strings.

"What is your name, as it must be placed on the record?" interrogated the judge.

"William Denton," said the stranger.

The case immediately progressed. We will briefly epitomize the substance of the evidence. About 12 months previously the defendant had arrived in the town and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a small, back room of the shop, and all

COMMUNICATIONS.

Those "Spelling Match" Prizes Again.

EDITOR FREEMAN—In your last issue a certain W. A. Watkins, in a quiet, innocent and most dignified manner, disposes of the book awards at the late Teachers' Institute to his own satisfaction at least. I was also inclined to be satisfied with it until I learned that your correspondent was an eloquent preacher of *a gospel*—a shepherd of a flock. Then I concluded that the distribution of garbled literature was at all times a part of his business, and that the present instance is but one evidence that his desires and abilities are not circumscribed by parochial limits, and that he is impressed with the importance of that gospel which refers to the sheep which *he* must bring into the fold. Hence he goes about scattering crumbs of comfort to his own in his meeting-house when others fail, and to all when occasion offers, even though to make the occasion he must intrude upon a decorous Teachers' Institute.

He is sorry, I presume, that by offering such prizes Mr. Berg was placed in an awkward position; otherwise he would not have assumed the responsibility. He does not, however, intimate that he himself is sorry or even feels in the slightest degree the gratuitous insult offered to many of the teachers. Does the knowledge that the objectionable offer was made by Mr. Berg at the suggestion of a Johnstown preacher less effectively point the affront? I should think it was an aggravating circumstance. Yet no word of regret is expressed for an affront he would have us believe was unintentionally offered. Can it be that his interest in the distribution of garbled and falsified history is so intense that it has blinded him to the amenities of society, or made him deaf to the suggestions of good breeding? An insult always demands an apology, and an apology for an unintentional insult can always be gracefully made and graciously accepted.

From my reading of his communication to the FREEMAN I would judge that Watkins made a catspaw of the County Superintendent in throwing the chestnuts into the fire, and that Mr. Berg burnt his fingers in drawing them out.

The plea that no thought was taken of the religious complexion of the works avails him nothing. A man of Mr. Watkins' supposed reading knows that in selecting works for distribution in a mixed assembly the greatest care should be taken. This is especially true of works relating to the Middle Ages, as nearly all of them bear the marks of the interest and prejudice of the writers. Hence it was an insult to offer works relating to that period as rewards to an assembly of persons of different creeds without being satisfied as to their unobjectionable character.

The knowledge that a Protestant preacher and not the County Superintendent selected the awards goes but a short way in excusing the act. There are none of our public institutions looked upon with such distrust or guarded with such jealous care by our churching people as the public schools. Engrafted as they are on the organic law of our commonwealth, they must be accepted and maintained as a means for the diffusion of secular knowledge, religion being ostracised from the branches taught therein. Let all, especially and during the school vacation, who appeared in the Spelling Match, ask what the people of Cambria county think of the affront offered their children by Mr. Watkins' supposed reading.

Yours truly,
A. W. BUCK.

Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.

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AT BARKERS'!

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RATHER THAN CARRY THEM OVER TO ANOTHER SEASON
WE HAVE CONCLUDED TO OFFER THEM AT
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
In fact, we have a choice lot of Shoes, Vests, Caps, Sleigh-Bells, &c., which we have placed on our Bargain Counter at
Prices MUCH BELOW the FIRST COST of the Goods.
As we are desirous of closing out the balance of our stock of Boots and Shoes, we will allow you to name your own figures.
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF
CHILDREN'S SHOES
ever offered in this place will be found at our store.
☞ Bear in mind that we are strictly in the Boot and Shoe business. The same business carried on for years at the old stand, opposite the Mansion House.
JOHN BARKER.
Ebensburg, Jan. 7, 1881.

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Here are a few of our Prices:
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☞ Please remember the place, give us a call, and don't fail to buy from the "boys" at the new leg.
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P. S.—We are agents for the sale and have on hands a lot of new Open and Top Buggies, at prices ranging from $60 to $100. Call in and purchase.
S. M. D. & CO.
Chest Springs, Nov. 19, 1880.—3m.

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...owed ...ick appeared in the ...on business. The same business carried him over to DeWitt, eighty miles away. While on the way he stopped at a log farm house to warm his cold fingers. He was warmly welcomed by the pioneer and his wife, both of whom were well along in years, and after some general talk the woman queried:

"Am I right in thinking you are a widower?"

"Yes."

"Did you come out here to find a wife?"

"Partly."

"Did anybody tell you of our Susie?"

"No."

"Well, we've got as pouncing a girl of 22 as you ever set eyes on. She's good looking, healthy, and good tempered, and I think she'll like your looks."

"Where is she?"

"Over in the woods, there, chopping down a coon tree. Shall I blow the horn for her?"

"No; if you'll keep an eye on my horse I'll find her."

"Well, there's nothing stuck up or affected about Susie. She'll say yes or no as soon as she looks you over. If you want her, don't be afraid to say so."

The stranger heard the sound of the ax and followed it. He found her just as the tree was ready to fall. She was a stout, good looking girl, swinging the ax like a man, and in two minutes he had decided to say:

"Susie, I'm a widower from New York State; I'm 39 years old, have one child, own a good farm, and I want a wife. Will you go back with me?"

She leaned on the ax and looked at him for half a minute, and then replied:

"Can't say for certain. Just wait till I get these coons off my mind."

She sent the tree crashing to the earth, and with his help killed five coons, which were stowed away in a hollow.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked, as the last coon stopped kicking.

"I'm yours!" was the reply, "and by the time you get back from DeWitt I'll have these pelts off and tacked up, and be ready for the preacher."

He returned to the house, told the old folks that he should bring a preacher back with him, and at dusk that evening the twain were married. Hardly an hour had been wasted in courting, and yet he took home one of the best girls in the State of Michigan. —*Detroit Free Press.*

MAKING A DEAF MAN HEAR.—Funny how things will happen sometimes. Messrs. Gallagher and Bagbag are strangers, and the other day they went down to see old Mr. Crops, who is very deaf. Neither knew Crops, but both were aware of his infirmity. Gallagher reached the place and found Crops out, but sat down to wait for him. Presently Gallagher came in. Each thought the other to be Crops. Bagbag went up to Gallagher, put his mouth to that gentleman's ear, and in a loud voice cried: "Got any hogs to sell?" The yell made Gallagher jump like a steer, and at first he was mad. But he recollected that deaf people talk very loud, and so placing his mouth at Bagbag's ear he roared: "I want to buy a mule." That nearly split Bagbag's head and he jumped in good shape. Then he saw that he wasn't understood and yelled louder, "Hogs are the things to deal in!" and then Gallagher saw that he wasn't comprehended and cried, "I must have a mule that won't kick." Bagbag put on more steam and yelled, "I tell you I want fat hogs." Gallagher toned up loud enough to be heard half a mile away and howled: "Mule! mule! brindle color preferred." "No Western hogs for me. I tell you I want to buy some good fat hogs!" bellowed Bagbag. "I wish I could make that old ass understand that I want to buy a mule," thought Gallagher. "Have you got a brindle mule to sell?" he howled, getting very red in the face. "This old numbhead is awful deaf," thought Bagbag, and then he nearly tore the top of his head off in whooping out: "If you've got any hogs to sell, I want to see 'em." By this time both men were mad and each inwardly swore he'd make the other fellow hear, or die in the attempt. "Mule! mule! mule, I tell you mule!" madly shrieked Gallagher, dancing about. "Hogs! I said hogs! hogs is what I want! Hogs!" screamed Bagbag, with an effort that split his shirt the whole length of his back. By that time the neighborhood was aroused. Crops's son came in and asked what in somewhere was the matter. "I can't make this deaf old ass hear anything!" cried Bagbag. "You might fire a cannon beside him and he wouldn't notice it!" said Gallagher. An explanation ensued. Then the disgust of both men was painful to behold. Each said the other was an idiot and altogether to blame in the matter, and it was hard work to keep them from fighting. They united, however, in a request that the matter be kept secret, but it wasn't, and they are keeping concealed to avoid paying to about fifty people who know of the affair. —*Beet's Fun.*

A COOL-HEADED YOUNG HERO.—The hero in New York just now is a lad the narrative of whose exploits in saving life moves ladies to send checks for his benefit to newspaper offices. The hero is named Charles McKenna, and it was his misfortune to be with three younger children, his brothers, and sisters, during the absence of both parents, when a fire broke out in the lofty, rickety and crowded tenement house in which their lot was cast. He saw that egress by the stairway was cut off, and, shutting the door, to keep out fire and smoke as long as possible, and picking up his baby sister, he climbed out the window to a fire-escape and descended to a balcony on the second floor. The reporter tells the rest:

"Standing on that balcony he shouted to a crowd of men who were on the roof of a shed in the yard opposite to catch the child, and tossed her to them. She fell unharmed into the arms of a 'longshoreman, who carried her into his own house and gave her to his wife. 'Hold on, boys,' young McKenna said as he saw his sister carried away, 'I've got two more.' In a few moments he again appeared on the balcony with his three-year-old brother Hugh, whom he threw to the men on the roof of the shed. They caught him without. Charles had the greatest difficulty with his brother James, nine years old, who refused to leave the room. He got him to the window, but the boy would not jump, telling his brother that he would certainly be killed on the flagging below. His brother finally went to the back of the room, ran toward him unexpectedly, lifted him in his arms, and dropped him to the crowd below. He was not in the least hurt. Charles then got out on the fire-escape, around which the flames were flying, and lowered himself to the lowest balcony, from which he jumped into the yard, landing on his feet uninjured save for scorched hands."

MAKING TIME TABLES.—The following description of the apparatus used by the Pan Handle road for making time tables will be of interest: It consists of a large board, down each end of which are the names of the stations, with their distances from the termini and from each other given. Along the top and bottom of the board are placed at intervals of two or three inches the hours of the day, and these spaces are still further divided into twelfths, or five minutes. The end of the thread is pinned at whatever hour a train is desired to leave—say Pittsburgh—and that thread, representing the train, of course it must move to the right as it is drawn down the board, giving it an oblique direction. The hour to which it is pinned at the bottom represents the time and arrival at Columbus, and it is evident that such a thread intersects a line drawn across the board at a one-year-old station to station the perpendicular, a white star in his intersecting that point indicates a wreck to some freight train's arrival there. We disengage and take him up, the other way the process is disposed of as the law and the intersections of the threads sent passing points. When the ... all adjusted as you want the train ... you have a time chart of the road ... looks a little like a ... man), the airy business attended to entirely and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

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