THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " " if not p'd within year.. 2.25

☞ To persons residing outside the county 25 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—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 XV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1881. NUMBER 4.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind, neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

G. WOLF'S
OLD RELIABLE STORES!
OLD RELIABLE STORES!

THE PIONEER
Clothing House
In Central Pennsylvania,
NEXT TO POST-OFFICE,
ALTOONA, PA.

STRONG EASY SUITS	$ 6.50
STRONG EASY SUITS	7.00
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Great variety SACK and CUTAWAY SUITS	10.00
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Good Every-Day WORKING PANTS	1.00
Best PANTS in the city for the money	2.25
All-Wool KENTUCKY PANTS	3.25
PANTALOONS of all styles and qualities up to the finest Dress Fabrics at	9.00

Special Bargains
JUST RECEIVED
FROM OUR LARGE WORKROOMS,
CONSISTING OF A COMPLETE LINE OF
BLUE, BLACK and BROWN
ALL WOOL FUR BEAVER
OVERCOATS,
Cloth Round, Silk Velvet Collar, good Serge Lining, for
TEN DOLLARS!

Established about One-Fourth of a Century

OPEN EVERY DAY UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Reversible Overcoats!
The Reversible Overcoat first manifested itself one year ago, but did not get a fair hold on public favor until the present season. It is made without lining, of course, and the seams are arranged in such a way that there is no wrong side to it. One side of the cloth is finished in a variety of styles, such as diagonals, mixed, etc., etc., and the other is usually a quilted plaid or check. The pockets, too, are so ingeniously contrived that no matter which side of the coat is out they are always in the right place, ready for business. We will show this week all the Reversible Coats we have; also, everything in our line that you ask for. It will puzzle you to ask for anything we haven't got.
G. WOLF.

WE HAVE JUST BOUGHT
AT ASSIGNEE'S SALE
A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF
Overalls and Shirts,
made of heavy duck, and as we have no room to keep them very long we will give our patrons the benefit of the bargain we got in the purchase by selling them at FIFTY CENTS PER SUIT, or at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each article separately. They are worth at least DOUBLE THE MONEY.

THIS WEEK
We are showing, as fully as our crowded condition will permit, everything we have in
SUITS AND OVERCOATS
and especially OVERCOATS. We are prepared to show almost an unlimited assortment of everything in Clothing and Underclothing, but the general display of the week is in Overcoats of every sort.

It is as pleasant to talk about the newest and best things as it is to wear them, but not all of you want to pay for them. We have equal need to sell a cheap garment that simply keeps out the damp and cold, even though they may be a little rough. Thousands who will read this to-day will be glad to learn that
A GOOD SATIN OVERCOAT,
heavy enough to give a sense of warmth; substantial enough for the roughest wear, and good looking enough for better use, can be had here
FOR $5.00 OR $6.00.
Other merchants will look with the same liking for Negusmaex Honver at $10 to $12.50, and the Chinchilla overcoats at $15 to $20.

We have no time to write more; have you patience to read anything like an account of what we show this week. Here is the place to use your eyes and your judgment. Here we will not tire you with descriptions beforehand.

REMEMBER THIS!
Whatever you buy that does not suit you, isn't sold at all. Come back with it the first minute you can. You are as free as if you had your money in your pocket. You shall have your money back in your pocket if you want it; but take good care of the garments for us, so long as our interest in them continues.
GODFREY WOLF.
H. LATERNER, One of the Salesmen.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.
ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Jan. 16, 1879.-tf.

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office on 16th street, between 10th and 11th avenues. [7-2-tf.]

BARGAINS
—FOR—
JANUARY and FEBRUARY, '81.

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
BARGAINS IN OVERCOATS!
BARGAINS IN BOOTS AND SHOES!
BARGAINS IN HATS AND CAPS!
BARGAINS IN LADIES' SHAWLS AND COATS!
BARGAINS IN TWILLED AND PLAIN FLANNELS!
Bargains in all WINTER GOODS!
Bargains in Tinware!
Bargains in Groceries!
BARGAINS in EVERYTHING!
AT BARKERS'!

Our reason for offering these Special BARGAINS is that we find that we have an overstock of Winter Goods, especially in heavy Boots for Men and Boys and in heavy Shoes for Ladies and Children, and
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.
Our object is to get rid of the stock, and if you think our prices are not low enough we will allow you to name your own figures.
WE CARRY THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES
in Ebensburg, and you will always find with us any size, style or quality at the very lowest price.
NOW IS YOUR CHANCE FOR BARGAINS!
☞ COME AND GATHER THEM IN BEFORE THE BEST HAVE BEEN CAPTURED. ☜
V. S. Barker & Bro.
Ebensburg, Pa., January 21, 1881.

BEST BARGAINS IN TOWN!
FOR THE READY CASH DOWN!

New Stock of 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,
which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the
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 wareroom, 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, December, 1880.

Make NO MISTAKE.
THE NEW STORE OF
S. TEITELBAUM, CARROLLTOWN,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY AT LOWEST PRICES THE VERY BEST
WINTER GOODS OF ALL KIND!
And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.
CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1880.-tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

W. H. ROSENSTEEL & SON
—WILL PAY—
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE
—FOR—
OAK AND HEMLOCK BARK,
Hides, Sheep Pelts, Calf Skins, &c.
Dec. 3, 1880.-3m. JOHNSTOWN, PA.

NEW DEPARTURE.
Books and Stationery.
THE undersigned has just opened in Carrollton, opposite S. Teitelbaum's store, a full line of BOOKS and STATIONERY. Also, a lot of choice CANDIES, CONFECTIONERIES, &c.
☞ The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. PRICES LOW.
JOSEPH FARABAUGH.
Carrolltown, Oct. 8, 1880.-tf.

ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co. 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. ☞ 100-page Pamphlet, 25c.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN, $1.50 a year, in advance.

40 ELEGANT CHROMO CARDS, New Styles, 10c. Agents wanted. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

LOVE'S QUANDARY.

I sit in my chamber, bewildered, and sigh!
If ever a maiden was troubled, 'tis I.
I've one lover rich, though he's awfully old,
His pockets are just running over with gold.
Another is handsome, and loves me, I know,
With all of the love that he doesn't bestow
On himself. The other is poor, plain and true,
But carries a heart that is pure as the dew.

But—there are my sisters! Now beautiful Lou
Has married a man who is rich as a Jew;
She sings for a husband who is handsome and gay,
Whose face is not wrinkled, whose hair is not gray.
Kate married a beauty, yet she has no joy;
She's head of the house—he's more like a toy;
He don't know as much as a boy out of school,
Like all handsome men he's a simpering fool.

Mog wedded for love, and that's worst of all,
For in a poor cottage, that's terribly small,
She lives like "the old woman who lived in a shoe,"
And grumbles and grumbles now what can I do?
There's Lou would give wealth if it beauty would bring;
And Kate, who wed beauty, would take anything;
And she who has love is the worst of the three—
Love, beauty or riches—O which shall it be?

I say to my sisters, I'll be an old maid,
And be sure of the sunshine, since they have the shade;
And all three declare, with hands held on high,
Than to be an old maid they would much rather die
Or live as they are. Now, that's just the way!
I go to my mother—she's nothing to say,
The way out of trouble I ne'er can descry;
If ever a maid was perplexed, it is I.

THREE BRAVE MEN.

Pretty Barbara Ferres would not marry. Her mother was in consternation. "Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers."

"But they don't suit me," said Barbara, coolly tying her curls before the mirror.

"Why not?"

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave—equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he was brave."

"And you never learned that he was not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gunsmith?"

"He is as placid as goat's milk."

"That is no sign that he is a coward. There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely."

"He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

"It is not always strength that wins a fight, girl. It takes brain as well as brawn. Come now, Barbara, give these fellows a fair trial."

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven curl and looping up another. "I will, mother," said she, at last.

That evening Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door. "You sent for me, Barbara," he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied; "I've been thinking of what you said the other night when you were here."

Ernest spoke quietly, but his dark eyes flashed, and he looked at her intently.

"I want to test you."

"How?"

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up-stairs. It smells of mould. They say Raymond, the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty in a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up-stairs in the room where my grandfather died, and they say my grandsire does not rest easy in his grave, for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that your bed to-night?"

Ernest laughed. "Is that all? I will do that and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Your nerves will have good proof if you undertake it. Remember no one sleeps in that part of the house."

"I shall sleep the sounder."

"Good night, then. I will send a lad to show you your chamber. If you stay there all night," said the imperious Miss Barbara, "I will marry you."

"You vow it?"

"I vow it."

Ernest turned straightway and followed the lad in waiting through the dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow, damp ways, where rats scuttled before them, to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Ernest made him wait until he took a survey of the room with his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, with high windows in them, which was barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferres had been insane for several years before his death, so that this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin, beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise quite empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin. "Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara it's a good fit," said he. The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the gunsmith alone in the dark. Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the blacksmith in the keeping-room.

"Barney," said she, pulling her hands away from his grasp, when he would have kissed her, "I've a test to put you to before I give you any answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandfather died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare sit there with it all night, and let nothing drive you away from your post, you will not ask me to marry you in vain."

"You give me a light and a bottle of wine and a book to read?"

"Nothing."

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you get frightened, you need never look me in the face again."

"I'll take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose voluntary stare at Ernest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be the natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat, and the boy left him alone with the darkness and the rats and the coffin.

Soon after young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara?" he asked.

"No, and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara."

"I have a proposal to make you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me."

"Well, in this house is a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post till morning. If you can make him do it, I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why, nothing is so easy," exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You will find me at my post in the morning."

Barbara did as he required, and saw the tanner step blithely away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and she sought her own chamber.

Barney had been sitting at his vigil, and so far all had been well. The night seemed very long, for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went thro' him, for it seemed to him as if he could hear low, suppressed breathing not far away; but he persuaded himself that it was the wind blowing thro' the crevices of the old house. Still it was very lonely and not at all cheerful.

The face in the coffin gleamed whiter thro' the darkness. The rats squeaked as if famine was upon them and they smelled flesh.—The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something was behind him, and he put his chair with the back against the wall and sat down again.

He had been hard at work all day, and, in spite of everything, he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody touched him. Then he awoke with a start, but saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure. "Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed in a fright, using the very first words that came to his tongue. The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet,—The spectre came nearer, pressing him into a corner. "The devil take you!" cried Barney, in his great extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back. Still the figure advanced, coming nearer and extending both arms. The hair started upon Barney's head; he grew desperate, and, as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping and pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little; and while pummeling the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz was trying to lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry:

"Take one of your size, big Barney!"

Looking around they saw the corpse sitting up his coffin. This was too much; they released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out; but they ran home in haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door upon Ernest the next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap," said he, turning over in his coffin.

So she married him, and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick, they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.

A SAMPLE VILLAGE.

"I write this from a country village containing about 1,000 inhabitants. It is a lovely little town, nestled on a side hill to break off the raw winds of winter and the hurricanes of summer. When I arrived this morning it seemed to me as if there could not be a bad man or a scolding woman in the village, but four hours have passed and I am a wiser man. I came here to see old Mrs. Brown about a pension she wants from the Government, and when we had finished our business I said:

"I see you have four churches here."

"Yes; but we never have any sermons worth listening to."

"The men look intelligent and smart."

"Hump! They are regular pokes. There isn't a man in Farmville who knows enough to ask boot in a horse trade."

"But the women look happy," I protested.

"Then they look what they ain't," she answered. "I don't believe there is a happy woman in the whole village. If you knew of the awful carryings on here you wouldn't look for happy wives."

"What awful things do the men do?"

"You'd better ask what they don't do! It's a wonder to me that Farmville hasn't shared the fate of Sodom and Gommorrow."

"Do they drink?"

"Do they? Didn't I see even old Deacon Harris weaving this way and that as he climbed the hill last evening? It's a slippery path, of course, but sober men don't climb a hill sideways."

"Do they gamble?"

"Gamble! What did Mrs. Potts tell me that her brother's wife told Mrs. Davis not a month ago? Four of the leading men in the place were caught playing checkers for the soda water. That's a nice example, isn't it?"

"Is Mrs. Potts nice?"

"Nice? Why she's the worst gossip in town. It's a wonder the men don't duck her in a mill pond."

"And Mrs. Davis?"

"She's a hypocrite! She'll talk sweet to your face and abuse you behind your back!"

"Mrs. George is well spoken of."

"By whom? I've known her fifteen years and I never heard a human being speak well of her! She eats opium and lies like a trollop?"

"Isn't Mrs. McHenry all right?"

"All right? Why no one can live in the house next to her."

"The postmaster seemed like a good man," I ventured to remark.

"Good man! Why, my husband always believed he was the very man who threw a yaller dog down our well. I don't say that he steals letters, but I know that when I sent two three-cent stamps in a letter to my daughter in Illinoy, she never got it."

"But there must be one good man here?"

"There must, eh? Well, I wish you'd pint him out to me. I'd like to polish up my spectacles and take a good look at him."

"And there isn't one faultless woman?"

"Well, I don't want to seem vain and conceited, because none of us are long for this world, but I expect I'm the faultless one you are inquiring after!"

I think I shall go out on the evening train. Mrs. Brown says every lot and house is mortgaged, every business man is ready to "bust," and every family has at least one scandal about them. On my way to the post office an hour ago I asked a grocer if he knew old Mrs. Brown.

"Know her! Why, she's a gossip, a liar, a hypocrite, a dead beat, and too lazy to change her stockings more than twice a year."—*Free Press.*

A NEBRASKA farmer calls his crop "revenge," because it's wheat.

MINERS' GRIEFS AND HEROISM.

SOME TOUCHING INSTANCES OF THE DEVOTION AND BRAVERY OF THE MEN WHO WORK IN MINES.

Samuel Plimsol, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, says: I remember seeing one poor woman a day or two after the explosion at the Edmunds or Swaith Main pit. The dead body of her husband was then lying in the mine; but she had children—the daily work of life must be done, even by her. She wanted a pan which, nearly full of dirty water, stood near her door upon a stone. I shall, I suppose, never forget (it is many years ago now) the far-off look in her eyes as she approached the pan; her whole figure was the expression of one without hope, the very embodiment of despair; she raised the pan by the edge, utterly careless that the falling water splashed her dress and feet, and listlessly moved away. Her grief was too deep for words or tears, and I turned away with a heart sick to see such suffering, and to know that she was but one of more than a hundred in the same sad condition.

Consider the men, their husbands, too. What like husbands are they? Remember the one whose body was found in the Hartley mine, after the accident to the engine-beam, laying with his hand upon the side of which with a pocketknife he had scratched a dying message of love to his wife Sarah.

Or that other husband who, going in the dark in early morning to that same colliery, in deep depression of spirit, which he could not account for but only felt, turned back to kiss once more with tenderness his wife and children and then resumed his walk to the pit, which in two short hours became his living tomb—for they did not die at once in this case, their fate hung in the balance many days, during which our kind-hearted queen constantly telegraphed inquiries about the possibility of saving men's lives.

Do you want to know what sort of fathers some of these men are?

Remember the man who escaping with his boy and a comrade only this year (I think it was in the Seaham colliery after the explosion), found the boy unable to go any further; I think he was insensible. They could not carry him, and the boy's father was urged by his comrade, who did escape, to come along with him. What was the father's reply? "Nay," he said, looking at the insensible boy, "I'll bide with the lad." And he did stay, and father and son were found after many days lying side by side in death.

When the Edmunds Main explosion occured which widowed so many scores of poor women, there was a doubt, as there often is whether all the men and boys in the pit had been killed; there was a hope, very faint indeed but still a hope, that there might be some men still alive in the pit; there was imminent risk of a second explosion which might occur at any moment, and the peril of going down then was simply awful. Still some men might yet be then alive below. What happened?

Volunteers offered themselves to go down; the needful numbers were selected (I think seven men); they took their lives in their hands, quite unconscious of the heroism of their conduct because their moral attitude was simply that of so many others; they went down on their errand of mercy, and in a short time these men (whose names even were not given to the published accounts, so little surprising did there conduct appear to those who knew colliers) were added to the list of the slain, for the dreaded explosion occurred; and now, alas! there was no longer room to doubt that all below were numbered with the dead.

Take another instance. When the last dreadful explosion took place at the Oaks colliery, near Barnsly, which also killed two hundred men and boys, if I remember rightly, I went there immediately, and what had happened? My friend Parkin Jeffcock, mining engineer, had been sent for after the first explosion had occured; it was one of extraordinary violence and had completely destroyed the head gear, and they were in momentary expectation of a second, as it is clear that the first had utterly deranged the ventilation; but here also the hope was clung to that some of the men might still be alive in the pit and, after most anxious consideration, it was decided to incur the awful peril of descending the other shaft to see if it were happily so (scores upon scores of men's lives have been saved by these heroic darings of peril.) When the decision was taken, Mr. Jeffcock said: "I want eight men to go down with me; volunteers, stand forward." At once not eight but fifteen men stepped out from the crowd; they then picked out and rejected the seven men who had the largest families, and had to employ the police to put them back into the crowd, out of danger, lest the dreaded explosion should come even while they were getting ready to go down; and Mr. Jeffcock and his eight companions (heroes every one of them—and this they would equally have been had they all returned alive) got ready and went down. They had not been down long before another explosion took place, and they too, were numbered with the dead.

HOW YOUNG MEN FAIL.—"There is Alfred Sutton home with his family to live with the old folks," said one neighbor to another. "It seems hard, after his father has done all to fit him for business, and the capital he invested to start him so fairly. It is surprising he turned out so poorly. He is a steady young man, no bad habits, as far as I know; he has a good education and was always considered smart; but he doesn't succeed in anything. I am told he has tried a number of different sorts of business, and sink money every time. What can be the trouble with Alfred I would like to know, for I don't want my boy to take his turn."

"Alfred is smart enough," said the other, "and has education enough, but he lacks the one element of success. He never wants to give a dollar's work for a dollar of money, and there is no other way for a young man to make a fortune. He must dig if would get gold. All the men that have succeeded honestly or dishonestly in making money had to work for it, the sharpers sometimes the hardest of all. Alfred wished to set his brain in motion, and let it take care of itself. No wonder it soon run off the track, and a smash-up was the result. Teach your boy, friend Archer, to work with a will when he does work. Give him play enough to make him happy and healthy, but let him learn early that work is the business of life. Patient, self-denying work is the price of success. Ease and indolence not only eat away the price of capital, but worse still, all a man's nerve power. Present gratification tends to put off duty till to-morrow or next week, and so the golden moments slip by. It is a rare thing for the sons of rich men to die rich. Too often they squander in a half-score years what their fathers were a life-time in accumulating. I wish I could ring it in the ears of aspiring young men that work, hard work, of head and hands, is the price of success."

MARRIAGE BLUE LAWS.

ENGAGEMENTS MUST BE POSTED ON THE COURT HOUSE DOOR—A PERSON MARRYING A SERVANT IN THIS STATE MUST PAY A HEAVY FINE OR A YEAR'S SERVICE TO THE MASTER.

Probably very few, if any, of the thousands of people who annually enter into the holy bonds of matrimony in this State ever think of examining the statutes of the Commonwealth which relate to the sacred rite. Scattered here and there throughout the statute book there are numerous "blue laws," which have been passed by the different Legislatures since 1701, defining who can and who cannot marry, and bristling with pains and penalties for non-compliance.

Servants cannot marry without the consent of their master or mistress. So says the act of 1701. Any servant offending can be compelled to serve for one whole year after the indenture or engagement has expired, while the person marrying the servant must pay to the master, a man £12, and if a mistress £6, or give one year's service. Moreover, the persons marrying are liable to forfeit £20 to the "proprietary government," and damages to the party aggrieved, the witnesses to the marriage forfeiting £5 each.—But by the second section of this act it is provided that this law shall not apply to persons married in the religious society to which they belong if notice is given to the masters and mistresses one full month before the marriage is solemnized, and if the consent in writing of the masters and mistresses is first obtained.

The parents and guardians of folks proposing to marry should, "if they conveniently can," be first consulted. The parties should also procure a certificate from some credible person where they have lived or do live that they are clear of all engagements. Their intentions of marriage should also be affixed on the Court House or meeting house doors in the county where the parties reside a month before the marriage.

No Justice of the Peace can marry individuals under 21 years of age unless a certificate of consent from guardians is first produced. Originally the penalty was imposed on him whether he knew of the age of the parties or not. He was bound to ascertain it at his peril; but a case of great hardship in 1871 caused an amendment to the law, and he is not now liable for the penalty unless he "knowingly or wilfully" disregards the law—that is, unless he knows or has reasons to believe that the parties are under age.

No drunken person can be legally married. If a Judge, Justice or clergyman performs the ceremony when either of the parties is intoxicated he is guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to a penalty on conviction of $50 fine, or sixty days imprisonment, or both.

A man must not marry his mother, father's sister, mother's sister, sister, daughter or daughter of his son or daughter. A woman cannot marry her father, father's brother, mother's brother, brother, son, son of son or daughter. These are the degrees of consanguinity. In the degrees of affinity a man must not marry his father's wife, son's wife, son's daughter, wife's daughter or the daughter of his wife's son or daughter, or a woman her mother's husband, daughter's husband, husband's son, or son of her husband's son or daughter. Violation of this law is punishable by a fine not exceeding $500, solitary imprisonment for a period not exceeding three years, or both, and the marriage is void.

If a husband or a wife, upon a false rumor of the death of the other, apparently well founded, marries again and the missing one turns up, the party marrying is not punishable when the other has been absent two years. But the party returning can insist upon having his or her former husband or wife restored or the marriage dissolved.

A husband is not now liable for the debts of his wife contracted before marriage. The law was formerly otherwise.

The wife of a drunken or profligate man who neglects or refuses to provide for his offspring is entitled to claim the children and exercise her parental rights without molestation from her husband.

No father who neglects his children for a year or more before death has power to appoint the guardians during minority.

A husband who deserts his wife or neglects to provide for her forfeits all right to her estate after death. The property which belongs to a woman when she is married is not subject to the husband's control, nor is it liable for his debts, and her separate earnings while married accrue and inure to her own benefit, and is not subject to any legal claim on the part of the husband, but, in order to secure to her the earnings of her labor as distinguished from earnings of her property, she must file a petition in Court stating her intention to claim them.

TWO CASES OF PURE "LUCK."—About forty years ago a poor but industrious prospector in this country had the misfortune—or good fortune—to lose his horse. It was an old bay horse, and, like his master, was a wandering prospector, only that he prospected for grass, while the master prospected for quartz. This particular day the old bay wandered further than he was wont to do, probably because the bunch grass was few and far between. At any rate the prospector desired to move his camp, but could not do so without the assistance of his bay companion. He must needs find him. He was at last successful, and while returning with the truant he noticed the horn of a mountain ram sticking in the rocks. Stooping to examine it he saw rich looking quartz scattered about, and following it up he hit upon what is now the noted Ramshorn Mine—the longest and richest silver ledge that we know of. The district was named Bay Horse, as it should have been, and it is the richest silver district in the Salmon River country.

On the mountain trail in California there used to be a big boulder which furnished a favorite resting place for tired footman. Thousands of men had sat on the stone and rested their weary limbs. In fact, it was of so peculiar shape that it seemed to fit every one who tried it. With long usage it had worn as smooth as ivory, and was greasy with frequent contact with miners' clothing. One day an old prospector squatted himself upon this favorite resting stone, and while getting his wind he carelessly and unconsciously pecked away at the boulder with his pick. A piece of rock flew off and revealed the surprising truth that he was sitting on a rich chunk of quartz. He at once proceeded up the hill and found the ledge, and it was full of gold and brought him much wealth.—*Omaha Republican.*

JONAH was the first if not the very worst conundrum—the whale gave him up.

ELIZABETH ZANE.

HOW A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL CHECKMATED SIMON GIRTY.

The wickedest white man of the early period of Ohio history was Simon Girty, who sided with the British in the war of the Revolution, and commanded the Indian allies which were induced to fight against the Colonists. Girty was as cruel as the worst red savage, and there are many traditions in the Scioto and Sandusky Valleys of his raids and outrages. A beautiful picture still shows Elizabeth Zane in the act of checkmating Girty at the seige of Fort Henry, which was situated on the Ohio river, near Wheeling.—The story runs thus:

In 1777 the fort, which was garrisoned by forty-two men, was suddenly attacked by Girty with a force of five hundred Indians. He succeeded in ambuscading and slaughtering thirty of the garrison, leaving only twelve to defend the fort. Among the women and children was young Elizabeth Zane, a beautiful girl of seventeen. The twelve soldiers, commanded by Colonel Shepherd, were good marksmen, and knowing that surrender meant death for their wives and children as well as for themselves, they resolved to fight to the last. But alas! bravery availed them little, for it was not long before the small stock of powder in the fort was almost exhausted, and only a few charges remained to each man. In despair the Colonel called his brave little band together, and told them that at a house some sixty yards outside of the fort, which their enemies had not yet dared to approach, there was a keg of gunpowder. Whoever should try to bring it into the fort would be in peril of his life from the Indians. He had not the heart to order any man to such a task, but the powder was their only hope, and therefore it was his duty to ask if any one of them was brave enough to volunteer the undertaking. Instantly three or four young men avowed themselves ready, but only one man could be spared. And while they were generously disputing among themselves for the perilous errand, Elizabeth Zane approached the Colonel and begged that she might be allowed to go for the powder. Her request was very promptly refused, but she persisted earnestly, even against the remonstrances and entreaties of her parents and friends.—In vain they pleaded and reasoned with her, urging more than once that a young man would be more likely to succeed through his power of running swiftly. She replied that she knew the danger, but that if she failed her loss would not be felt, while not a single man could be spared from the little garrison. Finally it was agreed that she should make the first trial. When all was ready the gate opened and Elizabeth walked rapidly across the open space toward the house where the powder was stored. Those inside the fort could plainly see that the eyes of the Indians were upon her, but either from curiosity or mercy they allowed her to pass safely and to enter the house. Her friends drew a breath of relief, and watching even more anxiously for her reappearance, saw her come outsoon after bearing the powder in a table cloth tied around her waist. By this time the Indians suspected her burden, and in a moment more, as she was hastening toward the fort, they sent after her a shower of bullets and arrows. They all whistled by her harmless, and with wild, startled eye, but undaunted heart, she sped on with her treasure through the deadly missiles, until at last she bore it in triumph inside the gate. By the aid of the powder and the enthusiastic courage which Elizabeth's self sacrifice inspired, the little garrison was enabled to hold out until relief came to them. And so this noble act of a young girl saved the lives of all within the fort, and vanquished its five hundred dusky assailants. We have no account of the subsequent career of the heroine. The family became well known in Southeastern Ohio, and gave their name to the beautiful city of Zanesville. We shall be glad to learn, on behalf of our readers, from some of our friends in that section who can tell us more about Elizabeth Zane.—*Chicago Interior.*

A GOOD WIFE.

An English Jesuit, Rev. Father Christie, recently preached on the subject, "A Good Wife," and his words were so true and arguments so logical that we commend them to the best attention of our readers. We learn from the London *Universe* that he said:

If we study the ways of God we will see how graciously He treats us, His poor children, and from His treatment of us we may learn how to behave to those whom Providence has placed under our charge. The last four petitions of the "Lord's Prayer," while they teach us what we stand in need of from Almighty God, also bring home to us our duty to those dependent on us. Thus the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," while it causes us to realize that we are depending on Almighty God for our daily sustenance, also brings home to such as are fathers to families the lesson that it is their duty to provide for their offspring, and that if they neglect that duty they incur a terrible responsibility in the sight of Almighty God.

The father is the one on whom devolves the duty of providing for the family. He is the bread-winner on whom rests the obligation of providing the other members of the household with their daily sustenance. By the sweat of his brow and the labor of his hands, if need be; by intellectual work, if literature be his calling; or else by the fruits of patrimony inherited from his forefathers, he is bound to maintain the children whom God has given him. Yet how many are there who neglect this duty as completely as tho' they were entirely ignorant of its existence! How many fathers are there who can in no sense be regarded as bread-winners for their families! The poor man ruins his family by drunkenness—the rich man squanders his wealth in gaming, and, alas! it may be in drunkenness, too. Woe be to those over whom this terrible vice has gained the mastery! Few of us know the extent of its ravages. It penetrates into circles where its existence is least suspected. It is not among the poor only that drunkenness is to be found; it reigns among the rich, too; and alas! that it should be said; ladies—ladies the most refined—ladies who stand high in society—ladies whose names it would shock society to have associated with intemperance—are victims of this terrible vice. Depend upon it, the man who most neglects his duty as a parent does not love his home. He is not domestic, and herein is to be found the source of his neglect of wife and offspring. For him the ruddy glow of his own hreside possesses no charm—an evening passed in the company of wife and little