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 50 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

☞ In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if it stop 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, MARCH 4, 1881. NUMBER 7.

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:

1 inch, 2 times	$ 1.5
1 " 3 months	3.00
1 " 6 months	3.50
1 " 1 year	5.00
2 " 6 months	6.00
2 " 1 year	10.00
3 " 6 months	8.00
3 " 1 year	12.00
1 col'n 6 months	16.00
½ " 6 months	20.00
½ " 1 year	35.00
⅓ " 6 months	40.00
1 " 1 year	75.00
Administrator's and Executor's Notices	2.50
Auditor's Notices	2.00
Stray and similar Notices	1.50

Business items, first insertion 10c. per line; each subsequent insertion 5c. per line.

☞ Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, must be paid for as advertisements.

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

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

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, December, 1880.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO.
Will make, for the next 60 days only, a GRAND OFFER of
PIANOS AND ORGANS.
$850 SQUARE GRAND PIANO FOR $245.

STYLE 3 Magnificent rosewood case elegantly finished. 3 strings, 7 1-3 octaves, full patent cantante agraffes, our new patent overstrung scale, beautiful carved legs and lyre, heavy serpentine and large fancy moulding, round case, full Iron Frame, French Grand Action, Grand Hammers; in fact every improvement which can in any way tend to the perfection of the instrument has been added.
☞ Our price for this instrument, boxed and delivered on board cars at New York, with fine Piano Cover, Stool and Book, only $245.00
This Piano will be sent on test trial. Please send reference if you do not send money with order. Cash sent with order will be refunded and freight charges paid by us both ways if Piano is not just as represented in this advertisement. Thousands in use. Send for Catalogue. Every instrument fully warranted for five years.

PIANOS $165 to $400 (with Stool, Cover and Book). All strictly First-class and sold at wholesale factory prices. These Pianos made one of the finest displays at the Centennial Exhibition, and were unanimously recommended for the Honors Honors. The Squares contain our New Patent Scale, the greatest improvement in the history of Piano making. The Uprights are the finest in America. Positively we make the finest Pianos, of the richest tone and greatest durability. They are recommended by the highest musical authorities in the country. Over 14,000 in use, and not one dissatisfied purchaser. All Pianos and Organs sent on 15 days' test trial—*freight free if unsatisfactory.* Don't fail to write us before buying. Positively we offer the best bargains. Catalogue mailed free. Handsome Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of 48 pages mailed for 3c. stamp. Every Piano fully warranted for 5 years.

ORGANS Our "Parlor Jubilee Organ," style 35, is the finest and sweetest toned Reed organ ever offered the musical public. It contains Five Octaves, Five sets of Reeds, four of 2¾ Octaves each, and One of Three Octaves. Thirteen Stops with Grand Organ—Diapason, Melodia, Viola, Flute, Cocoite, Dulcet, Echo, Melodia-Forte, Celestina, Violina, Flute-Flute, Tremolo, Grand-Organ and Grand-Swell, Knee-Stops. Height, 74 in.; Length, 43 in.; Width, 24 in.; Weight, boxed, 360 lbs. The case is of solid walnut, veneered with choice woods, and is of an entirely new and beautiful design, elaborately carved, with raised panels, music closet, lamp stands, fretwork, &c., and elegantly finished. Possesses all the best and latest improvements, with great power, depth, brilliancy and sympathetic quality of tone. Beautiful solo effects and perfect stop action. Regular retail price $285. Our *wholesale net cash price* to have it *introduced*, with stool and book, only $77—as fine organ sold sells several others. Positively no deviation in price. No payment required until you have fully tested the organ in your own home. We send all Organs on *15 days' test trial* and pay freight both ways if instrument is not as represented. *Fully warranted* for 5 years. Over 32,000 sold, and every Organ has given the fullest satisfaction. Illustrated circular *mailed free.* Factory and Warerooms, 57th St. and 10th Ave.

SHEET MUSIC at one-third price. Catalogue of 3,000 pieces sent for 3c. stamp. This Catalogue includes most of the popular music of the day and every variety of musical composition, by the best authors. Address,

Mendelssohn Piano Co., P. O. Box 2058, New York City.

John Wanamaker.

DRY GOODS

If you cannot visit the city, send to us by postal card for *Housekeeper's Price List*, and *Underwear Price List.*

We fill orders by letter from every State and Territory at same prices charged customers who visit the store, and allow same privilege of return.

The stock includes Dress Goods, Silks, Laces, Fancy Goods, and general outfits.

for JANUARY and FEBRUARY

This is the particular season in which to get and prepare Housekeeping Dry Goods—Sheetings, Pillow Materials, Linens, Napkins, Towels, etc. It is also the season for Ladies' Underwear. The Grand Depot contains the greatest variety of goods in one establishment in the United States, and exchanges or refunds money for things that do not suit, upon examination at home.

Grand Depot, Philadelphia.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
—ALWAYS HAVE THE—
Largest and Cheapest Stock of
Dry and Dress Goods,
NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

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.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.
Nov. 12, 1880.-tf.

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
☞ Office on 14th street, between 10th and 11th avenues. [5-7.-tf.]

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JAMES COLLINS, dec'd.
Letters testamentary to the estate of James Collins, late of Tunnelhill borough, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.
EDWARD ROONEY, Executor.
Tunnelhill, Jan. 28, 1881.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN WISS, deceased.
Letters testamentary to the estate of John Wiss, late of Croyle township, Cambria county, dec'd, having been issued to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to the estate in question are hereby notified to make speedy payment, and those having claims against the same will present them in legal shape for settlement.
JOSEPH A. WISS, Executor.
Croyle Twp., Feb. 11, 1881.-3t.*

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-34.-tf.]

DON'T HURRY TOO FAST TO BE RICH.

Your road through life may be stormy,
Your bed not of roses or down—
Remember what Shakespeare has written
Of those on whose head lies a crown:
It is hard to toil late and early—
To delve or to wearily stitch—
Do your best to improve your condition—
But don't hurry too fast to be rich!

We find in the good book this sentence—
As long as the world 'twill endure—
"He who to be rich"—it says—"hasteneth,
Becometh the suddenly poor."
Just turn to the passage and read it,
When for lucre your fingers shall itch,
And of the camel and eye of the needle—
And don't hurry too fast to be rich!

There are those in palace residing,
Yes, many, I venture to say,
Who'd rejoice and be glad to change places
With you my dear fellow, to-day;
Ah! little we know of the troubles,
The cares and anxieties which
Attend like a shadow, these people—
So don't hurry too fast to be rich!

How exalted and noble the wages
That always reward honest toil,
Be they earned 'neath the fierce sun of noonday,
Or by those who consume midnight oil,—
There lies beneath wealth and contentment
Oftimes an impassable ditch;
Don't fall in it, brother, be careful!—
Don't hurry too fast to be rich!

"BAD" DENT.

Several years before the war there occurred a tragedy in the eastern part of Tennessee, near the present site of Rugby, that aroused the indignation of the entire community. Several days ago the concluding chapter was enacted. In the neighborhood mentioned there lived a young man named Abraham Dent, a man of fine education, usually kind in disposition, but of so violent a nature when aroused that he was known as "Bad" Dent. He was tall and handsome, possessing remarkable physical strength and an activity that had made him a favorite on the school-house playground. He was wealthy, to which influence he owed his escape from imprisonment, for he had killed a man, and was only cleared after the best legal talent had been employed in his defense. He was not addicted to the use of liquor, but would, as his companions termed it, get on a spree of ill-humor. On such occasions he was morose, quarrelsome and dangerous. His freaks were strange and unaccountable. He would help a friend out of an altercation and immediately turn and knock him down. Among his companions was a young man named Louis Guill—a noble fellow. He was as brave as a lion—intelligent, kind-hearted and faithful to every obligation. His father and mother were dead, having willed him a farm, and several "black folks." The friendship between Guill and Dent was a subject of remark, for where Dent was violent Guill was genial; where Dent was "in for a fight" Guill favored an adjustment and a hearty laugh. Yet the two young men were friends. It seemed they had been born friends—their fathers were friends. Their mothers insisted upon having the same kind of coffee; the same kind of cooking; had the same ideas regarding children, and, of course, were friends.

One day at a picnic the two friends engaged in a quarrel.

"You told me you were not going to dance with that girl," exclaimed Dent.

"I know I did, Abe, but I couldn't well get out of it. The boys arranged the set and assigned the partners."

"It wouldn't make any difference to me what the boys did, I wouldn't acknowledge that I had told a d—— lie."

"If a man tell a lie it is better to acknowledge it. I hope I have not offended you."

"But you have. When a man tells me a d—— lie I hold him accountable for it."

"Abe, you are on one of your sprees to-day. Let the matter drop."

"I am not in an ill-humor and you utter a d—— lie when you say so."

"Abe this has gone far enough."

"It shall go just as far as I want it. I meant what I said."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am."

"Go away then. Don't call me a liar again. If you do, I'll knock you down."

Several friends rushed up, among them a colored man owned by Guill. He was his master's friend as well as servant, and would have risked his life for the man who could make his life miserable or pleasant, and nobly chose the latter.

"Mars Louis," said the darkey "doan hab no truck wid dat man. He doan kere no moah fur blood den he do fur water," and he put his hand gently on his master's arm.

"Get away, Buck," said Guill, "he has insulted me and must pay the penalty."

"Let him alone," coolly remarked Dent, and the next instant he lay full length on the ground. Blood flowed from his mouth and for a time he seemed to be insensible. Recovering suddenly, he drew a barlow knife, and as Guill stooped over to raise him he uttered an oath and plunged his knife-blade into Guill's breast. Such a stampede followed that Dent escaped. Guill lay on the bosom of his faithful slave,

"Buck, I'm dying," he said. "It was a murder. Buck, are you here?"

"Yes, Mars Louis, I's heah."

"If Dent is not hung by law I want you to kill him."

"Yes, Mars Louis."

"But don't take advantage of him. Fight him with a knife. Do you promise?"

"Yes, Mars Louis. I'll follow him ter de end of de earth! I'll—oh, my master is dead!"

The tragedy sent a thrill of horror through everyone. Old men shed tears, when they saw poor Guill lying on the ground, with his hands full of grass, pulled up with the grasp of death.

Guill was buried in a little orchard near the old farm house. Buck delivered the funeral oration. Several ministers offered their services, but the colored man claimed the right, and as no one could doubt the friendship which existed between master and servant, no one disputed the right of the faithful man to conduct the ceremonies. On Sunday afternoon, when the sun shone bright on the apple blossoms; when the blue-jay flitted and the "sap-sucker" pounded the old black trees, Buck stood at the head of his master's grave. Friends and neighbors gathered around, and children peeped over the red mound into the deep cavity, shuddered, and drew back. For full five minutes Buck stood without uttering a word.

"I doan know how ter preach a funeral, Lord," he said, "but I knows what hit ez ter feel de fullin' ob de heartstrings. Ez a smile can change ter a tremblin' ob de lip, so does sorrow set heaviest on de heart what wuz once filled with joy. My marster had a heart ez big ez de magination ob a chile, and ez de heart is de birthplace ob de soul my marster is on de right hand ob God, close up to de throne. May we all meet death wid as little fear, and may de angels be ez glad to see us all ez I knows dey hez been ter make de heabenly quaintance ob Mars Louis Guill. Amen."

Dent fled to Texas, but was brought back, and by some technicality acquitted. He left Tennessee immediately after the trial and went, no one knew or cared where.

* * * * * * * *

Several weeks ago a tall man stood on Superior street in Cleveland. His hair was almost as white as the snow at his feet. His face wore a sad expression and his eyes wandered as though tired of every object. An old colored man came walking along. Seeing the white-haired man he stopped, gazed intently for a moment, approached the stranger and said:

"Is your name Mr. Dent?"

"Yes, that's my name."

"Did da uster call yer Bad Dent?"

"Yes; do you know me?"

"I does. My name is Buck Guill. I uster 'long ter Mars Louis Guill. Don't yer recollect me?"

"Why yes, Buck; how is your health?" extending his hand.

"No, sar, yer doesn't touch my han in de grasp of friendship. I was at de picnic, yer recolleck, when yer stabbed Mars Louis. He died in my arms. 'Fore he died he made me promise dat I'd kill yer in a far fight, cassen de law didn't hang yer. Now I 'sposes to fight yer wid barlow knives."

"Did Louis make you promise this?"

"Yes, sah."

"Then you must keep your promise. Whatever Louis Guill said must be done—shall be done. I have never refused to fight any living man. Where shall the encounter take place?"

"In de little orchard near de old farm house."

"When?"

"Jes ez soon ez we ken go dar."

The two men boarded the next train and went to Nashville. Engaging a private conveyance, they went up into East Tennessee and stopped at a roadside inn near the old Guill farm house. It was agreed that there should be one witness to the encounter, and after engaging a man, Dent wrote an explanatory letter and gave it to the innkeeper. It was Sunday afternoon. The three went through the old orchard—orchard only in memory, for nothing but the decaying trunks of the trees remained. Buck led the way. He stopped at the sunken grave. "Dis is Mars Louis' grabe," he said. "Stan' on the udder side. Doan step obber hit."

Dent, without uttering a word, took position as directed. The witness stood a few yards away, and was to count three when all was ready. The two men, old men, drew their knives. "One, two, three."

They grappled in a deadly embrace. A desperate struggle for old men. Dent wrested his right arm from the grasp of Buck, and with a sweeping stroke almost severed the black man's head from his body. Buck still held Dent around the waist, and as he fell backward plunged his knife into the murderer's heart.

When the coroner came, the two men lay across the grave locked in a tight embrace. A strange sight; the pale face of death and the ashened hue of earthly dissolution.

A MAIDEN'S RAID UPON THE TREASURY.—The following story of a determined little woman is told by a correspondent in Washington of the Atlanta (Ga.) *Republican*: "One bright morning last spring the Hon. John Sherman was sitting in his office, when suddenly a bright-haired, pretty girl dashed into his presence. She was apparently 16, and had about her an air of business which even the cold gaze of the Ohio statesman could not transform into maiden fright or flurry. Deliberately taking a seat, the girl said, 'Mr. Sherman, I have come here to get a place.' 'There are none vacant,' was the reply. 'I know you can give me a place if you want to, and I am as much entitled to it as anybody. My father spent his life in the United States army, and when he died he left nothing. The responsibility of the family is on me, and I think, I've got as good a claim as any one else on the government.'—'What kind of place do you want?' 'I don't care what it is, but I must have work at once.' Mr. Sherman assured her that there were ten applicants for every one place, and there was very little chance. She very deliberately told him that such an answer wouldn't do, and declared that if he would allow her she would come up every day and black his shoes if he couldn't do better for her. The Secretary was struck with her determination and charmed by her bright face and her sprightly manner. He told her to come back. In less than a week she had a good place in the treasury, which she still holds. Every morning she walks to the department with the step of a business little woman who is proud that her delicate little hands can be the support of others. She receives $100 a month, and supports in comfort her mother and sister. This brave, bright young woman is May Macauley, formerly of Atlanta. Her father was a lieutenant in the Eighteenth Infantry."

IT IS HARD TO UNDERSTAND.—Why an endless procession of drinkers from a public dipper will, without exception, drink close to the handle.

Why people will go into society to get bored when they can get bored just as well at home.

Why a woman will make excuses for her bread when she knows it is the best she ever made, and knows her company knows it.

Why a "young gentleman" swears so much louder and more copiously when stranger ladies are within ear-shot; or, in other words,

Why the desire to make a fool of one's self springs eternal in the human breast.

Why we are so much angrier against him who tells us of our error than him who leads us therein.

Why people will get married when courting is so sweet.

Why a man who claims to have found marriage a delusion will again embrace that delusion upon the first convenient opportunity.

Why cold weather comes during the season when it is least agreeable.

Why it is so much easier to be polite to people whom we shall probably never see again than to those whose good opinion we have every reason to cultivate.

Why boys should run after the girls when there is a whole houseful at home.

Why Jane finds Sarah's hateful brother so attractive, and why the hateful brother of Jane finds favor with Sarah.—*Boston Transcript.*

A NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

WHAT OCCURRED TO A YOUNG MAN WHO STAYED OUT LATE AT NIGHT.

"Lucy," said merry Kate Myrtle, addressing her cousin, Lucy Lawrence, "where do you think Fred has spent his evenings for some time?"

The lady addressed looked up, somewhat surprised at Kate's question, but she answered:

"In his room, poring over those old volumes of ancient history."

"You are much mistaken, Miss Lucy," replied Kate, her eyes sparkling with mischievous humor. "He would not be studying those musty, dusty old books while there is so pretty a young lady as the widow Marston's daughter in the village."

"What has Fred to do with Annie Marston?" inquired Lucy, as she endeavored to read the puzzling expression that rested upon her cousin's good humored face.

It was some moments before she received an answer to her question, when Kate, with a slight laugh, replied:

"Why, cousin, he is in love with her."

"In love with Annie Marston? I don't believe it," exclaimed Lucy, in a tone of surprise and curiosity.

"Well, I'll tell you something, and then you may believe it or not, just as you please, Lucy," returned Kate, with a serio-comical air. "Night before last, it was rather late when we retired, you recollect, and I was suffering with a severe headache. You were soon asleep, but I was unable to rest from pain, and with the hope that the night air would cool my burning brow, I left the house by the back way, and walked slowly down the garden path.

"By some means I chanced to turn my eyes in the direction of the widow Marston's dwelling. I could plainly see two figures standing upon the steps. One, I was sure, was Annie, and the other, a young gentleman, I was sure I didn't know. They stood there a few moments, when Annie entered the house, and her companion, whom I imagined looked like Fred, walked down the street. As he came nearer, I was sure it was Fred.

"He entered the garden, and as I concealed myself behind the rose bushes he did not see me. He cautiously approached the window from which I had made my egress, stepped in, and then closed it. In a few minutes more I returned to the house. I knew that the person I had seen on the steps with Annie was your brother, and no one else, and I was sure, also, that the old volumes of history had not been disturbed that evening."

"And do you really believe that Fred spends his evenings with Annie Marston?" asked Lucy, as Kate ceased speaking.

"Certainly I do. Last night I watched him as I left the room after tea, and I saw that he slipped out and in a few moments was at the widow Marston's. It was nearly midnight when he returned, for I heard the window opened and shut just before the clock struck that hour."

"What motive can he have in being so secret about his visits?"

"He knows we would be continually teasing him about Annie, and, doubtless, prefers to keep his secret safe from us."

"There can be no other reason," returned Lucy, laughing in spite of herself.

"We must punish Fred for doing so, Lucy," as her cousin seemed to comprehend the affair, "and I think we can prevent him from staying so late with Annie, "wasting fires and lights for nothing," as Uncle Joe would say."

"How do you think we can punish him severely enough to keep him at home?"

"I do not think we can prevent him from visiting Annie, but we can, I think, prevent him from staying later than ten in the evening; indeed, I am quite sure we can."

"How?"

Kate bent her head and whispered for a few moments in the ear of her cousin, and after a few more merry words, they both sprang up and left the room.

That night, just as the clock struck twelve, Fred Lawrence parted with his "lady-love" on the steps of her mother's dwelling, and with a light heart turned his step in the direction of his own home. To tell the truth dear reader, Fred was in love with Annie Marston, and it is no less true that Annie was in love with him. He dreaded the mischievous teasing of his cousin Kate Myrtle, and feared it, too, more than the displeasure of a king; and the cutting sarcasm of his sister was by no means pleasant. He had determined to keep his engagement to Annie unknown to them, if possible, until he felt better prepared to endure their persecution.

It was but a short distance from the widow Marston's to his own home, and he was soon standing at the identical window at which Kate had seen him enter some evenings before. He slowly raised the sash, but ere he had succeeded in getting it to the required height, a difficulty occurred—the sash would not move up another inch, and supposing it had struck something accidentally placed there, he renewed his efforts to raise it. To his surprise and consternation, as he pressed hard upon the sash, down fell a brass kettle, several tin pans, and the shovel and tongs, upon the floor, with a ringing crash, loud enough to wake everyone in the house. Fred started back and turned pale.

"How could those things have gotten there?" muttered he, as he listened attentively to ascertain if the noise had aroused any one. The sash was now easily raised, and he sprang into the room, but not without kicking against one of the pans in his haste, and sending it across the floor, making considerable noise. Intent upon reaching his chamber before any one shoul drise to discover the cause of the uproar, he hastened through the room and quickly opened the door leading to the next one. Unfortunately there chanced to be a couple of large chairs placed near it, and as it was hastily thrown open, they were upset, and being full of tin dishes, spoons, knives, and everything that would make a noise, you may know that there was a crashing.

"The deuce take it!" muttered Fred, as he rushed through the room, upsetting chairs, work-stands, and he knew not what in his flight. At length he reached the stairs leading to the chamber, and was in hopes that his trials were now at an end. He sprang up two or three of the steps, when his head struck against something which had been hung from the ceiling above. Ring-a-ting went the big dinner-bell, and the sound echoed through the house, making more noise than anything yet had done. Fred was desperate. He rushed up the flight of steps, again striking his head harder than before.

He had nearly reached his chamber door, when he suddenly stopped and gazed fully upon an object that stood before him. There, between himself and the door, stood a motionless, silent figure, perfectly realizing that object of rather doubtful existence in our enlightened days, namely, a ghost. The moonlight streamed in upon the floor and plainly revealed the outlines of a white-robed figure to the distracted gaze of Fred Lawrence. He gazed at it for just two minutes, then dashed down the stairs. Again the dinner-bell sounded, and in another moment the almost distracted Fred was leaping over the tables and chairs with the intention of making his exit through the window.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence, appearing with a light just as Fred vanished from the room.

"What is the matter?" cried Lucy Lawrence from the top of the stairs.

"What is the matter?" spoke the supposed ghost, throwing off the white robe, and disclosing the face and form of Katie Myrtle.

It is needlessness to say that the girls were at the bottom of the affair. They had determined that Fred should be entirely cured of staying so late at Mrs. Marston's and of coming in at the window. Kate and Lucy laughed immoderatly at their success in frightening Fred; Mrs. Lawrence looked grave, and the servants, who had been roused by the uproar, surprised and astonished. The girls explained all, and their reasons for doing so.

In less than an hour the furniture was replaced, the bell taken down, and silence reigned. But it was two hours more before Fred ventured to enter the house, and then didn't attempt to enter by that window.

The lesson had the desired effect, and Fred after ward returned from Mrs. Marston's before the girls and their mother retired, and entered properly by the door. And about two weeks after there was a wedding at the widow Marston's and Miss Annie Marston became Mrs. Fred Lawrence. Though many years have passed since then, still Fred Lawrence has not yet forgotten this incident of his courting days.

A PENNSYLVANIA BOY.—Nearly forty years ago, in South Huntingdon township, Westmoreland county, says the Pittsburg *Telegraph*, lived John Hinton. He was an orphan boy, rude and uneducated, and had wandered there from the neighborhood of Masontown, Fayette county.

With no known relatives, he was kicked from one family to another till manhood, enlisting then in the war. At its close he helped to escort the Cherokees beyond the Mississippi. From Indian Territory he went to New Orleans and shipped as a common sailor on a vessel bound for the East Indies. At the bay of Madras, on the western shores of the bay of Bengal, he deserted, and enlisted in a British regiment. He served many years, and during the memorable Sepoy rebellion was noted for his daring bravery. At his discharge he was presented with a gold medal by the Governor General himself.

He is next heard of traveling in a caravan from Delhi, westward across the Indus river, through Afghanistan and Persia, to Turkey and back.

In time, from trading, he became immensely wealthy, and was the owner of five caravans containing over 13,000 horses and camels and fifty elephants.

In 1854 he visited Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, for copper, great quantities of which are there mined and smelted. His magnificent retinue attracted the attention of the Ameer, and he was invited to an audience—an honor never before received by a Christian. A present of a hundred of his best horses and a three tusked elephant made the Ameer his eternal friend. When, yearly, it was followed by similar presents, beside camels and merchandise, John Hinton gained the monopoly of trade from the summit of the Hindoo Kosh Mountains to the confines of Belochistan, and in real power is second only to the Ameer himself. About 1870 he was made Military Commander of the District of Herat, and in 1876 suppressed a local rebellion to the great satisfaction of his sovereign. Trained in the arts of war among the savages of North America, and among the superstitious natives of India, where he became thoroughly familiar with British soldiers and resources, together with his years of service as the idolized commander of the Mohammedan tribes to tens of thousands half-civilized men, he is to-day the ablest soldier in Asia.

ANOTHER KIND OF GOOD BOY.—A Detroit grocer was the other day hungrily waiting for his clerk to return from dinner, and give him a chance at his own noonday meal, when a boy came into the store with a basket in his hand, and said:

"I seed a boy grab up this 'ere basket from the door and run, and I run after him, and made him give it up."

"My lad, you are an honest boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And you look like a good boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And good boys should always be encouraged. In a box in the back room there are eight dozen eggs. You may take them home to your mother, and keep the basket."

The grocer had been saving those eggs for days and weeks to reward some one. In rewarding a good boy he also got eight dozen bad eggs carried out of the neighborhood free of cost, and he chuckled a little as he walked homeward.

The afternoon waned, night came and went, and once more the grocer went to his dinner. When he returned he was picking his teeth and wearing a complacent smile.—His eye caught a basket of eight dozen eggs as he entered the store, and he queried:

"Been buying some eggs?"

"Yes; got hold of those from a farmer's boy," replied the clerk.

"A lame boy with a blue cap on?"

"Yes."

"Two front teeth out?"

"Yes."

The grocer sat down and examined the eggs. The shells had been washed clean, but they were the same eggs that good boy had lugged home the day before.

THEY were talking of literature when she remarked: "How I admire Hogg. His tender I'ns fairly bristle with good points." "I am partial to Bacon," said he, "and I consider Hogg a boar." "Did you ever study the metrical rhythm of Hogg's feet?" she asked. "Yes, but I do not find so much wisdom interlarded as in Bacon's prose." And then they sat down in one chair, and he held her Akenside.

IT isn't necessary to search the rocks for the antediluvian man; he is here, and can be found in the store that don't advertise.—*Lockport Union.*

AN IRISH ROMANCE.

When I arrived at Kilmurray, one of those storms which frequently come from the Atlantic, and in an instant envelop these islands in a cloud of wind-driven mist, made me seek refuge in a cabin. It was a crowded, busy peasant's home, and as I sat by the fire—the warmest seat being given me with the invariable hospitality of these people—I found abundant material for observation and reflection. While drying my dripping garments, I saw for the first time seated in a corner, as if to screen himself from observation, the figure of a young man clad in white flannel, the costume of the island. His face was thin and sad, and of the same color of the garments he wore, and he gazed at the fire with such a dejected and hopeless expression as led me to infer that he was the fated victim of some terrible disease—consumption, perhaps—and was feebly waiting through the long hours of the day and night the death he knew to be so sure and near. I spoke to him, striving in my pity to appear unconscious of perceiving his misery. Without answering, he rose abruptly and left the cabin. The looks of concern and inquietude in the faces about me told of some unusual sorrow, which the mother, leaving her spinning-wheel, explained to me in a low voice. She told me that the young man, her eldest son, poor Owney, as she called him, had until a month before been the most healthy and cheerful member of the family; ready and prompt at work, and the life of the household, when a letter came from America to a neighboring family inclosing money to pay the passage thither of their eldest daughter. It appeared that the young man had long entertained a secret passion for this girl, and when he heard that he probably would never see her again he declared his love for her, and besought her to remain. So far from being unmindful of his affections, she avowed her willingness to marry him at once, if he would accompany her to America immediately afterward. This was impossible; his own family were unable to assist him, and the few people who possess money on the island would not lend it without security. The practical damsel saw on the other side of the Atlantic every prospect of improving her material condition, and doubted not that husbands were as plentiful there as elsewhere; while, if she remained, she knew the drudgery and hopeless slavery that were the lot of all around her would be hers also.—Therefore she told her suitor if he could not accompany her she would not listen to his suit. When the young man found his upbraidings useless, he gave way to despair, and had not worked or spoken since his cruel sentence had been pronounced. Every day he grew thinner and more wan, and he did not partake of sufficient food to support life. All the solicitude and tenderness of his mother had not succeeded in arousing within him his former self, and with tears running down her cheeks she told me she thought he had lost his reason forever.

Some weeks previously the school master had written for them to a priest, a distant relative of the family, who lived in Connemara; but they had received no reply, and she supposed he had neither help nor counsel to give. I pondered for a long while, as I sat by the fire, upon what often proves to be the unfortunate sincerity of men, and I could not refrain from deploring the no less frequent levity of my own sex. In passing through the village a week afterward I stopped to say good-day to these kind people, when I found the house a scene of bustle and confusion. My erewhile love-sick swain was, when I entered, making himself a pair of pantaloons; and as he bade me good-day over a dangerously starched collar, his face glowed with health and energy. The now cheerful and happy mother informed me that since my last visit they had received a letter from the priest at Connemara, inclosing his blessing for her son and the money to pay his passage to America. She had been very busy knitting him stockings, and making him a fine, white flannel suit to be married in, and which thereafter he would not again wear till his arrival at New York, so that he would make a decent appearance in the New World, as became the relative of a priest. He was to be married to the object of his choice the next day, and they were to start immediately afterward upon their long voyage. As I left, the damsel, whose month's delay to prepare her outfit had given such a fortunate respite to her lover, thrust her head in the door and called upon Owney to be sure and wear the blue stockings she had knitted him to the chapel on the morrow; and then with her little *retrousse* nose turned up to the sky, ran blushing away.—*Harper's Magazine.*

BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS WITH EQUAL SENSE.—The clever "Puzzle Editor" of London *Truth* exercises immense ingenuity in providing entertainment for his readers. He offered a prize for "sentences making sense whether read backward or forward." Here are a few sent in:

Dies slowly, fading day; winds mournful sigh;
Bright stars are waking;
Flies owlet, hooting, holding revel high,
Nightly silence breaking.

Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold—things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithfully served he God.

She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone.

Dear Harry—Devotedly yours remain I. Have you forgotten 20-pound cheque? Reply immediately, please, and hand to yours—Grace Darling.

Man is noble and generous often, but sometimes vain and cowardly.

Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable.

Love is heaven and heaven is love, youth says. All beware! says age. Trying is poverty and fleeting is love.

Badly governed and fearfully troubled now is Ireland.

Adieu, darling! Time flies fast; sails are set, boats are ready. Farewell!

Exercise take, excess beware;
Rise early and breathe fresh air;
Eat slowly; trouble drive away;
Feet warmish keep; blend work with play.

Matter and mind are mysteries. Never mind. What is matter? Matter is—never mind. What is mind? Mind is—never matter.

Honesty and truth are good and admirable qualities, as sympathy and love are endearing traits.

Politics and religion avoid arguing in.—Here is good and sound advice.

Scandalous society and life make gossips frantic.

A PROMISING YOUTH recently suprised his father by asking:

"Father, do you like mother?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"And she likes you?"

"Of course she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time, my son."

"Did she marry you 'cause she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy carefully scrutinized his parent, and, after a long pause, asked, "Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"

A GREAT LOAD OF WOOD.

Charles W. Stone, of Cambridge, Mass., writes to the Boston *Daily Advertiser* as follows:

I have been told that a story has appeared lately in some of the newspapers about a load of wood long ago in Connecticut, said to be the largest on record, and to have been gotten up by one of that McClellan family which in later days held the cunctatorship. The wish has been expressed that I should recall the great load at Templeton, which outdid Connecticut.

The Rev. Dr. Wellington was the old Templeton minister from early in the eighteen-hundreds, and Col. Leonard Stone was one of his parishioners. It was the custom to supplement the minister's moderate salary with presents from the products of the farms and especially with wood. Now, Col. Leonard, one day in January, 1822, was drawing to the parsonage some of his nice hard wood. It was a good ox-load; two cords or so. As he was going across the common with it, his brother Ephraim caught sight of him from the store, and was surprised at such a great load.

"Hello!" says he, "Why don't you take your minister a load of wood while you are about it?"

"Now, look here," says Colonel Leonard. "I've been sawing out lumber down at the mill, and there's any quantity of slabs. I'll give the minister *as big a load as you can take!*"

Colonel Ephraim was a man of fun. He instigated the townpeople to take hold with him and accept his brother's challenge. First, they made the sled. Long trees were cut for the runners. These were made thirty odd feet long and set eight feet apart. The body of the sled projected two feet over the runner on each side. Thus the sled would hold twelve regular cords of wood at one layer. There were two tongues, one in front of each runner.

On the appointed day the men and the oxen from all over town came to the meeting place. The sled was taken to the sawmill and backed up against the great pile. On went the slabs with a will. Colonel Leonard stood by laughing, cheering, urging them along. When they had got on as much as they thought would do, they hitched up the team. *One hundred and sixty oxen*, four abreast, found it easy enough to pull. They had to go around through Baldwinville, because there was not room at the Otter river bridge for the sled to turn in. When they had got on to the level ground above Baldwinville, they stopped and unhitched. Then with every-day sleds they went back to the mill to bring more slabs and pile them on the big load. This they kept up till there were no more slabs. Forty cords lay piled on that sled. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

The next morning came the rest of the journey "up town." The school children were let out to see the great sight go by. One of them, to whose home it was going, says it looked as big as a house. It lay unloaded for quite a while out by the parsonage, and people came from near and from far to see. It kept Mr. Wellington in slabs for years to come.

When