THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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

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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you 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, MARCH 25, 1881. NUMBER 10.

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,	3 times	$ 1.5
1 "	3 months	2.50
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1 "	1 year	5.00
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1 "	6 months	40.00
1 "	1 year	75.00
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☞ *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.

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
ALL-WOOL SUITS.....8.50
Great variety SACK and CUTAWAY SUITS..10.00
Fancy Reversible WORSTED SACK SUITS...12.00
Large assortment of STYLISH CUT SUITS...16.00
All-Wool Blue and Black MELTON SUITS....12.50
Double-Breasted Fancy SACK SUITS.....15.00
Fine Diagonal CUTAWAY SUITS.....15.00
Superfine Diagonal FROCK COAT SUITS.....17.00
Good Every-Day WORKING PANTS.....1.00
Best PANTS in the city for the money.....2.00
All-Wool KERSEY PANTS.....3.75
PANTALOONS of all styles and qualities up to the finest Dress Fabrics at.....5.00

Special Bargains
JUST RECEIVED
FROM OUR LARGE WORKROOMS,
CONSISTING OF A COMPLETE LINE OF
BLUE, BLACK and BROWN
ALL WOOL FUR BEAVER
OVERCOATS,
Cloth Bound, 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 SETT, 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 special display of the week is in Overcoats of every sort.

IT IS as pleasant to talk about the newest and finest 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 one, can be had here
FOR $5.00 OR $6.00.
Other merchants will look with the same liking for Esquimaux Beaver at $10 to $13.50, and the chinchilla overcoats at $15 to $20.

We have no time to write nor 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.

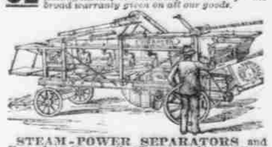
REMEMBER THIS!
Whatever you buy that does not suit you, isn't sold at all. Come back with it the first minute you can. You are as free as if you had your money in your pocket. You shall have your money back in your pocket if you want it; but take good care of the garments for us, so long as our interest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

GODFREY WOLF.
N. B. LATERNER, One of the Salesmen.

PENSIONS
ARE PAID every soldier disabled in the service of the United States, whether a WOUND or not, or by disease contracted in the service. RUPTURE, if not caused by the service, Lungs or Varicose Veins, gives a pension. Later laws have granted pensions to all soldiers who served 90 days and were honorably discharged, and to the widows, children and dependent fathers and mothers of soldiers who died of disease or wounds received in the service. BOUNTY, if not paid, and all back pay, collected. Rejected claims, Rejected claims rejected again, and claims of every kind promptly attended to. Address, with stamp, P. H. Fitzgerald & Co., Claim Agents, Washington, D. C. Formerly of the A.M. Patent Office Claim Agency, Washington, D. C. Mention this paper. [1-1, 1881.-3m.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in a few minutes, and do much a great variety of fancy work. Agent writes: "I can sell a machine every day." Another says: "I sold 30 machines last week." Another says: "I can sell your machine in every house." Agents earn from $5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 sent free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. [3-4.'81.-1y.]

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.
Battle Creek, Michigan,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE
VIBRATOR
THRESHERS,
Traction and Plain Engines
and Horse-Powers.
Most Complete Thresher Factory in the World. | Established 1848
32 YEARS of continuous and successful business, without change of name, management, or location, is "back up" the broad warranty given on all our goods.



STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS and Complete Steam Outfits of matchless qualities. Fixed Traction Engines and Plain Engines over seen in the American market.
A multitude of special features and improvements for 1881, together with superior qualities in construction and materials not dreamed of by other makers.
Four sizes of Separators, from 6 to 12 horse capacity, for grain or horse power.
Two styles of "Mounted" Horse-Powers.
7,500,000 Feet of Selected Lumber (from three to six years air-dried) constantly on hand, from which is built the incomparable woodwork of our machinery.
TRACTION ENGINES
Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever made. S. 10, 13 Horse Power.

Farmers and Threshermen are invited to investigate this matchless Threshing Machinery. Circulars sent free. Address
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.
Battle Creek, Michigan.
Jan. 14, 1881.-6m.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Blacklick Township for the year ending March 14, 1881:

JOHN B. HITE, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of Road Duplicate	$232.19
" am't rec'd from Unseated Lands	55.54—$287.73
Cr.	
By am't of work on roads	$237.98
" " exonerations	1.75
" " refd to incoming Supervisor	9.17
" " for services for 1880	37.15
" " of Orders paid	11.32
" " amount due the Township	1.36—$287.73

SIMON ADAMS, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate	$275.06
" am't rec'd from Unseated Lands	50.53—$325.59
Cr.	
By work on roads	$285.25
" exonerations	1.15
" am't returned to Commissioners	3.05
" " J. B. Hite, late Supervisor, coming Supervisor	7.51
" am't paid for publishing settlement	0.60
" " of Orders paid	13.18
" services as Supervisor	24.35—$325.59

G. A. WILSON,
THOMAS BUTMAN, } Auditors.
JOHN McCORMICK,
Attest—GEORGE A. MCHARG, Clerk.
Blacklick Twp., March 18, 1881.-3t.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.
BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises in the borough of Summitville, on
Thursday, the 31st day of March, 1881,
At 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, of which JAMES MEREDITH died seized, to wit:
Two and One-Half Lots of Ground
Situate in the borough of Summitville, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the Huntingdon, Cambria and Indiana turnpike, adjoining lands of William Elston and heirs of John Kinney, having thereon erected a two story **Plank House and Plank Stable.**
TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser.
PATT. MCKENNA,
JOHN CLARK,
Executors of JAMES MEREDITH, dec'd.
Summitville, March 11, 1881.-3t.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.
BY virtue of a *plurius* order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises, in the village of Portage, on
Thursday, the 31st day of March, 1881,
At 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, of which JAMES J. MCGOVERN died seized, to wit:
A PIECE or LOT OF GROUND
Situate in the village of Portage, Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Wm. McKendrick, J. C. Caldwell, and others, containing **40 Perches,** more or less, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story **Plank House.**
TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by mortgage and judgment bonds of the purchaser. VALENTINE CRAMER,
Surviving Executor of JAMES J. MCGOVERN, dec'd.
Washington Twp., March 11, 1881.-3t.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.
BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises, in the borough of Loretto, on
Thursday, the 31st day of March, 1881,
At 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, of which ANN MYERS died seized, to wit:
A LOT OF GROUND
Situate in the borough of Loretto, Cambria county, fronting 51 feet on St. Mary's street and extending back 200 feet to an alley, adjoining lot of W. W. McAtee on the north and lot of Thos. Callan on the south, having thereon erected a two story **Frame House and Plank Stable.**
TERMS OF SALE.—One third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by mortgage and judgment bonds of the purchaser. W. A. & B. LITTLE,
Administrator of ANN MYERS, dec'd.
Loretto, March 11, 1881.-3t.

SELECT SCHOOL.
THE undersigned will open a Select School in the Ebensburg Union School Building, for a term of *ten weeks*, commencing **Monday, April 25, 1881.** The common branches, higher mathematics, and the natural sciences will be taught. Instruction in teaching will be given to all who desire it.
TERMS.—Four dollars per term for all studying only the ordinary branches; five dollars per term for instruction in teaching. Those intending to come will please give notice as soon as convenient.
F. A. LYTE.
Ebensburg, March 11, 1881.-4t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of WILLIAM MCDERMITT, dec'd.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Wm. McDermitt, late of Washington township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that prompt payment must be made, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.
SUSAN MCDERMITT, } Executors.
JAMES A. HINES,
Washington Twp., Feb. 25, 1881.-6t.*

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of CHRISTOPHER GEORGE, dec'd.
Letters testamentary to the estate of Christopher George, late of Washington township, dec'd, 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 against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
MATTIE GEORGE, Executrix.
Washington Twp., March 4, 1881.-4t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of CHARITY HALL, dec'd.
Having obtained letters testamentary on the estate of Charity Hall, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, the undersigned hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same are also notified to present them in legal form for settlement. WM. J. DAWSON, Executor.
Gallitzin Twp., Feb. 25, 1881.-6t.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest Selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Phila., Pa. March 4, 1881.-3m.

A STRANGE STORY.

I have a strange, almost incredible story to tell of an experience of my own one fearful night in the woods. Imagination had nothing to do with it, for I am a backwoodsman's daughter accustomed to the wild sounds of the forest, the loneliness, and all that is terrifying to a novice.

My father was a good man, serving God after his own simple fashion, seeing Him and loving Him in all his works. I have heard him hold forth on the provident ways of the beaver: "Why, the little critter'd starve in the cold season if it hadn't used its little flat tail for buildin' its house, and then filled it with food in time!" I have heard him tell of the caribou. "Look at that, too," he would say, "and at the moose. Now, the caribou has to travel often a matter of twenty miles for he's a dainty 'un, and only eats the long gray moss that hangs from the trees; so God gave him snow shoes, good as an Indian could make 'em, to skim over the ice crust, while the big, heavy moose there sinks right in. His dinner is close to hand. He could live for months on an acre lot." He would speak of the loon, and its adaption in every way to its watery home, always ending such talk with: "All God's works are 'pon honor; there's no half way with Him."

I was the only one left out of ten children. My father when mourning over and missing the others, would never complain, but only say, "They're better off. Why, if we can trust the children, that don't know what wrong doing is, and don't know the meaning of sin, then there ain't any chance for us men!" And so he lived his quiet life—his heart beating close to nature's heart, and his soul unconsciously seeking and finding nature's God.

My mother must have been beautiful in her youth. She was a *lorette Canadienne* and her bright French spirits carried her gaily over many a hard trial in her life of frequent deprivation. One great over shadowing sorrow of her life was the unaccountable disappearance of her little year old daughter, her own image, whom from the first she loved with a peculiar tenderness.

The child had been left alone in her little birch bark crib for a short half hour, while mother was busy at the spring, a mile from home, in the midst of the woods. I, a little six-year-old, was off in the canoe with my father, as a treat for being especially good the day before. Father and I had a splendid time—we always did when out together—and, our canoe full of trout, we were coming gaily home toward evening, when a cold chill fell on our happiness, and my child's heart felt a strange thrill as I read a sudden anxiety in my father's face, whose every change I knew. His quick ear had caught the sound of mother's voice, and after a while I, too, could hear a hopeless moan, a dreadful heart-broken sound. We found mother kneeling on the floor, her head leaning on the empty crib, and moaning as one who could not be comforted. The baby was gone. How, or where, we could not tell—we never knew. Weeks were spent in searching for her and, at length, to save mother's reason, father forced her to leave the pretty log cabin in the woods by the lake, where this last sorrow had come upon her, and we went to Montreal.

There we lived quietly for years during the winter time. The nuns of the great convent of the Gray Sisters took charge of my education. Mother and I had neat little rooms in the French quarter, while father went moose hunting for weary months; but the summer times we always spent with him. He would choose lovely spots for our summer encampments, but never on the site of the log cabin deserted after the baby's loss, until the summer of my nineteenth year. Then a great desire took possession of my mother to go once more to the old home. She had been very delicate that winter, and my great, rough father denied her nothing. I shudder when I think of that beautiful, direful place now—it seems as though our evil fate hovered about it. All the anguish I ever knew centres there!

We passed one peaceful month together disturbed only by distant rumors of the diphtheria, a scourge which seemed to be striding along from village to village, first on the river, then nearer us on the great lake; but we never thought of its touching us, until one miserable night, when father came home, languid and feverish, from one of his numerous expeditions, and we read in his face that the ghastly finger of the scourge had set its mark upon him. After the second day of anxiety about father all strength seemed to desert my delicate little mother. From the first she had despaired about him, and now I saw that, if father's life were taken, I should have to part with both.

Her life would die with his, for sorrow forges stronger bonds even than joy, and they have suffered so much together, his love always supporting her, that he had become life of her life. She could not exist alone.

I struggled hand to hand, and sick at heart against what I felt to be an inexorable fate, and, on the afternoon of the eighth day I found myself alone and almost despairing, save for the thought of the happiness of the two I had loved best in the world.

The sunset came, as I sat by the lake side, flooding my desolate world with a heavenly glory, like a sign from them to me of their new found joy.

The stars had come out, before I ventured to return to the worse than deserted house. I could not hope for help from any neighbor until I sought it myself the next day, and I had to look forward to a night, how horrible I did not forsee, or I could not have endured it. What follows I could scarcely credit myself, if I did not bear on my hand a tangible proof of it in a well defined scar; and, even now, I could not bear to write of that night's experience, had not my children's laughter and my loving husband's care long since banished all unnatural gloom from my life.

While I had been sitting alone on the lake shore, toward the evening, I had heard a distant shot; it scarcely roused me. A sportsman, I thought, had wandered from his encampment, on the opposite shore, had seen some game in our wild wood, killed it, and his canoe had long since carried him away. In the gathering darkness I groped my way back through the familiar little path, and reached my own door. I alone should pass the threshold in the future; their feet were still; the busy feet that had toiled for me, followed me, and had been ever near me! I was to go on my rugged path alone! Heart-sick and overcome, I stopped at the door, and, leaning my head against it, sobbed in uncontrollable despair. Tired out at length, I had grown quiet, and was just about to lift the latch, when a faint moan, as of an animal in pain, an I close to me, had startled me; then a death like silence reigned.

I knew I had not been mistaken. I felt that I must forget myself and help the poor creature in distress. "It is very good for strength to know that some one needs you to be strong." No longer hesitating, I hurried into the little cabin, struck a light, and went in the direction whence the moan had reached my ears. I thought of the shot I had heard. It was quite possible a poor wounded deer was lying in the bushes. Yes! I could now see its skin—unmistakably a fawn—spotted dun color. It lay quite still—perhaps that moan had been its dying gasp!—and so I came quite close to it, leaned over, and, paralyzed with horror, saw my mother's face, only young and very beautiful, as she must have looked when a girl. Deathly pale, dead, possibly, she lay—matted hair all about her face, and clothed in doeskin.—Just then she stirred; it was not death. All wonder ceased within me, every feeling fled before the thought that this being, whatever, whoever she was, might be saved to live.

I dragged her the few steps into the house, laid her on my hemlock boughs, untouched by me since the sickness visited us. Then I found a wound in the poor creature's side and bound it up, bathed her head, and, in the quiet, now again I felt startled at seeing my mother's image, young and fair, before me, and, when at last her great eyes opened, it must be that sister lost to me till now, and sent back in this sad hour to take my mother's place. I leaned forward, in an excess of tenderness, to welcome her, when a look of fright, an animal-like, wild terror took possession of her face, and a low sort of snarl broke from her human lips.

The start she gave caused a fresh flow of blood; dimness passed over her eyes. Again I staunched the wound and prepared nourishment in case she wakened. Too busied in these ways for further speculation, only with a strange weight at my heart and weariness of body, suddenly I felt the gleam of eyes watching me. Such strange eyes! No human expression about them; a stealthy look in them now. Gently as I could I approached her side. She trembled and tried to hide her head when I offered her my carefully prepared food. I moved away and studiously avoided an appearance of watching her. Yet I was intensely conscious of her every movement I could see her eyeing with a wretched, famished look, a raw venison steak that had been forgotten and lay on the table close beside her. Stealthily, like a beast of prey, her feeble hand stole toward it, and in a moment she had torn it in pieces and devoured it.

Horror filled my heart. Could this creature be human? I sat still in the corner, where, myself unseen, I could watch and restrain her if necessary, and soon—weakness having overcome her, after this last effort she lay tossing in an uneasy sleep.

Oh! I was so weary and so very lonely! The dreadful night was almost at an end.—I went to her side, threw myself on the bed beside her, and put my arms about her neck. Again her wonderful eyes opened full in my face. I fixed them with my own. I caressed her, called her by the endearing names of old. I besought her to be gentle and to love me. I told her she was my own, the only creature left to me to love and care for! One short second it seemed as if a soul looked out of her glorious, deer-like eyes; then, with a groan, as if she gave the struggle over, and with that low, fearful growl again, she fastened her white teeth in my hand.

Shrieking with the pain, I fainted. When I came to myself dawn was struggling in at the window; fear shadows flickered on the floor. A tearful pain in my hand roused me at length, and a consuming thirst drove me into the woods toward the spring to allay it.

I struggled through the underbrush, and there, close to the water, discerned a confused mass. There lay my poor sister, dead, her head pillowed on a wildcat of the woods, shot by the same hand, probably, that had wounded her fatally.—*Appleton's Journal.*

HOW DID THE DOG KNOW THE WAY?—In the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly* there is a very interesting article, which details the experiments made by a certain Ohio physician to ascertain whether the faculty which some animals possess of returning to their homes by a nearly direct course after being carried a great distance by a circuitous rout is to be attributed to cent, memory, or any other ideiligible cause. Everybody, of course, is aware of the fact a cat may be put in a bag and taken ever so far away from its accustomed hearth, and by ever so round-about a journey, and yet turn up again in due time at the old place—its ability to get back being apparently limited only by insuperable physical obstacles. The subject of the Ohio experimenters was a dog. The way they went to work and the result is thus described:

A dog was made insensible with ether at Cincinnati, put into a wicker basket, started on a train of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, first southwest to Danville Junction, thence east to Crab Orchard, and finally northward to a hunting rendezvous near Berea, in Madison county. This circuitous route was taken because on a former occasion, when the dog had returned from a point 160 miles distance from its home, it was suspected that he might have found his way back by simply reversing his course on the railway by which he had come.—At Berea the dog was shut up securely over night and well fed. The next morning he was taken out to a clearing on the top of a grassy knob at some distance from the railway, and let loose. Without any preliminary survey he slunk off into a ravine, scrambled up the opposite bank, and struck first on a trot and then a swift gallop, not toward Crab Orchard, i. e., southeast, but due north, in a bee line for Cincinnati. He ran not like an animal that had lost its way but "like a horse on a tramway," straight a head with his nose well up, as if he were following an air line toward a visible goal. He made a short detour to the left to avoid a lateral ravine, but further up he resumed his original course, leaped a rail fence and went heading into a coppice of cedar brushes, where they finally lost sigh, of him. The report of the experimenters was forwarded to the owner by rail and on the afternoon of the next day after receiving this report the owner met the dog on the street in Cincinnati, "wet, full of burrs and remorse, and apparently ashamed of his tardiness."

APROPOS of George Washington's birthday, the Cambridge (Mass.) *Tribune* relates the following: Mrs. Washington, the mother of George, was going to make soap. George and his father arranged a large cask with some straw in the bottom of it, and on top of the straw they put some ashes and leached them. Mrs. Washington got her soap grease all ready and in a short time the house was filled with that beautiful odor that betokens the process of soap boiling is going on. With all her skill she could not make the soap come. On investigation it was disc overe that some of the ashes used were from the wood of the cherry tree George cut down, and no lye could be produced from them.—This shows the power of truthfulness.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

We were a lot of doctors, enjoying ourselves after the meeting of the Hippocratic Medical Society, whose members were accustomed to assemble once a year for purposes of mutual edification and improvement. Dr. Galen Cupps was in the chair. He was our Nestor, our old man eloquent, a living professional legendary budget. On his face you could read "Entertainment" as plainly as you saw it printed on an old-fashioned tavern sign; and to it, after a day of weary rambling, over the dusty paths of therapeutic lore, we turned as naturally for refreshment as the tired wayfarer halts before the inviting signboard waving hospitable welcome to the cheer within.

Genial Dr. Cupps! Like Father Grimes, that good old man, "we'll never see him any more." No monument marks his last resting-place. The guild of undertakers, possessed they a spark of gratitude, would not suffer this to be. As for his surviving professional brethren, few of us, I fear, have money to spend in that way.

"How do young doctors, as a rule, get their start?" queried a cynical-looking M. D. at the foot of the table, with a nose as sharp as the tip of his own lancet—"leaving out, of course, exceptional cases, like that of a man swallowing a fish bone, or dropping suddenly into a fit, where there is no choice but to seek the nearest aid. What I ask is, how do people come to trust their lives deliberately in inexperienced hands?"

"Popular ignorance, probably," suggested one.

"Or check in the youngster," another hinted.

"It's mostly luck, I think," remarked the chair, whereupon had converged a number of inquiring looks.

"Come, doctor, give us your experience on the point;" was seconded and carried.

"Mine was a case of pure luck," said he.

"Won't you tell us about it?" we entreated.

Dr. Cupps was not the man to refuse.

"Young men now-a-days," he began; "enter the profession with other advantages than we old fellows had. The public hospitals, now accessible to students, afford them opportunities to learn much by observation, which we were left to find out through experiments on our patients.

"Though I took my degree after a creditable examination, I doubt if I could then have distinguished, by inspection, between the incipient stages of chicken-pox and measles. Had I been called to treat a simple case of rheumatism, ten to one I should have found a verdict of white-swelling, and passed a sentence of amputation without stopping to ask the victim what he had to say against it. My patient was Percy Topham, a young man who had inherited a splendid constitution as well as fortune, but was fast making way with both. The case, no doubt, would have fallen into Dingo's hands, for he monopolized the practice thereabout, but for his absence on a distant call.

"'Come quick, sir!' urged the messenger, 'Mr. Percy's taking on at an awful rate.'

"Without staying to inquire further, I snatched my hat and sallied forth, quite forgetting, in the excitement, the new pill bags wherein was stored my stock of samples.

"I arrived to find my patient 'taking on' at an awful rate, sure enough.

"Poker in hand, he was lying about him in a manner highly detrimental to furniture. He was killing snakes, he said. Had it been dogs, hydrophobia might have been my diagnosis; but snakes, I knew, meant delirium tremens. And such was the decision Mr. Topham's own more practiced judgment, for, turning toward me, in a lucid moment:

"'I've got 'em, Doc,' he said.

"I did my best to calm him, assured him I should bring him around, placed my finger on his pulse and began to count the beats, but, darting from me, he exclaimed:

"'There goes the biggest snake yet—the old serpent of all!'" making a slash with the poker, which made me dodge into a corner.

"Leaving two to watch him, and accompanied by the man who had summoned me, I hurried home to prepare such remedies as I should conclude the case required—a point, I must confess, I was very far from clear upon. I had been raised in a temperate community, had seen little intoxication or its effects, and my reading had not borne especially in that direction.

"Before reaching my office, however, I decided what course to take. There was no time to consult books. Besides, I was ashamed to do that in the presence of the man who waited to carry back the physic. He would have taken it as a confession of ignorance, and would have lost no time in proclaiming me a dunce.

"Overhauling my stock of drugs, and taking a little from every one, I produced a mixture, some element of which I hoped might prove a service.

"Give him a tablespoon of it every half hour," I said to the man, handing him the bottle, on which I was careful to put no label.

"Not caring to be present to witness the effect of my maiden prescription, 'Tell Mr. Topham I'll c all in the morning,' I said.

"Whatever my patient did, I passed a bad night. Of all cases in which to make a debut, why should the malignant fates send the very one most likely to expose me?

"With many misgivings I presented myself next morning at the patient's door. I was glad to see there was no crape on the it. I hurried, trembling to the sick room.

"'Good-morning, Doc,' cried the invalid, rising from a sumptuous breakfast, wiping his mouth with one hand and extending me the other. By George, you did bring me through famously! That stuff was mighty nasty, but it did the business. I'm as sound as a dollar this morning!"

"Before I could reply, a serving-man entered, the same by whom I sent the medicine.

"'What's the matter, Dick?' said Topham.

"'Boxer's dead, sir.'

"'Dead! The deuce! There's a go! I suppose you forgot to call at Bott's, the farrier's, for that drench yesterday; just like you when my back is turned.'

"'No, sir,' the man replied: 'I stopped and got it on my way from the doctor's and gave it according to directions.'

"'Just my luck!' cried Topham, smiting the table. 'You see, Doc, Boxer was my fast trotter. I counted on winning a mint of money on him on the coming races, and now he's gone and kicked the bucket. Well, 'peace to his manes;' as the poet says. Here, Dick, hand the doctor that medicine bottle from the mantle. He may as well fill it up again. This morning's luck may set me on a fresh spree, and there's no telling how soon I may need another dose.'

"A glance at the bottle as I took it made me start. It bore a label, on which I read 'Simon Botts, Farrier.'

"'Can it be,' I mentally exclaimed, 'that it was Botts' potent that cured the man and mine that killed the horse?' It was a strong case of circumstantial evidence at any rate.

"Quietly pocketing the bottle, I went my way. If the truth was as I surmised, it never came out. Topham sounded my praises everywhere, and soon the local death-list was pretty equally filled with the names of old Dingo's patients and my own."

A TOUCHING SCENE.

A passenger on the Pacific Railroad, while en route recently for San Francisco, witnessed the following very touching incident:

When the train reached Allen's Junction, Conductor Richardson proclaimed: "Cars stop here twenty minutes for refreshments." Then as the train came to a dead halt, he jumped down on the station platform, ran along to the front of the long line of passenger cars, where the engine was standing, and swinging himself up into the cab, said to the engineer:

"Frank, I want you to come back with me to the first passenger coach and see a little girl that I hardly know what to make of."

The engineer nodded without speaking, deliberately wiped his oily, smoky hands on a bunch of waste, took a look at his grimy, dusty face in the narrow little mirror that hung beside the steam guage, pulled off his frock, put on a coat, changed his little black, greasy cap for his felt hat—taking these "dress up" articles from the tender box, where an engineer always has them stowed away for an emergency—and went back to the coach as requested.

He entered the coach and made his way to the seat where the kind-hearted conductor sat talking to a bright-looking little girl, about nine years old, oddly dressed in a woman's shawl and bonnet. Several of the passengers were grouped around the seat, evidently much interested in the child, which wore a sad, prematurely old countenance, but seemed to be neither timid nor confused.

"Here is the engineer," said the conductor, kindly, as Frank approached. She held up her hand to him, with a winsome smile breaking over her pinched little face, and said:

"My father was an engineer before he became sick and went to live on a farm in Montana. He is dead, and my mother is dead. She died first, before Susie and Willie. My papa used to tell me that after he should be dead there would be no one to take care of me, and then I must get on the cars and go to my old home in Vermont.—And he said if the conductors wouldn't let me ride without any ticket, I must ask for the engineer and tell him I was James McKendrick's little girl that used to run on the M. & G. Road."

The pleading blue eyes were now full of tears; but she did not cry after the manner of children in general.

Engineer Frank now quickly stooped down and kissed her very tenderly, and as he brushed the tears away from his own eyes, said:

"Well, my dear, so you are little Bessie McKendrick? It's my opinion a merciful Providence guided you on board of this train."

Then turning around to the group of passengers, he went on:

"I knew Jim McKendrick, the father of this little girl, well. He was a man out of ten thousand. When I first came to Indiana—before I got acclimated—I was sick a great part of the time, so that I could not work, and I got homesick and discouraged. Could not keep my board bill paid up—not to mention my doctor's bill—and I didn't care much whether I lived or died.

"One day, when the pay car came along, and the men were getting their monthly wages, there wasn't a cent coming to me, for I hadn't been free from the ague nor worked an hour for the last month.

"I felt so blue that I sat down on a pile of railroad ties, and leaned my elbows on my knees, with my head in my hands, and cried like a great boy out of sheer homesickness and discouragement.

"Pretty soon one of the railroad men came along and said in a voice that sounded like sweet music in my ears, for I hadn't found much sympathy out there although the 'boys' were all good to me in their way: 'You've been having a rough time of it, and you must let me help you out.'

"I looked up and there stood Jim McKendrick with his month's pay in his hand. He took out from his roll of bills a twenty dollar note and handed it to me.

"I knew he had a sickly wife and two or three children, and that he had a hard time of it himself to pull through from month to month, so I said, half ashamed of the tears that were still streaming down my face, 'Indeed I can't take the money; you need every cent yourself.'

"'Indeed you will take it, said Jim.—'You will be all right in a few weeks, and then you can pay it back. Now come home with me to supper and see the babies; it will do you good.'

"So the bank note and accepted the invitation, and after that went to his house frequently, until he moved away, and I gradually lost sight of him. I had returned the loan, but it was impossible to repay the good that little act of kindness did me, and I rather guess Jim McKendrick's little girl here will not want for anything if I can help it."

Then turning again to the child whose blue eyes were wide open enough now, the engineer said to her:

"I'll take you home with me, Bessie dear, when we get up to Wayne. My wife will fix you up, and we'll write and find out whether these Vermont relations really want you or not. If they do, Mary or I shall go with you. But if they don't care much about you, you shall stay with us and be our little girl, for we have none of our own. You look very much like your father, God bless his memory."

Just then the Eastern train whistled.—"All aboard!" was shouted. Engineer Frank vanished out of the car door and went forward to his engine wiping his eyes with his coatsleeve, while the conductor and sympathetic passengers could not suppress the tears this touching little episode evoked during the twenty minutes' stop at Allen's Junction.

VALUE OF THE FARM.—A and B are two men with a capital of $5,000 each. A goes to the village, rents a house, and lends his money at 10 per cent. B buys a farm, stocks it, and moves upon it with his family. A manages by working at one thing and another to earn enough to pay his rent and clothe his family. His insurance, grocery bill and taxes come out of the interest on his money. B uses all the milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, fruit, etc., that his family require, all being raised on the farm. The surplus sales pay his grocery bill and clothe the family. He sells $1,000 worth of grain and stock. After paying his hired help, taxes, insurance, repairs and other bills, he has $400 left as the result of his year's labor. Which of the two men made the most money? We believe the farmer has; and yet, with the same showing, many of them are dissatisfied, and envy A, who lives in town, and who has hard work to keep up his style of living on the proceeds of his labor and the $509 interest that he annually receives. We can point to plenty of farms whose value does not exceed $2,500, from which there is annually sold over $1,000 worth of produce, not counting that consumed by the family. The trouble is they do not know how much of it is profit.

THE reason given by a colored man for not going too near the hind legs of a famous roan mule was so satisfactory that we can afford to adopt it as an excuse for not doing a great many other things. "De reason," he said, "why I nebber 'proach that roan mule from de rear is dat I'm too fond of my family an' don't belong to no church, nudder."

FIVE SOLDIERS' DREAMS.

A week previous to the battle of Fair Oaks a New York volunteer, who passed the night with a member of the 3d Michigan infantry, got up in the morning looking very glum and down-hearted, and when railled about his fancied home-sickness, he said:

"I have only a week to live! I had a dream last night which settled the business for me and lots of others. A week from to-day a battle will be fought and thousands will be slain. My regiment will lose over a hundred men and I shall be killed while charging across a field." The men laughed at his moody spirit, but he turned upon them and said: "Your regiment will also be in the fight, and when the roll is called after the battle you will have nothing to be merry over. The two sergeants who were here last night will be killed among the trees. I saw them lying dead as plainly as I now see you. One will be shot in the breast; and the other in the groin, and men will be thick around them."

The battle took place just a week after.—The dreamer was killed in full sight of every man in the 3d before the fight was an hour old, and within twenty minutes after the two sergeants and six of their comrades were dead in the woods, hit exactly where the dreamer said they would be. More than fifty men will bear witness to the truth of this statement.

A SENTINEL PREDICTS CAPTURE OF CONFEDERATES.

Just before the battle of Cedar Creek a camp sentinel, who was off duty temporarily and trying to put in a little sleep, dreamed that he went out on a scout. A mile to the right of our camp he came upon a log barn, and as it began to rain just then he sought shelter, or was about to, when he heard voices and discovered that the place was already occupied. After a little investigation he ascertained that three Confederate scouts had taken up their quarters for the night in the place, and he therefore moved away.

The sentinel awoke with such a vivid remembrance of the details that he asked permission to goover and confer with the scouts. When the log